

# Radio Digest

SUMMER NUMBER, 1931

25 Cents



LILY PONS, CBS

What Sinister  
Motives are back of

# BIG WAVE GRAB

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



## What is "pyorrhea" that millions dread it so?

IT'S a pretty grim statement, but the truth is half the people who wear false teeth must do so because they failed to guard against pyorrhea, which is responsible for one-half of all adult teeth lost.

They cannot, however, be entirely blamed for their line-drawn lips and sunken cheeks—those telltale marks of artificial teeth.

For pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of forty, is a sly, insidious disease. It may infect your gums early in life, and lurk there for years before you become aware of its dangerous presence.

*Do not wait for gums  
to bleed*

The first warnings of pyorrhea are tenderness and bleeding of the gums. If neglected, pyor-

rhea softens the gums, loosens the teeth in their very sockets, until extraction is essential to preserve the health.

But do not wait for these warnings. Take care of good teeth while you have them. See your dentist regularly—before trouble develops. Visit him at least twice a year.

And in your home, brush your teeth, massage your gums with Forhan's. This dentifrice is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

# 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

*Protect the teeth you have*

Your own teeth are far better than anything you can get to replace them. Perhaps you do not realize what a blessing they are, so long as they are firm and your gums are in good health. But do not risk the unhappy experience of losing them. There is no finer dentifrice than Forhan's—no better protection for gleaming teeth and the mouth of youth. By all means, make Forhan's your dentifrice—you can make no better investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

**NOW ON THE AIR!**

New Forhan program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday and Wednesday at 7.30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Columbia network.

# FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A



# Clearer, softer skin

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

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

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

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

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

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

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

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

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



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

*"Only a healthy skin can stay young"*

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



## INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

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

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Harold P. Brown,  
Managing Editor

Henry J. Wright,  
Advisory Editor

Charles R. Tighe,  
Associate Editor

Nellie Revell,  
Associate Editor

# Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST  
Raymond Bill, Editor



**JONA MULL** is best known for her superlative soprano performances with NBC and Dr. Scholl's Ramblers. Before New York she was a Schumann-Heink pupil and a Great Bender—not a contortionist, but a Kansan from the city with the stoop-over name.



**HELEN BROWN** may be a Queen one moment and a chorus girl the next. In fact, she may be from two to eight different people in just one "March of Time" newscast on CBS. She is hereby nominated as "Most Versatile Radactress".



**DOROTHY KNAPP** has a perfect television face, the NBC engineers say . . . not to mention her figure. Since winning the title of Miss America at Atlantic City she's been a Broadway star. Coming soon—a cover picture of her.



**ANN CARTER** . . . back home in Cleveland from Hollywood with a few beauty prizes and titles . . . found it a bore to do nothing, so what does she do but land at WJAY, where visitors all ask for her now as "The Girl with the Lovely Voice".

Summer Issue  
July-August, 1931

## CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN—Portrait of Lily Pons.	Jose M. Recoder	
HARRY HORLICK—Climbs from Starving Refugee to success as A & P Gypsy Batoneer.	Ted Deglin	6
LITTLE JACK LITTLE—Tiny, but Oh My! Strong men couldn't Slay 'em as He Does.		9
EMPIRE BUILDERS—Making Choo-Choo and Ding-Dong for Champion Sound-effects Script.	E. N. Train	11
LUCKY ADAM'S APPLE MAN—Watching G. W. Hill, Cigarette King, build Your Programs.	Douglas Gilbert	16
CHICAGO AS RADIO CAPITAL—NBC President puts Windy City ahead of New York.	Merlin H. Aylesworth	20
GABALOGUE—Stage Whispers and Inside Stuff 'bout Radio-Stagers by the Voice of Radio Digest.	Nellie Revell	23
WHAT IS THE SECRET OF CHARM?—Four Assorted Charmers Reveal their Recipes.	Lillian G. Genn	24
JULIA AND FRANK—Life is just a Love Song to Crumit and Sanderson—Happy though Married.	Duke Parry	26
FIGHT THAT WAVE GRAB—Will the People allow Politicians to Throttle Radio?	Doty Hobart	28
BETTY'S BIG THRILL—She Braved the Desert to Reach a Harem and talk to the Emir.	Betty Ross	31
AUNT AND UNCLE MIKE—All about the Radio Relatives who inspire Ten Million Youngsters.	Evans E. Plummer	45
GOOD-BYE GLOOM—General Depression Surrenders to Colonel and Budd, new Network Stars.	Nelson S. Hesse	50
TUNEFUL TOPICS—Kindly Gossip about the Songs of the Month and their Writers by . . .	Rudy Vallée	53
MORTON DOWNEY—Humorous Sidelights on his Metamorphosis from "Hired Help" to Plutocrat.	Grenville Richards	60
HARRY GLICK—He Mixes Chuckles and Exercise at WMCA to keep the Ladies Slender.	Muriel Allen	63
THEY LEAVE THEIR COMFY BEDS FOR HIM—Arthur Q. Bagley, Tower Health Leaguer.	Bruce Gray	66
CHAIN GANG CHATTER—Paragraph Peeps into the Lives of Radio's Great and Near Great.	Janet Dublon	69
SWEET SIX-TY—Edna Wallace Hopper takes to Acrobatic Dancing at age when Others Take to Bed!	Anne B. Lazar	72

Coming and Going (p. 4) Editorial (52) Radiographs (55) Marcella (57) Voice of the Listener (64) Station News (begins 68) Women's Section (begins 72) Hits, Quips and Slips (76) Chain Calendar Features (78) Stations Alphabetically Listed (83)

Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Phone Mohawk 4-1760. Radio Digest will not be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts received through the mail. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. Business Staff: Business Manager, Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Ave., New York; National Advertising Representatives, R. G. Maxwell & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York City, and Mallery Bldg., Chicago. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Radio Digest, Volume XXVII, No. 3, July-August, 1931. Published monthly ten months of the year and bi-monthly in July and August, by Radio Digest Publishing Corporation, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription rates yearly, Three Dollars; Foreign Postage, One Dollar additional; single copies, Twenty-five cents. Entered as second-class matter Nov. 18, 1930, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry as second-class matter at Chicago, Ill. Title Reg. U. S. Patent Office and Canada. Copyright, 1931, by Radio Digest Publishing Corporation. All rights reserved. President, Raymond Bill; Vice-Presidents, I. B. Spillane, Randolph Brown, C. R. Tighe; Treasurer, Edward Lyman Bill; Secretary, L. J. Tompkins. Published in association with Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., and Federated Publications, Inc.

# SENSATIONAL VALUE! SEND NO MONEY



A daily sun bath—a few minutes in the morning or evening—will keep you looking and feeling physically fit.



Invallds confined indoors missing the life-giving, health-bringing power of natural sunlight, find the Health Ray Lamp a boon.



Ultra-violet rays prevent rickets by supplying Vitamin D to the System.

## Now the Amazing Benefits of ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS for ONLY

A \$100 Sun lamp can do no more

**\$5<sup>95</sup>**

Now, through the magic of the Health Ray Lamp, artificial sunlight, containing all the rejuvenating and healthful properties of sunshine, is available to all—at any time of the day or night—at any season of the year. Now the great benefits of ultra violet radiation can be yours . . . through this new, full-strength, therapeutic, ultra-violet (and infra-red) lamp at the *lowest retail price* in the world . . . \$5.95!

Mass production and tremendous sales alone make this possible.

### Youthful Vigor and Vitality

A few minutes in the morning or evening will suffice for your daily sun bath . . . will keep you feeling and looking physically fit . . . your body stimulated with Vitamin D . . . your brain alert . . . colds, grippe . . . annoying little aches and pains will pass you by. The whole family will enjoy greater health.

### Inexpensive Health Insurance

It costs only a few cents a day to enjoy the relaxing, healthful, vitalizing rays of the Health Ray Lamp. By subjecting yourself to these rays, you are building up a reserve of health and strength to withstand disease. You will look and feel vibrant, vigorous, fully alive. You are safeguarding your health in a pleasant, inexpensive way.

### Real Sun Tan (the glow of health)

A genuine sun Tan is quickly and easily secured with a Health Ray Lamp. A few minutes a day spent bathing in the rays of this lamp will give you the same kind of tan you get on a Florida beach.

### Brings These Many Benefits

1. Builds strength and vigor, resistance to sickness; invigorates the entire system.
2. By activating the cholesterol in the skin, Vitamin D is created which fixes the calcium and phosphorus in the blood, preventing rickets.
3. Prevents colds, grippe, lumbago, stops the annoying little aches and pains of every day.
4. Improves the appearance by imparting the natural ruddy glow of vigorous health. Gives the same kind of Tan you would get from a month on the Florida beaches.
5. Frees the skin from pimples and temporary blemishes.

### Specifications

Operates on either Alternating or Direct current. Resistant coil is of the best Nickel Chrome wire. Guaranteed for one year.



**\$5<sup>95</sup> HEALTH RAY LAMP**

### Innumerable Uses Found for Ultra Violet Radiation

These rays are especially effective in destroying germ life and imparting vigor and vitality. They also stimulate glandular function. They are remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases. Strongly anti-septic, they destroy germs and clarify the skin. Pimples and temporary blemishes yield quickly to their purifying action. Children respond rapidly to the beneficent effects. In cases of listlessness and anemia, the rays are unusually effective. An invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets.

### Same Benefits as \$100 Lamps

The Health Ray Lamp is a remarkable bargain. Users receive the same benefits as with the \$100 and \$150 lamps. It is two lamps in one. It not only produces ultra violet—those rays that destroy germ life, invigorate physically and mentally and stimulate glandular function—but an especially designed generator produces at the same time the warm infra-red rays which stimulate blood circulation, soothe, comfort and penetrate deeply into living body tissue . . . healing and preventing illness.

### 10 days Free Trial — Send No Money

The Health Ray Lamp, including goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc., will be sent you for free ten days' trial in your own home. Try it at our risk. For ten days, experience its vitalizing, health-building effects. Compare the results with higher priced equipment. Send no money. Simply fill out coupon below and the complete outfit will go forward immediately. When it arrives, deposit \$5.95, plus a few cents postage with the postman. After 10 days' trial, if you aren't amazed and delighted with results, simply return it and we will immediately refund your money.

There is only one requirement—that you include on the coupon the name of your local dealer from whom you would ordinarily purchase the Health Ray Lamp (for instance the name of your druggist or department store.)

Take Advantage of this special offer now! Fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Please print name and address plainly.

### MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Health Ray Manufacturing Company, Inc.  
417 Harding Building  
Station "O," New York, N. Y.

Send me one Health Ray (ultra violet and infra-red) Lamp, complete with goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc. at the special introductory price. Upon arrival I agree to pay postman \$5.95 plus a few pennies postage. It is understood that if after 10 days I am not completely satisfied, I may return the lamp and you will immediately refund my money.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of Dealer \_\_\_\_\_  
(from whom you would ordinarily buy)

# Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

**J**ULY and August are relatively poor months for the newsstand sale of RADIO DIGEST, a seasonable condition that obtains with practically all other magazines. It was therefore decided to produce one Summer Issue for these two months and advance the publication date for subsequent issues. All mail subscriptions will be automatically extended to include an extra issue.

\* \* \*

**W**HAT is a good old-fashioned beef-steak dinner? You'd be surprised. The invitation was in honor of the opening of the new Camel quarter-go over CBS. It was a sort of "Here's how and good luck" to Morton Downey and Tony Wons at the Hotel Warwick. You hook one leg around the iron pedestal of a round table and hoist a piece of toast with a juicy slice of steak atop: "Here's looking at you!" Then you gnash into the toast with the dry crumbs rattling down from corners of your lips. Of course there was more than toast and steak—quite too many things to mention. And it was not at all necessary for one of the gentlemen to go to such extremes as he did when



DOWNEY

he suddenly stood up and began biting off the heads of the flowers in the table decorations, then he ate up the ferns. He seemed to enjoy hugely eating lighted cigars and cigarettes. One delicacy was a book of matches. With the eager delight of one who chooses well and enjoys what he eats he tossed a stream of lighted matches into his mouth. Then his eye caught the fluffy collar of Uncle Nick Kenney, Radio editor of the New York *Mirror*. Nick remonstrated vigorously, and he is a big, strong man, but the glutton reached, grabbed, rip—and the upper layer of the fluffy collar had gone the way of the matches and the lighted cigars. Of course, you know now, as we all soon discovered, that this omnivorous gourmand with the insatiable appetite was just part of the show. But the beef-steak dinner was grand.

\* \* \*

**C**OME to order, please. Mr. Floyd Gibbons has been nominated to the office of editor-in-chief of the world's first great Radiozene. Who will second the nomination? The chair recognizes Linda O. Frome of Hillcrest, Phillipsburg, New Jersey, who writes: "I just received my June RADIO DIGEST today and you see how prompt I am in responding to your invitation on Page 4. I think your idea of a magazine of the air is fine, if Floyd Gibbons is editor-in-chief, so I heartily second the nomination, and third it too . . . Here's hoping you get a million other letters seconding the nomination." Well, they're still coming in, Linda, and also a few nominations for other possible candidates. Sorry we

haven't room to print them all. Wouldn't it be swell to have a three hour program with all the finest kind of entertainment selected and balanced in a magazine of 180 minutes between the covers of 8 and 10 o'clock!

\* \* \*

**D**ON'T you ever believe again that a lion is a ferocious beast. Carveth Wells, famous author and explorer, whom you hear regularly over the NBC network, proved that the lion is a patient plodding animal who will permit himself to be disturbed and driven away with no more than a reproachful look toward the person who approaches his resting place. It was all ludicrously revealed at a Radio party Mr. Wells presented to a few friends in New York a fortnight ago. He proved his statements with motion pictures. "You clap your hands or honk your motor horn and he will reluctantly give up his place in the shade. But he'll plop down again beneath the next tree." The pictures showed Mr. Wells driving a pack of lions through the grass while his photographer took the pictures. Pete Dixon vowed he'd like to get one of those lions to raise after Mr. Wells showed a young cub tumbling around with the author as playful as a puppy.



\* \* \*

**S**PEAKING of magazines and their contents—and what do the readers say—should RADIO DIGEST go in for scandals, divorces, and domestic tribulations such as have found much vogue in the movie magazines? For instance, was RADIO DIGEST remiss in deliberately avoiding mention of the generally known facts that led up to the divorce proceedings against a well-known Radio artist recently? Should RADIO DIGEST have gone Hollywood and blabbed everything? Someone declared not long ago there never had been a worth-while scandal in the Radio firmament that amounted to a whoop as copy . . . And, goodness gracious, what a story it would make to tell about that world-famous sponsor who surprised his wife not long ago as they were stopping in Paris. They were visiting the tomb of Napoleon. Mr. X paced back and forth in front of the tomb thinking of himself as a Napoleon. Suddenly he paused and pointed his finger at his astonished spouse as he said: "When Napoleon decided to go forward for greater things he told Josephine to go. So say I, now, Ellen, I am through with you." And sure enough divorce proceedings followed shortly after. Somehow we never quite liked that sort of literature for RADIO DIGEST. But maybe we're wrong. H—mmm.

\* \* \*

**D**ON'T miss Doty Hobart's exposé of the attempted Radio Wave Grab which begins in this issue. The next installment will present even more amazing revelations concerning the activities of certain groups and individuals to gain a monopoly of American broadcasting.



WONS

# • WJ R

IN THE GOLDEN  
TOWER OF THE  
FISHER BUILDING  
• DETROIT



## • THE STATION *with* PERSONALITY

Tune in right in the center of the dial—and leave it there. Throw your switch at 6:00 a. m. and start 19 hours of the most complete entertainment on the air. Music—melody—educational features—shopping news—markets—everything the modern woman is interested in from beauty culture to travel news. Starting with the "Night Watchman," ole Jack Douglas, personalities and entertainment are offered in stimulating variation throughout the day.

Amos 'n' Andy lead off on evening entertainment of the highest standard in broadcasting—an evening for men and women alike. And you may leave your dials set for the next day—assured of the continuance of high quality entertainment.

### WJ R • THE GOOD WILL STATION

5000 Watts • Cleared Channel • 400 Metres

LEO J. FITZPATRICK, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.



## Harry Horlick

*"TO ME, my violin is everything. With it, the world is mine. I have but to aspire and in the music I create for myself, I find attainment."*  
So speaks Mr. Horlick who has created a great character for himself and distinction for his associates in the A. & P. Gypsy program



*Real Gypsy of the Tribe is*

# Harry Horlick

*Famous A & P Chief Knows His Romany Rovers  
Through Actual Personal Experience as Refugee  
from the Bolsheviks—Once His Violin Saved  
His Life as unruly Mob distrusted His Loyalty*

By TED DEGLIN

THE streets of Petrograd were white with the deepest snow of winter. The dreamy old city lay under a fleecy blanket, quiet in a coma of hibernation. Peace there was, and hush, then out of the stillness the many-echoed reports of guns, screams of horror, rapine and murder! And the white snow turned a brilliant red from the blood spilled in the name of Revolution—

A regiment of soldiers had recently been quartered in the city. Weary and ragged from fighting the Turks in historic Crimea, they were now to have a few weeks respite. But at the clarion call of Bolshevism they turned against the Czar they had been fighting for, and took a lustful revenge from the Aristocracy which had made them slaves.

Restraint is not an easy lesson to learn, especially when a new world is to be had for the taking. The wild-eyed revolutionists saw freedom, and in the sweep onward painted the way with the blood of their victims and sang to the tortured shrieks of the unfortunates who fell into their hands.

Many were the deserters then; men who had joined the Revolution because of ideals, but whose Utopian hopes had soon been shattered. A young soldier was one of these; a music student from the Caucasus Mountain city of Tiflis. He had fought for the Czar, gladly joined the revolutionists and had been horror-stricken at the wholesale bloodshed. Death loomed ahead for deserters such as he, whether against the wall by a squad of comrades, or by the chill cold of that Russian winter. But, thought the dark haired, dark eyed youth, better death than such existence. On to Constantinople—on to freedom! The youth

endured extreme suffering and privation, but was befriended by a band of Gypsies, and with their help finally made his way to freedom.

The American Consul in Constantinople took an interest in the young man. Perhaps it was because he heard him play his violin in a cafe there. Perhaps it was the certain fire in this young man's eyes. At any rate, the Consul helped the deserting soldier achieve a lasting freedom by arranging for his passage to the United States. And now the dark eyed youth immersed himself entirely in music. The haunting memories of the months spent with the Gypsies, months of wanderings to the accompaniment of soul-stirring songs and dances, blended with the memory of his studies at the Conservatory at Tiflis. He created melody and introduced a new spirit to the country. People began hearing of him. Now millions know him and listen to the orchestra he directs over the NBC network. Harry Horlick, former soldier of the Imperial Russian Army, revolutionist and gypsy, has achieved tremendous success.

TODAY, as director of the A & P Gypsies, he is secure and firmly established, but the thought of those days of horror still remains with him. One incident he recalls with mingled emotions of pride and fear. One of the comrades, drunk, and lusting for the sight of more blood flowing in the "Cause of Freedom", questioned Horlick's loyalty to the new order. He called the young soldier an aristocrat because he always

withdrew from the blood-spilling adventures. A few others of the ragged, dirty horde began muttering to themselves. It was a bitterly cold night, but a night without a breeze. The men were huddled about a fire fed with wood from the demolished palaces. Horlick knew his danger—these were creatures of instinct. Let the cry be taken up, and he was a doomed man. He admits that he was terror-stricken, but some instinct showed him the path to deliverance. Calmly, as though nothing were amiss, he took his violin which he had kept carefully wrapped in a dirty blanket, and began playing the folk-songs dear to the heart of every Russian. He motioned to a friend to start singing. All of the men were homesick to some degree, and the sound of familiar melodies caused a wave of feeling to come over them. One by one they joined in the song, and soon the entire encampment had taken up the tune. And Harry Horlick played his violin in tremulous happiness, blessing the instrument that had saved his life.

A thrilling story it makes. Harry Horlick likes to reminisce of his adventures in Russia with the soldiers of the Czar; as a Comrade of the Revolution; with the peasants of South Russia; of his stay in Constantinople. Weekly he tells a new story, and he tells it with the words of music. As he directs the A & P Gypsy orchestra he tells of those bitterly cold nights around the Bolshevik camp fire. He tells of desperate encounters with the Turk. His orchestra repeats



the saga of the wandering gypsies. And Harry Horlick becomes more personal in his musical reminiscences as he takes up his violin and tells of Tiflis, his native city; and of the quaint Constantinople cafes.

When this war veteran came to the United States he brought with him a few compatriots whose bodies were racked with privation but who glowed with the fire of music. They, as well as Horlick, had learned the Gypsy songs from the Hungarians, and were such able musicians that when they expressed their emotions musically, a hardened New York took to the string quintet immediately. Their fame grew. In 1922 they signed their first contract as the A & P Gypsies, under the direction of the round-faced, dark haired young man, their comrade Harry Horlick. Of the original Gypsy orchestra, after eight successful years of broadcasting, Horlick still retains three men, and the four of them are inseparable companions. The A & P Gypsy orchestra has now reached true symphonic proportions, having a personnel of twenty-seven musicians, a tenor and a contralto.

AT the NBC studio the leader is "Harry" to all of his men. His quick, vibrant personality allows for a spirit of good fellowship that is recognized and appreciated by the members of his orchestra. After the weekly broadcast, Mr. Horlick and his men always find their way to some quiet restaurant where they solve the music problems of the day, and where they sing Russian and Gypsy songs. He likes his men. He wants to be, not the Maestro Horlick, but plain Harry Horlick, one of the Gypsies. "I am just a friend with my men," he says. His voice has a strong Russian accent and his speech retains the academic touch that his English studies in Russia left with him. "I want always to keep in very close contact with them. I am not strict. I do not have to be. My men are true musicians, they are all artists. I do not tire them out with weary rehearsals, and that is why they are at their best during broadcasting." He alludes with evident pride to the fact that there are members of his orchestra who are also members of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, a world-famous group admitting only outstanding musicians.

A true Gypsy is Harry Horlick. He has two great loves: primarily his music; and then, to be in the sun's rays. He chose

his studio because it is such a sunny place, and he delights in playing his violin in the spotlight of the sunbeams that come in through the wide-open windows. And he is an outdoor man, also. An excellent swimmer and oarsman, he spends the summer days at a beach, and finds keen enjoyment in motor boating and yachting. He goes for long tramps, his ears tuned to the music of the wayside. The snatches of songs he hears he jots down, and now has thousands of these musical notes—the Gypsy songs he keeps in the form of memos, and also the tunes he heard in Russia and Turkey. From these he takes the music which brings relief to those who turn aside from the jazz of the modern day.

HE has often been called the apostle of the "popular concert", and well he might be, for his musical philosophy gives no quarter to "hot-stuff" (as he calls it, with a grimace). "I cannot stand dance arrangements as they are done now," he said, his black eyes flashing with the spirit of the evangelist. "There is no soul to the music, but only a thinness that makes the music disappear. That is not music—it should be tangible, and should be retained in the heart of the hearer. Concert music is slowly coming back; there are many lovely songs in the popular vein today, and these in concert form are melodic and stimulating. I am trying to make every popular number I offer have concert form. That is why Max Terr is with me. I want my presentations to be original, of course, and I also want to contribute something to the spirit of music here, just as the music of the Gypsies has given something to the mu-

sic of every country. So many people write me that my orchestra is filling a musical deficiency in their lives. I think soon all orchestra leaders will realize that such music is wanted and needed. Everybody *needs* music." He speaks with great feeling. It is his life. He becomes excited and glows with an inner fire.

When he speaks of Max Terr—his concert arranger, he speaks with the warmth of close friendship. Terr, while comparatively a newcomer to the A & P Gypsies, has carried out the spirit of the organization in every sense. His arrangements, unique and inspiring, have raised the orchestra to new heights of musical success. When Milton Cross announces a Max Terr arrangement, listeners-in settle back to a period of keen enjoyment, for the melody of the number is woven with the symphonic counter-melody into a delightful pattern. The reputation Mr. Terr achieved while music supervisor of the Paramount West Coast studio has been more than sustained by his record with the Gypsies; hence Harry Horlick, whose religion is music, offers whole-hearted friendship to a man who unfolds the beauty in the world of melody.

HORLICK is thirty-four years old, unmarried. He makes up the paradox of the artist and business man in one. In his frequent conferences with members of the corporation to which he is contracted, he shows a surprising grasp of those things too many artists find beyond comprehension. Perhaps it is this spirit of worldliness, which enters into the interpretations of the compositions he and his orchestra play, that accounts for the popularity he enjoys in a field where success is often all too transient.

"The satisfaction I find in conducting is but a vicarious one," said Mr. Horlick. "To me, my violin is everything."

So the history of a lad who had many adventures; who saw the primitive side of life, but who *heard* much of the harmony of the land. So a history filled with blood and terror, with privation and suffering, but one with an ending even happier than tradition demands. Harry Horlick has not only carved himself a niche in the hall of Radio and musical fame, but has opened a new road to musical enjoyment for those who find the usual symphonic way too rocky, and the primrose path of the "hot-stuff jazz" too artificial and unreal for enjoyment.



Max Terr (left) and Frank Parker

# LITTLE JACK LITTLE

*Finds Radio*

*Listeners*

*Love Him*

*Still*

*as...*

*He  
Comes  
Back on  
National  
Big Time Net*

**I**F LITTLE JACK LITTLE hadn't been so restless when he was a small boy, probably he now would be leading a more prosaic life than that of a celebrated NBC entertainer.

Jack was an energetic lad. Left to his own devices, he was always in mischief. He had a genius for disarranging well-ordered rooms. And because his mother always had to keep her eye on him, Jack was taught to play the piano—to keep busy.

Jack was born in the Silvertown section of London. Not far away was the London Conservatory of Music. The authorities at the conservatory permitted the women of the neighborhood to use the vacant piano studios several mornings each week, and Jack's mother was one of those to take advantage of the opportunity.

Jack was too small to be left at home while his mother was studying music at the conservatory, and it would have imperilled the draperies and ornaments of the studio had he been permitted to follow his undisciplined impulses when his mother sat at the piano. There was nothing left to be done by Mrs. Leonard—for Little Jack Little was born John Leonard

Little  
Jack  
Little

—but to take her four-year old-son in her lap as she played.

At first the music was so interesting that the lad forgot to fidget. But as soon as he discovered what caused the music he began to bang away at the keys with his chubby fingers. No one but a mother could have discerned in this childish prank that the boy had a natural gift of melody. Mrs. Leonard proudly predicted to the neighbors that her little Johnny some day would be a great musician. And instead of perfecting her own playing, she began to teach Jack. Later private tutors were employed.

Jack's father was connected with one of the large English manufacturers of motor cars. W. W. Marsh, late Demo-

cratic leader in Iowa, purchased one of these cars on a visit to England. During the transaction he became acquainted with the elder Leonard. He urged Jack's father to come to America and promised to establish him in business if he would make a home for himself and family in Waterloo, Iowa.

So, when he was nine years old, Jack left England. A certain Patsy Campbell, now a successful London business man, was his best pal and playmate. Tearfully, Jack gave young Campbell his most prized possession as a goodbye gift—a bag of marbles. Last summer, visiting the scenes of his childhood for the first time since he left, Little Jack Little met his old friend on the sidewalk in the Silvertown

Harold Stein Photo

district. Surprised, they halted instantly.

Each recognized the other immediately, and both recalled the gift of the marbles.

It was a wan and sea-sick lad who landed in Montreal after a rough voyage across the Atlantic. Even if the boat on which the Leonards crossed the ocean had been larger, they all would have suffered from the usual landlubbers' ailments, Jack says. One rough day Jack was wandering around the pitching, wave-washed deck in a blind search for more comfort. He paused on the stern deck and held weakly to a wobbly air vent on the ship's very end. The vessel was tossing, the wind was howling and the sea occasionally flooded the deck. If his parents missed him from their cabin, they were too exhausted to look for him. Little Jack Little doesn't understand how he managed to keep his precarious perch, but he remembers that he didn't care then whether he was washed overboard or not.

**J**ACK'S introduction to the neighborhood boys in Waterloo was memorable. His mother dressed him up in his best clothes, and sent him forth to meet his future playmates. But Iowa boys had never seen anything like him before, and probably few such specimens since. Jack wore an Eton suit with a wide white collar, a cap of marvelous shape and he carried a cane.

"And did those kids give me the raspberry!" Little Jack Little grins now as he recalls that first day in Waterloo, Iowa.

But before his father had completed his naturalization, Jack was completely an American boy. He learned to play baseball and was a star shortstop on the high school team. He still is an ardent baseball fan.

His parents wanted Jack to win a degree at the University of Iowa, but the young man never could get excited about his various courses. He organized a band and soon was playing at numerous dances and social functions around Iowa City.

In two years he decided that he had all the academic training he could use. He planned to go to California. With two other young student-musicians, he set forth. They found Kansas City a congenial city and for a week took in the sights. When they checked up on their finances they discovered they didn't have enough money to get to Denver. But it was May, and they had fine overcoats. So they sold them for enough money to get to Denver.

But May in Denver was different. A thick blanket of snow covered the "mile-high city" when Little Jack Little and his three companions, in their light spring clothes and minus top coats, reached there. Jack and another of the trio obtained jobs washing dishes in a cafe. They were able to eat heartily again, but his two companions were discouraged and wired home for money to return East.

Jack found a job playing the piano in an orchestra. For the next eight months

he remained in Colorado. Then, when he had money enough for a ticket to New York, he set out for the Mecca of musicians on Manhattan Island.

While he was looking for work he loafed around the publishing house of Irving Berlin. One day he was playing idly on a piano when Yvette Rugel, featured vaudeville entertainer, dropped in. She was impressed with his playing and invited Jack to become her accompanist on a tour "around the big wheel". Six months later

---

*"And did those kids give me the raspberry!" exclaimed Little Jack Little as he recalled the day he made his debut in Waterloo, Ia., after his arrival from England. His mother had dressed him up in his best Eton suit with a wide white collar and he carried a cane. It was like circus day for those Iowa tads when Jack sallied forth in all his finery. He was 9 years old at the time.*

---

the tour ended and Jack was looking for a job again.

"The need of money caused me to begin writing songs," Little says. "But I had difficulty in getting publishers to print them. That was nine years ago and Radio was enjoying its first wave of popularity. The idea of popularizing songs by broadcasting then occurred to me, and I sold the notion to Henry Waterson, a music publisher. He found a singer to team up with me, and we went from city to city, singing over any station that we could reach. There were only a few Radio studios in those days.

"That proved successful and Waterson formed other teams to follow up our work. When my partner succumbed to too much hospitality and failed to show up, I began to sing as well as play. At first I thought little of my voice, being more interested in introducing the lyrics to the listeners, but my peculiar whispering style clicked. I used informal monologue between the songs; just a bit of homey stuff as though I were talking directly to a family group. Folks began to write in that they liked me."

Soon theatres began to make offers to Little Jack Little for personal appearances. There he proved as successful as he had in Radio. For several years he divided his time between broadcasting and stage appearances.

Then he tried to attract an offer from the big broadcasting chains. But he failed to make a connection. He thought he was destined to remain a sectional favorite of the Middle West.

"That wasn't such a bad prospect, after I forced myself to quit dreaming of a wider audience. So I settled in Cincinnati.

"I built a fourteen room house in the exclusive residential district of Hyde Park. The big home was built on an acre and three-quarter of land. During the three years I lived there I spent a great amount of time, thought and money on improving that ground, and when I came to New York to live after I signed with NBC late last December, it was a garden spot. I was glad, of course, to begin my career as a national entertainer, but it nearly broke my heart to leave my beautiful home in Cincinnati."

Little says that he experiences greater nerve strain when he's singing before a microphone than he does before an audience.

"Before a crowd you can gauge your performance by the way the folks out front are receiving it. You can sense the mood of your visible audience, and tell whether light, classical, dramatic or humorous songs would better suit its fancy. But in a Radio studio you feel pretty much in the dark. You don't know what they'd prefer to hear, nor how your voice is coming to them.

"Then often you don't put over a song like you rehearsed it, and that bothers you. I try to figure out exactly how I'm going to sing, but often when I'm on the air I don't put the accent where I intended to."

When Little Jack Little broadcasts he sits at the piano accompanying himself, and sings close into the microphone with his peculiar voice, half talk and half melody, which has been termed a "speak-easy baritone". His voice transmits that bright and magnetic personality which characterizes him in real life.

**T**HIS NBC star stands five feet four inches, weighs 130 pounds, but is broad and husky. One of his earlier partners also was about Little's stature, and Jack changed his pal's name from Paul Lougher to Paul Small. In the Middle West the pair was booked as "Jack and Paul; Little and Small". Paul Small now is a prominent Radio entertainer.

Even in the coldest winter Little Jack Little doesn't cover his smoothly brushed light brown hair with a hat.

Automobile speeding is his greatest delight. Although he employs a chauffeur, Little is always at the wheel when he is motoring where city traffic doesn't interfere with speed.

His other chief outdoor diversion is golf. And he shoots a good game, too. Last summer on his home course in Cincinnati Little was going around in the middle eighties. This year he expects to score in the seventies before winter forces him to sheath his clubs again.

Jack rehearses his songs and programs many hours each day. He is always testing some new arrangement of his old melodies, or playing some new tunes.

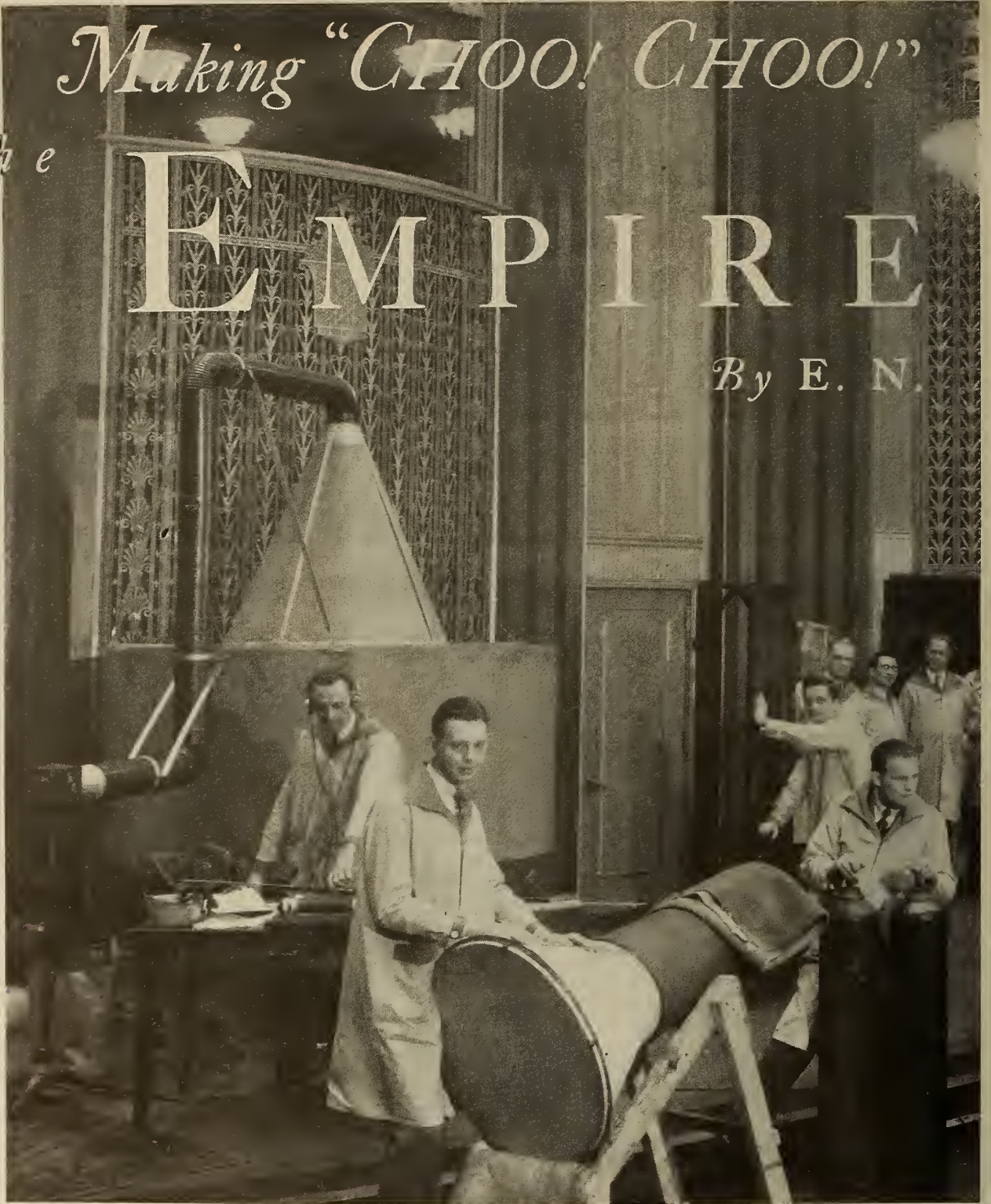


LUCILLE HUSTING, feminine star of the Empire Builders, is especially fitted for the part as her own ancestors had a share in the scenes she portrays. In one of the productions Miss Husting wrote the script and created for herself the role of her own great-grandmother.

# Making "CHOO! CHOO!"

## The EMPIRE

By E. N.



Here are the "soundicians". Left rear, funnel picking up roll of toy car on circular track, beneath, and conveying it to mike at end of stove-pipe. Incidental effects by man with earphone. Choo-choo in front. Hissing steam, and door-slam, right.

**A**-BO-O-O-ARD!  
A-bo-o-o-ard!

The engineer in the locomotive cab acknowledges the conductor's "highball" with two short blasts of the whistle, pulls the throttle open a couple of notches, the super-powered locomotive puffs, steam hisses, and the long train of heavy steel pullmans gains momentum, and is whisked away, becoming fainter and fainter in the distance

until only an occasional distant whistle is heard.

It is the Empire Builder leaving—via Radio. The National Broadcasting Company and the sponsors of this program, the Great Northern Railway, receive hundreds of letters each week asking how the train effects, which are an important part of the "Empire Builders" dramatic sketches, are produced. "Are they recordings?" some inquirers want to

know. A great many others seem to think that the train effects used on "Empire Builders" are obtained through some ingenious system of microphones strung out along the right of way some place between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, so that the studios in Chicago can pick up a train sound somewhere along the line any time it is required. Still others give the orchestra credit for producing these effects. There is an inter-



Don Bernard, directing, center. Harvey "Old Timer" Hayes, facing mike; Don Ameche, beyond him and Lucille Husting and Bernadine Flynn are at right. Ted Pearson, announcer, is seated below Bernard; Joseph Koestner, orchestra leader, is in back.

esting story behind the Empire Builder of the air.

When this program first went on the air, from the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company, in January of 1929, an imitation train was obtained, through a combination of orchestra effects, a tank of compressed air, a locomotive bell, and a small wooden whistle. The effect was considered pretty good in those days, but it was hardly

more than suggestive of a railroad train and hardly close enough to the real thing to be called an imitation.

All Radio listeners will recall the great broadcast that opened and dedicated the Great Northern's eight-mile tunnel under the Cascade range in western Washington, as well as the remarkable program broadcast from Chicago six months later when the railway inaugurated and dedicated its new fast train between Chicago

and the Pacific Coast—the Empire Builder. On these two occasions microphones were used to pick up actual train sounds and thousands of letters were received by the railway expressing the thrill of listeners in hearing a railroad train roaring in their own living rooms.

These two programs set a standard for Great Northern sound effects that the sponsors of the programs were determined to live up to. Naturally it was



Tiny car, beneath funnel, that produces click of rails by "express".

impractical to broadcast actual train sounds each week—but it was imperative to find means of simulating the real sounds as closely as possible. This gave Harold Sims, the man in charge of the Great Northern programs back in St. Paul where the headquarters of the railway are located, the idea that every train used in a Great Northern program should be the real thing and he began work on a plan of recording a wide variety of train sounds which could be fitted into each week's dramatic sketches as required. While the plan presented a great many serious obstacles of a mechanical nature the thing that finally caused the whole scheme to be abandoned was the broadcasting company's positive refusal to permit the use of a recording on its network. A prolonged controversy ensued in which the broadcasting company was adamant and no choice remained to the program sponsor, if he wished to continue "Empire Builders" on that chain, other than to build up a synthetic train effect that would be as satisfactory as a recording.

Developments in the talkies and in the making of recordings made it imperative that this objective be accomplished. Where a wooden whistle, a bell and a drum was acceptable as substituting a railroad train two years ago, it was becoming increasingly obvious that they would not long remain acceptable substitutes. Some recording companies had obtained fairly satisfactory recordings of trains and these were being sold to local Radio stations and used by them on local programs. The result was that the local stations were using better train effects on their programs than the Great Northern was able to use on its big chain broadcast. In addition, the talkies were being developed and people were commenting on the excellent train effects heard in the movies, which reflected un-

satisfactorily upon the Radio reproduction.

This would not have been so serious if "Empire Builders" had not been a railroad program, but being such, it seemed to the sponsors of the program imperative that their train effects should be second to none.

There was only one thing that remained to be done and that was to attack the problem with a view to reproducing, through mechanical means, the sounds of the real thing. It was particularly necessary to do as good, if not a better job, than could be done by recordings.

**T**HIS looked like a large order, and it was. However, there was one slight advantage enjoyed over recordings, and that was that none of the recording companies had gone to the expense of elaborate experiments to get train recordings that were entirely satisfactory. The recording might be virtually authentic, but the discs invariably recorded a large volume of varying sounds which reproduced as more or less of a meaningless jumble. For theatrical purposes, trains have certain distinguishing sounds which listeners clearly identify and a synthetic effect built up with only such sounds and without the meaningless jumble of noise, would have sounded more real than the real thing, if such a paradoxical situation might be stated.

To illustrate, the most impressive paintings of scenery are not a mere process of duplicating form and color. If it were, an actual photograph, carefully colored, might be presumed to surpass any painting that an artist could hope to do. As a matter of fact, the artist develops and emphasizes form and color so that it appeals to the eye and the imagination. In the same way, it was with this thought

that the Great Northern Railway went about the problem of reproducing train sounds which, while not entirely authentic, would seem fully as real as hearing the train itself.

Experiments along these lines were begun while the program was being broadcast from New York last year. A crude circular device with parallel rails, and three rail joints, was constructed to simulate the clickety-click-click of the rails. A set of wheels were operated over this circular track to produce this effect. The rumble of the train was produced by a couple of wooden wheels mounted on a four-foot turntable which had a wooden base. Long wire brushes were made and used on a tympanum and snare drums were used to reproduce the "chugging" of a locomotive. A Great Northern locomotive bell was sent to New York. A wooden whistle and a tank of compressed air completed the outfit. This did very well for the time being but had many shortcomings of which it was obvious the Radio public was aware.

**T**HE bell, for instance, despite the fact that it was a real locomotive bell, sounded too much like a cowbell. This probably was due to the fact that it was in the studio and not out-of-doors. The whistle did not satisfactorily imitate a real whistle with its tremendous power and volume. An effort was made to see what could be done about installing a real whistle on the roof of the National Broadcasting Company in New York and also about putting the bell on the roof, with a microphone pickup. This plan had to be discarded for the reason that about the time "Empire Builders" went on the air there was usually a traffic jam down on the street below and it was feared that in some of the playlets where the train was supposed to be rushing over the Montana plains or roaring through a canyon out in the Rocky mountains that the microphone would pick up also the noises of a traffic jam in New York at night, with all the motors honking their horns. Too, it might have been something of a surprise to Fifth Avenue suddenly to hear an engine whistle and bell sounding high up in the stately skyscraper.

The matter of these sound effects, as well as the sponsor's desire to assume direct responsibility for the production of its broadcasts, resulted in transferring the current series of shows to Chicago last autumn.

The National Broadcasting Company was just opening new studios on the top floor of the great Merchandise Mart, built by Marshall Field & Company. This building, with more floor space than any other building in the world, had roof space far above the street and several blocks from the congested Loop that would be available for sound effects, and it was decided to utilize this advantage.

Throughout the summer various devices



were experimented with at St. Paul with a view to perfecting a device that would reproduce the sound of the heavy Pullman tracks whirling along over the rails. The work was undertaken by Harold M. Sims, Executive Assistant of the Great Northern Railway, who has been in charge of the "Empire Builders" programs. After numerous plans were evolved and discarded, a circular track was built at the railway's shops, consisting of thirteen pieces of rail steel. This track was built absolutely to scale. Trucks similar to those used on the big heavy Pullmans were also built to scale and all conditions which could conceivably have any effect upon sound were carefully simulated. For instance, even wooden ties were used, and elevation provided to take care of the curvature of the track. The joints were fastened together with fish plates, similar to those used on real rails. Then came the matter of determining what kind of ballast should be used. It was found that sand or gravel produced the sound of a train passing over a trestle and after much experimenting it was found that the most natural effect was obtained by the use of a certain type of wall deadening material placed between the ties and the board upon which the track was mounted, with another piece of the same deadening material under the board. A motor to drive the machine was placed under the table.

In the meantime, Mr. Sims had been carefully analyzing the large variety of train sounds. We cannot go into any elaborate discussion of this work, but we will use one effect as an example of the

pains and effort that were expended on all of the sounds that one hears on "Empire Builders"—that is the effect of a passenger train coming from the distance, up past a certain point, and fading again into the distance. After stationing himself at different places along the right-of-way on fifteen or twenty different occasions, Mr. Sims found that almost every locality produced a different sound. Working with a stopwatch, it was found that the sound varied greatly also with the speed of the train, the weight of the train, topography of surrounding country, direction the wind was blowing, whether the train was picking up speed, slowing down or coasting; also the type of engine on the different trains accounted for quite a variety of sound. Finally the figures on about fifty different trains were taken down and an average reached that gave an index to the principal sounds, i. e., whistling, puffing of locomotive, roar of train, steam, bell, etc.

**T**HE track machine has now been developed to a point where it reproduces very faithfully the click of the rails and the roar of the cars.

The "chugging" of the locomotive as it is now done, was the result of the construction of probably more than one hundred different kinds of wire brushes and it was quite by accident that the method now used in reproducing this part of the effect, was discovered. One of these brushes had been left lying on a kettle-drum during a sound effects rehearsal, when one of the assistants hap-

pened to pass a tiny wooden mallet over the brush. The sound was picked up by the microphone and carried into the control room where Mr. Sims and his assistants were discussing the problem. It was quite a faithful reproduction of the "chugging" of the locomotive!

Special valves were built to operate on compressed air tanks in order to get steam effects. It was found necessary to try several locomotive bells, before two bells were obtained which registered correctly over the microphone.

To bring these various units together into one effect is accomplished through a time chart which looks about the same as music does to a musician. It is spaced off as to seconds and Mr. Sims sits in the control room during each program with a large second clock in front of him and beats off the seconds with his hand, as well as counts aloud. The men who are operating the track machine, the steam tanks, the drum which produces the puffing, count each second with Mr. Sims, as they can see him through three panels of glass which separate the studio from the sound-proof control room. They know just what is required at each second, so that just as the engine, in theory, whisks past the bystander, all sounds are brought to their proper volume and speed.

The studio audience, which usually comprises between two and three hundred people, hear neither the bell nor the whistle, nor the noise produced by the track machine. They hear only the puffing as done by the drummer, the operation of the steam tank, and the clanking of the swiftly moving mechanism of the engine.



Some of the more impressive sounds are produced on the roof as shown above and piped into the studio for blending into program at proper sequence.

# The LUCKY Adam's

*From a Radio Interview about and  
with G. W. Hill in the Columbia  
Fortune Builders Series*

*By Douglas Gilbert*



**T**HIS is Douglas Gilbert, generating to you tonight the voltage of George W. Hill, dynamic president of the American Tobacco Company; third-rail power of his industry—the lighted end—of Lucky Strikes. Mr. Hill is here beside me. He will clinch for you, in this mike-to-mike manner, some of the points I shall make at the close of my talk.

Last year George Hill earned for his company \$43,294,000, and distributed to his common stockholders \$29,293,000 in dividends. These are figures unequalled in the tobacco trade. The whole tobacco trust, dissolved in 1911 in the trust-busting days of Teddy Roosevelt, never approached them. This money is the financial Phoenix arising from the ashes of six billion two hundred-nineteen million cigarettes sold by one man—Hill—and smoked by 30,000,000 customers.

A record is supposed to speak for itself. It does. But in Hill's case it has to be, it ought to be, translated, interpreted. Such earning power must be deserved. There's more to Hill than dollars and cents. High-spot, red-hot, head-line Hill, sloganeer of cigarettes, means something. Stands for something. Is a symbol of some kind or other. Let's try to smoke him out from under that battered Borsalino he wears so rakishly. We'll turn off the switch that makes him revolute. For fifteen minutes Hill's going to be powerless, while we chuck away our rubber gloves and dismantle, bare-handed, this human dynamo to find the spark of his success.

That spark glows for a psychological reason. For Hill is a business bundle of suppressed desires. Graduating from Williams College he came to the American Tobacco Co. in 1904, serving under his father, the late Percival S. Hill, then president of the company. He was curbed by two handicaps at once. He was a rich man's son—and the son of the president; tie-ups at which the rank and file of any company bristle.

Moreover, he was the son of his father, a company baron of the old commercial school. When George offered a suggestion he was piped down by the parent quickly. George was given to understand at the start that he was there to learn—not to suggest. He started learning; and kept his suggestions to himself for future reference. As a matter of fact he did pretty well, since his first major activity was the promotion of Pall Mall cigarettes, a swanky and expensive smoke in the old days you old timers like to remember. He put them over as a swanky cigarette with his first slogan—"a shilling in London, a quarter here". Not so hot as "reach for a Lucky", but it got over his idea—the suggestion of the Savage Club;



Douglas Gilbert, who conducts the Fortune Hunter series

# APPLE MAN

the "my word, my cigarette" flavor of Mayfair and Piccadilly. Still, the elder Hill kept him pretty well curbed. George was rarin' to go, but the presidential father, the old tobacconist, couldn't see the then new-fangled notions his son is exploiting so successfully.

**P**ENT up, held down, leashed by the easy-going methods that his senior had found so practicable, George proceeded as best he could until, only six years ago, his father died. And on December 16, 1925, the son stepped into his father's shoes — and the company stepped out. Today Hill's enterprise represents the pinnacle of tobacco effort in mass production and distribution of cigarettes. A six year achievement that amounts, ladies and gentlemen, to a commercial combustion.

Hill, as the new directing force, snapped his company out of its industrial complacency at once. His new authority offered him the necessary escape for the ideas that he had been storing up while observing and learning from his father. It offered the outlet for the enthusiasms that had so long been stifled. His suppressed business desires here had their vent. We've unlocked the first door that guards the secret of George W. Hill's success.

He was but 41 when elected president. A man responsive, constantly clicking to the modernistic note that then was jazzing up the fox-trot of American business. Remember, were talking about Hill, who once gave me this definition of his Lucky Strike dance orchestra—"breast of chicken à la Rolfe, served HOT; without dressing."

And that's how this 41-year-old new executive



G. W. Hill, President of the American Tobacco Co.

started in with his board of directors—HOT, without dressing. He laid down the law to them with a hitherto unheard of money-demand for promotional work and advertising. You can imagine the battle that took place. Enough of the representatives of the old régime remained to bristle up a series of tut-tuts that later gave way to unqualified rage. This young business upstart with his costly highfalutin' methods wasn't going to jazz them out of their shells.

To all of which Hill replied with the equivalent of "oh, yes" and proceeded to move his advertising Big Berthas into position. You have felt the raking fire of his barrage. But have you sensed the advertising psychology behind it? Hill's policy is to advertise so as to compete with the news columns in interest. This interest—he makes a highly specialized, super-subtle appeal. Its note is personal and interesting. It is designed to reach not only the pocket-nerve of you readers but also your intuition, your subconsciousness, your self-interest. Yes, Hill's whole advertising, for which his annual outlay this year will exceed \$12,000,000, is written (mostly by him, by the way) to this special purpose, or this special effect.

**T**HIS accounts for the editorial quality in his advertising — "sunshine mellows"; "heat purifies"; "Luckies are k-i-n-d to your throat"; "an ancient prejudice removed"; and his calling attention to overeating. These are declarative and significant statements such as you find on the policy or editorial page of your newspaper.

Well, all this was a tidy morsel for his colleagues to chew over. But remember, he promised to justify his

methods. And, I started this broadcast with the record figures of his last year's earnings, earnings, recall, in a year of depression. So now does he meet with opposition? Listen, his old opponents lap it up. Nobody ever quarrels with success. If someone showed you how to redouble your profits, how to make that financial spade slam in your business contract bridge game, you wouldn't fight back. No one does with Hill now either.

A couple of years ago Hill became president of the American Cigar Company, a subsidiary of the American Tobacco Company. And again he started stepping out. The revitalizing methods of the vital Mr. Hill were at work. And again Hill did the unexpected. He employed the late Alfred W. McCann to visit his newly acquired, dirty and in-the-red cigar factory, and tell him what was the matter with it. Whoever heard of hiring a food expert to analyze the vitamins in an ailing cigar? Well, McCann put his whirlwind vacuum cleaner to work and swept Hill's factory clean.

**H**ILL installed modern machinery—"no human hand touches your cigar"—I'm quoting Mr. Hill, who proceeded to apply the same kind of mass production to cigars with an intensity that marks his labor for Luckies. The tremendous advantages in cleanliness in smoking struck Hill forcibly at this time. Nothing is more personal to you than your smoke.

What is it in a word, Hill asked himself some eighteen hours a day for six months or so that epitomizes what I have done. The answer, ladies and gentlemen, rests against an easel above a box of Cremos in his office at 111 Fifth Avenue, New York—it is a framed work—"Spitless".

A while back we called him a sloganeer, for Hill is responsible for the catch phrases that confront you on the billboard, in your newspaper, and magazine, or beguile or startle your ear over the Radio. He must have raised you out of your chair a few weeks ago with his "one man's spit is another man's poison". Startling, but true, and saleable.

He is a master of epitome—the electrifying word or phrase that sums up his two hundred million dollar tobacco enterprises. And he knows almost to the penny what its response will be.

The candy manufacturers, through the Sugar Institute, were up in arms against him two years ago when he reached for his Luckies instead of a sweet. Boycotting methods were suggested against him; suits were threatened; the Federal Trade Commission was invoked to call him off what the Sugar Institute called his "un-ethical" advertising, whatever that may

mean. Hill faced them and fought them back. Get the psychology back of this.

"Don't you see what I'm doing for you?" he asked. "I'm centering the nation's attention to two things—sugar, and cigarettes. Wait 'till the results are shown". They waited. At the close of the year Department of Commerce figures revealed that more sugar had been consumed and more cigarettes sold than at any other time in our commercial history. Then Hill, the victor, and maybe this means something, withdrew the criticized slogan.



B. A. Rolfe, conductor of the Lucky Strike Orchestra

The doodads and gadgets that he has installed in his factories are equally humble, and interesting, in their origin. For example, the ultra-violet ray that is now applied to the blend that goes into Luckies. Hill, in London some years ago, was guesting some friends at dinner. One was served with an unripe melon. Hill had recently yielded to the high-pressure methods of a British salesman who expanded on the miracle of synthetic sunshine that was his for the price of an ultra-violet ray lamp. He bought one Presto! The unripe melon was a chance to prove its mellowing, purifying, ripening sunshine claims. Hill took the melon and exposed it to the ray. In twenty minutes it was edible.

"**W**ELL!" said Hill, "if it'll do that to a melon, its effect on tobacco might be equally advantageous. I'll try it anyhow." He did. The tobacco seemed improved. Scientific tests substantiated his belief. So today the

factories are equipped with this process.

Competitors are often aroused by his aggressive methods—but his wise friendly enemies hold back and let him have his way. For they know that his methods—methods that are in step with the jazz-mad beat of America's currently pulsing life—are for the good of the industry. More cigarettes are sold of *all* brands because of Hill. And Hill knows it. He looks over his annual report and those of his rival companies, and believe me—they satisfy. For an analysis shows that

for every dollar earned by every cigarette sold in America, Hill—and the American Tobacco Co.—takes 68 cents.

He can afford to be frank. And he can also be decent. No one industrial executive in the United States shepherds his stockholders with greater zeal. His reports reveal—always—the soul of his company. His statement at the close of 1930 told—and for the first time in tobacco history—how many cigarettes he sold.

**I**T WAS some 46 billion odd, you'll remember.

And about six months before that, if you were a stockholder, you received a letter advising you of a contemplated split-up of stock on a two-for-one basis. This letter was in line with Hill's belief that owners of shares were entitled to know the plans of the management so that they could be guided in their holdings accordingly.

And there's our man, the human dynamo we took apart, running up Hill, a mile a minute—a dollar a second. SPLIT-second symbol of America's high pressure industry. And here he is in person.

#### *Interview with Mr. Hill*

**GILBERT:** Mr. Hill, do you mind stepping here to the microphone a moment. The American people are smoking more than 46 billion of your Lucky Strike Cigarettes a year and several billion cigarettes of other brands. That's a lot of cigarettes, Mr. Hill, and I have been wondering just what the possibilities of expansion are.

**HILL:** Why, Mr. Gilbert, that's fairly easy. Mr. Ford and Mr. Firestone have answered that question for me a long time ago. On the other side of the Atlantic is potentially as fertile a field for future development as *this* country has been for the past ten years. South America is another strong possibility. I believe that our foreign sales have increased at an even greater speed than our American sales. You know, Mr. Gilbert, a cigarette that is good and pleasing is usually just as pleasing 5,000 miles away.

**GILBERT:** Do you think, Mr. Hill, the

day will ever come when the people in this country will develop a taste for something different from the cigarette?

HILL: It may be, but I think the time is a far way off. The cigarette, you know, is in perfect tempo with contemporary American life. If the time ever does come, however, when the American public will turn to something else, well, I believe that the same qualities of performance and imagination that have made Lucky Strikes and other cigarettes outstanding in this country will establish a leadership in that other field, whatever it may be.

GILBERT: Do you look for an up-trend in your own industry, Mr. Hill, during the next year?

HILL: Why, I think my industry is not too different from the general run of other major ones in this country. I personally feel that they are all on the up-trend. I'm not given to predictions, you know, but a man would be foolish to play for anything but forward movement in this country during the next few years."

### The Man Behind the Program

By A RADIO DIGEST Staff Writer

WHEN thirty or forty million people tune in on the Lucky Strike programs every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night, and cock their ears and wiggle their heels to a distinctly Lucky Strike tempo and harmony, they are registering approval not merely of B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra and soloists, but of the men "behind the set" who also play an important part in putting the programs over.

Radio has its stage managers too. For the Lucky Strike hour the stage manager—the impresario—is George Washington Hill.

Hill picked Rolfe and he helped Rolfe select the members of this fifty-piece orchestra. Hill names the soloists and goes

to some effort to get the people he wants. (When he gets them they never have any reason to complain about the size of their cheques). He controls the expenditure of more than two million dollars in time and talent yearly to make the Lucky Strike Hour one of the most popular features on the air. It was Hill who decided upon the type of music to be played and the instruments to play it; who developed the formula of interspersing dreamy and spirited selections; who devised most of the hundred and one means of keeping the orchestra and the audience on their toes.

And yet, so far as the public is con-

---

*BILL SCHUDT has a pair of ears to be proud of. They are useful as well as ornamental. Not long ago he had one of them screwed to a telephone receiver when he received a very agreeable shock. "Say, you've got a great Radio voice!" he exclaimed to the party at the other end. That party was Douglas Gilbert, the author of this article. He first appeared on Bill Schudt's Going to Press Period. Then he was engaged for the Fortune Hunter series. He is a newspaper man of long experience and is said to have interviewed every person of national prominence in the country.*

---

cerned, George Hill is self-effacing—and virtually unknown. He is not mentioned on the programs. You don't hear his voice on the air. He doesn't wield a baton or pull a bow or toot a horn, in public or in private. He is not a "professional" musician or Radio technician (although listeners must agree he knows as much about these things as some top-notch professionals.) He is a manufacturer and a salesman of cigarettes. And the reason Lucky Strike programs are popular is precisely

the same as the reason Lucky Strike cigarettes are popular. It is because George Hill knows "people." He knows how to interest multitudes in programs and products because he knows, better perhaps than any other man in America, what scores of millions of Americans want. And he knows also how to persuade them to want and enjoy what he has to offer. Showmanship and salemanship are pretty much the same, and George Hill has both.

Let us drop in and watch the man at work. He may be said to have two "head-quarters"—one is at the executive offices of The American Tobacco Company, at 111 Fifth Avenue, at Eighteenth Street, the other at the Directors' Room of the National Broadcasting Company at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. The first building is blackened with age, the other is new and bright. George Hill is oblivious to both. He is working with tremendous energy at the particular task at hand. Surroundings mean little to him.

You are ushered in to the President's office in the corner of the tenth floor at "111". (One of American Tobacco's brands of cigarettes, you may remember, had that number as a name.) You pass a life-size statue of an Indian, which appears on the company's trade mark. You enter the corner door and find yourself in a large room. There is plenty of light in the room, but the fittings are black. On one wall is a photograph of an elderly man—probably Percival S. Hill, father of the present President, or perhaps it is James B. Duke, one-time king of the tobacco industry. Until now it might be a law office. But on top of the bookcase is a statue of a bull. The bull has his "associations" too—he typifies Bull Durham. On a dark colored desk in the far center are boxes of cigars and cigarettes. Yes, Hill smokes, when he has time. He prefers cigarettes to cigars.

At a long black table in the center, big enough for a directors' meeting, a red faced man in a blue suit is writing. Although  
(Continued on page 90)



The Lucky Strike Orchestra

# Chicago as

By MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH

*President of the National Broadcasting Company*

Grant Park, below, beautifully landscaped and including the million dollar Buckingham fountain, gives approach to the bristling skyline and to the forthcoming world's fair



**C**HICAGO, Radio's capital? The prediction has been made many times. Regardless of the opinion of any one individual, it is certain that there is already enough evidence as to the trend in this direction to cause discussion of the question. No doubt can exist in the mind of any individual but that Chicago already is a Radio center. It was one of the first Radio Centers in the world, and it has to its credit many other of the "firsts" in broadcasting. It had one of the first broadcast transmitting stations in the United States. It presented, over the air, the first broadcast of a grand opera production from the stage. This was nearly ten years ago, in November 1921, when station KYW picked up a performance of what is now the Chicago Civic Opera Company from the stage of the old Auditorium Theater.

Geographically, of course, Chicago occupies a preferred position in the heart

of the country and a vast population.

In matters pertaining to nearly all phases of broadcasting, from the development of talent to the invention of mechanical equipment, Chicago has always been to the fore. This is due to

---

*Within sound of the demolition of Fifth Avenue skyscrapers in New York, to make way for the new Rockefeller Radio City, Mr. Aylesworth states his belief in Chicago as the Radio Capital of America, and tells why. With the Midwest metropolis radiating into thickly populated sections unhindered in all directions the NBC president's contentions seem especially well founded.*

---

the fact that almost from the start the mid-western city had a number of active, intelligently managed individual Radio stations. Among them the spirit of rivalry has been stronger, perhaps, than among the broadcasters of any other city in the United States. The foremost of these stations were owned or affiliated with newspapers which insured for them a most intense spirit of progressivism, and fostered an ever advancing standard of program production.

The broadcasters of Chicago have not been content to permit the stage, the cabaret, the Lyceum Bureau, the concert hall and vaudeville to supply them with most of their entertainers. On the contrary, they have developed and made many names that were never heard of before, and are now nationally known. One outstanding instance is the internationally known act of "Amos 'n' Andy" which was incubated in the studio of a local Chicago station.

From the viewpoint of music, the city is adequately supplied with musicians of

# Radio Capital

Merchandise Mart, home of the new NBC studios, looks down on the river that "runs up hill" from the lake



the highest class, and it has within its boundaries many well conducted schools and conservatories of music.

Thus it becomes plain that the spirit of competition among the Chicago stations has developed and will continue to develop many new supplies of Radio talent.

**N**OR have these individual stations been lacking in progress in the matter of equipment and studios. Nowhere in the world are there any finer individual broadcasting units than in Chicago. All of the more prominent stations have new studios and offices which have been created within the past couple of years. There have been constant improvements in the transmitting plants of these stations, located outside of the city limits. From the eye of an engineer, these transmitters are on a par with any in the world. Their capacities range all the way from 500 to 50,000 watts. Many of them maintain their own research laboratories and are constantly experimenting with television, short wave transmitters and other forms of wireless communication.

there are now announcers, entertainers and engineers scattered all over the country whose experience in broadcasting came first in Chicago. It is certain that the backbone of broadcasting is, and always will be, individual stations. Without these to carry the programs, it would not be possible, naturally, for the American people to have such major production units as have been created by what are popularly known as the chains.

Some idea, therefore, of the completeness of the broadcasting service given the listening public in the Chicago territory and states adjacent, can be gained from the statement that there are at least eight grade A stations in the city.

Ample and concrete evidence of the faith that broadcasters themselves have in Chicago's future as a Radio center is already at hand. The National Broadcast-

ing Company has created the newest and most completely equipped network broadcasting center in the world on top of the Merchandise Mart in Chicago. There, in a prodigious penthouse, are housed six of the finest broadcasting studios in the world, and one of them is the largest in existence. Into that plant has been put all of the knowledge and experience gained in the past ten years in broadcasting.

Some further idea of the importance with which we regard Chicago is indicated by the fact that the office force of the National Broadcasting Company, exclusive of entertainers, has been increased from two to more than two hundred persons. More than sixteen hundred people appear before NBC microphones each month in the six studios mentioned.

Further than that, provision has been made for the addition of at least four more studios when necessity arises.

It should be understood that the Chicago unit is not merely a branch office. It is a complete broadcasting organization and has every department necessary for the production and presentation of

Because of its early start in Radio,



Merlin H. Aylesworth



Niles Trammel, vice-president of the NBC, in charge of the Chicago studios

Radio programs. In fact, there is nothing in New York that is not duplicated in the Chicago quarters.

Some more concrete idea of the Chicago plant may be obtained from a recitation of statistics. It is, in reality, a large two story building that has been erected on top of the Merchandise Mart, which in itself is the world's largest building. It contains more than 66,000 square feet of space, and two of its six studios are two stories high. The studios themselves measure more than 240,000 cubic feet, and more than 56,000 square feet of sound proof material was used in their construction. Light for the studios is obtained from more than 95 light fixtures or chandeliers, and more than 33,000 watts of electricity are required for this purpose. The halls, corridors and offices have more than 13,000 square feet of carpet, and the total floor space of the studios is more than 11,000 square feet. The various hallways and corridors have a total length of more than 1,760 linear feet. In the observation rooms, which permit visitors to watch broadcasts, there are more than 8,000 square feet, and these visitors look through more than 1,500 square feet of glass.

AS THE Radio audience of the country already knows, there are a number of Radio acts originating in Chicago that have become immensely popular. Among these are Amos 'n' Andy; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra; Phil Spitalny and his Edgewater Beach orchestra; Clara Lu 'n' Em; East and Dumke, with their "Sisters of the Skillet" sketch; Joseph Koestner and his orchestra; Lee Sims, piano individualist; Al and Pete, recording artists; Abbie Mitchell, interpreter of blues; Wendell

Hall, the red-headed music maker; the Empire Builders dramatic cast headed by Harvey Hays, the Old Timer; the cast of the semi-dramatic sketch, "The First Nighters"; Chauncey Parsons, noted tenor; Coon-Sanders and their original Nighthawk orchestra; Adolphe Dumont and his symphony orchestra; George Dasch and the Little Symphony orchestra.

Only recently the production of the WJZ-NBC daytime sustaining programs were shifted from New York to Chicago.

**A**TENTION is also called to the fact that the National Broadcasting Company has already completed arrangements for the acquisition of Station WENR, Chicago's popular 50,000 watt unit.

The Columbia Broadcasting System also has been continually enlarging its Chicago quarters. Only recently it completed large new studios in the Wrigley Building. It has enlarged its personnel many times over its original force.

It was only yesterday, figuratively speaking, that no nationally broadcast programs originated in Chicago. Now nearly two hundred come from that city every week. Argument in rebuttal has been advanced that the National Broadcasting Company is soon to build in New



York a great Radio City. This is true, but those who argue make it appear that this huge project that is to house Radio City is to be devoted exclusively to broadcasting. On the contrary, it will have, in addition to broadcasting studios, such enterprises as theaters and many other activities that are only indirectly connected with Radio production.

The success of any center that is to be considered in this argument regarding the capital of broadcasting, must depend to a great extent on its program talent supply. It is obvious that a town of two hundred people would have difficulty in finding among its citizens enough persons of sufficient musical and histrionic ability to give a complete broadcasting service sixteen to eighteen hours a day. As in the past, such talent has gravitated toward the larger centers of population. For this reason most of the men and women who professionally entertain are found in New York and Chicago.

Certainly it is true that New York is

the theatrical center of the United States, but such a statement does not mean that it is the home of all the talent in the country. If the argument regarding New York's supply of talent held good, then Hollywood would not be the talking picture capital of the United States at the present time. There is no argument but that the "talkies" need and use all kinds of musical and histrionic ability. It is also true that because talking pictures are produced inside on the sound stages, sunshine is no longer a factor.

Consequently, it is logical to assume, if we are to believe all the arguments we hear, that when talking pictures became a success two years ago, the producing companies would have immediately transferred all of their activities to New York City. These facts are pointed out in an endeavor to show that New York has no exclusive hold on talent.

Even more important, however, than any of these thoughts, is another one that has to do with the year 1933. At that time, in Chicago, as we all know, there is to be held the greatest fair and exposition the world has ever known. And it is not debatable that during 1933 Chicago will be the amusement center, not of the United States alone, but of the world. Naturally it will draw to it the leading entertainers, artists, orchestras and bands of the world. This exodus, by the way, has already started. Only recently, Paul Whiteman, conceded to be one of the foremost orchestra leaders in the world, signed a contract with the NBC Artists' Bureau in Chicago for a five year period. In addition to Whiteman, the mid-western city is even now playing host to some of the most famous orchestras. Internationally known is Frederick Stock's Symphony Orchestra. Numerous other symphonic organizations claim it as their home. There is little need to discuss the artistic and musical reputation of the Chicago Civic Opera.

**C**ONSEQUENTLY, from now on the city will play an increasingly important part in the amusement world. It is obvious that its position in broadcasting is to be advanced in measure.

In conclusion this can certainly be said: Chicago is a world's center of broadcasting; whether it will become THE world's center is debatable and everyone has a right to his own opinion.







A Great Drawing Card . . . Nellie Revell, Voice of RADIO DIGEST, Honored by New York Cartoonists at her first birthday party after leaving the hospital. Bottom Row, left to right: George McManus, Rube Goldberg, Irvin Cobb, Miss Revell, Windsor McKay and Harry Hirshfield. Among those in the back row are Martin Branner, Tom Powers, Bugs Baer and Milt Gross

# G A B A L O G U E

By *Nellie Revell*

*The Voice of RADIO DIGEST*

**H**OWDY, friends. I think I could call this "old stagers'" night, because most everybody on my program tonight comes from the stage. . . . My first is to be about those two gloom chasers, Snoop and Peep . . . or I should say, Messrs. Finan and Winkopp. These boys were both born in New York and have been friends since their boyhood days. . . .

They went to public school together, played marbles and hookey, went swimming and fishing, and then they entered Columbia together. . . . At Columbia, they played on the football team, before the captain found out what was wrong with the team, and decided he'd rather have football players than comedians.

Then they decided to go on the stage. . . . Finan joined the road show with the *Kid Boots* company—then came back to New York and joined George M. Cohan's *Mary Malone*. . . . Winkopp was a member of the late Sam Bernard's company, *I Told You So*, which played here on Broadway. . . . The boys teamed up again and went into vaudeville—but they soon tired of looking for the last half of next week. . . . So they left the stage—and each tried a business career. . . . That wasn't so good, either, because they

were already theatre-minded and were ruined for any other profession. . . . So, they decided to uplift Radio and wrote a series of burlesque detective stories, "How to Find out the Reason for Which." . . . They took these sketches to an executive of the National Broadcasting Company. . . . One week later, they had an audition, and two weeks later, the Radio

*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 the near-great of Radio and stage circles.*

audience were chortling at "Snoop and Peep," solving such startling mysteries as "Padlock Holmes," "The Shooting of Dan McGoo," and "Phil, the Phoney Firebug."

**I**F YOU happen to be passing the National Broadcasting Company on Fifth avenue, and see a big truck in front of the place, and five or six helpers unloading it, you'll know that "Snoop and Peep" are broadcasting and those things are their property sound effects. . . . In a recent program, their sound effects property list included: a bulb horn, train

whistle, bell plate, tin pan, railroad locomotive, wire beater, (only the stenographer hit the wrong key, and made it *wife* beater) a chain windlass, a cow bell, a wood block, a Ford motor, and one announcer. . . . In fact, nearly every program includes everything from a baby pacifier to a steam dredge.

The boys are both single and live with their parents. . . . They write their own sketches, and say they've never had so much fun in their lives as they do putting these on. . . . They're on at eleven o'clock every Tuesday night and if you've got any mystery story to solve . . . such as why some-

body always rings the telephone when you're in the bathtub; or why, in a restaurant, you can never get your coffee served with your meal, instead of afterward; or why the waiter always runs away with the menu before you get through eating . . . just write to "Snoop and Peep"; they will tell you.

Well, to change the subject, here's a lady who really did leave a vacancy on the stage when she stepped out. . . . I mean Lucille Wall. . . . She is known as the "Collier's Love Story Girl," and has been four years on the Collier program. . . . She's also on the "Polly

*(Continued on page 88)*

# What is the Secret of Charm?

**IRENE BORDONI,**  
*Grace Moore, Mary Pickford and Ruth St. Denis discuss this delicate and peculiarly feminine subject from their own respective viewpoints*

By Lillian G. Genn



"Each one of us has something different . . . which gives us charm," Grace Moore.

**E**VERY woman, since the day of Eve, has longed to be charming. She knows that with this shining armor, she can sally forth into the world and capture many of the prizes of life. But never before, however, has its possession been of such primary importance as in this age of beauty, of youth and of self-development, when every woman must be able to hold her own.

Naturally, we are tremendously interested in the women who have reached the top and who are famed for their ability to sway the hearts of all. What are their views on charm? What secrets have they to impart? What things have they learned which will help others to open the magic door to success, whether it is in the business or social world or that of love?

Four fascinating women of different types were chosen. Each has won renown in her field and is known to a wide personal and Radio public. Let us first "listen in" to that international musical comedy star who is winning new laurels over the air—Irene Bordoni. She is small, petite and vivacious, and has that proverbial captivating charm of the French woman which at once draws you to her.

"Ah, charm," she smiled. "That is a very necessary thing for a woman to have. If she hasn't it, she must set about acquiring it right away!

"Of course, to tell you what it is requires a lot of thought. I don't know if I can tell you, even after thinking! But I am certain that it is a hundred times more important than beauty. The world

is full of beautiful women. But how many do you hear about, or know about? But a charming woman—ah, that is different. And if she is a beautiful woman with charm, she will be known the world over.

"No matter how beautiful a woman is, if she has not charm, she soon palls on one. But with that quality added, she becomes *vivant*—a person who has glow and animation to her. She is one who gives pleasure to whomever she meets.

"In France, a baby girl, from the time she is old enough to understand, is taught to be charming. She is taught to be particularly charming to men," twinkled the actress, "so that some day she can make a suitable match. The importance of good manners, of grace and of tact is emphasized. That is all a part of charm, is it not? She studies music, singing and dancing, and cultivates a pleasant speaking voice. These things give her poise and help to make her a companionable person.

"She also learns the necessity for a sweet disposition. A girl, or for that matter a man too, who is ill-tempered and inclined to argue at the slightest provocation, can never be charming. As for a pessimist, or a grouch, do you know a charming one? I do not. It is the one who smiles and is cheerful, who radiates charm.

"That is why I say, forget worry when others are around. Even if you must force yourself to smile and laugh, then do so. Life is so full of cares and troubles, that the woman who can dispel them with her good humor and her smiles will never lack friends. People will flock to her, for she soothes them and makes them happy.

"The girl who wants to develop charm should also be an interesting conversationalist. She must read and know what is going on in the world. In that way she makes her company more desirable.

"But at the same time—" Miss Bordoni paused to lift a cautioning finger, "she must be able to listen well. She must not monopolize the conversation nor be indifferent. If she listens sympathetically, that flatters the other person and makes him feel," she smiled roguishly, "that she is a very, very charming person!"

The fairy godmothers were lavish with their gifts when they came to the cradle of Grace Moore. Given a voice of lyrical



"It is the one who smiles and is cheerful, who radiates charm," Irene Bordoni.

loveliness, exquisite blonde beauty, and great dramatic talent, she has not only attained a much coveted place at the Metropolitan Opera House, but is among the foremost of our screen luminaries. Yet the brilliant success that she has achieved in these fields, has not turned her head. She is simple, unaffected, and very much herself.

It was not surprising, therefore, when she was asked what she considered important for charm, to have her at once reply: "Naturalness.

"I suppose," she continued, "that is not much to impart. But it seems to me that a great many young people submerge or lose their charm simply because they try to be like someone else whom they admire. They adopt poses and affectations. They imitate mannerisms. They try to be cute or sophisticated when they might be really charming if they were simple and dignified.

"Each one of us has something in us which makes us different from the next person. And it is that 'differentness' which gives us charm. That is why I advise the charm-seeker to let her manner, her conversation and everything else about her be natural.

"Then I think that the qualities of the heart and mind have much to do with it: being joyous and happy and enthusiastic, and having a genuine desire to make others so. You will find that the charming man and woman are always trying to do something for other people. There is a gallant manner in the way they carry themselves, a gentle patience and a kindness of thought and impulse. Nothing is too much trouble for them.

"Culture is another great aid to charm. The person who has many interests and hobbies and who has an appreciation of the arts and of beautiful things, makes a better and more lasting impression than the girl whose only possession is a pretty face.

"A woman's charm needs an effective setting. And that of course includes all the feminine lure of clothes, physical loveliness, and poise. No matter how little a woman can spend on her wardrobe, she can at least be immaculately and daintily groomed. Well-kept hands, a fine, clear skin, and shining hair, add to the appeal of fastidious grooming. Carriage, graciousness and ease, all these things that comprise poise, are contributing factors to

ture against the exotic background of her Denishawn studio. It is a large, artistic house, built in Spanish-Moorish style and filled with treasures that she and her husband, Ted Shawn, gathered in their years of travel in every quarter of the globe.

The famous dancer has the grace of movement and of gestures which give one a sense of beauty as one watches her. Her face, devoid of makeup, is smooth and firm and is framed by a mass of white hair. She was very much interested in our search for charm recipes, and thoughtfully considered our questions.

"I think," she began, "there has to be a combination of elements to produce that special glow of personality which attracts others to us. And these, people are usually born with.

"However, there are things that can be acquired and which make very acceptable substitutes for the natural elements that are lacking. Grace, social poise, and ease of manner are among them. The best aids for these are the dance and contact with the world, which comes under the head of travel.

"I do not mean that it is necessary to travel physically, but rather mentally. One should have a curiosity about life that is fed by reading, studying, meeting people, attending clubs, lectures and concerts. Such a background of culture helps in contacts with people. One knows how to approach them and to draw them out.

"The art of repose is a distinct and a rich asset to charm. Most of us nowadays are nervous and distraught. We are either tired to death

(Continued on page 96)



"Steadiness, balance, serenity and self-confidence are important to the element of charm in personality," Ruth St. Denis.

charm, and pleasing personality.

"But perhaps more than anything else," the prima donna said in parting, "I believe that the secret of charm lies in the beauty of one's inner thoughts. It is these which project themselves in an attractive personality."

We next went on the trail of Ruth St. Denis, the world-famous dancer, who has given a very delightful talk of her art over the Radio. Dressed in a Nile-green robe, her bare feet encased in sandals, she formed a lovely pic-

"This subtle quality is a composite of daintiness, perfect grooming, joy of living and love of one's fellow-beings," Mary Pickford.





Julia

# Julia and Frank

*Famous Radio Sweethearts Are Married  
and Proud of It — Stage Romance Sticks  
for Crumit-Sanderson—on Both Chains*

By DUKE PARRY

**P**ERHAPS it's because they don't take themselves too seriously in the Radio studios.

Possibly the explanation lies in the fact that they frequently skip around a microphone that they use jointly, ad lib at will, and refuse to be terrified by their audience, no matter how large the coast-to-coast networks that carry their voices, may become.

At any rate Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit are rated by broadcast critics as among Radio's most popular teams. Superlatives crowd upon superlatives when the fans and the critics express themselves about this pair who are credited by the Columbia Broadcasting System for materially increasing the morning audience during their Friday morning Bond Bakers broadcasts.

"The greatest Radio romancers"—"clowns, lovers and delightful song birds all rolled into one"—these are just a few of the comments that are collected weekly from the fan mail which long ago had run into the hundreds of thousands of letters and post cards.

It has gotten to the point where the fans take sides. They argue about whether or not, during their Blackstone Plantation broadcasts on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the evening and in their morning broadcasts, Julia is singing enough and indulging enough in her distinctive giggle—in a word if she is getting her share of attention on the programs. Equally loud in their complaints are others in the Radio audience who want to know why "funny Frank Crumit" doesn't devote more attention to his comic songs such as the famous *Barnacle Bill the Sailor*. But the letters end by assuring Frank and Julia that they are the best Radio team on the air.

The first words Julia Sanderson uses when she starts in to tell you about Radio may explain the key to their success as stars dealing purely in Radio entertainment.

"The funny thing about Radio is that we started into it just for fun . . . sort of a lark," she will tell you. "And the fun keeps up even when we have to get to the CBS studios early in the morning to sing for the Radio early birds".

Julia contributes a contagious giggle during the moments between the songs of their program. One of her admirers calls it a "merry little musical laugh". The other day, in the studio she and Frank were ad libbing, indulging in bits of nonsense when, without warning she almost took him completely off his guard by saying to her Radio audience as well as to her Radio partner—"Look out, I'm going to sneeze!"

**A**S A Radio funster Frank Crumit is in as much demand as he is while singing such romantic songs as *It Looks Like Love* and *That Homestead Steady of Mine*. At the moment he is president and "General Factotum" of one of Ra-

dio's most unusual clubs, "The Foolish Facts Club", which he sings about in the Plantation programs. The foolish facts he sings about are not unlike his famous song *What Kind of a Noise Annoys an Oyster?*, which explained that a "noisy noise annoys an oyster more". When he first started introducing his own foolish facts to the Radio, the Radio fans liked them so well they sent in volunteer bits of foolishness. Frank formed "The Foolish Facts Club", and Radio fans were promised a copy of the "Foolish Facts" sheet music, with many verses if they sent in a cigar band. There were twenty thousand such sheets of music sent out within two weeks. But best of all, to let Frank tell it, there were so many "foolish facts" submitted to him for use on the air that he has enough on hand to supply his program demand for the rest of the year. Those who write in to the "General Factotum" are automatically made members of the "Foolish Facts Club."

The Crumit-Sanderson team dates back to the legitimate stage days. Both Julia, who came from Springfield, Mass., and Frank, who is from Jackson, Ohio, heard the call of the



Frank

stage early in life. Overcoming parental objections she came down to New York to get into musical comedy at the age of fifteen. Shubert saw her and gave her a contract and then Charles Frohman featured her in "The Sunshine Girl". There were other plays and other parts—one of her happiest moments was when the late President Taft presented her with an armful of flowers when "The Sunshine Girl" played in Washington. Then Frohman went down on the Lusitania. She had lost the manager who was the inspiration of such actresses as Ethel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Maude Adams. She began to drift . . . and then she and Frank Crumit met and he sang *Sweet Lady* to her in "Tangerine".

THE rest is Radio history. She and Frank made their fortunes and deserted the stage for matrimony. They bought themselves a home at Springfield, Mass., and called it "Dunrovin" and settled down. There was golf nearby—even then Julia wanted to defeat Frank at golf—there were the flowers and birds and things they had sung about in their musical comedies. And then one day they heard the Radio—a strange new toy.

"We could do that," said Frank.

"It would be fun," echoed Julia.

And soon the audiences which had truly missed them heard their voices again. He sang *Sweet Lady* to her. She breathed romance with *I Have Just One Heart for Just One Boy*. The Radio audience liked it. They sang *By My Side, I Can't Get Enough of You*.

They helped sell the troubled world on the fact that there was some romance left in matrimony after all.

"They sing like that—and they say they are married!" queried the cynics. "Two Little Love Birds—it's just make believe", remarked twen-

tieth century America. "Romance—it's all right for the stage and the Radio. But they're too happy—it's just an act."

To all of which Julia and Frank offer

themselves to the listening world as two artists who can be happy though married.

Julia may be called diminutive. She weighs a scant 126 pounds . . . she has a pet bull dog who's been named "Lindy Lee" . . . Jocko is her pet parrot because he mounts Frank's shoulder, cackles into his ear and attempts the inimitable Sandersonian giggle of Julia . . . her greatest extravagance is perfumes, but she wears the heavier sort with velvet and lighter ones with chiffon . . . she has no idea of the size shoes she wears but admits, embarrassedly, that her foot takes one of the smaller sizes . . . and her sweetest moment in life . . . she will tell you so . . . was when Frank Crumit, comparatively unknown to her, strummed his now famous ukulele to her and sang his own composition of *Sweet Lady*.

AND SO the fairy story said—they were married. And they all lived happily ever afterward.

They are probably one of the most observed pairs that enter the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System. They aren't at all heavy with their affection for each other. Rather, they are nonchalant, much the same as one of Frank's brother Phi Delta Thetas in the University of Ohio—by the way Frank is proud of the Phi Deltas and Ohio University—would be with a fair co-ed.

Now Frank, leaving Julia out of it for the nonce, has revived some of the most famous characters of light music. What would the records do—and Frank was famous as a reporter long before Radio came into its own—without Frankie and Johnnie? And Abdul Abulbul Amir? And the Gay Caballero? Not to mention Donald the Dub, one of America's championship golf songs of the King of Borneo. Many of them he wrote himself. And—as a parting shot—Frank weighs 200 pounds!



Scene from *Tangerine* when Frank sang *Sweet Lady* to Julia—and meant it for life

# FIGHT *that*

## Do You Want the

**MAJORITY of Listeners Has Poor Taste, Say Educators, Who Seek Share of Time for Exclusive Use—Subtle Hand of Politicians Seen in Move to Break Competitive System**

By Doty Hobart

Cartoon by Fred Morgan

**H**OW would you like to have a Washington Bureaucrat go over Radio programs for the day, run a blue pencil through your Amos 'n' Andy, scratch out Rudy Vallée, cross off the most of your other favorite entertainments and substitute lectures by Mr. John Lobby, talks on the activities of various Washington bureaus and permit you to listen to some of the boresome repetitious cadenzas from the time hallowed classics? Of course it would all be prepared for your cultural uplift, but how would you like to have it happen?

Now, don't scowl and shake your head. You may have to take it and like it. You have already been declared, dear listener-in, incompetent to choose what is good for you to hear. The campaign is now well under way to throw out the American plan of free, competitive broadcasting for the European plan of government bureau broadcasting. Of course you would pay a tax for the privilege of hearing a choice of two or three programs the Washington bureau would prepare for your uplift.

Americans would never stand for such a scheme, did you say? But you do not realize how deftly the unseen hand is leading you through insidious propaganda to accept this point of view, so adroitly conceived by the Hon. John Lobby and his surreptitious cohorts. John has beguiled some very wise people.

Who is John Lobby? So far as this article is concerned he is just a name—just one of those persons who works be-

hind the scenes pulling strings that operate dummies of other people who are out on the stage and ostensibly putting on the show. By recognizing the signs and following the tracks we may find him in the Little Green House, or possibly in the end room off the corridor on the top floor of the hotel.

Here he is lolling back in his easy chair, a fat cigar screwed into the corner of his mouth. The room smells of departed spirits and stale smoke. We remain invisible to John and his visitors. The Radio is going. Enter Peter Pickwick, the high-powered press agent.

"You know," says John, grumblingly, "this spread has been goin' on for twenty minutes an' my man Senator Dunmore ain't made a peep. What's he waitin' for?"

"Give him a chance, John. Maybe he's waitin' to hear their cases then spring his own oratics and shake 'em off the boxes."

"Maybe you're right. Gosh, if there was some way we could get a strangle hold on this here Radio, control it and use it so it would do the most good—"

"That shouldn't be such a trick for a guy like you, John."

"I've been thinking. But we didn't grab quick enough. They're too strong now. Everybody's suspicious. There's an Ethiopian in every woodpile. And you can't pull nothin'."

**G**UESS you're gettin' old, John. You didn't use to talk that way. Remember what the war did for you? I'm the fellow who dopes out the propaganda to fit. Don't forget, Big Boy Propaganda."

"No, I ain't forgettin'—that's why I asked you to come up and talk things over with me. Can't we hatch up somethin'?"

"It's a cinch you got to keep your own mug out of the picture."

"Don't tell me things I know already."

"You can't use any of the Big Guns in the Capitol."

"Yeah, go on."

"How about the churches, the Reds are gettin' over some swell pacifist stuff to disarm the country?"

"They might—but where would we get

off? What we got to do is work in some-where with some big power that ain't been mixed up with anything yet."

"Well, John, there ain't nothin' left but the schools. And nobody is goin' to stand for any monkey business with the schools, you know that."

"Listen, don't be a sap. Who said anything about monkey business? Who discovered this Radio business anyway? Wasn't it the professors? Who ought to have first rights by discovery? The schools, of course. And who robbed the schools? The big trusts and commercial interests? Do you see the line?"

**D**O I! John, I always said you were a genius. And will I sell that idea to the dear public—watch me!"

"Well, don't try to go too fast. Take it easy. Ask for about 15 per cent of these here waves *back* for a starter—and mind you put it that way, say the teachers have got to have 'em *back*. Make out as though they had been cheated out of 'em."

"Right again, John. Then after we get the 15 per cent we'll find that in order to do the job right for the little kiddies, they'll need another 15 per cent—"

"Wait—wa-a-a-it a minute. Don't go too fast. How about some of these other interests that will be wanting a share? Ain't they got no rights? Don't put all your waves in one basket, young fellow. Wait till they git to squabbling among themselves. Just as soon we crack open the present system and hand out a slice to the educators we'll be havin' a precedent to go on and all the other groups will be wanting their slices. We'll play 'em along against each other until we get the whole thing in a mess and then I'll have old Dunmore introduce a bill to establish a bureau to operate all these here waves under my control—but it won't be my name you'll see in the papers."

"You must have had this pretty well figured out before you called me in, didn't you, John?"

"Well, I've had parts of it on my mind for quite some time now, Peter."

"It can't fail."

"Don't forget to get the little kids. Have the teachers send 'em home to ask

# Wave Grab!

## American or European Plan?

their parents to write to Congress and have Dunmore push that legislation through. We got to have that Radio Bureau so we can get our lines into every state and county in America. Then we'll be sittin' pretty with plenty of ways of collecting the big dough and tellin' the Whosis where to get off."

Yes, dear reader, this has all been an imaginary conversation between imaginary characters. But watch your newspapers for covert slams from Peter's pen on "commercial broadcasting stealing the Radio channels from the educational forces of the country. The newspapers

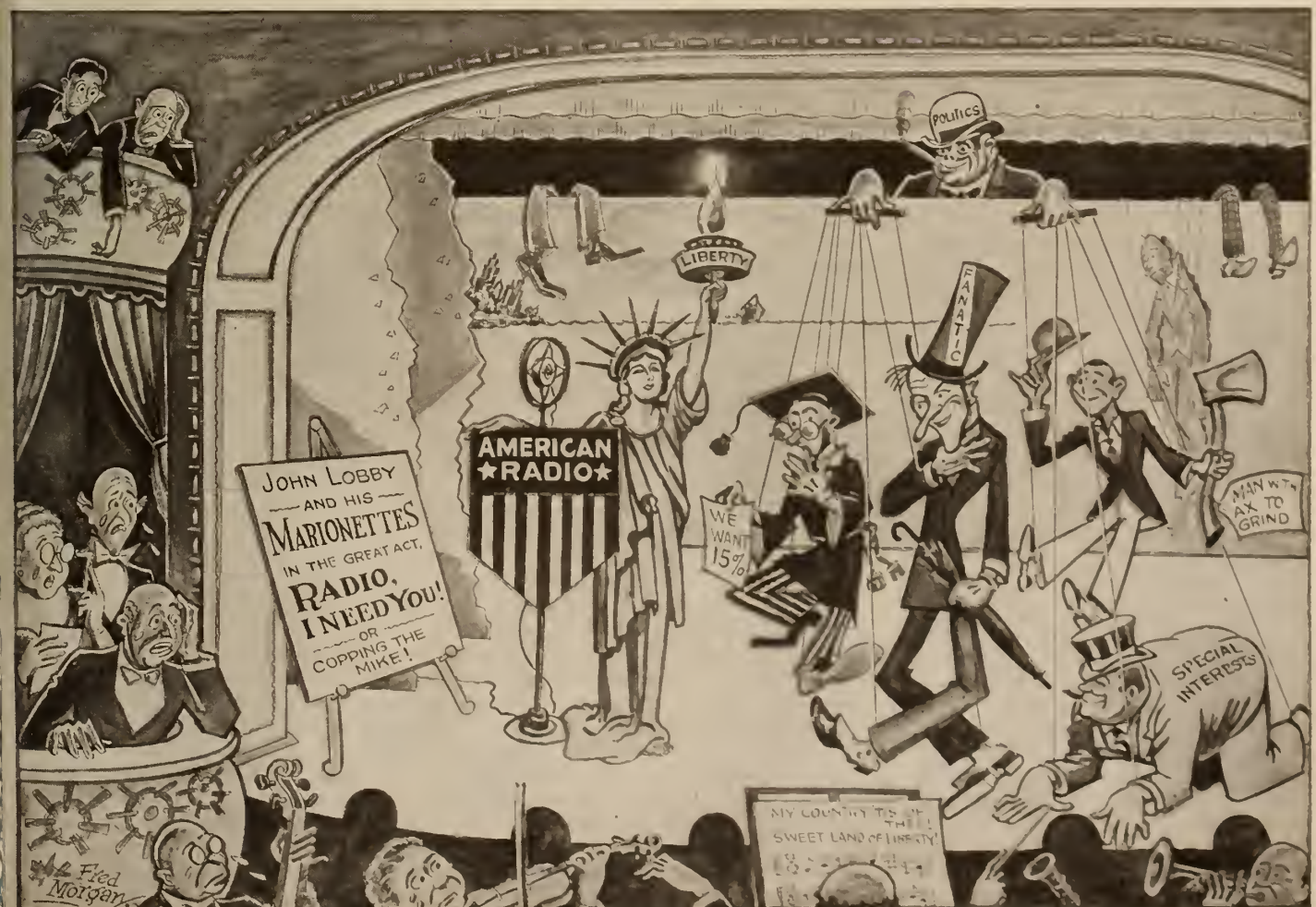
don't write it. They get it as prepared copy. It sounds interesting and costs nothing. Besides that some of the newspapers claim the "commercial broadcasting" is taking away some of their advertising revenue. And don't you forget that Peter isn't overlooking that bet either. He's watching out for "the poor starving newspapers."

**SOME** of High-pressure Peter's 'ganda is pretty thin but he's pumping it out from every possible angle. You'll probably recognize it when you see it now.

Granting that all the comment about John and Peter has been only by way of parable, visitors to the First Annual Assembly of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education in New York, May 21 to 23, were surprised to find how far the encircling movement to corner Radio had progressed.

Senator Simeon D. Fess, Republican, Ohio, had introduced Bill S. 5589 in the United States Senate, January 8, 1931. The bill provides:

"Not less than 15 per cent, reckoned with due weight to all factors determining effective service, of Radio broadcasting facilities which are or may be subject to



the control of or allocation by the Federal Radio Commission, shall be reserved for educational broadcasting exclusively, and allocated when and if applications are made therefor, to educational agencies of the Federal or State governments and to educational institutions chartered by the United States or by representative States or Territories."

With less than 100 broadcasting channels at our disposal this bill would provide for the confiscation of 15 per cent of the facilities to be administered by forces which so far have failed to utilize a generous share of broadcasting facilities already placed at their disposal.

This demand was made also in face of the fact that the two principal networks and most of the individual stations contributed and are contributing an average of nearly 15 per cent of their time to carefully worked out educational programs and are willing to increase the volume as fast as suitable programs can be developed.

In the rush of business during the closing hours of the spring session the Fess bill died without coming up for a hearing. But it will be reintroduced at the next session. And it may win.

It was made evident at the national assembly of the Radio Council that the following eminently respectable and wholly unquestioned educational organizations had been persuaded to join the National Committee on Education by Radio, which sponsored the Fess Bill:

- The National Council of State Superintendents of Public Instruction.
- The National Association of State University Presidents.
- The Association of College and University Broadcasting Stations.
- The National Education Association.
- The National University Extension Association.
- The National Catholic Education Association.
- The American Council on Education.
- The Jesuit Education Association.
- The Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities.

EVERY one of these educational groups has a sincere interest in educational promotion, and there are hundreds of other educational groups ready and willing to align themselves with any move which has as its fundamental principle the promotion of learning.

One of the most startling and enlightening papers read at the First Annual Assembly was by Mr. Joy Elmer Morgan, chairman of the National Committee on Education by Radio, editor of the *Journal of the National Education Association* and former president of the National Education Association. Mr. Morgan's

view may be summed up in the following excerpt:

"The most powerful educational tool of our day is the Radio. Every other country in the civilized world has recognized from the first its educational and civic possibilities. America is the only great civilized country that has allowed this new garden of opportunity to grow up to the weeds of commercial advertising, competitive exploitation and selfish greed. . . .

"The commercial stations seek to reach great numbers of people. They measure the worth of their programs by the size of their audiences. In order to get large audiences they cultivate the lower appeals. The educational stations realize that the finer things of life have always appealed first to the few. Education seeks to maintain standards and pull up."

IT IS perfectly obvious from this attitude that Mr. Morgan is quite out of sympathy with our American plan of broadcasting. If Mr. Morgan should succeed in adding to his other official functions that of the Chief Dictator of the Department of Radio there would be considerable shake-up in our system.

Whether or not you want to be elevated by your ears would not be for you to choose. The better things are appreciated at first only by the few, Mr. Morgan declared in the course of his speech. And the few would decide for you what would be best for you to hear. Your "weeds" would be taken away from you. For elsewhere in his speech Mr. Morgan said:

"There has not been in the United States an example of mismanagement and lack of vision so colossal and far-reaching as our turning of the Radio channels almost exclusively into commercial hands."

You see the scheme goes all the way back to the beginning, to the fundamentals of our form of government—our democracy. The masses are too dumb to know what is good for them. Uncle Sam should be looked upon rather as a father protecting his infant progeny, tasting the candy first to see whether it is pure.

What is this European plan of broadcasting which Mr. Morgan considers of such superior vintage? Probably the British Broadcasting Corporation could be regarded as typical. R. S. Lambert of that organization is quoted as follows:

"The British system of broadcasting is operated under monopoly conditions. The British Broadcasting Corporation is licensed, by a royal charter, to hold monopoly over a certain number of years. The majority of listeners in London have a choice of two programs from which to select a preference throughout the most important listening hours. We think that the listener will be satisfied if he has a choice of two good programs wherever he lives. Our corporation has an income approaching \$5,000,000 a year, most of which is derived from licensing of receiving set owners. The government turns over to us one-third of this license money,

but they take away 12½ per cent for the cost of collecting it. We operate with one-third of the revenue which we consider we earn."

How do you like that idea? The receiving set owners pay the government \$15,000,000 for the privilege of tuning in to one of two possible programs. The service they get on these two programs is presumably the best that the supervisor judges possible for \$1 out of \$3 that is paid to produce it. There is no incentive to command your interest by any extraordinary effort. Nobody has to sell you any new ideas. You can take what's offered or leave it. If you don't like the Radio wind up the old "gramophone", as the English call it.

Following is a typical four days program listing as published in the *World-Radio* (of London) for dates indicated. There is also a "Midland Regional" list made up mostly of one or the other of these programs.

#### WEDNESDAY, MAY 20

NATIONAL	LONDON REGIONAL
Gramophone Records	Organ Recital
Organ Recital	As Midland Regional
Restaurant Music	Gramophone Records
Talks	Ballad Concert
Symphony Concert	As National
Talks	Light Music
Military Band	German Talk
Chamber Music	Orchestral Concert
Dance Music	Dance Records
	Dance Music

#### THURSDAY, MAY 21

NATIONAL	LONDON REGIONAL
Cinema Organ	As Midland Regional
Military Band	Cinema Orchestra
Abbey Evensong	As Midland Regional
Restaurant Music	Light Music
Talks	Relay from Convent
Orchestral Concert	Garden
Speeches from Empire Society	Musical Comedy
Dance Music	Dance Music

#### FRIDAY, MAY 22

NATIONAL	LONDON REGIONAL
Ballad Concert	Gramophone Records
Organ Recital	As Midland Regional
Gramophone Records	As Midland Regional
Restaurant Music	Light Music
Talks	Chamber Music
Vaudeville	Orchestral Concert
Orchestral Concert	Dance Music
Dance Music	

#### SATURDAY, MAY 23

NATIONAL	LONDON REGIONAL
Cinema Orchestra	As National
As London Regional	Military Band
As London Regional	Cinema Organ
Talks	Light Music
Musical Comedy	Orchestral Concert
Prime Minister's Speech	Vaudeville
Dance Music	Dance Music

TIME and tests have proven that competitive ownership serves the interest of the general public far better than monopolistic control. For example: The traveling public and all taxpayers are well aware of the hardships imposed through incompetent management of our railroads under government control in 1918. Radio is a public utility.

(Continued on page 93)



# BETTY'S Big Thrill

*YOU are invited, dear reader, to a party celebrating the opening of a pretty little villa up in the hills of Westchester . . . And here we are in the reception room of the famous globe trotter, Mr. Stuart Levussove, in the Salmon Tower in Manhattan. Authors, artists and famous Radio entertainers are coming in—wit, beauty and glamour. Ah, the petite blond—so vivacious and smiling—she knows everybody. Who is she? Betty Ross, none other! You remember her—the girl who has lived so much during the past seven years since she ran away from her sheltered home in Hartford to find adventure. Have you read her book, Bread and Love? She lived in the squalor of Russia to get her material first hand. And you heard her over the NBC in the series, Around the World with Betty Ross. What a lot of thrills she has had! What was the biggest one? Let's ask her as we whirl away through the country. Miss Betty, tell us about the greatest thrill you ever had, please. . . .*

**T**HRILLS? My greatest thrill? Need you ask? Life itself is the greatest thrill—life and the present moment. Now, now, NOW! I am alive and going to a party surrounded by friends who also are alive, and thrilled, although they may not be fully aware of it. The Big Thrill always will be Tomorrow—and what new thing in life it will bring. Yesterday is dead and buried. At best it is only a memory.

There have been millions of thrills in those buried yesterdays. Precarious moments with odds against all Tomorrows. Some stand out like jagged peaks from a far-flung plain. Vagabonding through a remote world I have touched hands with many great persons and felt that these were seconds from a life-time never to be forgotten.

Again in strange places I am lost in the mountain folds of the Canadian Rockies—alone in the heart of an ice-field. On my way to a glacier, my timid riding had left me far behind the party. One false step of my Indian pony meant a drop over a 1,200 foot precipice. Dreadful, nerve-racking seconds as those tiny hoofs felt their cautious way falteringly over the slippery ice . . .

The ice and snow remind me of another yesterday in Russia as we plodded over the tortuous steppes in the dead of night pursued by bloodthirsty brigands . . . and the thrill of that moment when our car mired suddenly in a mud hole, sinking hopelessly while we could hear the shouts of the cut-throat riders at our heels. . . .

As I look back over the last seven years of my life I think the experience etched most deeply in my memory is the adventure



By BETTY ROSS

that carried me by armored car through the Arabian desert to interview Abdullah, Emir of Transjordan, in the arid fastness of his glamorous kingdom. That was a real thrill.

**M**Y INTERVIEW-CAR-AVAN had trekked into Jerusalem where immediately I began to hear many strange tales about this Emir and his Oriental splendor. He was fortified by vast barriers of burning sand and the hazards of meeting roving bands of barbarous robbers. But I also heard of Abdullah's harem of beautiful queens and his retinue of eunuchs.

To interview this mysterious monarch promptly became the obsession of my life and forthwith I started action to achieve this purpose.

"I'll bring back Abdullah's first interview to America," I eagerly exclaimed to the officer of the Royal Flying Corps who brought these stories from the desert.

The officer looked at me in amazement. "You know why no one has ever interviewed him before? The trip is too dangerous. It takes you through the Jordan

Valley and the Dead Sea, which lies hundreds of feet below sea-level, and Jericho, in summer one of the world's hottest places. Then the desert—"

Graphically, he depicted the hardships of reaching Transjordan, a little principality lying between Palestine and Arabia, whose Moslem population is about 300,000.

Although under mandate to Great Britain, the country is run independently by Abdullah, whose family is well known in contemporary history. His brother Faisal is ruler of Mesopotamia. Another brother, Ali, is the recently deposed King of the Hedjaz. Hussein, his father, formerly ruled the Hedjaz, and traces his ancestry back fifty generations directly to the Prophet Mohammed.

This colorful background made me more determined than ever to interview Abdullah.

**S**TILL the officer shook his head: "You'll never get there. No driver dares brave the desert."

He was right. For once, the magic of American dollars failed me. "Who wants to die?" all guides and drivers queried, and dismissed the subject.

Finally I appealed to Sir Ronald Storrs, at that time Jerusalem's governor, to send me in a government car. Sir Ronald immediately refused.

"The desert is unsafe these days," he explained. "The Druse are revolting against the French in Syria. They escape into the desert. Deserters from the French Foreign Legion also hide there. After wandering around a few days, they become crazed by heat and thirst. They're blood-thirsty and lie waiting for travelers to pass. These desert bandits not only steal the car and rob the passengers, but strip them of their clothes, leaving them naked to die in the sun."

"But to a woman. . . ." I began.

Lady Storrs interrupted. "The last woman who crossed that desert shot herself on her return."

Gravely I listened to them both. "Well," I said, "that settles it. I'm going!"

"You're not!" snapped Sir Ronald. "I refuse to sanction your trip. I will not be responsible for an American life."

That night my dinner was tasteless. My soup was salty with tears.

Suddenly I heard my name called:

"Betty . . ." it was the English officer, "do you still want to visit the Emir's palace?"

I hated his sudden sense of humor, so didn't reply.

"Here's your chance!" he continued, "A

Pasha is going there tonight in his armored car. He heard about your courage—and said he'd take you along!"

But no longer was I encouraging false hopes. "Even if he does take me," I argued. "What's that? Sir Ronald tells me there are no hotels or lodgings. The natives all live in mud huts and sleep in clusters on the floor."

"The Pasha, as Commander of the Arab Legion, has the only real house there," replied my friend. "You're his guest."

Just then the Pasha approached. "Bring a revolver and water," he said, tersely, "we leave at midnight. The Jordan Valley is unbearably hot during the day. We must get there before sun-rise."

A long, low car . . . armed guards . . . a black-skinned Kurd chauffeur—and into

the night we rode. The mosques and minaret-spires of the Holy City were soon lost in blackness as we threaded our way along winding, serpentine roads with hair-pin bends.

Each moment it seemed we would tumble down a steep precipice. The great mountains of soft limestone took on outlines of gigantic beasts. From behind them ran skulking figures . . . desert bandits . . . snipers. Every minute we expected them to fire on us.

**D**ULL and listless lay the Jordan River. Tranquil and calm as a stagnant pool gleamed the Dead Sea. The river valley, hundreds of feet below sea-level, was hot, stifling.

I didn't dare utter a sound. I couldn't catch my breath . . . Stifling. Choking for breath. Gasping. Fiercely I clutched the goat-skin filled with water. . . .

On ascending to sea-level once more, it became warmer. To my amazement, my companion handed me a blanket! "Can he be losing his senses?" I wondered, when he began tying his head-dress about his neck and face and wrapping the blanket around him. Suddenly I understood his actions, for along came a rain of stinging sand, cutting, piercing every particle of my skin.

We were in the desert! The heat became little tongues of flame licking my cheeks, my arms, my neck. Stinging sands blinded my eyes, choked my breath. To ward off all this, I crawled underneath my blanket. Still hot. I wished I had a fur coat to keep off those flaming hot sands. Then I understood why the Arab in the desert, on a hot day dons extra heavy garments!

Hours we rode. Past primordial limestone mountains, past miles of sand-dunes, harsh bushes, with sinister figures creeping behind them, past black, low-hung tents of the Bedouins.

The sun was peering through the heavens when we reached Transjordan. Its  
*(Continued on page 92)*

"Kief Halle!" I exclaimed . . . and extended my hand



GASPARI  
RILEY



Betty  
Ross

DEMURE, yet fearless,  
this young woman has dared  
every sort of danger from the Russian  
steppes to the Arabian deserts. Read  
her most thrilling experiences on the pre-  
ceding pages. Maybe you heard some  
of her talks over the NBC circuit.  
"Around the World with Betty Ross."



## Helen Gilligan

(Right)

BROADWAY musical comedy prima donna engaged by CBS to lead in a series of condensed operettas featured as the "Star Reveries"—scheduled for 10:45 EDST, every Sunday night.

## Agnes Moorehead

DO YOU like Radio drama? So do we. And this young lady has held us breathless many times in her thrilling roles as you hear them in **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes**. She's also heard in **Bertie Sees the World** and **The Silver Flute**.





Arabelle  
Chambers

SHE croons all the way up to High C through the WCKY, Covington, Ky., microphone. Will be on theatrical tour with other WCKY artists by the time you read this

Mae  
Questel



SHE'S practically a carbon copy of anyone of the stage or screen whom she may choose to imitate. Recently she doubled for Helen Kane boop-a-dooping Broadway and no one tumbled.





## Frances Shelley

(left)

"WHAT Is This Thing Called Love?" Don't ask Miss Shelley because she was the first one to sing it—and she's still singing it, as you may have heard her from WABC et al, New York. She was a member of the English revue, "Wake Up and Dream."

## Claudette Colbert

RADIO gave Miss Colbert an unsuspected voice. Until she was cast for a singing part on Vitality Personalities programs she thought her talents were confined to speaking parts. But she went in for intensive training and filled the bill very satisfactorily.





Karena  
Shields

MAYBE you would like to be among the little boys, and girls who have this smiling story lady to entertain them over KTM, Los Angeles, every day. She also directs the women's hour and drama activities at this station.



Lucrezia  
Bori

IT WASN'T so hot when this picture was taken of the famous Metropolitan soprano and her fluffy bow-wow. She was among the notables heard on the Simmons hour, CBS. How's the pulse, gay dog, when fair lady holds the paw?



Lois Bennett

MISS BENNETT has distinguished herself on many notable programs over the National Broadcasting Circuit. You have heard her on the Armstrong Quaker period, and more recently on the General Motors program, where she is presenting selections from the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

## LITTLE AMERICA TUNES in

*Aunt and Uncle Mike*

ONCE upon a time—  
Funny, but it is cer-  
tainly apropos that I  
should begin thus a

By Evans E. Plummer

story about the "aunts" and "uncles" who tell Radio's young listeners their nightly bedtime stories, but anyhow, once upon a time—

Back in 1920 and before, there were really very few important figures outside of the family circle who meant a thing to Annie and Willie or Johnnie and Mary, unless it was the Boogy Man and Santa Claus. The Goblins, of course, ruled over a portion of Childom, but whenever Satan or Old Man Boogy was brought to the rescue by a despairing parent as aide de camp in laying down the law to an unruly tot, its eyes opened in wide-eyed fear, and the battle was won without a casualty.

But since Radio—well, even old Saint Nick hasn't a fraction of the invested power young America has surrendered to its favorite Aunt So-and-sos and Uncle Whosits, broadcasting nightly at 5:30 or thereabouts from Stations A to Z. These aunts and uncles, sometimes known by other titles, are real flesh and blood people—not mere figments of the imagination or illusions—and their mysterious power

over youngsters is greater than that of parent, teacher, candy or even the frowned upon rod. And so good is the work of these children's idols, that, were there no other kind of program on the air, still the aunts and uncles would be reason enough for broadcasting and the necessity of a Radio receiver in every home with a growing child.

These broadcasting guardians of America's future citizens are doing a noble work in setting up ideals in the young mind. They teach honesty, obedience, care and safety, rules of hygiene and health, civic pride, etiquette, kindness, thrift, unselfishness and other sterling qualities. They inspire the growing mind with faith. They create in youth a love for the wonders of nature—the trees and flowers, the beasts and birds.

In nearly a score of years the Boy Scouts of America organization has finally reached a membership of over five million, but in less than a half-dozen years the children's clubs of the broadcasting stations in this country have attained a total enrollment, conservatively estimated

of over ten millions of youngsters! There are uncles, aunts and story ladies on every net-

work, and also broadcasting in-

dividually from ninety per cent of all stations. Who are some of the better known of these "pied pipers" who've won such lofty places in the esteem of the little tots? Uncle Don, of WOR, Newark, is one of the more famous. He has an Etiquette Club for the little ones that has grown to almost 600,000 members. His mail knows no boundaries, coming, as it does, from Germany, England, and even as far south as Panama. One of the requisites of being an Uncle Don club member is that you must perform a daily good deed. And DO his members do those daily deeds? You should watch them.

Uncle Don's full name is Don Carney.

(Continued on page 48)

Just below you see Tiny Renier the Lullaby Man of WDAF, Kansas City. He's not so tiny but he could out-balance a half-dozen of his young listeners on the other end of a teeter-totter. But turn the page and see all the snap-shot photos the children sent Uncle Peter of CJRW-X-M of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. "It's a great life being a Radio Uncle," writes Uncle Peter to Radio Digest, "I even have Peterkins in far-away New York, besides three of my very own at home in Winnipeg."







# Aunt and Uncle Mike

(Continued from page 45)



**H**E GREW up in Michigan's fruit belt, graduated from high school in St. Joseph, and ambled on to Chicago where the first notes in his varied career were those he struck on the piano of a nickelodeon, playing six or seven hours at a time. Harry Weber, a Windy City booking agent, saw and heard him, booked him in vaudeville at the Majestic Theatre and other Chicago playhouses, and finally Carney wound up in New York at the end of his contract the better for several hundred dollars he'd saved. The Louisiana land boom was in full bloom, and Don sunk his money in a "farm" there. After a sad attempt at running it, he went to work in a lumber yard to make money to pay a farmhand to do the farming by proxy.

"I finally took the rap," Carney said, "and sold the place to another sucker for half what I paid for it." Then he came back to New York, tried vainly to regain the stage, obtained work with a watchmaker until his employer learned Carney knew nothing about watches, and next was hired as a laborer in a shipyard at 30 cents an hour. Then the war broke out! In less than a year's time Uncle Don had become assistant superintendent of the yard at a salary of \$10,000 a year. But wars end eventually, and with the last one went Carney's job. Next he became an extra—\$10 a day—in D. W. Griffith's motion picture *America*, and while thus employed he heard his first Radio program. After the picture was made, Carney said,

Eight years as a Radio uncle is almost a record for Uncle Bob Wilson at KYW, Chicago. Many big boys and girls are alive today only because they were influenced by his advice to stop at the curb. The Radio pal and his small friends at right were unidentified on the photo. Below are a couple of Dixie "Uncles" and a little "Missy". Both the old darkies were former slaves.



"I bullied myself into asking for an audition, and was somewhat shocked when I was hired as an announcer for WMCA." WOR's program director heard him and invited him to the studio for an audition as "Luke Higgins" in the beloved *Main Street Sketches*. He clicked at once.

Listeners' commendations were so emphatic that he was retained also as a feature of many other programs. Thus he became "Uncle Don," the entertainer seven nights a week of WOR's children who sings etiquette songs and tongue twisters, and also doubles in the parts of Uncle Otto and Simple Simon.

FOR over eight years Uncle Bob, of KYW, Chicago, has been entertaining the children of the Midwest. Uncle Bob, whose real name is Walter Wilson, now has his "Curb Is the Limit" Club membership cards and buttons in the hands of over a half million youngsters, some of whom have grown up and married in the years he has been on the air, and are now contributing the second generation.

Beloved Uncle Bob came to KYW in 1922 originally as a "song plugger." He was then western office manager of a music publishing company, and as such, attended the KYW studios to sing his firm's new numbers and help to make them popular. One of these was *Dream Daddy*. The children went for it. Not

only that, but they went for Walter Wilson even stronger. Big and jovial, he was just one of those "naturals" who have a way with children. KYW's officials noted the juvenile applause and asked him to take charge of their children's hour. So he became "Uncle Bob" and has religiously broadcast to the little tots every week night at 5:30 Central time for almost a decade.

But simply singing songs and telling stories was not enough, Uncle Bob told himself early in the business, to keep the children interested. There was so much good he could do—tell the children to scrub their teeth, mind their parents, and be careful. So it was on the fifth of October, 1923, that his *Curb Is the Limit* Club germinated, with free membership to all and the only requirement that a prospective member first pledge himself to be careful, always count ten and look both ways before crossing the street, and never play in the highways or streets. The club has a slogan you might like to know. It goes:

*"In roadways I must never play.*

*I have no legs to give away.*

*I have no arms that I can spare.*

*To keep them both I must take care."*

So successful has Uncle Bob's work been in the Midwest that he is an ever sought after speaker before juvenile gatherings at churches, schools and theaters, and even the City Council of Chicago has

passed unanimously a resolution of thanks to Uncle Bob Wilson for his good work in safeguarding the city's children against traffic accidents. And do the children observe his warnings? Everywhere you go you'll see little fellows hesitating and looking both ways before crossing the street. Ask who taught them that, and they'll reply, "Uncle Bob."

"BIG Brother Bob" Emery had an idea when he was just out of his teens and struggling along in 1924 as an announcer, talent, and general factotum at WGI, Medford, Mass., a pioneer station. That idea was big enough even to outlive WGI, long since passed, extend itself to WEEI, Boston, and even now has become a weekly feature of the National Broadcasting Company, commercially sponsored.

Emery's plan, in brief, was to appeal to both the older boys and the little tots as well. The older ones were to be "Big Brothers" to the younger boys and girls. With this plan as a foundation, he built a program of entertainment with his Joy Diggers' music, historical and educational dramatic sketches, and other educational bits designed to appeal to the boy, or even girl, from eight to sixteen years of age, without bearing the distinct label of education. Bits of interesting information on woodcraft, botany and the like

(Continued on page 96)



After  
every smoke

# Beech-Nut Gum

**MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER**

How often have you wished that every smoke would give you the pleasure and satisfaction of your after-dinner smoke. Now it can. Simply chew Beech-Nut between smokes. It stimulates your *taste sense*, just as food does. Try it... and discover this new smoking enjoyment. Remember always, there is no gum quite so good as Beech-Nut.

Made by the makers of BEECH-NUT FRUIT DROPS AND MINTS in the United States and Canada



Also in  
Spearmint and  
Wintergreen flavors

# Good-Bye GLOOM

*Colonel Stoopnagle and His Valiant Army of Tastychasers March on old Gen. Depression and Take Him for a One-Way Tour*

By Nelson S. Hesse

**T**HIS is two success stories in one. It is a story, first, of the phenomenal rise to a place of prominence in the national Radio picture of "The Colonel and Budd—the Tastyest Gloom Chasers". And it is a story of how a great organization and business was built up almost entirely through the medium of Radio.

Radio's history is filled with tales of sensational success, but few compare with that of "Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd", Buffalo's two exponents of extemporaneous comedy. The rise of this dizzy duo has been even faster than meteoric, which is pretty fast.

It happened in a manner which was something like this.

Announcer Wilbur Budd Hulick, of Station WMAK, Buffalo, found himself in somewhat of a predicament on the morning of October 10, 1930. This predicament arose suddenly and painfully in the form of a 15-minute gap to fill between programs.

In a panic he rushed into the studio offices. The first person he saw was F. Chase Taylor, announcer, continuity writer, director and actor for the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation, who was pounding out a script on his typewriter.

"Hey!" pleaded Hulick, "I've got fifteen minutes to do and nothing to do it with. Come on and ad lib with me."

Pausing only to lug a folding organ into the studio, the pair went on. Hulick's first words announced an overture on "the mighty gas-pipe organ" by "Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle". They began their extemporaneous buffoonery. Radio history was in the making.

Just a couple of "mike" men until that time, with a few mild successes to their credit.

Taylor and Hulick overnight were catapulted into prominence.

"The program went over in spite of everything we could do," Taylor, alias "The Colonel", observes philosophically.

Letters poured in after that first broadcast asking for more. "The Colonel and Budd" continued their ad lib nonsense, taking the name of "The Gloom Chasers". They made no special effort, wrote no script, kept the chatter extemporaneous and soon were given a half-hour spot. A little later they were switched to an evening period over WKBW because business men complained they could not hear

"The Gloom Chasers" in the morning and because it kept their wives from doing the housework.

The popularity of a Radio presentation is gauged largely by the response through the mails. "The Colonel and Budd" shattered all Buffalo fan letter records into tiny pieces. There were weeks when from 2600 to 2700 missives addressed to "The Gloom Chasers" cluttered up the offices of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation. Some of these epistles bore post marks of cities in Alaska, Bermuda and Nova Scotia as well as of neighboring States. The fan mail editor of the B. B. C. hired an assistant whose duty it was to devote his time solely to the correspondence of this dizzy pair.

The flood of mail grew larger and larger. If "Stoopnagle" coughed during a broadcast, the next day's mail conveyed scores of boxes of cough drops. If "Budd" sneezed, auditors sent handkerchiefs and advice in profusion. Their mail included hundreds of well-done drawings and paintings of the listeners' conceptions of the act and its principals.

Fan mail was not the only indication of the growing popularity of Taylor and Hulick. From 1600 to 2300 persons crowded into the B. B. C. studios each week to watch "The Colonel and Budd" perform, even though no invitation was extended to them. Busses were chartered by the residents of nearby towns and excursions were made to Buffalo for the sole purpose of seeing "The Gloom Chasers" in action.

Dowd & Ostreicher, of Boston, advertising agents for Green Brothers Company, of Springfield, Mass., manufacturers of Tastyeast, were searching for a good Radio act



"Take the whole Air Division and chase them Gloomics into the ocean," ordered Col. Stoopnagle. "O. Q." replied The Army

when they heard news of "The Colonel and Budd". John C. Dowd, a member of the firm, went to Buffalo, heard the act and signed up Taylor and Hulick for a trial period along with other acts in different sections of the country to determine



which was best suited for a nationwide network.

Taylor and Hulick, with their nightly half-hour of nonsense, built up the sale of Tastyest 600 per cent. in their listening area and created such a demand for the product in Canada that the Green Brothers Company decided to open a branch factory there. There now is 100 per cent. distribution of the product in that area where hardly a bar was sold in November, 1930. "The Gloom Chasers" put Tastyest in all chain stores without a representative or salesman ever calling.

A little more than five months after that morning in October when they first began their clowning over the air, Taylor and Hulick were signed by the makers of Tastyest to broadcast nightly except Fridays over WABC and the Columbia network from 8:45 to 9 P. M., EDST. The contract signed by the Green Brothers Company with the Columbia Broadcasting System was the second largest ever placed with the chain. It calls for the appearance before the microphone of "The Gloom Chasers" for two years.

Not content with having shattered a number of records in Buffalo, Taylor and Hulick had to break another one before departing for New York to begin broadcasting over the Columbia chain. Billed as "Buffalo's Most Famous Laugh Creators and Fun-Makers", they appeared for a week at Shea's Buffalo Theatre and broke all attendance records.

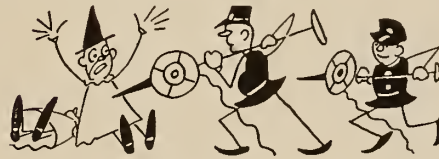
Taylor and Hulick made their network debut over twenty-three Columbia stations on Sunday, May 24. Many stations have been added to the hook-up since then, and it is safe to say "The Gloom Chasers" will be heard over virtually the entire net-

work before much more time has elapsed.

There you have the story of the amazing success of Wilbur Budd Hulick and F. Chase Taylor—"The Gloom Chasers". More chapters will be written in the months to come if "The Colonel and Budd" continue at the same pace.

As for their modus operandi, Taylor and Hulick never have used a written script. Radio listeners, with their letters, write their programs. Most of the requests they receive are for imitations of Henry Burbig, Calvin Coolidge, Lindbergh, Rudy Vallée and Amos 'n' Andy. Sometimes they mix them all up and have Amos and Burbig or Coolidge and Andy working together.

These fun-makers work best when a crowd is present in the studios. They have



never lacked a capacity audience. Because of the many requests for passes to the studio in which they work, Columbia shifted them to one of their largest studios so that as many of these requests as possible could be filled.

Taylor and Hulick are going to keep the tenor of their humor unchanged. Some humorists may deal in sophisticated gags, but "The Gloom Chasers" will adhere to homely, naive, simple jests. And they'll continue to ad lib their absurd nonsense.

Before that day when he asked Taylor to go before the microphone and ad lib with him, Hulick had only a few months of Radio experience to his credit. Although he had been dabbling in Radio for seven years, Taylor had only taken it up as a career a month or so before that day.

Taylor was born in Buffalo thirty-three years ago, a son of Horace F. Taylor,

---

*"So this is New York, hah-ha-ha!" mused the imperturbable Colonel Stoopnagle as he lolled back in the upholstery of his skidding charger. Commander Budd brought the Cavalry to a halt before Central Park where G. H. Q. was established.*

prominent Buffalo business man. He was christened Frederick Chase Taylor. His friends call him "Chase".

Originally Chase Taylor intended entering the lumber firm founded by his grandfather in 1865 and headed by his father since 1904. He prepared for this career at Nichols School, Montclair Academy, in New Jersey, and the University of Rochester, where he was a member of Alpha Delta Phi.

During the World War he served in the Navy. It was at that time that he first became interested in Radio. Radio became his hobby after the cessation of hostilities and continued to hold his interest after he entered his father's lumber firm. Later he became a stock broker, advancing to the position of vice-president of his firm.

All the time he was working Taylor was active in amateur dramatics and writing. For several years he was seen in the principal parts of many productions of the



Buffalo Players, a Little Theatre group.

Taylor was heard many times over the air before the hobby became a career. He appeared before the microphone over WGR some seven years ago for the first time. Later, in 1926, he achieved considerable success in "Nip and Tuck", a black-face comedy act, which was presented regularly over WMAK. Still later came several series of presentations over WGR, and finally, a year and a half ago, the "Smax" and "Smoke and Ashes" broadcasts. On these last two programs he appeared with Louis Dean, who is announcing the "The Gloom Chasers" over the Columbia network.

The hobby finally gained the upper hand last fall and Taylor became a full-time member of the production staff of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation.

Taylor is good-looking, ruddy of mien and jolly as a comedian should be. He is

*(Continued on page 91)*



# Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

## *When Liberty is at Stake*

THE future of Radio broadcasting as we now know it in America is threatened with destruction if the Radio public does not watch its step. Not only that, the Radio public in addition to losing its privilege of selecting programs according to individual choice from a wide range of programs, is facing the possibility of a new and odious form of taxation. Still worse, we all may soon find that "self elected interests" have decided to do our thinking and to a large extent our living for us.

The danger with which we are confronted is much like that which has from time to time threatened the freedom of the press. In Italy, Russia and some other countries, the press has been subjected to the will of political leaders and a great human principle has thereby been sacrificed to the ambition of the few instead of the many. Fortunately in our own country, the Supreme Court has recently upheld freedom of the press through declaring unconstitutional the so-called "gag" law by which the politicians of the State of Minnesota sought to control, in part at least, the time-honored prerogatives of the press.

At this moment, there is a substantial, well organized, well financed, movement on foot to enact legislation in the form of a bill to be reintroduced by Senator Fess that will turn over 15 per cent of the air channels to educational interests. On the face of it, the objective sought seems worthy and desirable, but on investigation and analysis the movement is found to involve a national menace to the Radio public as regards choice of programs and to the still more basic factor of human liberty.

These may sound like strong words to use when referring to a movement backed by such an altruistic element as educational interests. The fact is, however, that the educational interests are very much divided on this matter with leading elements opposed to the Fess Bill, and there are strong reasons for believing that many of the minority of educational bodies now backing the latest movement to legislate the use of ether, have been misled by compelling oratory and subtle propaganda. That is why the people—the Radio public as individuals—should make a point of acquainting the educators, the politicians and all others, with their personal viewpoint. In the field of Radio, there is much need of educating educators, because up to the present time, the educational interests have failed woefully to keep pace with the progress of Radio and its influence on human affairs of every description.

Here are a few facts to bear in mind and to spread as broadly as possible:

1. There are many purely educational Radio broadcasting stations in the United States today. Some excellent programs have been produced, but from the standpoint of the total time used by such stations, their public acceptance and popularity is woefully small.

2. Practically all broadcasting stations, including those of the major chains, desire to increase the amount of broadcasting along educational lines, but in spite of the free time being offered, they are limited by the inability of educators and others to make good at the program end on a quantitative basis, let alone a qualitative basis.

3. Radio programs must always stand or fall on their ability to *please* the public. No one is big enough to dictate successfully what the public must have.

4. Competition is the life of program excellence.

5. Advertiser programs are the money-fuel for sustaining as well as sponsored programs.

6. There is no reason to question the good intentions of the educational interests or to do other than encourage their wholehearted and intensive interest in Radio, but there is every reason to help prevent the educational interests at large from becoming the dupes of politically ambitious men.

7. Government ownership or domination of broadcasting will result in taxation of the Radio audience.

8. Government ownership or domination will steal away *your* right to listen to what *you* want to select.

9. Government, in political control of Radio, will strike a crushing blow to human liberty and American democracy. There is much reason for suspecting that the current effort to obtain 15 per cent for the educators is in fact the forerunner of a demand for government ownership and 100 per cent political control. The use of the educational interests at this time supplies the mask behind which the sinister aims can be hidden. Whenever through the medium of government a handful of more or less well meaning people have tried to standardize the religion, the morals or the human liberties of the people, they have always failed. History for centuries back stands witness that such is ever the case. Most of us know that the trouble with the present prohibition law lies not in its worthy objective but in the way it trespasses upon human liberty, and that this is why it has not received the hoped-for public acceptance.

THE men who colonized America and who fought and bled for its creation as a land of personal liberty and true democracy must now lie writhing in their graves at the newest and most serious menace to American freedom, namely, the insidious effort that is being made to stifle and control human thinking and human living through subtle but all powerful domination of Radio broadcasting—the greatest democratizing and socializing influence of modern times. With the help of God, may the people prove able to defend themselves from the Radio wave grab which now threatens them not only with losing the right to choose programs and on a wide scale, but with straight-jacketing of their mind and soul.

RAY BILL.

# Intimate Gossip *about* Song Hits *and* their Writers



Miniature yacht racing is a favorite sport of Rudy's

## Tune ful Topics

*Come To Me*

By RUDY  
VALLÉE

IF YOU have had that supreme pleasure of seeing Gloria Swanson in a picture which is really an epic; namely *Indiscreet*, you would probably understand why I pick this song as one of the most captivating things written in a long time. To me the picture is one of the finest things the screen has ever produced, and Miss Swanson deserves all the honors that can be showered upon her for her work in it.

Messrs. DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, who wrote not only the songs of the picture but the picture itself, may take a very deep bow for a most unusual, refreshing, and thoroughly interesting story. I feel very happy that the songs which I will sing in George White's *Scandals* will be written by the last named two of the trio, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson. The trio, who became music publishers and millionaires almost overnight, are conceded to be the greatest song writing trio in the country.

Unfortunately the triumvirate is no longer that. Buddy DeSylva has stayed on at the Coast to write stories and songs for the Fox Film Co., and has assumed the dignified title of George DeSylva.

However, both Lew Brown and Ray Henderson are in the foremost ranks of song-writers, and I know that they are going to supply me with great material for the *Scandals*.

Miss Swanson sings this song in the picture twice. The significance of the singing is that when the song is rendered it brings her sister to her to take care of the unwelcome attentions of the young man who is with her as she sings it. In her second rendition of it it precipitates a crisis which turns out quite happily for both sisters.

You really must hear Miss Swanson sing the song in the picture to appreciate the beauty of it. It is published by DeSylva, Brown & Henderson, and we play it taking a minute for the chorus.

*Two Hearts In Three Quarter Time*

WITH the fad of German pictures being shown in the swanky little theatres in the 50's in New York City,

there subsequently followed the publishing of some of the songs from these German pictures. There have not been very many pictures nor very many songs, and this is the first one to achieve real popularity.

The song is typically German in its swing, make-up and lyrics, and when I first rehearsed it some time ago I put it down as just another clever German waltz. The public, however, has shown such a great liking for the song that it has become one of our outstanding hits, and I can thank the song for the tremendous applause that greeted it during my rendition last week here at the Brooklyn Paramount.

I have had the audacity to sing it in both English and German, though I have never studied German; happily no grapefruit was thrown. There is no question of its popularity.

It is published by Harms, Inc., and like most German waltzes it should be played very brightly.

*On The Beach With You*

OF COURSE the summer songs come with the warm weather. In the hope that she has another *Swinging In A*

*Hammock*, Tots Seymour, who wrote the lyrics for that remembered song, has had the inspiration for another summer song, but this time the scene of action is on the beach. The song is quite simple, yet extremely catchy.

Miss Seymour, as usual, has written a different type of lyric, dealing entirely with beach atmosphere, at Coney Island or the Lido Beach.

After running through about thirty songs yesterday, this song stood out like a sore finger in its unusual qualities. It should be very popular. It is published by Davis, Coots & Engel, and we will play it at about fifty seconds to a chorus.

### *Toodle-Oo, So Long, Goodbye*

IT IS a little difficult for me to blow my own horn in talking about a song, though as I have said, obviously as I am in the American Society of Authors and Composers, and since I do feel the urge to write, with the subsequent carrying of that urge into practise, it will be necessary from time to time that I at least mention songs which I have helped to write.

Byron Gay is a native Californian of unquestionable hit writing ability, chiefly known for his *The Vamp*, *Sand Dunes*, *Horses*, *The Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along*, *Have Another Drink*, and in fact many other songs known in different localities. This same Byron Gay, after a period of quiescence during which domestic troubles disturbed his writing muse, is back again on Broadway, intending to show Tin Pan Alley that he is still writing hit songs. Certainly no one, with the exception possibly of Fred Fisher, seems to have as many ideas and titles for comedy and "nut" songs as does effervescent Byron Gay.

Lacking a piano to aid him in his composition, I have volunteered my own in my new apartment, and there I sat and listened to Byron one evening as he fooled around with the keyboard. As he played the opening phrases of the song I am discussing, I asked him what it was; he gave me the title and the opening phrases—the rest of the song was very nebulous. We began work on it that evening, and a week and a half later, after much changing, we finally evolved the song as you will probably hear it. Both of us felt it was the type of song that drinking parties will sing when breaking up, a sort of *Good Night, Ladies*. At least the song will be a relief from the raft of moon songs, and passionate love ballads so prevalent today in this era of over-production of popular songs.

The reaction after two broadcasts has been very unusual, which leads me to believe that it may come through. The appearance of my name on it will unquestionably cause many leaders who otherwise might play it to refrain from doing so; but if the song ever gets on with the public these leaders will have to play it, as regardless of what personal reasons any of them may have for desir-



ing not to play a song, once the public demands it we would be cutting our noses to spite our faces were we to refuse to give the public what it wants.

A picture of Byron and yours truly adorns the cover of the song. Just as we finished the collaboration in my dressing room at the Paramount, the photographer stood waiting to take the picture.

We have several more things of the same nature in preparation. If this goes well these will follow.

It is published by the Red Star Music Co. and we play it at about forty-five seconds to the chorus.

### *It Looks Like Love*

THE names of Arthur Freed and Harry Woods themselves should guarantee a very pleasing song whenever both names appear on the same cover. Freed was the lyric writing team mate of Nacio Herb Brown and together they wrote hit after hit. Woods wrote *A Little Kiss Each Morning* and *When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bobbin' Along*. Both of them have been under contract to M. G. M., writing for pictures on the Coast, and this is evidently one of their collaborations before they separated, Freed going into his own publishing company, to publish *I Surrender, Dear*, and *It Must Be True*, and Harry Woods still on the Coast writing.

This song is one of those breezy things, extremely danceable, and a fine piece of material for cabaret singers who want to liven up the group. There is nothing unusual in it from a standpoint of lyrics or melody, but it has a catchy quality about it that will bring it into some popularity at least.

It is published by the Robbins Music Co., and we play it at about forty-five seconds to the chorus.

### *Pardon Me, Pretty Baby*

OUR old friend Phil Kornheiser sponsors another song which has been very well received by all the orchestra leaders since it has been called to their attention. Vincent Rose, that little song writer of Italy, who seems to

be in his stride again, has collaborated with a young man named Jack Meskill, who seems to be fitting himself to the task of wedding the melodies which spring from Rose's fingers to the words which are running through his own brain. A third writer, Ray Klages, whose name is seen on many songs these days, aided the above two, and the three of them have evolved this song. It has been picked by several of the leading orchestras as the "Hit of the Week", or "Hit of the Month", as the case may be.

Although the song begins rather high and stays well up in range, it is quite easily singable and bids fair to become quite popular.

### *I Surrender, Dear*

I WELCOME the opportunity to discuss the merits of a song which is really unusual in character. Few songs are constructed in such a fashion that they will bear much analysis, but this is one of those songs which causes a great deal of comment, though it may fail to have a high sales value. Written by Gordon Clifford and Harry Barris out on the Pacific Coast, it has gradually swept Eastward until today one hears it at least three or four times throughout the course of an evening's Radio performances. Even with the major stations blue penciling repetitions of popular songs, *I Surrender, Dear* is found on enough programs to convince the listener that it has merit.

While it is of the *Body and Soul* type of song, it is much less physical and much less difficult in its composition. The verse lends itself admirably to ad lib interpretation; the chorus, however, makes for fine "Dansapation".

Perhaps one of the most unusual renditions of it on phonograph records is that of the negro orchestra leader, Louis Armstrong. He is little known except to musical faddists and a few of the elite who have run across him either in a night club or on one of his phonograph records. He is a mixture of a hot trumpet player and a vocalist who bellows his lyrics out in much the same fashion as he plays his hot chorus on the trumpet, so that his rendition of *I Surrender, Dear* is one of the most fascinating things I have ever listened to. Still it seems almost a sacrilege that such a beautiful composition should be rendered in the careless style which is typically Armstrong.

But getting back to the song, it is published by Freed & Powers, and is certainly holding its ground in popularity. We play it at fifty-five seconds to the chorus.

### *Stardust*

BEFORE I discuss this song I wish to clear up the wrong impression about my writing of this particular subject, *Tuneful Topics*. There are those who believe that my function is mainly to  
(Continued on page 86)

# RADIOGRAPHS

*Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio  
Family of New York's Great Key Stations*

By Rosemary Drachman

**I**RENE BEASLEY? Off the air in two minutes. Go up to the twenty-second floor. You'll catch her. You don't know her? One of the pages will point her out."

So much from Columbia's Publicity Department.

Up I dashed to the reception room, where almost immediately I was shaking hands with a tall, brown-haired girl who has one of those nice southern voices and one of those nice southern manners—the kind (both voice and manner) that puts you at ease and makes you think of



Irene Beasley

Dixie hospitality, famous the world over.

"But," I exclaimed, as we sat down, "you're the girl who was resting her mind." And then I hastened to explain that about a year ago I had happened to be in that same reception room and had watched her

sitting across from me with a decidedly frantic expression on her face and saying to everyone who came up for a chat, "You mustn't talk to me. I'm resting my mind." For months I'd wondered who she was, and for what, or from what, she was "resting" her mind.

"I remember," laughed Miss Beasley, "that was the day I'd promised to write some stories for a series of children's programs and I didn't know what in the world I was going to write about."

"Did you get them written?"

"Yes, finally. The Aunt Zelena stories. I was a sort of female Uncle Remus and made my animals sing and talk."

Miss Beasley had the right start in life for a musical career—two parents who sang and a grandmother who was an expert pianist. But Irene was a practical lass. She decided to teach school, be sure of her monthly pay check, and do music on the side.

After she graduated from Sweetbriar College she went to a little village in Mississippi and there taught seven grades made up of eleven pupils. In the time she wasn't teaching she wrote songs. One of them, *If I Could Just Stop Dreaming*, she published herself and to popularize it, sang it over a small local Radio station. This led to work in Chicago and eventually to New York and an audition for Columbia. She has been a WABC staff artist since April, 1929. One of her latest programs is *Peters' Parade*.

Her Aunt Zelena series ran three times a week for five months and she has gathered some of the stories into a little book, called *A Dozen Stories With Songs For My Chilluns*, which is now in the hands of a publisher.

She feels that her school teaching experience has given her an insight into child psychology, but says that the best way to learn how to handle people of all sorts is to work in a Radio studio.

They call her "the long, tall gal from Dixie," and since she was born in Tennessee she has the right to the title. You feel she should be standing on the steps of some old southern mansion, with a welcoming smile and hand and an eager, "Come in and make yourself at home."



Harry Vonzell

Tennis and swimming are her hobbies, and horse racing, too. Just now she is living in a hotel, but says she is soon to have her own apartment and is going in for some good old-fashioned southern cooking in a big way.

Harry Vonzell

**H**ARRY VONZELL, WABC announcer, doesn't believe in being too definite.

"What's the use?" he asks. "Soon as you get your mind made up to one thing, along comes fate, takes you by the scruff of the neck, and there you are—in a totally different place from where you expected to be."

Oh, yes, he is pretty definite about his wife and child. You see, Columbia has a questionnaire it sends to all its artists. "Are you married?" is one question. "If

so, do you wish it mentioned for publicity?" is the next. To the first Harry Vonzell says, "Yes," and to the second, "Absolutely."

When it comes to acknowledging his wife and child—yes, there is a child—Columbia's blond and smiling announcer knows just where he stands. But as for saying what he's going to do next, no, sir.

"Look," he says, "there was never any idea in my head but that I would spend all my days in California. And isn't that a funny joke?" He gestured towards the window through which one could see the tall towers of Manhattan.

"I was in Los Angeles, working in a railroad office. My ambition—if I had any—was to be paymaster some day. Maybe it was the climate, maybe it was the 'manana' spirit of the land, but I hadn't thought much ahead of that. One thing I knew, that I'd never leave the Golden West."

"There was a Radio station near my office. They found out I used to sing a bit in college and asked me to help out with some programs. It was in the days when Radio entertainment was very casual. When everyone who could say anything, or sing anything, was welcomed at the mike. There was no pay, of course. One day the announcer failed to appear and I had to announce myself. Enter fate, you see. I was offered a permanent position as announcer, and took it right then and there."

"About this time Paul Whiteman was in Los Angeles with his Old Gold Orchestra. Ted Husing had been the announcer, but Columbia had had to bring him back to New York. So there was a big contest held to see who would take Ted's place. I thought I'd take a chance, and I think the reason I won was that the judges thought I sounded like Ted Husing. I don't think I do, but they did."

At this point Harry Vonzell looked a little wistful. "I won, and that meant leaving California. For the first six weeks I was here I didn't have my family and many a time I felt like putting this little old New York on a platter and giving it back to anyone who would take it. But it isn't so bad now. I've become adjusted to its tempo. It's the place to be to get ahead. You don't have so much fun, but you go further. Yes, I've definitely made up my mind to stay here."

And then Mr. Vonzell grinned. "Which probably means that fate will step in again, and that the first thing I know I'll be in Greenland or Afghanistan."

We hope not, Harry Vonzell, for many a listener would miss your fine, sympathetic voice.

Incidentally, Mr. Vonzell is twenty-three years old and was

born in the Hoosier State, in Indianapolis.

Among the programs he announces are Old Gold, La Palina, Henry George, Graybar Electric, Central Savings Bank, and that of McAleer's Manufacturing Company. On the "outside" he has worked with Ted Husing on the International Yacht Races and on the Columbia-Pennsylvania Regatta.

## Jolly Bill and Jane

**T**O MEET William Steinke and Muriel Harbater you get up to NBC at seven forty-five A. M. Seven-forty-five, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Really six-forty-five. That's pretty early in the morning. It means setting the alarm clock at six-thirty or thereabouts. No breakfast either—that is, not till later. On Fifth Avenue the heavy curtains of those super-exclusive shops are closely drawn. Clearly none of *their* customers would be abroad at such an hour. The only sign of life is in the window of a specialty shop devoted to bon voyage fruit baskets. There a man sits, quite unabashed, dusting off the apples and alligator pears. At NBC the elevator boy is sleepy-eyed. Early, very early, but how else can you meet William Steinke and Muriel Harbater.

You ask the natural question: "Why meet them?" Oh, but don't you know who they are? Why, they are Jolly Bill and Jane. Yes, Jolly Bill and Jane of the

Cream of Wheat program, which at seven-forty-five every week day morning goes out over the NBC network.

Jolly Bill—who looks just like his name—is one of those souls who was born to enjoy life just as some other souls were born to have curly hair. And Jane's another one. They are not only jolly themselves; they make you feel jolly. At seven-forty-five in the morning, too.

After the program we all went down to the little drug store which is run in connection with NBC, and sitting on high stools, crunched bacon and nibbled toast while Jolly Billy and Jane went over the next day's script. They always do that—have a rehearsal just after their program, and then one the next day just before.

The rehearsals are, like the programs themselves, very informal. Jolly Bill tells Jane a story. She giggles at the places she wants to giggle. There is nothing set about it. On the air it sounds as if they were having an awfully good time, which is exactly the truth.

Jolly Bill was for many years in the newspaper business—cartooning for newspapers. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, and later, in Newark, New Jersey, his drawings were a daily feature. He would stand on the corners of busy streets and sketch prominent citizens. He would go to kiddie parties and give them "chalk talks". On WOR he had his first Radio experience, giving cartoon lessons over the air. It sounds rather difficult, doesn't it, but it was an immense success. Amateur artists sent in their drawings by the thousands. Jolly Bill would take the best ones, have them reproduced, and published in the paper. Then there were prizes and blue ribbons for the winners.

Eventually Bill appeared at NBC with an idea for a children's program. His feature became one of NBC's most popular sustaining hours. Now it is a commercial with the Cream of Wheat Company as the sponsor. In connection with the program is the H. C. B. Club. Mysterious initials, which only members of the club can know. And do those boys and girls who join have a good time, what with gold stars and medals and everything.

Bill takes about nine parts himself and Jane three. So you see, between them, they can put on quite a show. The morning I was in the studio, Jolly Bill was Jerry, the dog—and what a grand bark he has—'Rastus, the Cream of Wheat Chef, Schultz, the delicatessen man, and Paddy, the pirate. If I hadn't been looking I should have sworn there were several people at the mike.

Besides taking the parts of so many different characters, Bill's pockets are always laden with  
(Continued on page 96)



Jolly Bill (William Steinke) and Jane (Muriel Harbater)



# MARCELLA

*Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask*

*Her about the Stars You Admire*

**B**OOTH TODDLES and I have finally yielded to the behests of our many friends who want to see our pictures. And my dears, Jones is such a splendid artist—why it took weeks and weeks and w-e-e-k-s before he was satisfied with that expression around the feather in Toddles' bonnet. And of course, while one is hesitant about these things—don't you really think I have—uh—well, of course one should be very modest about one's own advantages—but I really can't resist remarking that my legs show off very well. Toddles' are quite a bit scrawny—she must never know I told you—and that's why she's in the background. Autographed copies on request.

My dears it's two weeks since I saw Bill Vallée, brother of Rudy—and I simply haven't come down to earth yet. If he isn't the exact image of his brother—why it's just like being with The Crooner himself. Bill isn't quite



Bill Vallée

so tall as Rudy, but he makes up for this loss horizontally. He's just twenty-two, has blond hair and soft, romantic eyes. And maybe you think it's fun being related to some famous person and being introduced around as Soandsose brother. Well, it just isn't. You lose all your identity, whatever that may be. But Bill doesn't have to depend upon his brother's popularity—he comes into this State of Popular Acclaim by his own rights and writings. For he's a writer, having worked in the Publicity Department of Paramount, he's an artist, and he's a downright good business man. He made his Radio debut on a new program called *Chats with Stars* a few weeks ago. By the way, girls, can he make popovers? Well, they're something like muffins with a vacuum in the middle. Both vacuum and surrounding territory are fit for a king, and 'tis said that Rudy of a morning garnishes his internal economy with no end of palatable popovers.



A. Sandersen

And are they good? Well, let's not talk about them anymore. By the way, maybe I can get Bill's own personal recipe for making them if anyone is interested in trying them out. And next month



Toddles and I—Pleased to meet you

there's going to be some thrilling news about a new organization called the Brothers of Celebrities. Bill and the brother of Ted Lewis have already started it and I mustn't say a word more—except—and my dears, I know you will be terribly thrilled—your own Marcella is to be Secretary—imagine—the only Female—even Toddles won't be able to poke her nose in the doorway.

\* \* \*

**A**ND now we come to a very important person—Alexis Sandersen, Program Director of WGBS, New York. (Just as an aside, he's a popover exponent himself. He and Bill Vallée had a great time arguing about who could make them bigger and better.) It's seldom that you find a singer who has any business capacity at all. But when Mr. Sandersen is not singing on chain programs (he's been heard on the Baldwin Hour over CBS) he arranges and directs WGBS features. Lovers of music are familiar with Mr. Sandersen's beautiful voice, for he has given many recitals in New York. His greatest thrill was when he saw his name on the motion picture screens in France, where scenarios were especially written for him. And now his greatest ambition is to appear in the talkies here, and he will if movie producers want good talent. He speaks French, Italian, German, English, Scandinavian and Russian.

Which reminds me that Dr. Thatcher Clark is now on WGBS Television programs every week with his French lessons, and on WOR every Saturday with a new series called *French for Travelers*. Good chance to brush up on the language before you take that trip to Gay Paree.

There have been a great many puckered brows around the country these many weeks. Who can it be? Is she on any other program? That voice certainly is familiar? If I could only know who she is. Marcella has received many letters

beseeking her to reveal the identity of the Old Dutch Girl who broadcasts three times a week over the CBS—but all I can say is—nothing doing. No, she isn't Lily Pons nor Rosa Ponselle. You'll just have to keep guessing and enjoying the program until this charming, appealing personality is ready to step out of her role as the Old Dutch Girl to appease her listeners' curiosity. Evidently she enjoys impersonating this figure which has held sway over so many households for the last twenty-six years.

\* \* \*

**D**ID I hear anyone say that the American home was disappearing? Well, if you saw the great big batches of home-made cookies, pies and other delicacies that admiring females send to A. L. Alexander, Chief Announcer of WMCA, you'd know that the emancipated sex hasn't quite deserted the old-fashioned oven. Mr. Alexander is so well-liked



A.L. Alexander

in these parts that a taxi-driver on learning that our popular announcer was his passenger, exclaimed, "Well, I would have driven him around town for nothing had I known it!" In his beautiful, clear, rich, resonant voice, he has presented such celebrities as Ethel Barrymore, Mary Pickford, George M. Cohan, Al Jolson, Arthur Brisbane and a host of others, to the Radio audience. Radio is his one and only love, his work and his play. He received his education in Boston, was engaged in newspaper and social service work and finally broke into Radio in 1925.

Ralph Kirbery is known in Radio circles as the singing fisherman. His voice is like a siren call to cod, bass, flounder, whale and other lake fish. Aspiring fisherman need no longer stop at a local store after a day's fishing and buy a quantity of good-sized catch to take home with them. Ralph's voice is the best bait. It seems that while fishing one evening with a newspaper friend and rather impatient at no sign of even a sardine, Ralph burst into song. Amazed at such a glorious baritone voice, the fish left their abiding place and came to the surface of the water for the concert. I



R. Kirbery

want to assure you, my dears, that this is not a new version of a fish story. And the pisces (short for fish) they caught were this big. Believe it or not, Ralph Kirbery gets away with it, and I for one, although not a member of the water-breathing craniate vertebrates, enjoy his songs tremendously as do his WMCA and WOR audiences.

“ . . . and look at me now,” is Art Gillham’s philosophy in a nut-shell. It may seem paradoxical to most of us but Art insists that when people cry they are happy—so he spends his time on the CBS chain stimulating listeners’ lachrymosynary glands. The Whispering Pianist came to his parents as a New Year’s gift



Art Gillham

thirty-six years ago in their home in Atlanta. Unlike most presents, Art stayed in the family. You may have heard him say that he is just a poor, broken, trodden down human being, weighing some 376 pounds. But you mustn’t believe it. He weighs a paltry 2,640 ounces, Fahrenheit. Being a very obedient son, he joined a traveling orchestra as a pianist—his father having laid out a surgeon’s career for him. Later he and two others, by name Scott Middleton and Billy Smythe, wrote *Hesitation Blues* which sold more than four million copies. This was in St. Louis from where he rolled in great wealth to New York. Here he entered the dignified profession of song plugger. Since he has been hanging his troubles on the CBS clothes-line, more than 65,000 letters have been sent him by fellow sufferers. Summed up in Omar Khayam’s way, Art would say, a cup of coffee, a heart-ache, some calla lillies and I.

LANNY ROSS is a Yale graduate and should therefore attract all Rudy admirers. A score and four years ago, Lancelot, as he was christened, was presented to his parents in Seattle while they were on a vaudeville tour. He received his early



Lanny Ross

education at the Horace Taft Preparatory School in Watertown, Conn. owned by President Taft’s brother. Here he became a member of the school glee club, and when he entered Yale, he soon became a member of the glee club there. As soloist of this organization he made a tour of Europe. Has been heard on many NBC presentations.

Applications by aspiring announcers are received in great numbers at the CBS in the form of letters and telephone calls. The little, unpretentious black mike has an irresistible lure and its call is heard and answered by men of all sizes, ages, backgrounds, educations, et cet, and et cet. On a cold and mathematical morning a committee at CBS got together ten announcers



Ken Roberts

for averaging purposes and after much compounding subtracting, dividing and square rooting, they arrived at a composite announcer. He is handsome, has light hair and blue eyes. Is under twenty-nine, stands five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 166 pounds. This composite picture was obtained from Ted Husing, Frank Knight, David Ross, Harry Von Zell, Louis Dean, Don Ball, Tom Breen, Andre Baruch, George Beuchler and John Mayo. Now two more announcers have been added to the CBS family. They are Kenneth Roberts and Edward Cullen. I can see where Kenneth, my dears, is not going to be lacking in neckties and cookies and whatever else admiring listeners send to favorite announcers. Already a pair of new fond parents have christened a small bundle after him. Kenneth, himself, was born in New York City. He studied law but left school to join Christopher Morley’s Hoboken production, *After Dark*. Edward Cullen is the other CBS newcomer. From Boston. Left college to join a stock company. His first New York engagement was in the same company with Tom Meighan.

MARY HANLON of Pittsburgh says she saw Rudy last summer and she knows that all those nasty reports about him are the “bunk”. “I want you to thank Peggy Hull for me for speaking so nicely of Rudy and Floyd Gibbons,” she continues. By this time, Mary, you must know that Rudy is now playing up at the Pennsylvania roof and that early in June he opened up on Broadway with *George White’s Scandals*. Peggy Hull, by the way, started a year ago with a very lovable, affectionate kitten. What is that saying, “Great oaks from little acorns grow?” Well, Peggy is now proud foster parent of twelve handsome felines, and at the same time of a dozen problems. Peggums is writing a book, and what can she do with a big thought when a kitten or two or three runs up on her lap and comfortably settles there for the rest of the afternoon. Eleven cat-loving homes wanted—and Peggy is not paying for this ad either, but I’ll get it out in some way—maybe in a home-made cooky.

Gossip: Mr. Woods, Royal Treasurer of NBC became proud father recently of a young eight-pounder. Irma Glen, the little lady who plays the big organ at WENR has 13 babies named after her. Please won’t someone get another baby and christen it Irma Glen so’s to pass the dre’ful 13. If Donald Nichols of Smithboro will turn to the rotogravure section in last October’s RADIO DIGEST he’ll see a beautiful picture of Irma. We’ll have another one very soon again. Yes, Julia, Rose and Mr. Milton, Irma went and accepted a husband recently. She started to study music ever since she was seven

and has been before the public most of her life. At fifteen she organized her own orchestra composed entirely of girls and in 1924 she took the *Irma Glen’s Co-Eds* to South America where they played for eight weeks. “The year before that,” writes Irma in her letter to me, “I toured Europe, unprofessionally, however, with mother who is my best pal (next to my husband). We visited eight countries and I heard all the music they had to offer.”

A big floppy hat, great round brown laughing eyes, and a sunny disposition—that’s Sue Read, one of the seven girls chosen by CBS for its television programs. You’ve heard her on the *Miniature Theatre*, Collier’s, Maltine, Lux and other programs. She comes from Philadelphia where she used to pose for photographers who recognized in her hands and fingers, a grace and exquisiteness worth perpetuating on film.

Mrs. Diven, Rudy’s very efficient secretary, was knee-deep in press clipping volumes when I saw her the other day. And girls, do you know that Rudy disguises himself whenever he takes a walk. Try and guess what he wears: whiskers, mustache or—well I mustn’t tell you. Here, Elizabeth Stevens of Chicago, are the answers to your questions. Rudy is 29, five feet ten and a half, is not married, broadcasts from the rehearsal room of the *Paramount Theatre* and his office is at 67 West 44th Street.



Sue Read

SHE had just scoured the antique shops for oriental jewelry—had Josephine Breskine, well-known contralto heard over WBZ, Boston—when she came into RADIO DIGEST’s domicile. She was smartly dressed and wore gorgeous jewels—pendant ear-rings, a long necklace and very attractive rings. Miss Breskine is sister of Sylvia Breskin, internationally known prima donna who just returned from Italy, and is niece of A. I. Breskin, late composer and musical director, and she herself, with her beautiful voice, stands on the threshold of prominence.

Writes Mrs. O’Brien of Lagrange, “Have always enjoyed the wonderful programs broadcast by John Stamford. Let us have a picture, please.” (See next page.) John is a Program Director, having been in Radio for the last seven years, and also a tenor of no mean ability. He spent a season in concerts, was in musical comedy, vaudeville and dramatic stock. His programs, the *Stamford Players*, are so intensely interesting that they hold the unbroken attention of the audience sometimes for over an hour and forty minutes.

Grace Hammill, formerly of RADIO DIGEST, bumped into Russ Russell of WGN th’other day.



J. Breskine



J. Stamford

She says it made her feminine heart quiver. He's tall, good looking and has blue eyes and coal black hair. Single and has a weakness for blondes, brunettes, chestnuts, ebony and Titian-haired. Used to be with Dean Fitzer of WDAF. Grace says that some time in August Frank Clark and Sarah Ann McCabe, now on NBC, will celebrate sixth weddin' anniversary.

Sally Barrett can hear Will Osborne every Wednesday night on the CBS. He and his orchestra are playing at the Bossert Roof, a Brooklyn hotel.

Ormah Carmean, Program Director of KMA, espousing the SOS about the Ray-O-Vac Twins, writes this illuminating and friendly note: "Russ Wildy is now working with Freddy Rose in Chicago and appears over KYW twice a week. Billy Sheehan is with the Cudahy Packing Company of Chicago in the sales department. They were known over our station as the Paint Boys and their fans are still asking about them. I realize you must be a very busy lady but should you ever be out in Iowa, we want you to make yourself at home at our station." Thank you, Miss Carmean, and I shall certainly look you up when I am in your fair city.

For the benefit of W. N. Crosley and Lena B. Camire: Lloyd G. Del Castillo was born in Boston on April 2nd, 1893. He is staff organist and assistant musical director of WEEI and he must be a good one for he is a musician of the first rank, composer, symphony conductor, writer and bandmaster. At the age of four his mother, a musician herself, gave him his first piano lessons. Mr. Castillo, his wife, Phyllis and his two daughters, Elaine and Janet perform regularly over WEEI. Got his degree with honors in music from Harvard in 1914.

Jerry Wilford, it is rumored about, is to return to KFRC, San Francisco, according to Maye of El Paso. Thanks for the tip, Maye.

To a crowd of Mansfield Ladies and to Betty Jamieson: Marcella dedicates this trio of WTAM-ickers: Harry Frankel, known as Singing Sam, Edward H. Smith and Russell B. Wise. Mr. Wise admits that he's married and boasts of a son at Ohio Wesleyan College who is a star track man. This dean of WTAM announcers started his business career in the milk business and then went insurance-wise.



Del Castillo

**ED SMITH** is Program Director of WTAM. Engineering was his vocation

until he was called to service in Panama and South America. Over WGY way Smith put into practice his idea of producing Radio dramas. In this he was a pioneer and Roxy devotes a whole chapter in his book to Smith's efforts in this work.

The discovery of Rosaline Greene, well-known NBC and CBS star, is credited to our Pioneer of Radio Dramas and last but not least he appeared in *Seventh Heaven*, *Broadway* and *The Gorilla*.

Johanna Grosse, a former WTAM-icker, is not in Radio as far as Hal Metzger, Pub. Director, knows. Last he heard she was taking care of invalid mother in Cleveland.

Will Violet Harris of Muskegon Hgts., Mich., and M. M. of Neenah lend me their ears. This is WTMJ: Billy Russell no longer in Radio—Margaret Starr when last heard of was in Chicago with no



H. Frankel, Ed Smith, Russell Wise

broadcasting connection—Glen Welty conducts the Milwaukee Athletic Club Orchestra—Merrill Trapp is in charge of Cramer-Krasselt Advertising Agency's Radio Department, and WOW of Omaha never had an announcer named Thurlie B. Evan. Stanley Morner, one of the latest of WTMJ's announcers, is known to everyone as the winner for two consecutive years of the state Atwater Kent audition. After college he sang in grand opera in his state. No mere printed word could adequately describe Mr. Morner. Television alone will do him justice—blond, wavy hair, blue eyes and an appealing smile.

Julanne Pelletier, 22-year old lively French pianist, entertains WTMJ's audiences with her popular piano tunes. She is a real Parisienne, five feet two, dark brown wavy hair, white glistening teeth and sloping green-brown eyes. At the age of seven she was accompanist at every public and social entertainment held in the small Michigan town where she was reared.

Merle Blackburn, the third of this trio, is one of WTMJ's singing announcers—



Stan Morner, J. Pelletier, M. Blackburn

or better still, a singing salesman—and what a crackerjack he is in the sales department of the station. This "Early Bird" announcer has very blue eyes, very black hair and very five feet—almost six tall. His hobby is disciplining billiard balls.

Since the separation of Mr. and Mrs. McNamee was talked about, the May

issue of RADIO DIGEST has been selling like popovers. Why? It contains a splendid article on "Friend Husband" by the Mrs.

★ ★ ★

**TO HELEN** of Peoria, who enjoys this column so much. Introducing Bob Longstreet—just 24—Columbia's newest and youngest announcer. Bob's pa is Managing Editor of the Asbury Park Press. Listeners will remember having heard Bob sing on the Paul Tremaine concerts which were broadcast from Asbury Park last summer. He's a grad of Lehigh University, worked as public office manager for the N. J. Bell Telephone Company but Mike got him at last.

Julia Kline will soon find a picture of the Futuristic Rhythm Boys, the WOV harmony team, in one of our future issues. Al Simmons is not Connie Mack's Al—he's 22, medium height. Manny is the same age and quite good looking, but you will see for yourselves when the photo is published.

Marie, where have you been! Haven't you seen Gene and Glenn's picture in the May issue, page 15?

Hearts and stomachs are common in that they share mankind's greatest yearnings but they differ when it comes to mending. Frank Gow, junior announcer of WEEI, proved this when he found himself on a ship as Radio operator. The boat was a bit too wiggly for the old "tummy" and he was mighty glad to get on terra firma again. But two weeks on solid ground found the august stomach healed and he boarded a tramp steamer. After two years of sailing here and there he resigned and took to the land for good. For a while he taught code and theory to aspiring Radio operators at the Eastern Radio Institute, but when WEEI needed a new operator, Frank stepped into the job and was soon after that promoted to his present position.

Carl and Clara Britt—where have you been? Edward B. Husing was horoscoped and photographed especially for RADIO DIGEST May issue. Yes, Bob of the True Story Hour is a new person. I've looked all over for your twenty-one letters, but cannot find them.

This one concerns Mrs. Ellen Dickey, now of WAAT, Newark. While broadcasting for WJJD, Chicago, a Texas man fell in love with her voice. They met, everything was set for the wedding, but he suddenly disappeared in a foreign land while on Secret Service duty. Awful life, isn't it?

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



B. Longstreet



Frank Gow

*HIS peculiarly gifted singing voice led Morton Downey, famous Columbia tenor, into many adventures. Adversity was his lot in early years. But unfailing ambition and boundless optimism led him on to remarkable success. Below, Mr. Richards presents the second phase of young Downey's career*

# Riding the

# Morton

By

GRENVILLE RICHARDS

**H**ERE we find that Morton Downey has "arrived".

Picture a footloose and free youngster, who has led for the first twenty years of his life what at best was an uncertain existence, suddenly thrust to the front, accepted as a singer and entertainer with a capacity for earning in a month as much or more than he had ever been able to scrape together before in an entire year.

So was Downey not so very long after he got his first real break on the S.S. Leviathan while that stately craft was on her trial trip before acceptance as a Shipping Board liner.

Radio had not yet entered the picture, nor methinks, had Morton even dreamed of it. In point of fact, should we wish to draw a parallel, the rise of Radio and that of Downey are not so very much separated. Radio itself was pretty much in its babyhood insofar as being generally accepted as a medium of entertainment, in the days when Morton, viewed in the light of the same medium, was wholly an infant.

How different today—with Radio ranking as the foremost and most widely disseminated means of entertainment that the world has ever known—with Downey riding the crest created for him by Radio, beyond any question a success.

**A**ND success rides lightly, today, just as did his smaller and earlier ones, on the shoulders of this chunky, blue-eyed youngster who inherits his clear gaze, straightforward manner and scorn of restraint from his father and through him from Auld Erin; and his voice from Heaven knows where.

He harbors no illusions about success in his field—nor for that matter illusions on much of anything else. He is rather much inclined to take each day as it comes, and is singularly devoid of surprise over whatever each may bring.

For instance, while he was annoyed, and chafed far more than would you or I when his recent illness and throat infection kept him in bed the better part

of a month, he was not any more surprised than we are at the fact that winter follows summer.

Chiefly he was angry, mad clear through you might say, that it had to hit him just at the time which by all signs bid fair to be the most lucrative of his life.

Most of us feel endowed with all due and just cause for a bit of "grousing" if we have to shell out a few hundred dollars for physician's, surgeon's, and hospital bills—but in the average case the old income comes in just the same. Suppose that illness had cost us in cold cash, twenty—thirty—forty thousand, as his did Morton. Then, say you, we would have a real kick coming.

But how did Downey take it? Well, with about as much emotion as cream rising on milk. Don't think from that he liked the idea. Nay—nay! He just refused to let it get under his skin, treated it about as seriously as he regards most things in life—not at all so.

"What the heck," to quote Downey literally. "If I were going around talking about my art and my public, and were trying to sell you the idea that this was all 'art for art's sake' and a lot of bunk like that; then perhaps to keep in form I ought to bemoan the fact that

by being such a darned old fool as to get sick I was unfeelingly depriving my thousands and thousands of admirers of one of the great things in life—the joy of hearing me sing."

Of course I may have been mistaken, but it seems to me that the next thing Mr. Downey said was—or at least sounded very much like—"Hooley!"

"But all joking aside," he went on, still grinning at the thought of his singing being the moment of moments in anyone's life, "I truly did not have any idea how much how many people thought of my work until I did get sick. Boy, I'll bet there will be a shortage of farm produce in Indiana for the next year."

**T**HIS last crack was inspired by the fact that *Wabash Moon*, the theme song of his own composition which Downey uses in his broadcasts, has resulted in his being made something of a popular idol in that state. Well onto half of the gifts, remembrances and well-wishes that poured into his sick-bed came from there—and there were thousands.

"I haven't any illusions about all this wave of popularity. How long will it last? How do I know? It will have its



Morton Downey at the microphone and his orchestra as seen from the control room in the CBS studios, New York

Crest with

# Downey



day and I am having mine now. But when they slide the old skids under me I am going to see to it that I do not have to worry about it or anything else no matter how well greased they may be."

**I**N RESPONSE to a gently-worded question on whether the present days of affluence and adulation, or those earlier times when he first got into the swim, almost literally, aboard the Leviathan, were best, he thought deep, ran a pocketful of silver from hand to hand much in the manner of a conjurer running a pack of cards through the air, and decided the old days were more fun and the present more desirable in most ways.

"But boy," and a reminiscent and somewhat satanic gleam bore silent witness, "those were the days!"

Here followed an exposition of that trait of the Downey character alluded to previously—that of never forgetting a good deed nor ever forgiving a bad one.

It seems there was aboard the Leviathan in those days if not now, a head steward, who, if not as Morton hazarded, a "Limey" in fact, was at least that by fact of parentage and desire—who did his best to make it evident.

Now if you know Downey it would be to realize that that fact alone would be more than enough to make his hair stand up, but when it developed the steward seemed more or less in charge of Downey, the Whiteman orchestra, and all other entertainers, and had classified them as "help", the situation grew serious.

When, moreover, he ruled that as help they were barred from the swimming pool, open revolt became general. As a means of quelling the rebellion he banned them from the smoking-room also, and then the gymnasium.

By this time, and particularly when he caused forcible eviction of certain members of the orchestra from those sacred spots, not a few of the musicians talked openly of dropping the steward overboard.

**N**OT so Downey. He simply smiled a knowing smile and let nature take its course. Nature it seems can always be counted on, for the very next year Downey made his first, and highly successful invasion of Europe.

With malice aforethought Morton booked a de luxe cabin on the Leviathan. And with the same quality and purpose

Morton took pains to hunt that steward, to remind him of his, Morton's, identity and of the fact of his presence on the maiden voyage. That accomplished, Morton deliberately kept the poor devil on the jump throughout the voyage.

If he lagged he spurred him onward. If he demurred Downey threatened to report him. He had him at every task, almost to bringing him down the mainmast cap for inspection. Then just as deliberately Morton strolled ashore in England, quite, and with all that old malice aforethought, forgetting that it is customary for one to lavishly tip one's steward on leaving ship. The worst of it was that Morton had kept him so busy the fellow hardly had time to get in solid with any other passengers. Yea—truly revenge is sweet.

For the greater part of the ensuing four years Downey stayed with the Paul Whiteman organization, save for those times that he went off on European jaunts of his own during summer seasons. One of the best gags of this period is of an authorship now gone to the limbo of the lost in memory.

**I**T WAS of a nature that might well have been born either of the brain of Whiteman or of Downey. They are either of them quite capable of having conceived it, though to my mind it smacks more of the wit of Downey.

At any rate there was an apparently bonafide French horn player in the band. He tooted with the best of them. That was Downey, and what of it if not a sound came from the horn. It looked good. Once in each program he got up and sang a song and the audience always gave him a big hand, probably because they thought they had before them a musician who strangely and rarely enough, could also sing.

Well—one more anecdote of this—let us say—formative period, and we will hie us once more to the Downey of the present. Anecdotes, by the way, are one of the most prolific things that Morton has. If there is anything the lad really likes to do it is to get away to some quiet spot and relate these priceless bits from a day long gone in experience, but of the immediate past in point of actual years.

Just about the time that Morton was getting some early breaks as a singer he answered a call to serve as soloist at a banquet of a Jewish federation at a mid-Manhattan hotel. He only knew five songs at the time, and did not know until he arrived that he had been booked for a Jewish affair. All of the five songs were Irish ballads. But he got by all right, as he always seems to, on his wit when he can't do it by singing, and left with a bonus.

He saw the humorous side of it then as he does now, as he does in nearly everything he undertakes, for that matter. He is an inveterate jokester, but goes about his pranks so quietly and with such

serious mien that you usually wake up to find that he has put one over on you and everyone else is laughing.

Nowhere, perhaps, does this quality assert itself more than in his Radio work. Downey's rehearsals as a rule are one long laugh, and I've a sneaking suspicion that more than one official is as a rule present in the control room during these periods who would be hard put to it if asked to explain any official reason for being there.

I also have a very distinct feeling that more than one official lives in daily, weekly and mortal fear that one of these days Morton will forget he is on the air, think it is rehearsal and treat a nationwide audience of Downey fans to one or more of those quips whispered into the receptive "mike", intended solely for the ears of the crew in the control room of the studio, and in all probability directed at one or more of them in highly personal manner.

**D**OWNEY draws a packed house in the studio as surely as during those periods which he has given to stage appearances around New York, and which, though cut short by his illness, will probably be resumed very soon after this present moment.

He has a "cuddly" sort of way with a microphone, much as though he were taking it into intimate confidences, but the self-same habit gives control engineers a chance to figure out which of the many chills chasing each other up and down his spine is going to come in winner.

For this intimate microphone manner often results in that delicate instrument being hit, however gently—the surest road to reverberating manmade static. Of course all that could be avoided by having him sing to a microphone suspended from the studio ceiling rather than to the floor type, but Downey refuses to sing to a hanging mike.

That, and one other thing, are about the only signs of temperament this lad allows himself. He knows that in the present day he is a busy man, so if the rehearsal is not ready for him say five or ten minutes past the appointed time he may get testy about it. Not really badly of course, just in the mild Morton manner.

**T**HE other day, however, rehearsal for his Paramount hour was set and waiting. When, an hour later, they were still waiting, from company executives on down to the kettle drummer and guest artists, the city began to get flooded by frantic telephone calls to police stations, hospitals, morgues, hotels, his apartment and everywhere else fevered officials could call to mind. His car was parked in front of the Hotel Delmonico, where he has his offices, but of Morton not a trace.

About the time theories of kidnapping

came up for discussion Morton hurried in, very much harassed. On leaving his office to go to rehearsal he had found a police ticket on his car, and to use his own words—he "got so d . . n mad while looking for the cop that did it he completely forgot there was a rehearsal."

And here the boy in the man showed right on the surface. He was chastened, humiliated, downright sorry, and promised to be good. I was with him the next afternoon when he suddenly jumped up and announced he had to rush to rehearsal. He got there fifteen minutes ahead of time and sat around, kidding friends, jingling coins and generally fidgeting until the others showed up.

Another juvenile trait that crops up in Downey ever and anon is that of being unable to resist the temptation to tease when it is at all evident that the object of his attentions is vulnerable.

So, with that in mind, when he has an odd moment on his hands for a session of that nature, and finds himself in the building of the Columbia Broadcasting System at 485 Madison Avenue in New York City, with whom he has his Radio affiliations, he hies himself to the Press Department where, he knows, is suitable material for his bedevilment.

**O**F COURSE Downey has not achieved success without the usual chorus of pessimistic comment—seeming adherents and supporters in spite of themselves. He has gone the limit they have told you from time to time, or again, he is slipping. Slipping is right, but in defiance of all laws of gravity—uphill.

Columbia tried him out as a forlorn hope—an act that could successfully buck Amos 'n' Andy on the 7 P.M. spot—for one day a week. It was a matter of just a few days only when they began adding days to his schedule until he appeared at that hour four times a week.

Soon he became the highlight of the Paramount hour, and as a flyer on the side appeared at the Palace and was held over, so surely did he click. And now word comes to me that with the passing of Camel from the programs of the National Broadcasting Company that Downey has been picked to sing them on to sales via the new series on Columbia's air. Good boy Mort—you're slipping.

The Club Delmonico has closed for the summer, like all good supper clubs, which is just another evidence of much little-suspected business ability on the part of Downey. He should have been a theatrical producer on Broadway—he knows when to close—while the public still has a definite taste for more. The minute weather became milder and Saturday nights failed to show many reservations turned down because of lack of space he shut up shop—just like that.

May I remind you at this time that all of this has been done wholly without the aid of that indefinite vocal or physical quality much vaunted and widely publi-

cized under the slangy pseudonym of "It". His voice above all things is wholly devoid of this stigma, and—though Mr. Downey may not be thrilled when he reads this himself, he is also lacking in that quality.

In fact judging from the letters he receives from members of the opposite sex they as a rule seem to be Downey fans in spite of themselves. Take for instance the young lady from upstate somewhere in New York who wrote on nice stationery in red pencil. After assuring him that she never missed a single Downey Radio appearance she proceeded to pull him thoroughly to pieces. She was, to be gentle, far from complimentary, either to Downey or his voice, even accusing him of taking bread from the mouths of sopranos, and concluding her letter in this manner:

**"P**LEASE, Mr. Downey, send me your best picture so I can hang it up on the wall and throw knives at it."

This fairly well classifies her as a woman in the prime of life for Mr. Downey's real conquests seem to be among those females under six and over sixty.

It is true. Something in that silvery voice inspires infants to adoration and elderly ladies to an undownable desire to cuddle and mother him.

Really my intention was to tell you something here of the amazing things Downey can do with that voice, and to take you with me into his home—a real home—where many charming and surprising sides of his complex character come to light which would never even be suspected amid other surroundings by any mere acquaintance.

Downey, whose patron Saint is he who watches over wanderers and travelers, is yet in love with his home, and there love reigns supreme. There Downey relaxes utterly—there he throws off all restraint—and among other things indulges his own peculiar ideas of exercise. More of that anon.

**N**OTHING is ever quite right in that home. There is always something not quite as perfect as it should be in its physical aspects as a setting for his lovely and charming wife, Barbara Bennett. He would not be Downey if he felt otherwise. For most of all that home is a monument to a real love—to a man who worships his wife—and a wife who adores her husband.

Yet—even as I write a shadow is lifting from that home, a shadow laden with the chill breath of death. Downey's heart has not been of late either in the Radio studio nor in his home or office, but by a bedside in a New York hospital.

Happily the shadow has passed, and when Downey welcomes his wife back to their nest the telling thereof, of resumed and augmented happiness, should make beautiful reading.

# Harry Glick *mixes* Chuckles *and* Exercise at WMCA

By MURIEL ALLEN



Harry Glick

**W**HEN you're the world's welterweight wrestling champion, you have to answer a lot of questions. The two most important ones are "How?" and "Why?"—"How did you get so strong?" and "Why did you take up wrestling?"

One lad has the answer to both queries. He's Harry Glick, the exuberant air personality who conducts the "Seat of Health" gym class over WMCA every morning at 10.00 o'clock.

"You, see, it's this way", says Harry (for some reason nobody ever thinks of calling him "Mr. Glick; he's such an all round good fellow)—"When I was a youngster—well, we won't go into the family album that far back—but all kidding aside, at thirteen years of age I threw a scare into myself—and the rest of the family—by having a serious attack of heart trouble. The doctor's verdict was, 'Don't have another or you'll be sorry.' That nearly took the tuck out of me, and for the next seven years, while I was learning all about Caesar's Gallic War and the shortest distance between two points, I wasn't even allowed to run a foot race.

"When I reached the age of twenty I celebrated the event by contracting rheumatism, and if you think that's any fun, even after you pass the eightieth milestone, you're very much mistaken. In addition to being wrecked in pain, I was as mad as the proverbial March hare.

Right there and then I made up my mind that I would become physically strong if it was the only thing I accomplished in life. So when the neighborhood gang went out to have a good time, I went down into the basement and started rigging up a gym. I made parallel bars out of my mother's old broom handles and a trapeze out of a discarded curtain pole. A friend of mine, an old 'salt', had taught me how to splice ropes. I made flying rings out of an old set of quoits and strung them from the ceiling.

"Being an omnivorous—I guess that's

---

*Do you want to reduce? Do you want to build yourself up physically? Are there any other health questions on your mind? Harry Glick will be glad to help you. Simply write to Harry Glick, care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y., and he will give personal consideration to your particular problem.*

a good word, eh?—reader, I studied everything I could lay my hands on that had anything to do with physical culture—and what is more, I consistently put it into practice. Gradually my health began to improve and the gnawing rheumatic pains abated.

"A little later I joined the gym of the local Y. M. C. A. and while standing along the ropes one night watching a wrestling match, someone pushed me forward on the mat with the words, 'Go on, kid, let's see what you can do.' I wouldn't welch, so I went through with it—and floored my man. I had known nothing about the technique of wrestling, but the sport fascinated me from that time on. My muscles were now as strong as iron and my whole physique had improved.

"And then—the big scrap—on the other side, I mean. I was in the 27th A. E. F. (the fact that I passed that physical examination is proof of my general condition). Somehow fighting got to be a habit with us 'Over There' and along with the rest of the battles we went through, I had the good fortune to win welter and middleweight wrestling championships in my division.

"And when we came back—well, I literally threw my hat into the ring—and that's that."

"You mean, that's all?"

"Well, nearly all. I had a taste of the stage as a Russian dancer with Natacha Nattova; a turn before the kliegs with Adolphe Menjou, and every once in a  
(Continued on page 95)



Harry Glick's "Seat of Health" Class at Brighton Beach. Left foreground, Gus Van; center, Harry Glick and, right, Billy Snyder

## SHOULD STARS TELL THEY'RE MARRIED?—A "MUTT" LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG

MAY an insignificant mutt poke her nose into this all-important question that was discussed in the April issue of your most interesting magazine about whether or not a Radio star should let the cat out of the bag if he or she is married?—Whether or not you let the aforementioned mutt wag her tale, she is going to anyway. My answer is YES. After all, was the Radio created to give enjoyment and education, or to provide husbands for old maids?—She who had the last word." New York, N. Y.

\*\*\*

THE less we know of the stars and announcers in a personal way the more mystery and romance we can build up about them. As the song goes, "Let me have my dreams." I'm a hard boiled business woman but please don't tell me my Prince Charming of the air has a wife and sixteen kids.—B. E. Neale, Deming, N. M.

\*\*\*

OTHERS who expressed their opinions on the subject of "Marriage—Should a Star Reveal it" were . . . Agnes Richardson, 615 Fleming St., Howell, Mich. . . . Jeanne Davis, . . . Dorothy M. Swan, R.F.D. 1, Fluvanna Ave., Jamestown, N. Y. . . . G. Fusee, R. N., 94 Windemere, Highland Park, Mich. (for her family) . . . Jennie Kress, 2333 West 42nd St., Cleveland, Ohio . . . Lack of space prevents our printing their interesting letters, but all voted to have celebrities reveal their marital status, as did the majority of writers whose letters appeared in our June issue—*Editor*.

### INFORMATION WANTED

CAN anyone tell me what Radio station put on my play *Gaius and Gaius, Jr.* during the summer of 1924? It is in Carolina Folk Plays, Second Series, and was broadcast without permission and the payment of royalty. A friend of mine heard it but could not remember from what station, other than that it was some New York station.—Miss Lucy M. Cobb, Y.W.C.A., Raleigh, N. C. (Please write Miss Cobb direct if you can help her—*Editor*)

### QUIT JAZZING THE CLASSICS

I AM writing beside my Radio while I'm in the mood to say just what I feel. From my speaker is coming a fast, peppy fox trot, one which makes one whirl and swing dizzily about. It's not the tempo that's gotten me wild. It's the number they're playing. Believe it or not, it is the *Lament* from *Pagliacci*! A little while ago I turned the dial to escape a similar treatment of the *Meditation* from *Thais*. And several times recently, *Liebstraum* and *Serenade*. Can't the jazz bands be satisfied with *Sweet and Hot*, *I Got Rhythm*, and countless others, without resorting to the opera and classics?

It's outrageous that compositions of real and rare beauty should be torn to pieces and hurled at the listeners by blaring brasses, jangling pianos and thundering drums. Won't the other V.O.L. fans give their opinions?—Sally Barrett, 10 Stanyan St., San Francisco, Cal.

### TRANSCRIPTIONS ARE O. K. THESE CORRESPONDENTS SAY

I AM very strongly in favor of good electrical transcriptions. Pray, what fault can Mr. R. J. Doyle of Bay City, Mich., find with the "Chevrolet Chronicles" or "Pequet Personalities"? I wager that the people who object so strenuously to phonograph records and electrical transcriptions could never tell the difference between "live" and "canned" programs if no identifying announcement were made.—Clara D. Lange, 2007 Marquette,

# Voice of the

Davenport, Ia. . . . I can listen to half a dozen of the electrical transcriptions and enjoy them as well as I do a coast to coast hook-up.—Mrs. C. L. Walton, 2381 Greenway Ave., Winston Salem, N. C. . . . To our way of thinking the ones who kick the most at transcriptions are ones who have tried to get on the air from their local stations and were not able, and are venting their petty jealousies in this manner. Perhaps we are wrong, but give us a good transcribed program to a poor talent program any time—K. S. Rogers, Managing Director Radio Station CFCY and Staff, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada.

### BUT THESE FOLKS HOLD CANNED MUSIC LEAVES 'EM COLD

WHICH would I choose—a "good" program on wax or a bum one through the mike? I would choose to turn the set off and save batteries and use my own canned music on the premises. Has it ever occurred to the broadcasters that many listeners have the records at home which they are broadcasting—and frequently have better phonographs and can remember to change needles?—A. G. Taggart, Ebb and Flow Indian Reservation, Reedy Creek P.O., Manitoba, Canada . . . When I tune on a station and learn that it is a record, I immediately turn to find something different. I have canvassed our neighborhood and all of the twenty people owning Radios in my vicinity feel the same as I do. They turn the dial. Now it costs to advertise over the Radio, and I imagine that any firm taking advantage of the Radio wants as large an audience as it can get, so why not cut out the electrical transcriptions?—Clarence J. Kirby, Vice-Pres., The Monroe Nursery, Monroe, Mich. . . . I certainly can tell the difference between transcriptions and first hand music and singing. There is no comparison in tone quality on the Radio.—Hazel L. Humphrey, Route 1, Box 15, Evergreen, Colo. . . . I heartily agree with Mr. Doyle who said he didn't care for "canned programs". Besides, I don't think it's fair—it's taking work away from real entertainers.—M. Hess, Cleveland, Ohio.

### YOUNG LOVE FOR SALE

PLEASE enter this as my protest against the broadcasting anywhere over any Radio circuit of the vocal refrain in the dance melody entitled *Young Love for Sale*—R. C. Messner, Rockford, Ill.

### A MAN RAZZES RECIPES

EVERY time I purchase your magazine I find more *junk* about raising children, politics, gardening, beauty and care of skin and cooking recipes. If we want that stuff there are magazines which print it. We buy your magazine because it says "Radio Digest" and we expect articles about Radio, television and the different Radio stars. Cut out the other rot. My favorite departments in your magazine are Coming and Going, Tuncful Topics, the picture section, Chain Gang Chatter, Radiographs, Marcella, news about stations all over the U. S.; Hits, Quips and Slips, and of course, V.O.L.—Jack Lee, 1883 North Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

### AND THIS MAN ASKS FOR 'EM

PLEASE send me your recipes for Mrs. Smith's Mystery Cake and Miss Bowering's Cubist Cake, and let me thank you very much for the same.—Mr. W. Burrows, Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver, Colo.

### GO AHEAD, HUGHIE

I HAVE a Radio-telephone station (broadcasting over wires) and use some of your plays. As it broadcasts only to five houses, it really isn't commercial. I'm only thirteen and go under the name of the Superior System—Independent Broadcasts. If you object to my using your plays, tell me so, and I'll stop.—Hugh Linst, California.

### ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

AFTER I read an article delineating all the high requirements demanded of announcers and then turn on my set and hear some of the most elementary rules of grammar completely disregarded and some of the simplest words in the English language treated as total strangers, I cannot help wondering what these announcers do with all the education they are supposed to have.

I am not demanding "high-brow" English, but don't you think that anyone who pretends to talk over a Radio should know how to pronounce such words as "recognize", "suggest", "exquisite", "aviation" and "dirigible", just to mention a few? Yet I can hardly listen to a program of an hour's length without hearing one or more of these words mispronounced. Now don't forget, I am not talking about the little 100 watt stations either, but the big city, super-power, chain stations and the others who have indulged in so much publicity as to the qualifications of their staffs.

Here are the mistakes of a week. Monday—"Alley" for ally and "avertiser" for advertiser, to mention a few. Tuesday—"tejus" for tedious. Wednesday a speaker at an eastern station persisted in talking about the "influenzer" which recalls the fact that many others have peculiar "idears". Thursday a minister called further "futher", Friday an announcer called a heroine a "herein", on Saturday someone called bouillion "bull-i-on" and accented the word embassy on the "bas".

These are but a few of the most glaring errors during six days and I listened but a few hours each day. This makes a good game for the listener, and if you look up every mistake you notice, but about which you are not sure, you will be surprised to see how often you were wrong and the speaker right. Then, if you will occasionally let the stations hear from you it may be of mutual benefit to you and them.—R. C. Hall, Proctorville, Ohio.

### JUICY BAIT FOR FAN MAIL

MORE Radios are standing idle and not being used more than once a week today because the owners can't get anything but some tin pan orchestra or some old girl screeching at the top of her voice. They talk and brag about the fan mail they get and the chances are, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, their announcers throw out some nice juicy bait to draw it in. Give us fewer musical programs and more talking acts like Gene and Glenn, Amos 'n' Andy, Abe and David, Phil Cook and Al and Pete.—Will C. Mitchell, 102 So. Ohio Avenue, Abingdon, Ill.



# Listener

## GUESS WHO!

Rare is this saxophone player,  
Undoubtedly best crooner, too,  
Deft as an orchestra leader,  
Yet that isn't all he can do.

Various things he has mastered,  
All lead him to fortune and fame  
Lately success from his writing,  
Lavished on him more acclaim,  
Everyone's heard this boy, surely,  
Each line of this verse spells his name.

—Eldora Bruning,  
426 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## ORCHEST-RATIONS

**T**HE DIGEST has Rudy Vallée listed in Thursday's programs as an idol and despair to feminine listeners. That is true only to a degree and is a slam on women in the long run. They change their minds when they see and hear him. They find they have been attracted by an air voice that cannot stand the test of a theater. Detroit is too big for him. When he attacked the \$50.00 per week man the way he did he spoke unwisely. Don't misunderstand me—my hat is truly off to him for the money he receives. I enjoy his writings and I harbor no malice toward him.—Jennie Blakely, Detroit, Mich. . . . Rudy Vallée is my favorite star. I went over three hundred miles, from St. Louis to Chicago, to see him and his boys, and it was sure worth the trip.—L. L. K., St. Louis, Mo. . . . Chalk up another Vallée fan. He is one of the most unspoiled entertainers on the air—Therese Meyer, Union City, N. J. . . . Always see to it that RADIO DIGEST contains a picture of him. If the cranks don't like it they can tear it out and dispose of it, but print one each time for his fans.—I. M. H., Atlantic City, N. J.

\*\*\*

**"PLEASE** put my name under the Voice of the Rudy Listeners"—that's the cry from so many feminine throats. We haven't room to print all their letters, so here goes—we list names of loyal fans just to show the letters are appreciated. Writers were . . . Judith Van Dec, Lancaster, Ohio. . . . Mrs. Louise F. Stevens, East Braintree, Mass. . . . Rosemarie Lee, Nebraska. . . . Agnes Gearhart, 1746 Arlington Ave., Toledo, Ohio. . . . Marjorie Page, Huntington Sta., New York. . . . Ida Farrow, Elizabeth, Ia. . . . Mary J., New Britain, Conn. . . . Sally Barrett, San Francisco, Cal. . . . J. H., Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

\*\*\*

**T**HE only numbers I dislike to hear the Royal Canadians play is their closing signature, because I know it means the end of their half hour on the air. I am a new reader of the DIGEST and I hope this letter makes me a member of Voice of the Listener—Mrs. B. C. Raynor, 108 Fairfield Ave., Syracuse, N. Y. . . . Please put more items about Guy Lombardo in your magazine—Miss Mary De Missett, Port Colborne, Ont., Canada. . . . Let me add to your list of best singers Carmen Lombardo—Verna Dunlap, 5 Lexington Ave., Merchantville, N. J. . . . Please give us a picture of Guy Lombardo and his renowned violin. It is not fair to us to always favor Rudy Vallée's friends.

—Christine Hvass, 7220-25th Ave., Kenosha, Wis. . . . We regret sincerely the lack of appreciation shown to our favorite orchestra, Paul Tremaine and his boys. No others can soothe the mind and pedal extremities so quickly and thoroughly as this aggregation. Without Paul Tremaine at lunch time we are like a ship without a sail.—The Boys of Weiser's Pharmacy, Camden, N. J. . . . I wonder how so many can overlook Ted Lewis and his Orchestra—M. C. S., El Paso, Tex. . . . Ben Bernie has the most appealing personality. His semi-presto rhythm is simply delish.—Olga Garon, 80 Brock St., Drummondville, Que., Canada.

## LAH-DE-DAH LADIES, BEWARE!

**DO YOU** think a campaign could be waged to have the women who broadcast speak naturally? Some try to adopt a languid, bored accent with an attempt at a Bostonian or Oxford pronunciation, and it is really very distasteful. I love a Boston accent which is natural, and a soft Oxford accent is charming, but to hear a woman say "tomawto" in one sentence and "tomato" in the next is simply ludicrous. It reminds me of the story of the newly rich woman who was going to take a "bawth in the bath-tub." What do your readers think?—Margaret (Mrs. W. L.) Johnston, 13405 Gruner Road, Detroit, Mich.

## GET WISE, RADIO HOGS

**W**ILL someone please edit a new book of etiquette covering Radio manners? An appropriate title might be "How to Run a Radio Politely". As an introductory chapter please advise what to do when a guest assures you that his Radio is never noisy with static while yours has bangs of static to punctuate the program. Is it necessary to say "How remarkable" or can you reply, "Oh, Blah!", as you felt like doing?

Then what to do when you are comfortably seated and tuned in on that play which you have anticipated all day, and that neighbor drops in to broadcast all the gossip. Please advise which one shall be tuned out, the Radio or the neighbor?

Then there is the question of family manners. Must one say tamely, "How kind of you," when High School Betty sails in as you are absorbed in that interesting description of an Arctic trip by an explorer . . . only to say sweetly, "Oh mother! I know you don't care for that—" She twirls the dials to find a snappy dance program, but what shall you do?

How about a chapter too, on "Keeping One's Temper" to deal with the friend who ridicules all your favorite Radio stars, says the music is distorted and your pet announcer a big bum?

These, and many similar ones are the problems confronting the Radio fan today. How may we keep within the bonds of etiquette and still enjoy our Radio? Who will be the first to compile this much-needed book?—Mrs. May B. Turner, Wayne, N. Y.

## SEE MAY DIGEST, J. B.

**F**OR some time I have waited for a write-up on Georgia Backus and I have failed to see it. If she won't consent to a story, please print a large picture. I know you won't disappoint me. She and Frank Knight are one

of the best combinations I have yet heard. (May Radiographs fill the bill—Editor)—J. B., Belmont, Mass.

## DX FANS, HERE'S YOUR MEAT

**I** WOULD like to know the requirement of some DX Clubs because I am very anxious to join. I have logged 315 stations in three months, including Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Nova Scotia and a few police and experimental stations. I have no short wave set but my R.C.A. goes to 1715 kilocycles.—Bill Caventer, 103 N. Hazelwood Ave., Youngstown, Ohio (DX Clubs please answer Mr. Caventer—Editor).

\*\*\*

**WE** GET good reception here in Prince Edward Island all through the summer as well as in winter time. I've heard about 250 different stations in the U. S. and about 25 in Canada. I would like to hear from any DX listener and promise to answer all letters received.—Anthony Arsenault, P. O. Box 444, Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada. . . . Any DX fan who would like a tip on how to make his Radio reach out further, drop me a line and I'll oblige with the tip. I have received 209 stations up to now on a seven tube Radio. DXer's let me hear from you—Orrin L. Case, 403 Clairmont St., Port Huron, Mich. . . . Jack Owens is lucky to have logged that many stations. I wish I could, but we have so much trouble here that DX'ing has never been very good. Would like to know what kind of Radio you have, Jack Owens, and what time of day or night you DX?—Nancy Saxton, 317 N. Sergeant, Joplin, Mo.

\*\*\*

**F**OLLOWING up the letter of Mr. Erlewine, I would like to add my suggestion that you carry a separate "DX" department in your magazine. A DXer's column would be of year 'round interest, as it would include both shortwave and longwave listeners, their "logs", catches, most prized reception verifications, hints on "mystery" stations and comments in general. My own DX list includes 414 different longwave stations. The first was logged on Oct. 15, 1930 and the last on March 24, 1931. I use a custom-built, nine-tube, modern electric receiver. For the summer months I will drop to the shortwaves with a "superhet" converter on my receiver.

I would like to express my personal appreciation of your list of Cuban, Mexican, Canadian and U. S. stations. Such a complete list, including even the smallest stations of neighboring nations, is not easily found in ordinary log books. To help start the DX mail, I'd like to ask for a few return letters from Frank E. Howell, Eddie G. Erlewine and C. L. Swofford with more details about their DX'ing. I've been wondering if Mr. Howell's 170 stations were all received on a crystal set. If he knows of a method by which one can receive verification from all stations, he should let us know about it. Anyhow, let's start this DX department—Paul K. C. McAfee, R. 4, Salina, Kans. . . . In commending Mr. Erlewine's suggestion for a DXer's column, may I add that he has been my correspondent for the past few months through the good will of your magazine. Such a column should gain immediate popularity and DX'ing undoubtedly will claim many readers of RADIO DIGEST.—Malcolm Rackow, Eastport, L. I., N. Y.

\*\*\*

**T**HERE you are DX Fans, there's your column. It's yours to fill as you will, so get busy and write a few interesting letters.

And the rest of you V.O.L. fans, drop us a line. What's wrong? No kicks this month. We must have had a perfect mag. last issue, or our Helpful Critics must be getting lazy.—V.O.L.—Editor.



Director Bagley is floored . . . pacing the bicyclists of the Tower Health League. There's modest Bill Mahoney at the piano in his rôle of rhythmist.

# They Leave Comfy Beds

*Bagley, the Bantering Bicyclist, Leads Four  
Millions in World's Largest Gym  
Class Every Week Morning*

*By Bruce Gray*

"I CAN'T get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning." The bugle sounds its brisk message at 6:45 o'clock every weekday morning and, as if to contradict the bugle's expression of futility, the members of the world's largest gym class—4,000,000—count 'em—4,000,000—hop from their warm, cosy beds, turn on their Radio sets and proceed to do the daily dozen.

What is the motivating force that transforms this sleepy, inanimate mass of humanity into a vigorous, seething body that moves rhythmically to and fro in a series of calisthenics? The answer is—human nature. Who is responsible for this unusual urge so early each day? The answer this time is—Arthur E. Bagley. And thereby hangs our tale.

The world's largest gym class, as the Tower Health League has come to be known, was the result of an idea—one that seemed at the time to be a small idea, at that. But first let us consider some of the events leading up to the birth of this idea.

Even as a boy in Rahway, N. J., where he was born and attended grammar school, Arthur Bagley was interested in what was then known as physical culture, but has since become physical education. He liked the gym class best of all his high school studies. He acquired a certain skill in things gymnastic and, like every other real boy, he was proud of his prowess. He practiced the various feats of skill and strength until he could perform them to his own satisfaction.

However, it never occurred to him, when he was choosing his life work, to become a physical instructor. He wanted to be a newspaper man. When he had

graduated from school, he set out to attain this desire. He got a job on a newspaper and experienced in it all the thrill that he had anticipated. But the long, irregular hours and the strenuous work, which monopolized practically all of his time, caused him to forsake this line of work.

During the five years he had been a reporter Mr. Bagley occasionally had attended gym classes. So he now decided to return to his early love, not only as a source of amusement and as a means for his own personal development, but also as a livelihood.

His first job was as physical director of the Ansonia, Conn., branch of the Y. M. C. A. This was the beginning of twenty-two years' association with the "Y" in Taunton and Lawrence, Mass., and later in Newark. During this period he was absent from the "Y" field for a year, when he served as athletic director in army cantonments at Rockingham, N. C., and Camp Green, N. C.

IT WAS while he was physical director at the Newark "Y" that Mr. Bagley's big idea came to him in rather modest guise. He thought that it might be a pleasing novelty to broadcast some of his simpler drills over Station WOR, which was located not far from home. The station authorities agreed to let him try his plan.

The response was surprising. People let it be known in no uncertain terms that they wanted to do calisthenics in the Bagley manner; that is, as a part of a large gym class all working in unison and harmony, and guided by the "master's voice". The tone of this voice, they learned, is

always changing. It is, in turn, pleading, admonishing, encouraging and jesting, but it is always tempered by the "master's" thorough understanding of human nature.

The news of Mr. Bagley's broadcasts spread rapidly. It was in March, 1925, a year after he had started broadcasting over Station WOR, that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which preaches assiduously the doctrine of health and well-being, asked him to broadcast his talks daily under the Metropolitan's sponsorship. Arrangements were made for the broadcast to go over Station WEAJ and several other stations in the eastern part of the country. Gradually other stations were added to the chain until now there are eight. The most recent addition was Station CKGW of Toronto.

Mr. Bagley's keen insight into human nature is the result of his twenty-two years of work in the Y. M. C. A. field. As he says, he really had to learn about human nature if he was to preserve any semblance of order among the large crowd of men and boys under his direction. He had to be prepared to meet any situation that might arise. He had to know how to handle those who became fresh and unruly, how to encourage those who were disheartened, and how to instill ambition and life into those who were lazy. He found that this last class is represented in every gathering of men. Invariably there are surly chaps who do as little as possible at all times and grumble at having to do that much.

However, there is a spark of good, even in this type, Mr. Bagley believes. It is his theory that every person has within himself the potentialities for greatness. If anyone is a failure, he feels, it is only because the potential best has not been

# Their for Him

brought out. Mr. Bagley, therefore, endeavors to ignite the spark of personal pride in such people by pointing out to them their latent abilities.

Mr. Bagley tries to appeal to every sort and condition of person. As a result, he receives all kinds of letters. Some thank him for what he has done for them in showing them the way to rugged, glowing health. Others, unattached and lonely women, pour out their hearts and troubles to him, feeling that they know him and he knows them as a result of the daily class meetings.

Still others complain, because, as Mr. Bagley says, "you can't please everybody." Some people write in to tell him that he talks too fast when giving instructions. Others tell him he is much too slow. Some people complain that he nags them, while others say he is too easy with them. Some suggest that the exercises are too strenuous to be followed entirely, while others demand that he give them something hard to do. Like a good pilot, Mr. Bagley tries to steer a middle course and please the average person.

**M**R. BAGLEY usually finds time to give a few words of advice to his classes about the food they should eat. "For," he says, "if people abuse their stomachs, no amount of exercise is going to do them any good. The two things, exercise and diet, go hand-in-hand to produce the perfect human specimen."

People often write to him, asking individual health advice. If they seem to have something really the matter with them, he advises them to seek medical aid. But, if they are merely too plump and want to reduce, or if they want to build up their general health, he sends them the diet list, which gives them scientific advice about eating. Every letter that comes to him is answered. Many are merely requests for the printed exercise charts, to facilitate following the Radio directions, but others require careful individual instructions.

Now let us get a glimpse of Mr. Bagley and the Tower Health League in action. When the bugle sounds at 6:45 A. M. six mornings in the week, all classes of people respond. Men, women and children of all



"Rrrrip! There go pa's pajamas!" Arthur Q. Bagley starts the whole family off on their morning pursuit of health via the exercise route

sizes, types and shapes, and from all walks of life join in the daily dozen. Some want to reduce their weight, while others are trying to add to their poundage. But, provided they keep exercising faithfully, they all eventually attain the desired end.

**F**OLLOWING the bugle call, Director Bagley steps to the microphone, greets his class with a cheery "Good morning, good friends!" and immediately proceeds with the first exercise. A snappy piano accompaniment is played by "Bill" Mahoney, Mr. Bagley's ever-faithful man Friday. Due to Bill's reticent nature, his Radio admirers have

not learned much about him, but they have come to regard him as a most important part of the broadcast. It is said that, after Bill gets through playing for the Tower Health League, he goes downstairs to his desk in the Metropolitan's accounting department, where he does his bit toward making a big insurance company's routine move more smoothly.

While Mr. Bagley is taking his class through the first exercise we glance around the studio. It is ideally appointed for broadcasting, after the manner of the large Radio studios. Located on the 27th floor of the Metropolitan Tower on Madison Square, New York City, it affords an

*(Continued on page 80)*

# What's What "Way Down East"

**A**LL the folks in Providence studios aren't angels, as you would expect. There are rumors of college pranks committed by John Gordon Freaser, WEAN's newest announcer. But he graduates this month and all that will be over. He has been with the Rhode Island station in a paying job while attending Brown University. . . . Lloyd Wesley Dennis, Jr., is another of these collegiate announcers, beating John out of Brown by only six months. He writes continuity, sings and plays the violin.

"Blue-blooded" Charlotte Presel has two ancestors of the nobility, Count de Presel and Baron de Rothschild, but finds it impossible to sit still and be a "noble lady" and fill her three jobs . . . director of women's programs, announcer and concert pianist at the Providence station.

\* \* \*

**G**ETTING hot is a habit which is contagious at WNAC, Boston. John Shepard, Jr., head of the station does not object to his musicians warming up but he does protest when the studio carpet and furnishings become ignited by the spark of syncopation. Linus Travers, production manager of WNAC, discovered the studio floor covering afire while a broadcast was being made. Fire fighters put it out without listeners knowing a thing about the near-catastrophe.

\* \* \*

**Y**ORKSHIRE pudding is the favorite delicacy of Edgar R. Carver, musical director of WGY, Schenectady, who was born in Leeds, England . . . which city is of course in York-



Salty Allen of WOV, Countess Von Luckner and Felix, Count Luckner, aboard S.S. "Mopelia". Salty was "beer taster" and outboard motor adviser to the Count on his recent trip to the United States.



WeTEL you WHAT, Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia is some Radio w-FAN. Here he is, surrounded by the mikes of the nine stations over which he has made the WELK-in ring at various times.

shire. At eleven young Carver was called England's greatest boy composer and conducted a juvenile orchestra before the King of England. Coming to the United States with an Irish Band to play at the St. Louis Exposition, he liked it here and finished his education at Friends University at Wichita, Kans. Then came more ferrying back and forth between England and the U. S., and finally complete adoption of this country when he filled important musical positions with the Rivoli and the Rialto. After several years as conductor of the Roxy Theatre and of a symphony ensemble at WJZ, Mr. Carver joined WGY as musical director of all programs.

\* \* \*

**C**ORRECTION: Jean Scull, the attractive young Philadelphia star whose photograph appeared in April RADIO DIGEST, sings on the Amoco Hour at WCAU (not WPEN as stated).

\* \* \*

**W**HAT with all the sage advice to mariners and boating enthusiasts which issues forth from Salty Allen in his Daily Boatman's Column at New York's WOV, you'd expect to see a gray-bearded old tar behind the mike. But Salty is just a young fellow in his early twenties, who's seen a lot of this world for his age. He's traveled both by land and sea and met many celebrities whose common bond of interest with him is a desire to win outboard-motor races. The German submarine commander, Count Felix Von Luckner, is one of his co-hobbyists, and Salty has spun one or two yarns about the Count on his daily noontime program. Some day when he has time and typewriters are built into cruisers he expects to write the "great American novel".

\* \* \*

**I**T looked like a catastrophe for Rose Gallo, but it turned out to be her greatest blessing. Rose was an organist at the Alhambra Theatre in Philadelphia, when along came the vitaphone and forced her out of a job. Then somebody told her her voice would take kindly to the mike. She tried it with great success. Now she is heard daily over WELK and WPEN.

\* \* \*

**A**VIATORS are no novelty to Radio, but the credit for putting a real underground worker on the air belongs to WNBO of Washington, Pa. "The Enterprise Miner" who appears three times a week to give interesting anecdotes about mining, is really an old-timer who spent many years on the job. His partner and accompanist is a young "breakerboy" who handles a ukulele and sings like a professional.

# Chain Gang Chatter

By Janet Dublon

**M**EMBER the "Perils of Pauline"? And how you sat on the edge of your seat every Saturday in the darkened movie house until Pauline was delivered from the villain's last week's clutch, only to hop into another dilemma? Well, if you want to recapture some of those old thrills, listen in on



Gloria Gay unmasked at last! She's pretty Frances Wilcox

Gloria Gay one o' these Wednesdays on National net. Gloria's real name is Frances Wilcox, and she's one of the prettiest girls I've seen up at 711 Fifth. Better looking than the hostesses . . . that's saying something. Biography? At zero years arrived in Deposit, New York. Four—tried to run away to New York. Six—repeated. Nothing else important until college days at Syracuse U. Then again—ran away to New York, but this time arrived. In *Firebrand*, the play. Other plays and Radio since. Isn't married . . . yet.

AND JIMMIE—Gloria's co-partner in adventure? Modest, and hard to track to his lair. But finally found not far from the studio. One Carver Johns, born in Fort Wayne. Writes "Gloria Gay's Affairs" himself. Age—29, graduate of Oxford (the only one I ever heard who didn't come back with *that* accent) author of plays and short stories. Ditto marks on the "isn't married . . . yet."

"I FELT like a piece of Swiss cheese," says Eddie Freckman. "I landed in a hospital in France full of bullet holes. Doctors told me I'd always be an invalid." But leave it to the marines . . . Eddie's now accompanist on Columbia's Pabstett Variety hour, weighs 235 pounds, walks without a limp and—does he play the piano!

BIRTHDAY PARTY: Last month the Ukulele Lady and her song writer husband

were eight years in Radio. I mean, of course, May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose . . . NBC threw a party for them. Did you hear the festivities, with Ray Perkins as Master of Ceremonies? Eight announcers did the honors, Paul Whiteman and Rudy Vallee contributed by wired-in programs and skeenteen others did their bits right in the studio.

IRENE BORDONI never wears the same evening dress or wrap to the CBS studios twice . . . I once had my hair waved alongside

Irene. Hers was being washed. It was then the longest, thickest I had ever seen. Way below her waist. She wore it off her ears, way up high on top of her head. It's not so long now but in comparison with ex-bobbies, it's munificent. She had it cut because hats weren't becoming.

IN CASE you're wondering what's become of NBC's Revelers . . . they are concertouring various lands. France, Germany, Holland, Austria and . . . where in heck is the city of Schaveningen? The four of 'em. James Melton and Lewis James, tenors; Elliot Shaw, baritone, and Frank Banta, accompanist, will be back in pronounceable U. S. cities (New York, to be exact) about September 1st.

DISGRUNTLED Radio stars sometimes tell the Press Department, "I could write a better publicity story myself." To which Press never dares respond "I could do a better airtact myself." But they up and prove it. Take Bob Taplinger of Columbia's



Another opera star gone completely Radio—Helen Oelheim

staff and his "Meet the Artist" broadcast. He interviews headliners before the mike so that listeners can find out from their own lips favorite foods, sports and deep dark secrets. It *does* make a good airtact.

OPERAS are fine for the ears but sometimes heavy on the eyes, when the soprano weighs a mere 240. That's why I'll always retain pleasant memo-

ries of the American Opera Company and pretty young Helen Oelheim in particular. After its death she took to the air. Now she's "Freda Zorn" of the CBS Dutch Masters. This is to tell all those conclusion jumpers who think she's a real opera diva size because of her rich full voice . . . Helen is young and petite, with blue eyes. Born and raised in Buffalo.

YOU SHOULD have seen the festivities opening night at the Penn Roof to welcome Rudy. And all the Radioites who were there . . . Maurice "Right Now" Chevalier, Little Jack Little, Norman Pierce. And plenty of his fans with their B. F.'s turned out for the dancing.



Two femmes? No, one homme in disguise (Jack Shannon) on the right, and one femme (Marie Stoddard) in their rig-up for the Gossipers, popular transcription skit

# Spilling All the News

## Midwest Briefs

By BETTY MCGEE



"Smile, darn ya, smile!" Even baby grins when he hears Marc Williams, KSTP, croon cowboy style

Chicago NBC dramatic programs, changed his mind while a student at the University of Wisconsin and joined a stock company at Madison.

And the stage lost one of its rising ju-



Serious camera study of Chicago's ad libbing Three Doctors. Pratt, with the (of course, Dr. West's) toothbrush mustache, Sherman in the vise. What's left is Rudolph

**C**HATTERING again!

And if we seem breathless and a little flighty don't blame us for we can't help it—not today. We are just recovering from an encounter with the "Three Doctors" of WMAQ fame. They've signed up now with Dr. West's and adopted a trade.

When "Dr" Pratt and "Dr" Sherman first went on the air with their humor, hokum and harmony, some four and a half years ago they conceived the idea of being doctors of the spirit, so to speak. You see Russell Pratt and Ransom Sherman had played pranks together back in high school days in Appleton, Wisconsin, and sung and played together on many a long winter evening—and thought it sounded pretty good, too, they admit. So when the two families moved to Chicago it was natural that Russell and Ransom should continue to sing and play together and continue to think it sounded pretty good. As they came to man's estate they entered the insurance business together. The Radio venture began just for fun. Some months later they took on as interne, Joe Rudolph, who was already well known about town for his ability to produce unbeatable music.

During these years they have been making nonsense and poking fun at everything. They have had a wonderful time burlesquing national advertising and the chain broadcasts and they're still at it. As a matter of fact it is said that these three were the original burlesquers of chain feature ideas, although the "Doctors" themselves discreetly say nothing on the subject.

Everywhere that people talk about the trio the question is sure to arise—do they write or plan their broadcasts? The answer is *no*. It's pure and simple ad libbing—not always pure, but sometimes simple). Incidentally it's interesting to note that their ad libbing has it all over ad libbing as it's done on the stage. Whereas on the stage it's a spontaneous wise-crack interjected here and there, with these three it is a steady flow of 'em from day to day and year to year.

**BOB GREER** and Mal Clair, who are widely known to their Radio audience as "Snowball and Willie" come rightly by that slow and easy drawl, for Mal is from Alabama and Bob claims Arkansas as his home state. After many and varied experiences on the stage and screen, Mal and Bob became friends and vaudeville partners. They met on the sunny shores of Southern California and as a team they traveled the road from Hollywood—to New York—to Chicago. They're on WIBO nightly, except Sunday, at 6:15 CDT.

The courts lost a prospective attorney when Don Ameche, now featured on Chi-

veniles when Ameche caught the lure of Radio a year or so ago and deserted the footlights for the greater audience reached through the microphone.

Ameche was active in dramatics during his prep school and college days and was an active member of the University Players before he left school to go with the stock company.

After leaving the stock company Ameche played with Fiske O'Hara in *Jerry For Short*; went from New York to Greenwich, Conn., with the Chamberlain Brown players and played the juvenile lead in *Illegal Practice*, when it played at the Playhouse in Chicago. His last stage appearance was with Texas Guinan in vaudeville in New York.

About a year and a half ago Don began to get Radio fever and appeared in several shows at WJJD and WCFL and then returned to New York where he appeared before the microphone at WMCA.

He's an ardent six day bicycle race fan—and these nice days are finding him on the golf links a lot, too.

**Y**OU'D never think, to look at Allan Grant, the slight, rather short WGN  
(Continued on page 88)

# From the Local Broadcasters

## Pacific Coast Briefs

By Dr. RALPH L. POWER

**C**ASTANETS should be clicking frequently at KPO these days. Alice Gentle, newest addition to the San Francisco station's list of operatic stars, has been called the greatest "Carmen" of the country. She's on the air every Monday and Friday evening, Mondays with Cy Trobbe's salon orchestra and on Fridays on KPO's concertized opera hours. Born in Seattle, Alice has roamed up and down the coast, taking stellar rôles with nationally recognized opera companies and appearing of late in the talkies.

**E**ARL J. GLADE is just a hobbyist, according to Dick Evans of Salt Lake City's KSL. But his hobbies have had a way of outgrowing their original minor rôles and becoming important in Mr. Glade's life. In the beginning Radio was a hobby with him, and he promoted one of the first commercial broadcasting sta-

came out when a certain summer resort, Cuesta La Honda by name, which advertises on the Frisco station's wavelength, received a number of plans for very unusual summer cottages. They were from Merle.

**R**EGISTER another Radio marriage on the book of time. George Snell surprised his listeners at KDYL when he took as wife Miss Althea Pederson, who has been KDYL traffic manager for the last two years. It must be admitted, however,

tantly at all times. Mother is Dorothy Desmond and father Tom Kelly, of the NBC Coast dramatic staff. Tom and Dorothy met under the auspices of Shakespeare—they were both playing in a summer stock company. Romance blossomed, and when they found Radio offered an opportunity to continue in drama and run a happy home as well, they signed up for mike work.

Dorothy Desmond is slender, charming and doesn't look a bit like the mother of two youngsters. She has famous ancestry on both sides of her family. Her mother was a Wells of the Wells-Fargo bank family, and her father a descendant of the bold bad Earls of Desmond. She's been a dancer, a stock player and actress.

**"E**IGHTEEN Feet of Harmony"—no, not a new mammoth piano. That's a new male trio just descended on the Northwest Broadcasting System. Three boys from the University of Washington, each over six feet tall—Bob Youse, tenor, Herb Bartlett, tenor, and Jack Little, baritone.



Alice Gentle, newest staff diva, is inducted into the KPO holy of holies—Cy Trobbe's library of over 20,000 musical compositions

tions in the West. The early KSL days were starvation periods and pretty lean picking, but now Mr. Glade manages two prosperous broadcasters, KSL and KLO.

The Tabernacle organ and choir broadcast was another hobby of the Salt Lake Pioneer. Now it's on coastwise waves. But his most unique hobby is words. Did you know how to spell the leather leggin's that cowboys wear? They're called "shaps" or "chaps". But it took Mr. Glade to discover them in the dictionary—and you'll find them there as chaparajos.

name) devotees sent congratulations to the pair. George is dark, and extremely good-looking, so Althea is holding down her desk in the traffic department to see that no feminine fans try to win him away.

**R**ADIO has a strange way of drawing people from other fields to the mike, but KFRC claims the one and only female architect. She is Merle Matthews, production manager, and her orderly, ship-shape dovetailing of programs and people show the influence of her training. It all

**T**HERE are two pretty Kelly babies in a big house in Berkeley who listen to the loud speaker of the Radio expect-



Ted Osborne reading his daily stint for the KHJ burlesque news reports. Uncle Ted has disguised himself with false mustache and wig

# Sweet Sixty

*"I Can't Understand Why People Get Old!"  
Declares Miss Hopper Who Is Still Brimful  
of Youth Although She Is Approaching Seventy*

By Anne B. Lazar

A DAINTY little woman, under five feet and weighing ninety-two pounds, has triumphed over all of the cruel laws which old age imposes on mankind and is still young at sixty-odd years.

Creaking Knees, Sallow Skin, Wrinkled Neck and Falling Hair, which have been the foes of youth ever since Eve lent her ear to the serpent, received a mighty death blow as far as Edna Wallace Hopper is concerned, and they are now probably crawling subtly along ready for a spring on an easy victim.

If you are beginning to groan, complain and fidget about inconsequential happenings—whether you are nineteen or ninety—you are yielding to the onslaughts of senility. For age isn't a matter of years, according to Miss Hopper—it's a state of mind.

I had heard how Miss Hopper succeeded in warding off old age and looked young in spite of the passing years—but I must have proof. Surely there were wrinkles and a few streaks of gray hair—it must be all theory with her, I concluded. The fountain of youth may have its place in legends and romances, but no one could be expected to believe that even Edna Wallace Hopper had completely escaped from the ravages of six decades of time.

With these doubts assailing me, I approached the entrance of the St. Regis—one of the few remaining exclusive hotels in New York City—with vestiges of old Manhattan's traditions. Two footmen led me through the massive canopied entrance, and I was whisked up to Miss Hopper's apartment by a crisply uniformed elevator boy.

"I'll come back with a tale of dyed gray hair," I consoled myself—"and with a wrinkle or two in the bargain." One might get away with this perpetual youth stuff from the stage of a theatre and over the Radio, but not under the lens of an interview.

I had brought myself up to the point of being sorry for Miss Hopper. It would be too bad to disillusion the American public and to tear down this happy illusion of Youth at Sixty which Miss Hopper had built up, but everything must be sacrificed for the cause of truth.

WITH a mixture of feelings, I rang the bell. The door was soon opened by a bobbing little figure with a smiling face framed in a wealth of brown wavy hair.

"Miss Hopper?" I asked of the big, brown-eyed miss.

"I'm Miss Hopper," was the reply, at the which, dear reader, I managed to create a good long sneeze, thereby giving me a good opportunity to drown an embarrassing moment. When I finally overcame my surprise, I mysteriously stopped sneezing and returned Miss Hopper's cordial greeting.

I looked at her again. She was fresh

with youth, graceful, pretty and merry. Of course—this must be the daughter, but I would wait before asking any other question that might make it necessary for another sneeze.

We both sat down in this comfortable room furnished in old rose—but no one else entered on the scene.

Then this was Miss Hopper—this young person who looked no more than twenty-five in appearance and action. The two distinctive features about Miss Hopper are her great big brown eyes and her brown silk fluffy hair which she admits is as straight as a stick and needs waving every now and then.

"Let me tell you a few things about youth," began Miss Hopper with a twinkle in her eye. By this time I needed a little advice to fortify my young years, for Miss Hopper was in spirit and energy much younger than I.

"Given diet, exercise and the right state of mind, and you can't get old. The right mental attitude is everything in life. And you can't maintain this mental equipoise if you are going to allow yourself to be tossed by every wave of circumstance.

"Men and women ought to take off a little time each day for self-study and self-analysis. If they find themselves fretting and stewing over every ill wind,

A difficult pose in Acrobatic Adagio. Who else would dare to try it if she were over 60! If you don't believe it's hard, just try it for yourself. Miss Hopper's friends said it was impossible





it's a sure sign that they need moral courage.

"And no one has a corner yet on the Courage Curb. It's free and there's enough to go around in this world of ours.

"If people availed themselves of this quality, they would all soon be out of this depression. They've just allowed themselves to be swallowed up by this wave of bad business instead of making an effort to rise above it. And what amazes me is that not only have middle-aged men and women sunk beneath this spell of stagnation, but the young girls and boys have fallen right under it also.

"**W**HY I remember way back in 1920—we had a similar depression. In one day I lost an entire fortune—all that I had was swept completely away from me and there wasn't anything open for me that I could see.

"I was over fifty," recalled Miss Hopper with no trace of sadness or self-pity in her voice—"a period in life when most women are just about sitting in their rockers, rehearsing sorrowful experiences and waiting for the remaining years to march up on them.

"In the face of this calamity, I went to a beautiful party that night and danced the whole evening through. I never told anyone about the loss. My husband, however, whom I met at the affair did mention that a rumor was about that I had sustained a great loss. But I denied it, and said it wasn't true."

"But you could always depend upon your husband in a great need," I ventured. "Knowing that there was someone to fall back upon would take away half the sorrow."

"Never!" exclaimed Miss Hopper. "I have never gone to anybody for anything.



Just like that—tossed from one part of the stage to the other. Miss Hopper gets a great "kick" out of it

Not even my husband. I have never asked anything even of my closest friends—and that is why I am able to keep them.

"The day following the reversal of circumstances, I looked the situation squarely in the face. I wasn't at all discouraged. I felt it was the best thing that could have happened to me, for it aroused me from the ease in which I had been living. I had been sitting smugly in the lap of

luxury—now I had to get up and work. I studied myself and asked, What am I fitted for? How can I be of service to others and to myself? At that time everyone was discussing youth—people were in quest of it. It was talked about at teas, at parties and at clubs.

"Having been on the stage most of my life, I had my own public, and although I had never lectured before, I said to myself, there's no time like the present to start.

"People had always wondered how I retained my youth and men and women would be interested in what I had to say about it, I thought.

"Now the point that I wish to bring out," continued Miss Hopper, "is that I did not sit down on the ruins of a mighty fortune and weep bitter tears. Crying isn't the best exercise for the eyes anyway, and tears tend to obstruct one's vision to the opportunities that are waiting ahead of us.

"I just brushed the last remaining ashes of my departed wealth from my party frock and started right away to build another treasure trove. I agree with Henry Ford," continued Miss Hopper, "that this depression is just the result of poor thinking. What men and women need now is courage to lift themselves out of the rut into which they have been gradually driven down. It should awaken them to new life.

"If I succeeded in starting a new business when I was over fifty, other people can do the same. Self-pity is probably another great hindrance to progress. When a man pities himself, he can't get the right perspective of his case, and he gets himself right in the way of his own possible advancement.

"Now, this may all seem to be quite  
(Continued on page 95)



(Courtesy of Ruth Collins)

Iron ivy tree affords graceful arms which hold small pots concealed by trailing vines. A malacca wheel seat.

**I** SUPPOSE there are more people who would like to know how to rearrange or redecorate their homes than those who have new homes to decorate. You can't all become professional decorators, but you can do something that's far more important and useful. You can all make an effort to make your home a place more agreeable to live in, more comfortable, more convenient and workable, more pleasing to the eye. Not a place that you want to get out of and go somewhere, but a place where you want to go back to and stay.

I'm going to give you a little advice about the furnishing of porches and sun parlors.

Lots of people get these two kinds of rooms confused or rather they think of them as being the same kind of room—really they're two entirely different kinds and as such they have to be furnished and decorated very differently.

A sun parlor is primarily a winter room where you want to bring a little of the effect of outdoors into the house during the winter months. You also want to get all the sun you can and for cloudy days when there isn't any sun you try to bring sunlight into the sun parlor by using various colors, lots of tones of red, yellow and orange.

But the porch is an entirely different proposition. The porch may be enclosed but it has to be arranged with lots of windows that can be thrown wide open to let in the air. The porch is a summer living space and the idea is to let in as much air as possible and still keep the sun out.

A porch has to be protected from dust and the weather and usually from insects and the first thing that we should think about is proper screening. There is only

one kind of screen to use and that is made of copper. It costs a very little more than the ordinary iron wire screens to start with but it pays in the long run. It doesn't need any paint, never rusts and lasts forever unless the small boy in the house tries to throw his base ball through it. Screens help keep out the dust too and that means much less outdoor housecleaning.

**N**EXT to wire screens the most important things are shades, curtains and other devices to keep out the sunshine.

Sunshine is usually considered healthy but we can get too much of a good thing at times, and in the summer we have to dodge it.

During the last few years, Venetian blinds and slatted wooden shades have returned to popularity. Venetian blinds keep the sun off but let the wind through—and that's what we want in the summer time. They also prevent glare, and they are heavy enough so that they don't blow out of position—you can even get them with devices to prevent flapping—and the best of them are painted in sun-proof colors to prevent fading.

Then we have the European types of

# Dressing Up Your Porch

*Accessories are just as important  
as the large pieces of furniture*

By SHERRILL WHITON

Director of the New York School of Interior Decoration. Heard over National Radio Home-Makers' Club Wednesday mornings

porch furniture becoming more and more popular, such as the bent iron chairs and tables. The chairs are the kind one used to see in the little German gardens and parks of Paris with iron seats with a spring in them.

If you like the so-called modern type they're making porch furniture in a new metal called "chromium"—constructed out of either pipe forms or square metal bars. It looks like polished nickel and they say it always keeps its polish bright and shiny—doesn't tarnish, rust or corrode; it's as strong as steel. While the arms and legs and uprights are made in this metal, the seats and backs are usually of brightly striped canvas.



(Courtesy of Mayhew Shops)

Double-trayed metal plant and serving stand.

# A DASH of Discontent

*Smug Satisfaction with things leads men and women into ruts. Progress is made possible by looking a step or two ahead*

By Frances Ingram

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



Ann Sawyer—the first television girl to be signed up by the NBC on the Pacific Coast—Drafted from the talkies

THE hotel dining room was crowded and it was impossible not to overhear the discussion at the next table. One of the women in the group had evidently brought into the conversation some instances of what she considered men's prejudice against women in business.

"Tommyrot", said the man beside her. "It isn't a question of prejudice against women—the point is that women lack the necessary qualifications for success."

The women's voices were immediately raised in indignant protest to be silenced a moment later by an authoritative signal from the man.

"If you give me a chance I'll explain it to you", he offered. "Sure, women are accurate, neat, efficient, honest, loyal—all of that—but they don't get ahead because very few of them are discontented enough. That's what they need—a dash of discontent. Look at that girl in our general office. She's been with the firm longer than I have. She knows more about the firm's business than I do. And where is she? In the general office. Last week when we were hiring a secretary to McKinley, did she get the job? No. We hired a new girl. All right, maybe it's unfair, but I don't think it is. That girl is contented—she's satisfied. All she cares about is her pay check at the end of the week. What's the matter with the woman? Well, I just told you—as far as anybody knows, she hasn't got a dash of discontent in her make-up."

That's all of the discussion I heard, unfortunately, but thinking it over later, it seems to me that the argumentative

gentleman was right. Every advancement, every achievement, every bit of progressive and humanitarian work has been due to a dash of discontentment in someone. If man had been content to travel on his own two legs, he would never have learned to ride behind a horse. If he had been content with horses as a means of transportation, the automobile would never have been invented. Had he been content with the automobile, the aeroplane would never have been conceived. If women had been satisfied with brooms, they would not have carpet sweepers and vacuum cleaners today. Would we have the telephone, the Radio, the trans-Atlantic cable, or any advances in science, in art, in literature if it were not for the presence of some malcontents among us?

CONTENTMENT is eulogized, discontentment denounced. But why? Every humanitarian movement, every effort to alleviate pain and suffering has sprung from divine discontent. as Charles Kinsley in his "Health and Education" wrote some years ago: "To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ of the first up-growth of all virtue." It is this divine discontent of which I am speaking. To be discontented and do nothing about it—to grow disgruntled and neurotic—is no virtue, certainly. But to reach out for something better, to be *constructively* discontented is the divine discontent from which all virtue springs.

Now women do not lack this spark of discontent although it is true that as a group they may not yet have learned to use it for their own immediate advancement in the business world. But to women's discontent can be attributed the success of innumerable men who sit on the top rung of the ladder of success. A man may be content to rise one rung upon this ladder. His wife's constructive discontent inspires him to reach for a higher rung. There is one man who has achieved what would seem to be the very pinnacle of fame and fortune, but he is not resting there because his wife's belief in his ability and her divine discontent are spurring him to even greater achievements. Hers is not a disgruntled neurotic dissatisfaction, remember, but a constructive progressive expectation of better things. Hers is not a materialistic discontent—it is a desire to have her husband utilize the gifts which might otherwise lie dormant and undeveloped. Such discontent spells happiness, not only for the individual, but for the race as a whole.

THE world would have less of beauty and idealism if woman lacked this fine dissatisfaction with things as they are—with herself, for instance. If women were without the desire for improvement, culture would be lagging centuries behind. Beauty, too, would be much rarer than it is. It is due to

(Continued on page 90)

Out of the AIR

# HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

Getting into Indi's black books doesn't mean that a bad mark is entered against your name (if you're a Radartist). No, it only means that at one time or another Indi has heard a particularly good story from or about you, which has been entered in the "little black note book".

Now I've collected a good batch and have decided to air them. Here they are, copied right out of Indi's story-book:—

## HE PICKED A GOOD LINE

Do you, or don't you know that all the chain programs are carried on specially leased telephone wires? This, in explanation of the fact that a telephone linesman unwittingly became an announcer. He climbed up to tap a wire and make a report to his home office. Astonished at hearing music on the line, he yelled to a fellow worker on the ground, "Great gosh! There's music on this darn line." All Texas heard him!

## PEEPING TOM

An indignant man in Portland phoned the police to "Come quick and arrest the men who are peeping in my window and frightening my wife." A patrol wagon pulled up, to find two scared kids, the oldest only 15. They explained that being far away from home, they had stopped to hear what was happening to Amos and Andy.

## BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Even when they're full-fledged Radactors, boys will be like this. . . . Donald Hughes, who is the second part of the Daddy and Rollo program on CBS, insisted on taking the mike nearest the control room. As he finished his last line, he made one wild dash for the glass door and hurled himself into the operator's room, nearly knocking over two studioites in his way. He just wanted to hear what his voice sounded like!

## ALMOST A NON-CONDUCTOR

When a dog bites a man, that's commonplace, but when a man bites a dog, that's News. Likewise, when a passenger is left behind that's nothing unusual,

but when a conductor is left, well, "dat's sumepin". Ray Ferris and Chuck Haynes, of Chicago NBC were returning from Huntington, Ind. to the Windy City when a cow calmly walked out on the track and caused a minor collision. The train stopped, and in the interim passengers and conductor did a little track-walking to stretch their legs. Damage repaired, passengers came aboard. The train started and Ray stood on the last platform smoking a cigarette, when far, far away he spotted the conductor running like Charley Paddock to catch the train. Ray pulled the emergency cord and stopped the train. Now there's a "Chuck and Ray Fan Club" on that railroad.

The Next "Special Personal Appearance Broadcast" Will Be This.



Jimmy the Thug:—"Crime Don't Pay—Instead of Reaching for the Diamond, I Should Have Reached for a Cigarette."

## Cash for Humor!

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

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

## ADV: FOR EMPIRE STATE AND CHRYSLER BUILDINGS

Blackstone program (NBC):

Capt. Blackstone: An Englishman who arrived in New York from London remarked that the American sky was so much clearer than their London sky. You know, Frank, I've been wondering why it's that way ever since. Frank Crumit: Oh, that's because we have skyscrapers.—Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.

Puzzle: How can you travel by rail and by boat at the same time? Ans: Try being seasick. A spot "by rail" is most convenient!

## Call It A Day

By Beulah Hauser

I hurry with the furnace fire  
I start the old range burning,  
Then dial madly up and down  
Before I start the churning.

"Early Birds" I hear at dawn—  
I 'spose they're out for worms—  
Then N B C says "Cheerio"  
Result—my oatmeal burns.

The "Gypsies" from the "A & P"  
Are tuning up the strings,  
Then "Hits and Bits" come crowding on  
When lo! the door bell rings;

"What's Butterworth" down in the  
loop?  
The farmers gargle o'er their soup,  
Then "Golden Gems" of "Magic Speech"  
Announce themselves with static  
screech.

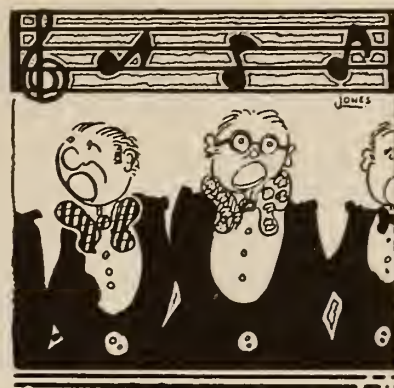
A "Blue Streak" rends the balmy air  
Though sky is calm and clear,  
"The Weather Forecast" takes the  
stand  
And says "A storm is near."

Next in our line of march today  
Comes "Edna Wallace Hopper" gay,  
Before they "Shove her off the air"  
She tells us NOT to brush our hair.

"Fleischmann's Yeast" croons "Rudy"  
dear  
"Bugs Baer" gently answers, 'here'  
"Graham McNamee" now takes the  
wheel  
And drains a glass before his spiel.

Sir "Rolfe" has made his "Lucky  
Strike"  
As "Vincent Lopez" takes the 'Mike'  
And with a yawn I can't express  
I board "The Sleepy Town Express."

But do I sleep? Ye Gods, No! No!  
For "Amos and Andy" are giving their  
show,  
The only rest I get is a 'Jonar'  
"By special permission of copyright  
owner."



### SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

**MORMONISM IN THE MOVIES**  
—Heard in WOKO news flash:—  
"Douglas Fairbanks, the husband of  
Mary Pickford and nine others will  
enter the English golf tournament."  
Doug had better watch out, or Will  
Hays will get after him!—Mrs. L. S.  
Zanche, 222 Newell St., Pittsfield, Mass.

**FRANKNESS IS THE BEST POL-  
ICY**—Milt Cross announcing the A &  
P Gypsies, "And who doesn't know that  
lovely song of Carrie Jacobs Bond, The  
End of a Perfect Day—the A & P  
Gypsies!"—Isyla K. Powers, 319 Han-  
over St., Meriden Conn. (Isyla was first  
with that slip and cops the prize, but  
Mrs. G. F. Parkin of Meriden, Conn.,  
was also heard from).

**BE A SPORT AND CALL A TAXI**  
—Sammie Watkins of WREC an-  
nouncing his next two numbers—"I've  
Got Five Dollars and Walking My  
Baby Back Home". Some cheap skate!  
—Virginia Riddick, Coffeeville, Miss.

### UNFORGIVABLE CRIME

I hate the voice of one announcer  
This man I'd like to bury  
And yet he is a clear pronouncer  
Of all vocabulary.  
I hate him not for all his learning  
Although it makes me giddy.  
One fault has set my hatred burning—  
He calls a child a kiddy!  
—William H. Eldridge, 300 Portage St.,  
Hibbing, Minn.

### SAFETY FIRST

From KFRC: Lord Bilgewater (Monroe  
Upton) answers questions. Here's one  
he read:

Dear Sir:—

I moved to Twin Peaks five  
years ago, and after a year there  
my wife presented me with twins.  
Then I got a job up at Three  
Rivers. A year later my wife pre-  
sented me with triplets. I have  
just had a wonderful offer to go to  
the "Thousand Islands". Lord  
Bilgewater, what shall I do?"

Said Bilgy:—"Accept by all means.  
But for goodness sake, go alone!"—Mrs.  
M. J. Schuler, San Francisco, Cal.



Announcer:—Friends! I Wish You Were Here. It's Just One Great Big, Jolly Party.





Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly. 5:15 p.m. 4:15 3:15 2:15 WABC W2XE WHEC WGR WDRG WFAN WHP WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR WKBN WWNC WBCM WQOD WREC WLAG WBT WBRC WISN WGL WCOG KSCJ WMT KLRA WDAY KFJF KRLLD KTRH KTSA KLZ

BOND SUNSHINE PROGRAM—"Gentleman Jim" Corbett. 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00 WYAF WTIC WGY WBEN

NATIONAL SECURITY BROADCAST SERIES— 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00 WABC W2XE WHEC WDRG WHP WLBW WTAR WDBJ WWNC WBT WBCM WDOD WREC WLAG WBRC WGL WBBM KSCJ WMT KLRA WDAY KFJF KTSA KLZ KDYL KVI KOL KFPY

RAISING JUNIOR— 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00 WJZ

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES— 7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30 WYAF WEEI WJAR WTAG WESH WGY WBEN WTIC

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN— 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WTMJ WJR WLW KYW KWK WREN WLA WJAX KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD KJAR WGAR KOA WIOD WHAS WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB WQAI KFAB KGO KECA WSUN WBAL WPTF

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION— 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00 WYAF WTIC WEEI WJAR WTAG WCSH WFI WRC KSD WOC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI WHO WDAF WOV WEEC KSTP

RADIOTRON VARIETIES— 8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15 WTIC WDEI KPRC WJAR WTAG WCSH WRC WLT WBEN WTAM WSAI WIDO WWJ KSD WOC WHO WOV WDAF WQOD WFLA WSUN WSM WGY WSB WSMB WJDX WFAA WQAI WEEC KOA KSL KGO KECA KGW KHQ WHAS KOMO KJAR KFSD WPTF KVOO KSTP WMC WDAY KFYP

ROUND TOWNERS— 8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15 WFBL WGAN WBRG WNAC WORC WPG WHP WJAS WLBW WCAO WTAR WWNC WXYZ WDOD WISN WTAG WCOG KMOX KFH KVI CFRB

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTIONS— 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30 WYAF WTAG WFI WGN WGY WWJ WSAI WRC KSD WDAF WEC WRVA WJAX WIOD WSUN WFLA WSM WMC WSB WSMB WJDX KPRC WQAI WKY KOA KSL KJAR WBAR WBEN WHAS WCSH WBAF WBBN KSTP WOV WPTF WTIC WEEI

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE— 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00 WTAG WYAF WEEI WJAR WBEN WCSH WFI WRC WOV WTAM WSAI KSD WJAX WTMJ WEC WRVA WSM WIOD WFLA WSUN WJDX WMC WSB WSMB KOA KPRC WQAI WKY KJAR KSL KGO KECA KHIQ KFSD KGW KOMO KVOO WWJ KYW WHAS

HENRY GEORGE— 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00 WABC W2XE WFBL WGR WEAN WDRG WNAC WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ WSPD WISN WQVO WFBM WBBM WCCO KMBC KOIL KFH

FULLER MAN— 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30 WYAF WEEI WJAR WTAG WCSH WFI WRC WGY WBBM WCAE KVOO WBAF KSTP WEC WTMJ WBO WJAX WSAI WBAR WJDX WOC WHO WOV WDAF WKY KOA KSL KGO KECA KGW KOMO

DEATH VALLEY DAYS— 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30 WJZ WBAL WCKY WREN KWK WKZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WENR

Blue Ribbon Chain Throughout the Week 8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Blackstone Plantation with Julia and Frank—and Jack Shilkret. (Tues. and Thurs.) 8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallee who opened on the Pennsylvania roof early in June and is now acting in George White's Scandals. (7:00 p.m. Sunday on WJZ.) 8:45 p.m.—WABC—Tastyeast Gloom Chasers in the persons of F. Chase Taylor as Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, and Wilbur Hulick as Bud—authors of a million laughs. (Daily ex. Friday.) 10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Orchestra (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.) 10:30 p.m.—WABC—Fortune Builders featuring Douglas Gilbert—feature article about program in this issue. (Sun. and Thurs.) 10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em—If it's ichthyology, paleontology or philately, leave it to the Super Suds girls to give you the double "o" on it. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.) 12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast—everything from King George to the Lord Mayor of London Town. 1:45 p.m.—WJZ—Little Jack Little. 3:00 p.m.—WABC—Toscha Seidel and Symphony orchestra. 8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier with French pep and Dynamic David Rubinoff conducting, and Jimmy Walling-ton announcing. 9:00 p.m.—WABC—Irene Bordoni as the Coty Playgirl. 9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent. 10:15 p.m.—WJZ—World Adventures with Floyd Gibbons. 7:45 p.m.—The Camel Quarter-Hour—worth turning the dial a mile what with Morton Downey, Anthony Wons and Jacques Renard's Orchestra. (Mon to Sat.) 8:00 and 11:00 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Pryor's Cremona Military Band—With four of the Pryor family in the program it ought-ter be good. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific RICHIE CRAIG, JR.—Blue Ribbon Malt Jeater. 10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15 WABC W2XE WFBL WGR WEAN WDRG WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC WHK WKRC WBT WXYZ WSPD WBRG WDSU WQVO WMAQ WCCO KMBC KLRA KOIL KFH KRLLD KTSA Fletcher Henderson and His Orchestra— 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00 WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW WDRG WORC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR WKBN WSPD WREC WBRG WDSU WISN WTAG WFBM WCOO WMT KMOX KMBC KFJF KTRH KTSA KLFZ CFRB MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSE— 10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00 WJZ WBAL WBO KDKA WDBP WADC WJDX WSMB KFAB WHAS WSM WMC WSB WBZ WBZA WLW WGAR WHAM WAPI KSTP WJR WECB BEN AND HELEN— 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15 WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW WBZ WEAN WDRG WNAC WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ WKBN WWNC WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC WLAG WISN WQVO WBBM KSCJ KMBC KLRA KOIL KFJF KRLLD KTSA KDYL EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA— 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00 WJZ WHAM WREN KFAB WRC CKGW KSTP WJAX WSM KOA KGO KECA KJAR WGAR WBZA WBYR WJZ WBAL KGW KOMO WDAY "BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"— 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00 WABC W2XE WDRG WFAN WHP WLBW WMAL WTAR WDBP WADC WJDX WREN WJDX WSM WMC WBBM WQOD WREC WLAG WCAO WCCO WBBM WBRG WGL WCOO KSCJ KLRA WDAY KFJF KRLLD KTSA KLFZ KDYL KVI KOL KFPY

Wednesday



# Features

Selected by the Editors

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—A. and P. Gypsies. Orchestra directed by Harry Horlick. Don't overlook feature story this issue.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Program. Male Quartet and Frank Black's orchestra.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks. Get your seat on the Thompkins cracker barrel.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo.

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes—A rare treat—and well done.

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Empire Builders. Vivid and realistic sound effects alas are synthetic! Get lowdown in feature article on another page.

11:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie from Chicago.

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.)

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, The Voice of Radio Digest, tells you what you ought to know about your favorite artists.

## Thursday

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Premier Salad Dressers. Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn oil up your funny bones, but not with salad dressing.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Birthday Party—sort of collective celebration of famous people's natal days.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble with Don Voorhees directing.

## Tuesday

5:15 p.m.—WABC—Adventures in Words with Dr. Vizetelly.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men. And Mildred Bailey puts more color into the program with her "blues" numbers.

9:30 p.m.—The Philco Symphony Concert with Howard Barlow conducting.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Richie Craig, Jr., the Blue Ribbon Malt Jester—original and not a dead spot in his program.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Paramount Publix Radio Playhouse.

## Wednesday

7:30 p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments with Mme. Frances Alda and Frank LaForge.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Gold Medal Fast Freight.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour with Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver and Revelers Quartet.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Arabesque—the fascinating desert play.

10:15 p.m.—WABC—Peter Pan Forecasts. Pajamas for sleeping, pajamas for lounging and why not pajjies for dancing is the question asked by prominent stylists.

### Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

**BOSCU MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA**—Frank LaForge, pianist.  
7:30 p.m. 8:30 5:30 4:30  
WEAF WLIT WBEN WCAE  
WSAI WRC WTAM WGY

**"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"**—William Hard.  
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45  
WEAF WRC KOA KECA  
WGO WCAE WBEN KOMO  
KFSD WSAI WIBO KSD  
WOC WHO WOW WDAF  
WEHI WJAR WFLA WSUN  
KSTP WENR

### LISTERINE PROGRAM—Bobby Jones, golf chata.

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
WEAF WTIC WEEL WTAG  
WCSH WLIT WRC WBEN  
WTAM WWJ WSAI WIBO  
KSD WHO WOW  
WPTF WIOD WFLA WSUN  
WHS WSM WMC WSB  
WJDX WFAA WOA KOA  
KSL KGO KECA KGW  
KOMO KHQ KTAR KFSD  
WGY KPCC KFJR WJAR  
WSMB CKGW CFCF WRVA  
WTMJ KSTP WEBC WDAY  
WDAF KTHS

### Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

**MOBILOIL CONCERT**—  
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30  
WEAF WEEL WJAR WCSH  
WTAG WLIT WRC WSAI  
KSD WOV WTAM KOA  
KVOO WFAA WOA WKY  
WTIC KPCC KSL WGY  
WGN WBCB WDAF WCAE  
WHO WOC WWJ WBEN  
KSTP WTMJ

**GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT**—  
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW  
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU  
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO  
WTAR WDBJ WADC WIK  
WKRC WCAH WXYZ WSPD  
WLAF WREC WLAC WISN  
WOW WFBI WMIAQ WCCO  
KSCJ KMOX KMBC KOIL  
KFH KFJF KRLL KLZ  
KDYL KOL KFPY KOIN  
KIJJ KFRC KMJ KFBK

**HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM**—  
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAG  
WCSH WLIT WRC WGY  
WCAE CKGW WRVA WJAX  
KOA KSL KGO KGW

### Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

KOMO KHQ WSAI KSD  
WOC WHO WOV WWJ  
WSMB KVOO KPRC WOA  
KSD WOC WOV WSM  
WBEN WTAM KFI

**PALMOLIVE HOUR**—  
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30  
WEAF WEEL WTIC WJAR  
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC  
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN  
WJAS WJAX WJAX WSM  
WTMJ CKGW KSTP WIAS  
WSM WMC WDAF WHO  
WSB WOA KOA KSL  
KGO KGW KOMO RHQ  
WFAA KPCC WWJ WTAM  
WBEN KFI

**ARABESQUE—Desert Play.**  
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30  
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW  
WDRC WORC WPG WFAN  
WIP WJAS WLBB WMAL  
WTAR WSPD WREC WDSU  
WISN WTAQ WFIAM WCCO  
WMT KMXX KMBC KFJF  
KTSa KLZ KFRC CFRB

### Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

**VITALITY PERSONALITIES**—  
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00  
WABC W2XE WADC WJAS  
WNAC WKBW WBMM WKRC  
WBT WXYZ WOVG KMBC  
KOIL WCAE W3XAU WEAN  
KMOX WFBL WSPD WMAL  
WDRC WST WBRC WRR  
KTRH WFBI WLRA WISN  
WCAH WLAC WBSU KFJF  
KTSa KDYL KIJ KOIN  
KFRC KOL KFPY

**PETER PAN FORECASTS**—  
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15  
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW  
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU  
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO  
WADC WIK WKRC WXYZ  
WSPD WOW BMM KMXX  
KMBC KOIL KRLL KVI  
KOL KFPY KOIN KIJJ  
KFRC KMJ CFRB KFBK

**COCA COLA PROGRAM**—  
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30  
WEAF WEI WTIC KTAR  
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC  
WCAE WSAI WOC WEBC  
WKY KYW KSD WRVA  
KSTP WJAX WTD WSM  
WSMB W3UN KPRC WOA  
KOA KSL KGO KGW  
KHQ KOMO KFSD WJDX  
WDAF WIAS WTAM WHO  
WOW WMC WSB WWJ  
WAPI WBP KFI WGY  
WTMJ WBAF WFLA

**"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"**—  
Nellie Revell.  
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00  
WEAF WFLA WSUN WLIT  
WTAM WOC WHO WRC  
WEHI WJAR WBSH WGY  
WIBO WJAX WIOD

**GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS**—  
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30  
WABC W2XE WFAN WADC  
WEAN WJAX WHK WXYZ  
WPG WBSU WTAQ WCAO  
CFRB WKBW WLBW WOA  
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK  
WVNC WDOO WLAC WISN  
KMBC KFH KLZ

**Thursday**

**FIVE ARTS—Radio Home Makers.**  
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00  
WABC W2XE WBEC WKBW  
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC  
WPG WCAU W3XAU WJAS  
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ  
WKBN WVNC WBCM WSPD  
WDOO WREC WLAC WMBC  
WOWO KSCJ KMXX KMBC  
KLRA KOIL KFPY KTSa

**ART GILLHAM**—  
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00  
WABC W2XE WFBL WBEC  
WHP WLBW WMAL WTAR  
WKBN WREC WBRG WTAQ  
WCCO WMT KMOX WIBC  
KOIL KFJF KTRH KTSa  
KLZ CFRB

**BOND SUNSHINE PROGRAM**—  
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00  
WEAF WTIC WGY WBEN

**MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING**—  
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00  
WEAF WMC WIBO WWJ  
WIAS WOC WHO KOA  
WBEN WCAE WTMJ RDL  
KFJR WAPI WJAR WFI  
WTIC WENR

**SALADA SALON ORCHESTRA**—  
Nathanial Shikret.  
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL  
WHAM KDKA WJR WBO  
KWK WREN KFAB WGAR

**THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN**—  
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45  
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR  
WEAN WNAC WCAU W3XAU  
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO  
WADC WIK WKRC WXYZ  
WSPD WOW WJDX  
KMBC KOIL WJDD KMXX

**ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY**—  
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WEAF WEI WJAR WTAG  
WCSH WEI CKGW WRC  
WGY WTIC WRC WIOD  
WJAX WOA KOA KSL  
WKY WBAF WRVA WSAI  
KSD WDAF KYW WCAE  
WREC WOV WSMB WJDX  
WOC WMC WIK WGO  
KECA KOMO KIJ KGW  
WAPI WTAM WBEN KTAR  
KFSD WWJ

**PREMIER SALAD DRESSERS—Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn.**  
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WABC W2XE WFLA WEAN  
WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU  
WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC  
WIK WKRC WXYZ WSPD  
WOWO WBBM KMBC KTRH  
KOIL

**DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE—Dramatized Tales of Mystery.**  
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30  
WABC W2XE WFBL WKRW  
WEAN WDRC WNAC W3XAU  
WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC  
WIK WKRC WXYZ WSPD  
WOWO WBBM KMBC KTRH  
KOIL WCAU



# Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list of stations has been corrected from the latest authentic sources. However, station managers are invited to report any inaccuracies.—EDITOR

### K

KBTM.....Paragould, Ark. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KCRC.....Enid, Okla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 250 w. until local sunset.  
 KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
 KDFN.....Casper, Wyo. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
 KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.  
 KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
 KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.  
 KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.  
 KELW.....Burbank, Calif. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.  
 KEX.....Portland, Ore. 5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.  
 KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr. 5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.  
 KFAC.....Los Angeles 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
 KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont. 500 w.—1360 kc.—234.2 m.  
 2500 w. until local sunset  
 KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KFBF.....Everett, Wash. 50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas 500 w.—560 kc.—335.4 m.  
 1000 w. until local sunset  
 KFDY.....Brookings, S. D. 500 w.—940 kc.—319. m.  
 KFEF.....Edgewater, Colo. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.  
 KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo. 2500 w.—680 kc.—335.4 m.  
 KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.7 m.  
 KFH.....Wichita, Kans. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
 KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif. 5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.  
 KPIO.....Spokane, Wash. 100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.  
 KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska 10 w.—1310 kc.—232.9 m.  
 KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 250 w. until local sunset  
 KFJP.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.  
 KFJL.....Astoria, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KFJR.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
 KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KFKA.....Greeley, Colo. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.  
 1000 w. until local sunset  
 KFKB.....Milford, Kans. 5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.  
 KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans. 500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.  
 KFKX.....Chicago, Ill. 10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.  
 KFLV.....Rockford, Ill. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.  
 KFLX.....Galveston, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KFMX.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
 KFNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.  
 1000 w. until local sunset  
 KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
 250 w. until local sunset  
 KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
 KPFL.....Dublin, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KPFM.....Greenville, Tex. 15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KPFW.....Fort Smith, Ark. 50 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.

KFPY.....Spokane, Wash. 1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.  
 KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska 100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.  
 KFQU.....Holy City, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KFRW.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KFRC.....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—610 kc.—419.5 m.  
 KFRU.....Columbia, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.  
 KFSM.....San Diego, Calif. 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.  
 1000 w. until local sunset  
 KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
 KFUL.....Galveston, Texas 500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.  
 KFUM.....Colorado Springs, Colo. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
 KFUO.....Clayton, Mo. 500 w.—550 kc.—345.1 m.  
 1000 w.—KFUO until L. S.  
 KFUP.....Denver, Colo. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KFVD.....Culver City, Calif. 500 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.  
 KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
 KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif. 1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.  
 KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KFWL.....San Francisco, Calif. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.  
 KFXX.....Nanasa, Idaho 50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KFYX.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.  
 KFXJ.....Grand Junction, Colo. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KFXM.....San Bernardino, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
 KFXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 250 w. KFXR until L. S.  
 KFXV.....Flagstaff, Ariz. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KFYO.....Abilene, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 250 w. until local sunset  
 KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D. 1000 w.—550 kc.—455.1 m.  
 2500 until local sunset  
 KGA.....Spokane, Wash. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.  
 KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 250 w. KGAR until L. S.  
 KGB.....San Diego, Calif. 500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.  
 KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska 500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.  
 KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KGBZ.....York, Nebr. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.  
 1000 w. until local sunset  
 KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa 50 w. 1270 kc. 236.1 m.  
 KGCR.....Watertown, S. D. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
 KGCU.....Mandan, N. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KGDX.....Wolf Point, Mont. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 250 w. until local sunset  
 KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KGDE.....Fergus Fall, Minn. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 250 w. until local sunset  
 KGDH.....Stockton, Calif. 250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.  
 KGDX.....Huron, S. C. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
 KGEK.....Yuma, Colo. 50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KGER.....Long Beach, Calif. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.  
 KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KGFF.....Shawnee, Okla. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGFG.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KGFI.....Corpus Christi, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
 250 w. until local sunset  
 KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KGFK.....Moorehead, Minn. 50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
 KGFL.....Raton, N. M. 50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KGFV.....Ravena, Nebr. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KGFX.....Pierre, S. D. 200 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.  
 KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KGGF.....South Coffeyville, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.  
 KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M. 250 S.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.  
 500 w.—until local sunset.  
 KGHP.....Pueblo, Colo. 250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.  
 500 w. until local sunset  
 KGH.....Little Rock, Ark. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KGHM.....Billings, Mont. 100 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.  
 KGIR.....Butte, Mont. 250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.  
 KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KGIZ.....Grant City, Mo. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
 KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.  
 KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
 KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas 250 w.—570 kc.—326 m.  
 500 w. until local sunset  
 KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
 KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.  
 KGMP.....Elk City, Okla. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
 KGNP.....North Platte, Nebr. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.  
 KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
 KGO.....San Francisco, Calif. 7500 w.—790 kc.—370.5 m.  
 KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas 1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.  
 KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.  
 KGVO.....Missoula, Mont. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KGW.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.  
 KGY.....Lacey, Wash. 10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.  
 KHQ.....Spokane, Wash. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.  
 2000 w.—until local sunset  
 KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho 250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.  
 500 w. until local sunset  
 KIDO.....Boise, Idaho 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
 KIT.....Yakima, Wash. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.  
 KJR.....Seattle, Wash. 5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.  
 KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark. 50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.  
 KLO.....Ogden, Utah 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.  
 KLPD.....Minot, N. D. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark. 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.  
 KLS.....Oakland, Calif. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.  
 KLN.....Oakland, Calif. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.

KLZ.....Denver, Colo. 1000 w.—560 kc.—455.1 m.  
 KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa 500 w.—930 kc.—315.6 m.  
 1000 w. until local sunset  
 KMAC.....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.  
 KMCS.....Inglewood, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
 KMED.....Medford, Oregon 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KMJ.....Fresno, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
 KMLB.....Monroe, La. 50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr. 1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.  
 KMO.....Tacoma, Wash. 500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.  
 KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo. 50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.  
 KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif. 500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.  
 KMTN.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—570 kc.—326 m.  
 KNX.....Hollywood, Calif. 50,000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.  
 KOA.....Denver, Colo. 12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.  
 KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore. 1000 w.—550 kc.—455.1 m.  
 KOB.....State College, N. M. 20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.  
 KOCC.....Chickasha, Okla. 250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.  
 500 w. until local sunset  
 KOH.....Reno, Nev. 500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.  
 KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa 1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.  
 KOIN.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.  
 KOL.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
 KOMO.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.  
 KONO.....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KORE.....Eugene, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz. 500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.  
 KPCB.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.  
 KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
 KPO.....San Francisco, Calif. 5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.  
 KPQF.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.  
 KPCC.....Pasadena, Calif. 50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
 KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash. 50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
 KPRC.....Houston, Texas 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.  
 2500 w. until local sunset  
 KPNS.....Pasadena, Calif. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.  
 KPQ.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.  
 KQW.....San Jose, Calif. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.  
 KRE.....Berkeley, Calif. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
 KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.  
 KRLD.....Dallas, Texas 10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.  
 KRMD.....Shreveport, La. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KROW.....Oakland, Calif. 500 w.—910 kc.—288.3 m.  
 1000 w.—KROW until L. S.  
 KRSC.....Seattle, Wash. 50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
 KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans. 500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.  
 1000 w. until local sunset  
 KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa. 1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.  
 2500 w.—KSCJ until L. S.

KSD.....St. Louis, Mo. 500 w.—550 kc.—455.1 m.  
 KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho 250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.  
 KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah 5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.  
 KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa 500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.  
 KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D. 2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.  
 KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.  
 KTAB.....Oakland, Calif. 100 w.—560 kc.—483.6 m.  
 KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz. 500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.  
 1000 w.—KTAR until L. S.  
 KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas 1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.  
 KTRB.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
 KTRS.....Shreveport, La. 1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.  
 KTFI.....Twin Falls, Idaho 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.  
 KTSH.....Hot Springs National Park, Ark. 10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.  
 KTLC.....Houston, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.  
 1000 w.—KTM until L. S.  
 KTNB.....Muscatine, Iowa 5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.  
 KTRH.....Houston, Texas 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
 KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.  
 2000 w.—KTSA until L. S.  
 KTSL.....Shreveport, La. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KTSM.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KTW.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
 KUJ.....Walla Walla, Wash. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KUOA.....Payetteville, Ark. 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.  
 KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.  
 750 w. until local sunset  
 KUT.....Austin, Texas 500 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
 KVI.....Tacoma, Wash. 1000 w.—760 kc.—344.5 m.  
 KVL.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz. 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.  
 KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla. 5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.  
 KVOB.....Bellingham, Wash. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KWEA.....Shreveport, La. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
 KWG.....Stockton, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
 KWJJ.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.  
 KWK.....St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.  
 KWKD.....Kansas City, Mo. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
 KWKH.....Shreveport, La. 10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.  
 KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa 100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
 KWSC.....Pullman, Wash. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.  
 2000 w. until local sunset  
 KWVG.....Brownsville, Texas 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.  
 KXA.....Seattle, Wash. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.  
 KXL.....Portland, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
 KXO.....El Centro, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
 KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
 KXYZ.....Houston, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KYA... San Francisco, Calif.  
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.  
KYW... Chicago, Ill.  
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.  
KZM... Haywood, Calif.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

## W

WAAB... Boston, Mass.  
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.  
WAAP... Chicago, Ill.  
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.  
WAAM... Newark, N. J.  
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
2000 w. until local sunset  
WAAT... Jersey City, N. J.  
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.  
WAAW... Omaha, Nebr.  
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.  
WABC... New York City  
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.  
WABI... Bangor, Me.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WABZ... New Orleans, La.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WACO... Waco, Texas  
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.  
WADC... Tallmadge, Ohio  
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.  
WAUI... Columbus, Ohio  
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.  
WALR... Zanesville, Ohio  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WAPI... Birmingham, Ala.  
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.  
WASH... Grand Rapids, Mich.  
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
WAWZ... Zarephath, N. J.  
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.  
WBAA... W. Lafayette, Ind.  
5000 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset  
WBAK... Harrisburg, Pa.  
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset  
WBAL... Baltimore, Md.  
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.  
WBAP... Fort Worth, Texas  
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.  
WBAX... Wilkes Barre, Pa.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—237.8 m.  
WBBC... Brooklyn, N. Y.  
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.  
WBBL... Richmond, Va.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WBBM... Chicago, Ill.  
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.  
WBBR... Brooklyn, N. Y.  
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
WBBZ... Ponca City, Okla.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WBCM... Bay City, Mich.  
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.  
WBEN... Buffalo, N. Y.  
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.  
WBEO... Marquette, Mich.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WBGF... Glens Falls, N. Y.  
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
WBIG... Greensboro, N. C.  
1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.  
WBIS... Quincy, Mass.  
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.  
WBMS... Hackensack, N. J.  
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.  
WBNX... New York, N. Y.  
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.  
WBOQ... New York, N. Y.  
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.  
WBOW... Terre Haute, Ind.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WBRC... Birmingham, Ala.  
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset  
WBRE... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WBSO... Needham, Mass.  
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.  
WBT... Charlotte, N. C.  
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.  
WBTM... Danville, Va.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
WBZ... Springfield, Mass.  
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.  
WBZA... Boston, Mass.  
1000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.  
WCAC... Storrs, Conn.  
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.  
WCAD... Canton, N. Y.  
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.  
WCAE... Pittsburgh, Pa.  
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.  
WCAH... Columbus, Ohio  
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.  
WCAJ... Lincoln, Nebr.  
250 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.  
WCAL... Northfield, Minn.  
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
WCAM... Camden, N. J.  
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.  
WCAO... Baltimore, Md.  
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.  
WCAP... Asbury Park, N. J.  
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.  
WCAT... Rapid City, S. D.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WCAU... Philadelphia, Pa.  
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.  
WCAX... Burlington, Vt.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

WCAZ... Carthage, Ill.  
50 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.  
WCBA... Allentown, Pa.  
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.  
WCBD... Zion, Ill.  
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.  
WCBM... Baltimore, Md.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WCBS... Springfield, Ill.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WCCO... Minneapolis, Minn.  
7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.  
WCDA... New York City  
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.  
WCFL... Chicago, Ill.  
1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.  
WCGU... Brooklyn, N. Y.  
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.  
WCHI... Chicago, Ill.  
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.  
WCKY... Covington, Ky.  
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.  
WCLB... Long Beach, N. Y.  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
WCLO... Janesville, Wis.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WCLS... Joliet, Ill.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WCMA... Culver, Ind.  
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.  
WCOA... Pensacola, Fla.  
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.  
WCOC... Meridian, Miss.  
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset  
WCOD... Harrisburg, Pa.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WCQH... Yonkers, N. Y.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WCRW... Chicago, Ill.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WCSC... Charleston, S. C.  
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.  
WCSH... Portland, Me.  
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.  
WDAE... Tampa, Fla.  
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.  
WDAF... Kansas City, Mo.  
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.  
WDAG... Amarillo, Texas  
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.  
WDAH... El Paso, Texas  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WDAY... Fargo, N. D.  
1000 w.—914 kc.—319 m.  
WDBJ... Roanoke, Va.  
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.  
500 w. until local sunset  
WDBO... Orlando, Fla.  
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
100 w. until local sunset  
WDEL... Wilmington, Dela.  
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
500 w. until local sunset  
WDGY... Minneapolis, Minn.  
1000 w.—1180 kc.—253.1 m.  
WDIX... Tupelo, Miss.  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
WDOD... Chattanooga, Tenn.  
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.  
2500 w. until local sunset  
WDRS... Hartford, Conn.  
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.  
WDSU... New Orleans, La.  
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
WDWP... Providence, R. I.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WDZ... Tuscola, Ill.  
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.  
WEAF... New York, N. Y.  
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.  
WEAI... Ithaca, N. Y.  
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
WEAN... Providence, R. I.  
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.  
500 w. until local sunset  
WEAO... Columbus, Ohio  
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.  
WEEB... Superior, Wis.  
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.  
2500 w. until local sunset  
WEBQ... Harrisburg, Ill.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WEBR... Buffalo, N. Y.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
200 w. until local sunset  
WEDC... Chicago, Ill.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WEDH... Erie, Pa.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WEEI... Boston, Mass.  
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.  
WEHC... Emory, Va.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WEHS... Evanston, Ill.  
100 w.—1400 kc.—211.1 m.  
WELK... Philadelphia, Pa.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WELL... Battle Creek, Mich.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WENR... Chicago, Ill.  
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.  
WEPS... Auburn, Mass.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WEVD... New York City  
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
WEW... St. Louis, Mo.  
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.

WEXL... Royal Oak, Mich.  
500 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WFAA... Dallas, Texas  
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.  
WFAN... Philadelphia, Pa.  
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.  
WFBK... Knoxville, Tenn.  
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WFBE... Cincinnati, Ohio  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WFBG... Altoona, Pa.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WFBM... Syracuse, N. Y.  
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.  
2500 w. until local sunset  
WFBM... Indianapolis, Ind.  
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.  
WFBT... Baltimore, Md.  
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
WFDF... Flint, Mich.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WFDFV... Rome, Ga.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
WFDW... Anniston, Ala.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WFI... Philadelphia, Pa.  
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.  
WFIW... Hopkinsville, Ky.  
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.  
WFLA... Clearwater, Fla.  
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.  
2500 w. until local sunset  
WFOK... Brooklyn, N. Y.  
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.  
WGAL... Lancaster, Pa.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WGAR... Cleveland, Ohio  
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.  
WGBB... Freeport, N. Y.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WGBK... Memphis, Tenn.  
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.  
WGBF... Evansville, Ind.  
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.  
WGBI... Scranton, Pa.  
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.  
WGBS... New York City  
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.  
500 w. until local sunset  
WGCM... Gulfport, Miss.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WGCP... Newark, N. J.  
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
WGES... Chicago, Ill.  
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset  
WGH... Newport News, Va.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WGL... Fort Wayne, Ind.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
WGMS... St. Paul, Minn.  
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
WGN... Chicago, Ill.  
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.  
WGR... Buffalo, N. Y.  
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.  
WGST... Atlanta, Ga.  
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.  
500 w. until local sunset  
WGY... Schenectady, N. Y.  
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.  
WHA... Madison, Wis.  
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.  
WHAD... Milwaukee, Wis.  
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
WHAM... Rochester, N. Y.  
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.  
WHAP... New York City  
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
WHAS... Louisville, Ky.  
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.  
WHAT... Philadelphia, Pa.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WHAZ... Troy, N. Y.  
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
WHB... Kansas City, Mo.  
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.  
WHBC... Canton, Ohio  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WHBD... Mt. Orab, Ohio  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
WHBF... Rock Island, Ill.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WHBL... Sheboygan, Wis.  
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.  
WHBQ... Memphis, Tenn.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
WHBU... Anderson, Ind.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WHBY... Green Bay, Wis.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WHDF... Calumet, Mich.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WHDH... Boston, Mass.  
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.  
WHDI... Minneapolis, Minn.  
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.  
WHDL... Tupper Lake, N. Y.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WHEC... Rochester, N. Y.  
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.  
WHFC... Cicero, Ill.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WHIS... Bluefield, W. Va.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WHK... Cleveland, Ohio  
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.  
WHN... New York, N. Y.  
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.

WHO... Des Moines, Ia.  
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.  
WHOM... Jersey City, N. J.  
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.  
WHP... Harrisburg, Pa.  
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset  
WHAS... Ottumwa, Iowa  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WHBA... Madison, Wis.  
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.  
WHBG... Ellans Park, Pa.  
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.  
WHBM... Jackson, Mich.  
1000 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
WHBO... Chicago, Ill.  
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.  
1500 w. until local sunset  
WHBR... Steubenville, Ohio  
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WHBU... Poyntette, Wis.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WHBW... Topeka, Kansas  
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.  
WHBX... Utica, N. Y.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
300 w. until local sunset  
WHCC... Bridgeport, Conn.  
250 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.  
500 w. until local sunset  
WHL... St. Louis, Mo.  
100 w. i.s.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WILL... Urbana, Ill.  
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.  
500 w. until local sunset  
WILM... Wilmington, Del.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WIOD... Miami Beach, Fla.  
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
WIP... Philadelphia, Pa.  
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.  
WIS... Columbia, S. C.  
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.  
500 w. until local sunset  
WISJ... Madison, Wis.  
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.  
500 w. until local sunset  
WISN... Milwaukee, Wis.  
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
WJAC... Johnstown, Pa.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WJAG... Norfolk, Nebr.  
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.  
WJAK... Marion, Ind.  
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WJAR... Providence, R. I.  
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.  
400 w. until local sunset  
WJAS... Pittsburgh, Pa.  
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.  
2500 w. until local sunset  
WJAX... Jacksonville, Fla.  
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.  
WJAY... Cleveland, Ohio  
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.  
WJAZ... Mt. Prospect, Ill.  
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.  
WJBC... La Salle, Ill.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WJBI... Red Bank, N. J.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WJBK... Highland Park, Mich.  
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
WJBL... Decatur, Ill.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WJBO... New Orleans, La.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WJBT-WBBM... Glenview, Ill.  
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.  
WJBU... Lewisburg, Pa.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WJBW... New Orleans, La.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WJBY... Gadsden, Ala.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WJDX... Jackson, Miss.  
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
WJJD... Mooseheart, Ill.  
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.  
WJKS... Gary, Ind.  
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.  
1250 w. until local sunset  
WJR... Detroit, Mich.  
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.  
WJSV... Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.  
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.  
WJW... Mansfield, Ohio  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WJZ... New York City  
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.  
WKAQ... San Juan, P. R.  
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.  
WKAR... E. Lansing, Mich.  
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.  
WKAU... Laconia, N. H.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WKB... Joliet, Ill.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WKBK... Birmingham, Ala.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WKBK... Indianapolis, Ind.  
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.  
WKBH... La Crosse, Wis.  
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.  
WKB... Chicago, Ill.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WKB... Youngstown, Ohio  
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.  
WKB... Jersey City, N. J.  
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.  
WKB... Galesburg, Ill.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

WKBV... Connersville, Ind.  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
150 w. until local sunset  
WKBY... Buffalo, N. Y.  
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.  
WKCB... Ludington, Mich.  
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
WKJC... Lancaster, Pa.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
WKRC... Cincinnati, Ohio  
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.  
WKY... Oklahoma City, Okla.  
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.  
WKZO... Berrien Springs, Mich.  
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.  
WLAC... Nashville, Tenn.  
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.  
WLAP... Louisville, Ky.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WLB... Minneapolis, Minn.  
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
WLB... Muncie, Ind.  
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WLB... Kansas City, Kans.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
WLB... Petersburg, Va.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WLB... Stevens Pt., Wis.  
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.  
WLBW... Oil City, Pa.  
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset  
WLBX... L. I. City, N. Y.  
1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
WL... Ithaca, N. Y.  
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WLEV... Lexington, Mass.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
WLIB... Elgin, Ill.  
25,000 w.—720 kc.—496.4 m.  
WLIT... Philadelphia, Pa.  
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.  
WLOE... Boston, Mass.  
1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WLS... Chicago, Ill.  
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.  
WLSI... Cranston, R. I.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WLTH... Brooklyn, N. Y.  
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.  
WLVA... Lynchburg, Va.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
WLW... Cincinnati, O.  
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.  
WLWL... New York City  
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.  
WMA... Cazenovia, N. Y.  
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.  
WMAF... Dartmouth, Mass.  
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.  
WMAK... Buffalo, N. Y.  
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.  
WMA... Washington, D. C.  
250 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.  
500 w. until local sunset  
WMAQ... Chicago, Ill.  
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.  
WMAZ... Macon, Ga.  
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.  
WMA... Newport, R. I.  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
WMB... Detroit, Mich.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WMBD... Peoria Hts., Ill.  
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset  
WMBF... Miami Beach, Fla.  
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
WMBG... Richmond, Va.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WMBH... Joplin, Mo.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
250 w. until local sunset  
WMBI... Chicago, Ill.  
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.  
WMO... Auburn, N. Y.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WMBQ... Brooklyn, N. Y.  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
WMBR... Tampa, Fla.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
WMC... Memphis, Tenn.  
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset  
WMC... New York City  
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.  
WMMN... Fairmont, W. Va.  
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.  
500 w. until local sunset  
WMP... Lapeer, Mich.  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
WMRJ... Jamaica, N. Y.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
WMSG... New York, N. Y.  
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.  
WMT... Waterloo, Iowa  
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.  
WNAC... Boston, Mass.  
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.  
WNAD... Norman, Okla.  
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.  
WNAX... Yankton, S. Dak.  
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.  
WNBF... Binghamton, N. Y.  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
WNBH... New Bedford, Mass.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
WNBO... Silver Haven, Pa.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.



## Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 54)

pick hits. While I do try to portray budding hits while they are in embryo, my main delight in writing for this particular column is to discuss the inner workings and harmless gossip in the writing of, and the publication of the various songs which I mention. Notice I say "harmless gossip", because I am not in accord with the Broadway fallacy that it is necessary to be supremely critical, nay, even vituperative, in discussing artistic efforts in order to be interesting.

A columnist works on the theory that to say nice things about people would be to be uninteresting. Personally I believe one may be very complimentary, and yet extremely interesting, depending upon the interesting facts about the subject.

Therefore, when someone jumps to his feet after my discussion of the song *Stardust*, which has been a hit for some time, and which has been out for even a longer time—when this person rises to state that I am late in my discussion of the song, I am very happy to agree with him, although a careful check-back on the songs I have discussed in these columns will show that my judgment has been vindicated in quite a few cases where the songs have achieved an unusual popularity, yet I made no pretensions to being a picker of hits. Please remember that the time between the writing of the article, and the subsequent publication of *RADIO DIGEST* is approximately a month, in which time many a song may blossom forth to an intense popularity, and then completely disappear from the counters of the music stores.

*Stardust*, however, is a song which has been out for a long time, that is to say, several months, and only recently has it come into a great popularity. Just the reason for this popularity is hard to say. Personally I have always felt that melody in a song is the chief attribute which brings popularity. Certainly *Stardust* has a most fascinating melody.

It was written by a young orchestra leader-vocalist, who is sponsored by the Victor Co. in his recordings and writings, one Hoagy Carmichael, and the lyrics are by Mitchell Parish. The song has steadily found its way up to the threshold of appreciation of the song-buying public.

It is published by Jack Mills, and must be played quite slowly in order to be appreciated. I would take at least a minute and five seconds for the chorus.

### *Cubalero*

**L**ESTER BANKER, has contributed so much to the enjoyment of our Fleischmann programs by his excellent pianistic efforts in conjunction with either Cliff Burwell or Walter Gross (depending upon which young man was with us at the time Mr. Banker was associated with the

Connecticut Yankees). This same Lester Banker has always shown a leaning towards composition. Many evenings at the Villa Vallée we have played a tango which he wrote with another young man, also a pianist.

In the case of the tango, Mr. Banker's contribution was that of the lyrics, both in English and in Spanish. The Spanish lyrics lack that patois-like and colloquial quality that only a genuine native seems to be able to put into the lyrics of a song, however technically right they may be. In fact, that is probably the reason that no English-speaking person should try to write lyrics in a foreign tongue. The English-speaking person is apt to translate too literally, as Mr. Banker has done both in the tango and in his new composition, *The Cubalero*.

In the case of *Cubalero*, the words and music have been written by Lester Banker, Joe Young, and John Sizas. They have handled the rhythms exceptionally well. These boys have combined the elements of both the modern Rumba and the old Bolero, which has come into popular fashion since the advent of Ravel's *Bolero*. The bolero is an old Spanish dance coming from Spain, and the Rumba comes from Cuba.

The rhythm is extremely syncopated and staccato. This is one of those compositions which, like *The Peanut Vendor*, must be heard before it can really be appreciated.

It is published by the Witmark Music Publishing Co., and it is hard to make any rule as to its speed of tempo.

### *Making Faces At The Man In The Moon*

**M**Y OLD friend, Max Rich, pianist-composer of *My Bluebird Got Caught In The Rain; Yes or No; Smile, Darn Va' Smile*, and in fact many other tunes, too numerous to mention, has collaborated with Al Hoffman, Ned Washington, and Kate Smith, in the writing of what looks to be another hit "moon song".

The poor old moon has been twisted around and fitted into so many states and situations of late that it is a wonder that we have any moon left! Still, it makes a highly desirable subject for the composition of a song, and in this case I believe the twist is quite unusually novel. The title itself is indeed clever. The song is lilting and catchy, simply being the complaint of a young swain who feels that the moon shines on all other lovers but makes an exception in his case.

We will play it at a minute for the chorus.

One of the newest and best liked of Tin Pan Alley publishers who has gone, in a modest way, into publishing hit songs, is George Marlo. He may take a bow, for any success that this song may have. My best wishes to the Marlo Music Corporation.

## They Leave Their Comfy Beds for Him

(Continued from page 67)

inspiring view of the sidewalks of New York, the skyscrapers and the East River. The walls, which are hung with specially made draperies, and the ceiling are constructed so as to prevent echoes and deaden all unnecessary sound in the studio. Thick carpet on the floor also helps.

Now our attention is again called to Director Bagley at the microphone. He is dressed in a white shirt and white duck trousers. He is of medium height, compactly and slightly built. His muscles are hard, his movements are quick and sure, the movements of a man whose mental and physical co-ordination are perfect. He drinks many glasses of water during his broadcasting. He smiles with his eyes, as well as his lips, while he talks.

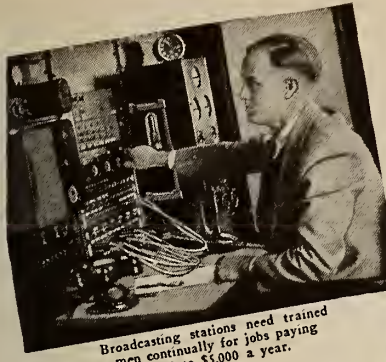
We hear his deep, pleasant voice, as he keeps up a rapid-fire chatter of instruction and comment to his class. He has a veritable enchanter's gift for coaxing and cajoling, for instilling vigor into the laggards and ambition into the ambitionless. He has an uncanny gift for projecting his personality over the mike and making every member of his class of four million feel that he or she is being personally supervised.

There is no resisting the spell of Mr. Bagley's words. Before you know it you are filling your lungs with the early morning air. Sleep departs from your eyes and heaviness from your heart. You are splendidly and vibrantly alive from your finger-tips, which are stretched high above your head, to your toes.

Being the physical director of the largest gym class in the world is, of itself, a great responsibility. Although Mr. Bagley's wife, son and lovely daughter live in the family home in New Jersey, he occupies a room in a New York hotel where, safe from the vagaries of transportation, he can be within easy walking distance of the Metropolitan Tower.

Since his first broadcast Mr. Bagley has been absent only once and then it was due to a death in the family. He has never been late for a class. Sometimes this is difficult, too, because he is in great demand as a speaker. He says that the masters of ceremony at the functions at which he appears almost never realize that he has to get up at 5:45 A. M., so they are not always careful about placing his talk early on the program. (Since this was written Mr. Bagley underwent an operation for appendicitis, but has now returned to class in good health—Editor.)

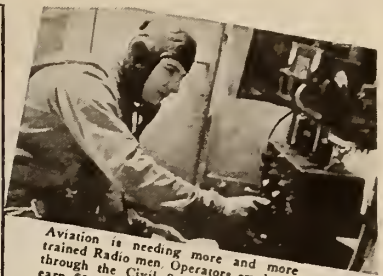
Recently the Tower Health League celebrated its sixth birthday. Since March 31, 1925, when it first went on the air, the Tower class has broadcast regularly six days a week. It has the distinction of being the oldest daily feature on the NBC networks, from the standpoint of broadcast hours. In establishing this record of more than 2,300 broadcasts, Mr. Bagley



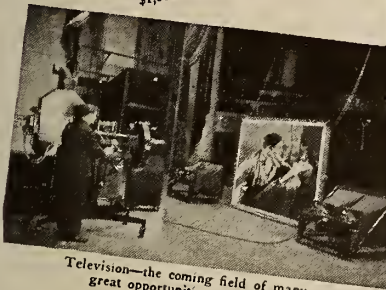
Broadcasting stations need trained men continually for jobs paying \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year.



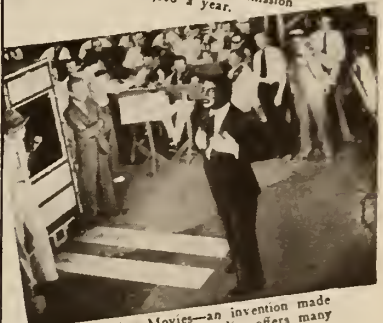
Operators on ships see the world and get good pay plus expenses.



Aviation is needing more and more trained Radio men. Operators employed through the Civil Service Commission earn \$2,000 to \$2,800 a year.



Television—the coming field of many great opportunities—is covered by my course.



Talking Movies—an invention made possible only by Radio—offers many fine jobs to well trained Radio men.

# You'll Get Thrills-Adventure BIG PAY in RADIO



J. E. Smith, Pres.

I will Train You at Home to Fill a Fascinating Job in Radio

*Radio's Amazing Growth is Opening  
Hundreds of Big Jobs Every Year*

You like action, romance, thrills! You'll get them in Radio—plenty of them! Big pay, too. That is why I urge you to mail the coupon below for my free book of startling facts on the variety of fascinating, money-making opportunities in this great, uncrowded field. It also explains how you can quickly learn Radio through my amazingly simple 50-50 method of home-study training, even though you may not now know the difference between a "Screen Grid and a Gridiron". Thousands of men who knew absolutely nothing about Radio before taking my course are today making real money in this growing industry.

### Thrilling Jobs That Pay \$50 to \$100 a Week

Why go along with \$25, \$30 or \$45 a week in dull, no-future work when there are plenty of good jobs in Radio that pay \$50, \$75 and up to \$250 a week? For instance, by taking my training, you can see the world in grand style as a Radio operator on shipboard. There are many splendid openings in this line with good pay plus your expenses. You'll also find thrills and real pay in Aviation Radio work. Broadcasting is another field that offers big pay and fascinating opportunities to men who know Radio. And think of the great, thrilling future

for men with Radio training in Television and Talking Movies. My free book tells all about these and many other branches of Radio that bring you in contact with interesting people, pay big money and make life pleasant for you. Without doubt, Radio training is the key that opens the way to success. And my training, in particular, is the only training that makes you a "Certified RADIO-TRICIAN"—the magic words that mean valuable recognition for you in whatever type of Radio work you take up after graduation. You'll see why, when you receive my interesting book.

### Earn While You Learn

You don't have to quit your present job to take my course! You stay right at home, hold your job, and learn in your spare time. (Lack of high school education or Radio experience are no drawbacks.) I teach you to begin making money shortly after you enroll. My new practical method makes this possible. I give you eight big laboratory outfits that teach you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Many of my students earn \$15, \$20, \$30 weekly while learning. Earle Cummings, 18 Webster St., Haverhill, Mass., writes: "I made \$375 in one month in my spare time, installing, servicing, selling Radio sets." And let me emphasize right

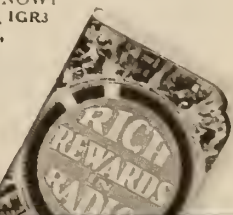
here that a Radio business of your own is one of the money-making opportunities my training prepares you for in case you wish to settle down at home.

### Get My Free Book

Send the coupon below for my 64-page book of opportunities in Radio and information on my home-study training. It has put hundreds of fellows on the road to bigger pay and success. It will tell you exactly what Radio offers you, and how my Employment Department helps you get into Radio after you graduate. I back my training with a signed agreement to refund every penny of your money if, after completion, you are not satisfied with the Lesson and Instruction Service I give you. Fill in and mail the coupon NOW!

J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. IGR3  
National Radio Institute,  
Washington, D. C.

Act Now



### Mail Coupon Today

J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute, Dept. IGR3  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Send me your book "Rich Rewards in Radio" giving information on the big money opportunities in Radio and your famous 50-50 method of home-study training. I understand this places me under no obligation and that no salesman will call.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

### Travelled 75,000 Miles

"Dear Mr. Smith: I have worked as Junior Operator on board S. S. Dorchester and Chief Operator of the Chester Sun. I have travelled from 75,000 to 100,000 miles, visited ports in various countries, fished and motored with millionaires, been on airplane flights, etc. I am now with Broadcasting Station WREN." (Signed) Robin D. Compton, 1213 Vermont St., Lawrence, Kansas.



### \$400 a Month

"The Radio field is getting bigger and better every year. I have made more than \$400 each month and it really was your course that brought me to this." J. G. Dahlstead, 1484 So. 15th St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

## Employment Service to all Graduates



## When a hotel manager made a road map

THIS guest was leaving early in the morning for the South. And he didn't know the road. During the evening, the manager himself made a road map for the guest. Did the guest appreciate it? He wrote back and said he never made a wrong turn.

Perhaps we're wrong in talking about such little things, when we have such big things to offer. Bigger rooms at lower prices... Roomy closets... Popular priced cafeteria or coffee shop... Central location... Even specially selected meats for all dining rooms. But somehow, it's the little extra things that bring our guests back. You'll be back, too, once you know us.

Extra service at these 25

### UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S only United... The Roosevelt  
 PHILADELPHIA, PA. .... The Benjamin Franklin  
 SEATTLE, WASH. .... The Olympic  
 WORCESTER, MASS. .... The Bancroft  
 NEWARK, N. J. .... The Robert Treat  
 PATERSON, N. J. .... The Alexander Hamilton  
 TRENTON, N. J. .... The Stacy-Trent  
 HARRISBURG, PA. .... The Penn-Harris  
 ALBANY, N. Y. .... The Ten Eyck  
 SYRACUSE, N. Y. .... The Onondaga  
 ROCHESTER, N. Y. .... The Seneca  
 NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. .... The Niagara  
 ERIE, PA. .... The Lawrence  
 AKRON, OHIO .... The Portage  
 FLINT, MICH. .... The Durant  
 KANSAS CITY, MO. .... The President  
 TUCSON, ARIZ. .... El Conquistador  
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. .... The St. Francis  
 SHREVEPORT, LA. .... The Washington-Youree  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA. .... The Roosevelt  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA. .... The Bienville  
 TORONTO, ONT. .... The King Edward  
 NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. .... The Clifton  
 WINDSOR, ONT. .... The Prince Edward  
 KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I. .... The Constant Spring



has built up a following estimated at 4,000,000 people. He has received more than 1,000,000 letters from his class members during the six years. A force of 15 secretaries is required to handle his enormous mail, which averages over 400 letters a day and about 14,000 a month.

In the course of the six years of broadcasting, Mr. Bagley has entertained more than 10,000 visitors, most of whom were members of the exercise class. No less than 9,999 of them have asked: "What does Mr. Bagley do with his time after the last class at 8 A. M.?"

The first thing on the morning's routine is breakfast. After that, Mr. Bagley starts in on his 400 selected letters, reads them and makes notes from them to be used in the following morning's broadcast. If no visitors interrupt, he can finish the day's mail before luncheon.

Luncheon frequently means making a speech somewhere. He then returns to the studio and finishes his notes for the following day. The bicycle itinerary must be laid out and a poem must be selected. Mr. Bagley has more than one hundred volumes of poetry in his studio library, and he prides himself on the fact that he rarely repeats a poem, which means that he has already used about 1,800 poems. Between these things, Mr. Bagley finds time to keep abreast of the day's news by reading five or six daily newspapers. At five or five-thirty he goes home and he retires early.

## Gabologue

(Continued from page 23)

Preston" program. \* \* \* \* Miss Wall was formerly of the stage, and was last seen with Jane Cowl. \* \* \* \* Her handsome sister, Mildred Wall, was seen here quite recently in "Up Pops the Devil."

And, here's another vote for Illinois. \* \* \* \* Lucille was born in Chicago. \* \* \* \* She has light brown hair, blue eyes, and is five feet, seven and a half inches tall. \* \* \* \* She was educated in The Sacred Heart Academy at Washington, D. C. \* \* \* \* Her parents live in Forest Hills, Long Island, where her father is a real estate man. \* \* \* \* And even though Lucille is the Love Story Girl of Radio, she is not married.

A funny thing happened to Lucille during one of her early broadcasts. \* \* \* \* The program had signed off, and the whole company had left the studio. \* \* \* \* The company that was to follow them on the air, filed into the studio just vacated by Lucille's associates. \* \* \* \* When Lu-

cille got out on Fifth Avenue, she found that it was raining and that she had left her rubbers back in the studio where she had been broadcasting. \* \* \* \* She hurried back, found the studio filled with people in the middle of what she thought was a rehearsal. \* \* \* \* The Conductor, Josef Pasternack, was up on the platform with Baton posed as though ready to start the orchestra. \* \* \* \* He glared at her. \* \* \* \* She pointed to her feet and tried to pantomime that she had come back for her rubbers. \* \* \* \* He glared worse than ever. \* \* \* \* Finally, just as the announcer was saying through the mike, "Around the world with Libby's," Lucille interrupted with, "I'm sorry to disturb you, gentlemen, but I've simply got to have my rubbers." \* \* \* \* Maybe you don't think that was a dark moment in Radioland. \* \* \* \* Talk about the shot that went around the world. \* \* \* \* Goodyear or Goodrich or anyone else's rubbers never caused such a commotion. \* \* \* \* Hereafter, on the air or off the air, Lucille has decided to let it rain.

## Midwest Briefs

(Continued from page 70)

pianist, that he is a good wrestler and boxer... and that he was once a terror to the youngsters in that part of Chicago in which he grew up. He's also a runner and a swimmer... and his technique is always above reproach, whether he's hitting the piano keys or a fistic opponent.

He was born in London and brought to this country when he was just a little fellow, by his mother, Sarah Lewis, a dramatic coach and member of the Morris Grau Opera company.

**COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!** That's CKFYR crowing over its Radio Tribe of Long Boy Scouts. The Lone Scouts are boys who live in outlying districts far away from organized troops, and when the Bismarck, North Dakota, station conceived the idea of organizing a troupe, National Scout Headquarters okayed it enthusiastically. This first Radio tribe holds meetings every other Wednesday evening at 6:15 CDT. Eagle Scouts Melvin Munger and Robert Edick of Troop 2, Bismarck, take the part of "Bud and Bob," who relate experiences and give friendly help.

**BROADCASTING** Station WLS announces that Edgar L. Bill, for seven years its director, has organized the Peoria Broadcasting Association to take over the ownership and operation of Station WMBD, Peoria. He has resigned his WLS position and takes active charge of WMBD, following the approval of transfer of ownership by the Federal Radio Commission. Mr. Bill is a pioneer in the broadcasting field, becoming director of WLS when it went on the air in April, 1924. Previously, he served several years in farm and daily newspaper work. He made the Prairie Farmer station outstanding in farm and home service.

## SONG WRITERS



**Don't Fail To Read**  
 "Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. Write Today.

R. D. Newcomer Associates,  
 1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



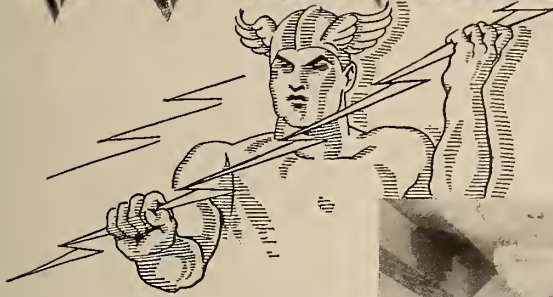
# AMERICA'S PREMIERE REGIONAL STATION

# WMCA

NEW  
YORK  
CITY

570 K.C. 100% Modulation 500 Watts

13,000 square feet of modern broadcasting facilities . . . . . 7 perfect studios . . . . . the WMCA THEATRE, first Radio Theatre of the Air with auditorium comfortably seating two hundred . . . . . studios overlooking the Great White Way . . . . . a staff of more than one hundred experts to prepare and present your programs . . . . . a truly modern broadcasting plant.



## THE AIRLINE TO THE NEW YORK MARKET

Twelve million people live within the trading area of New York. Nowhere else in the world is there a greater concentration of buying power. The yearly consumption of luxuries and necessities of these New Yorkers reaches a staggering total.

New York is the world's richest, most compact market for every kind of product and service that human ingenuity can devise. The New York market *alone* has made millionaires of men. Because of its size—the many-sided angles of its life—the cosmopolitan character of its population—some advertisers believe that the New York market is difficult to sell successfully.

But radio broadcasting through WMCA has shattered this prejudice; has proven, through actual results for a varied clientele of advertisers, that New York is *now* one of the *easiest* markets in the world in which to gain a firm foothold.

## NEW YORK'S OWN STATION

WMCA covers practically *every* event—*every* happening that is of *interest to New Yorkers*. If there is an important New York news story WMCA broadcasts it. Banquets of local importance and significance, outstanding ring and sport events, theatrical performances, the smarter night clubs—these are a few of the things that New Yorkers expect WMCA to cover.

We believe that no station has more friendly and personal relations with its army of listeners than WMCA. Because they are always sure of finding something of immediate and local interest on its program, New Yorkers have an exceptionally warm regard for WMCA.

Thorough coverage at rates that are commensurate with service . . . . . transmission that is thorough, perfect and clear . . . . . a pioneer station that has achieved a unique record of success for itself as well as for its clients . . . . . literature and rate cards will be forwarded to interested prospective clients.



Bowery Mission



Night Clubs



Banquets



Theatres



Sports



Knickerbocker Broadcasting Co. Inc.  
1697 Broadway at 53rd Street  
New York City

BROADCASTING · IN · THE · NEW YORK · MANNER



## Learn RADIO, TELEVISION, TALKING PICTURES

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere \$20 or \$30 a week. Let me show you how to make REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!

### Jobs Leading to Salaries of \$60 a Week and Up

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work, at \$45 to \$100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert — HUNDREDS of Opportunities for fascinating BIG PAY Jobs!

## Without Books or Lessons in 10 Weeks By Actual Work in Great Coyne Shops

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence school. We don't teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the greatest outlay of Radio, Broadcasting, Television, Talking Picture and Code Practice equipment in any school. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give you—right here at Coyne—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 10 weeks.

## TELEVISION Talking Pictures

And Television is already here! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS OF TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who gets in on the ground-floor of Television can make a FORTUNE in this new field. Learn Television at COYNE on the very latest Television equipment! Big demand in TALKING PICTURES and SOUND REPRODUCTION! Hundreds of good jobs for WIRELESS OPERATORS! Learn ALL branches of Radio at Coyne—the one school that has been training men for 32 years.

### Earn as You Learn

You get FREE EMPLOYMENT HELP FOR LIFE! And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll gladly help you get it. Coyne Training is tested—proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. Just Mail Coupon for MY BIG FREE BOOK!

H. C. LEWIS: President  
Radio Division, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL  
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. B1-9H, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

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

## Lucky Adam's Apple Man

(Continued from page 19)

he isn't going out, he is wearing his hat.

He greets you with a quick, penetrating blue eye. If he knows you well he offers you a cigar. There are few formalities. You state your business, get a decision and go. George Hill seldom keeps anyone who has an appointment waiting, and he exacts the same courtesy from the visitor. If he finds your questions irrelevant or impertinent, he can shut his jaw like a trap. But if he likes you or your errand, he can relax and smile.

Beside him in neatly arranged piles on his desk are books of proofs of Lucky Strike and Cremo cigar advertisements. He is also president of the American Cigar Company, a subsidiary, and incidentally on March 16th he began a fifteen minute broadcast of band music by Arthur Pryor and his Cremo Military Band six nights a week over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Hill knows no hours in the conduct of his business. No matter where he is nor what he is doing, ideas flash through his mind. When these merit it, Hill goes into action. He manages to supervise every detail of his business. He keeps every important fact about it handy. Ask him a question about certain figures in his business, and out pops a paper with the answer on it. He prefers facts to estimates. He does things in a big way, but he does not exaggerate. Neither does he understate. He seeks always to be exact.

Every Saturday morning at eleven he goes to the NBC studios to hear an audition of his program. B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra have been practicing for two hours. When Hill hears an audition he does not see the orchestra, because he thinks the sight of the men might disturb his judgment. It is the sound in which the Radio audience is interested. How does the music "click" as it comes through the receiving set?

About the table is the Lucky Strike Broadcast Committee: L. Ames Brown, president of Lord & Thomas and Logan, the agency that handles the Lucky Strike account; Bertha Brainerd, NBC program director; Vincent Riggio, vice president in charge of sales of American Tobacco; Rosalie Adele Nelson, "Lucky" girl of poster fame, and others.

Before each member of the committee is a complete continuity of the program, as well as score sheets which give the exact arrangement of the instruments and the number of measures which they play in the various selections. A switch is turned. The orchestra is heard. All listen and look at Hill. Hill just listens. From time to time a member of the committee will get up and dance to some of the numbers to

check the orchestra's tempo and vitality. "Too blue," snaps Hill. "I don't like those pianos. Make that rhythm snappier. Put more pep in it."

Hill is not the only one who works hard to put snappy individuality into the Lucky Strike hours. Two hundred and thirty-six hours of desk work and rehearsal precede every hour on the air. Rolfe uses eight arrangers, working constantly. A holiday is usually just another day of work for them. Last summer Rolfe bought a motor boat to take the men off shore for a while during these rare leisure hours.

The orchestra and soloists have been selected with as much care as the program itself. Look them over. Here is a cornetist who has gained international reputation. Here is Ross Gorman, one of the most versatile musicians, who plays twenty-seven instruments and is busy inventing more. Several of the musicians conduct orchestras of their own. Andy Sannella, Lucien Schmidt, cellist and tenor "sax", Frank Banta, and a number of other artists are nearly as well known to the American Radio audience as Rolfe himself. Thorgersen's method of reading the continuity is in itself distinctive—and Hill was responsible for developing that too.

When former Ambassador James W. Gerard a few months ago issued a list of the sixty-four "Rulers of America," he mentioned only one man from the tobacco industry. That man was George Washington Hill. In some respects Hill is a more "powerful" ruler than any of the others, because he is probably a better showman. He rules by persuasion. He knows how to make people enjoy the things which he has to offer.

## A Dash of Discontent

(Continued from page 75)

woman's discontent with her appearance that we owe many past and reigning beauties.

Greta Garbo, to take a contemporary example, was once dissatisfied, and justly so, with her inherent gaucherie; Marion Davies with her snub nose and wealth of freckles; Dolores Del Rio with her figure (strange as it seems now she was once the typical Mexican housewife, over-weight, with no distinction and no chic); Gloria Swanson with her prominent and unbeautiful nose; and Norma Shearer with her deep-set, too-small eyes—to name only a few of the beauties who started their film careers under actual handicaps. Had they been deficient in the constructive discontent which leads to fame and fortune not one of them would now be glittering in the crowded galaxy of screen stars.

Yes, to women the world owes much of its beauty and its progress. In spite of the belligerent gentleman of the luncheon table, woman has within her deep wells of that divine discontent which is "the very germ of the first upgrowth of all virtue".

### "GET-ACQUAINTED CLUB"

"Quick Introductions" Big List (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society. Box 100-B. Detroit, Mich.

## Good-Bye, Gloom

(Continued from page 51)

noted for his vocal imitations of Coolidge and Lindbergh, and can make up to look exactly like President Hoover. During the last Presidential campaign Taylor's imitation of Coolidge was stopped by the Federal Radio Commission. They allowed him to resume after the campaign.

Eggs, from ostrich up or down, are his preferred dish. He likes 'em any style but old.

Railroad timetables and the minutes of City Council are his favorite reading matter. The sport in which he likes to participate above all others is going to fires. The sport he likes to watch is someone making out checks (good checks) to him.

Taylor has a younger brother, Horace, Jr., who resembles him so closely people take them for twins. Horace, Jr., attended Dartmouth, where he was captain of the swimming team in 1922-23. He now is secretary of his father's lumber firm and of Sunflower Plantation, Inc., and is president of the Clipper Oil Corporation.

"Stoopnagle" is married and has a son, F. Chase Taylor, Jr. eight. His wife is the former Lois Ruth De Ridder, daughter of a prominent Rochester shoe manufacturer.

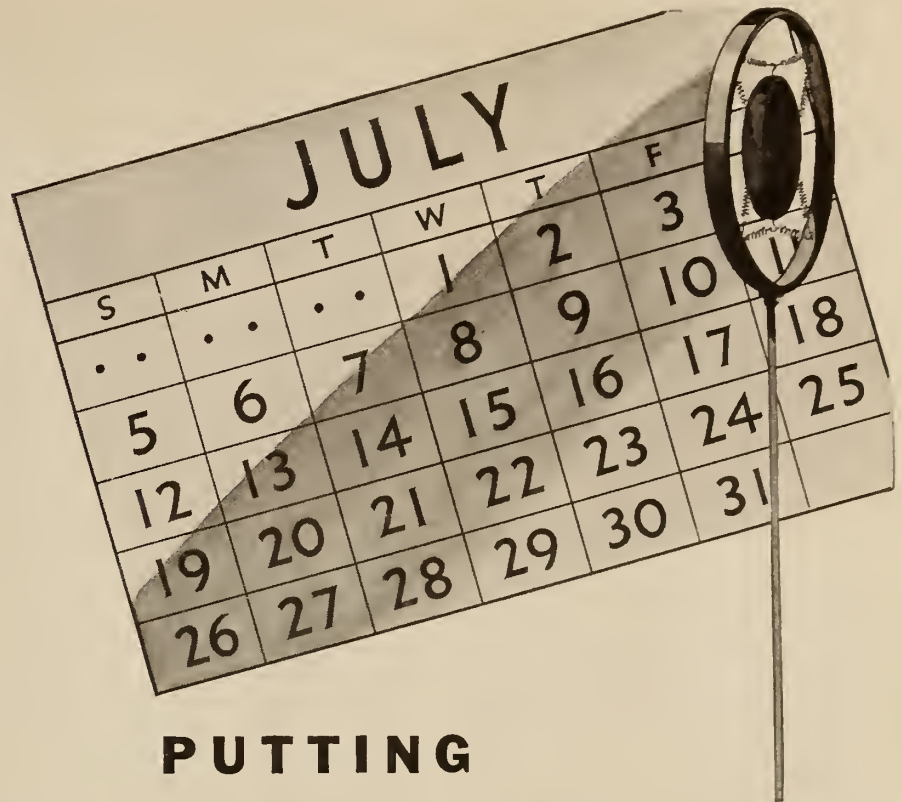
Hulick, the "Budd" of this act, is a fair-haired boy of twenty-six. He actually intended to follow a musical career. As a boy he sang in the choir of St. Mark's Cathedral, Asbury Park, N. J. At the age of twelve he was winner of a school-children's singing contest.

At Georgetown University Hulick enrolled for a music course and spent much of his time with the glee club and the instrumental club, singing and playing the saxophone. He also played football. During his undergraduate days Budd always nursed the desire to enter show business or its cousin, Radio.

After his graduation Hulick tooted and crooned with Johnny Jones' recording orchestra. In Buffalo he made his inauspicious debut behind the spigots of a soda fountain. One day an executive of WEBR saw him cutting up for the customers, and Budd was placed before the microphone and told to talk. Three months later the Buffalo Broadcasting Company signed him as an announcer, actor and continuity writer.

Previous to his successful rôle on the "Gloom Chasers" act, Hulick was famed chiefly as the "Don" of the "Happiness House" program. He appeared also in the "Major Bullmore Expedition" episodes and as "Elisha" in the "Plain Folks" act. He also crooned on several programs.

One night Hulick was announcing a program from the Palais Royal, a Buffalo night club. Helen Lewis and her girl band, appearing at a motion picture house that week, were guests at the club on this particular night. During the evening Budd met Wanda Hart, an entertainer appearing with the band. Two weeks later they were married. Since then Mrs. Hulick has been on a number of programs with her husband.



## PUTTING

# "RED LETTER DAYS"

## *on the radio calendar*

The world's first broadcast, consisting of the Harding election returns, came over Westinghouse Station KDKA, November 2, 1920. The first church service, the first broadcast of a theatrical production was presented over a Westinghouse Station. Time and again, Westinghouse has blazed the radio trail with achievements that today have become commonplace at the nation's firesides.

The same story of Westinghouse radio leadership holds true today. Westinghouse Radio technique . . . Westinghouse broadcasting facilities . . . Westinghouse reputation . . . have made thousands and thousands of loyal listeners who turn their dials to a Westinghouse Station the moment they switch on their radios. 980—990—1020 kilocycles! Remember those numbers when you're tuning in!

### WESTINGHOUSE · RADIO · STATIONS

**WBZ-WBZA**  
990 kilocycles

**KDKA**  
980 kilocycles

**KYW-KFKX**  
1020 kilocycles

Boston, Mass., Staller Building  
Springfield, Mass., Hotel Kimball

— COMMERCIAL OFFICES —  
Pittsburgh, Pa., Hotel Wm. Penn

Chicago, Ill., 1012 Wrigley Bldg.  
New York, N. Y., 50 E. 42nd Street

# Betty's Big Thrill

(Continued from page 32)

slopes were covered with adobe huts as diminutive as dolls' houses. Gleaming under that brilliant Oriental sun, it all took on the aspect of unreality—a stage setting of a toy village.

A few hours' rest in the Pasha's house, and I was trundling over dusty roads to the royal palace. My escort was the son of the Prime Minister, who warned me to wear the longest dress I had, and to be sure my neck and arms were covered. "It's bad enough you approach him with a bare face . . ." he said. "No woman has ever been seen on our streets with an uncovered face before."

A large, white house with many pillars was the glittering palace on the hill. Eunuchs in flowing robes were standing on the wide steps. Long black braids of hair fell over their shoulders. Bowing low, they led us inside where the Emir sat on his royal dais. My escort fell at the Emir's feet and fervently kissed the hem of his garments as he repeated an invocation to Allah.

Was this the way to greet an Oriental potentate? Frankly, I was a bit non-plussed. Then I remembered America's democratic greeting for everyone and extended my hand.

The ruler shook it warmly.

"Kief Halle!" (How do you do?) I exclaimed.

"Ah, the lady-with-the-white-face speaks Arabic!" exclaimed the Emir.

"Only about ten words," I laughingly answered.

"Learn ten more and you'll know the language!" he laughed.

Emir Abdullah might have stepped forth from the covers of a story-book as he sat there that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in his palace at Amaan, the desert capital. Surprisingly young; slightly above medium height, pleasantly plump, his brown eyes hold the clue to his personality. They constantly smiled. His heavy mustache drooped over full red lips and patch of black beard.

His Highness began the interview by remarking: "The advancement of the world is in the hands of women. The development of a country is simultaneous with the growth of its women."

Was civilization leaving any mark on his feminine subjects, I wondered. So, citing Mustapha Kemal, who had permitted the women of Turkey to unveil, I asked Abdullah whether he would allow his women subjects to do likewise.

"Never!" he shouted. "Never! My women will never unveil!"

"But," I persisted. "It's progress."

"What has a woman's uncovered face to do with progress?" he demanded. "I help my feminine subjects. I established

schools for them, so that now, for the first time in history, women of the desert receive an education. They learn the history of our country and housework. But ah," the ruler of Transjordanian shook his head sadly: "Our women are changing."

"For the better?" I asked.

"No." He was sad again. "For the worse. They're becoming civilized."

"But why is that worse?" I asked in surprise.

"Because our women are becoming fond of pretty dresses with low necks and short sleeves!" he gasped. "But worst of all—they love to ride in motor cars!"

"Is that a terrible vice?" I asked.

He became stern again. "It encourages the men to buy motor-cars. Just think," he wailed, "eight years ago, when I came here to rule, there wasn't a single automobile in Transjordanian. Now our capital has eighty-five cars! Think of that heavy traffic in our city!" he demanded. "Doesn't that show luxury is creeping in here?"

"And why do you blame that on your women?" I asked.

"Because," he said sternly. "The women encourage men to buy cars! These women! The next thing, they'll be wanting to wear gowns without sleeves!"

"Your Highness, how many wives do your subjects have?" was my next question.

"Four, the Koran allows them," he answered (the Koran is their Bible). "But I make them prove they can support their wives before they take on extra ones, so the average man here can afford only two or three wives. I have two queens," he said proudly.

"Only two?" I asked.

"But I'm a young man . . . only thirty-five," he said apologetically. "I've got plenty of time yet to fill out my quota."

"Why are American women so opposed to polygamy?" he suddenly demanded. "Why wouldn't you, for instance, join a harem?"

"Never!" I replied. "I could never share the man I loved with other women. There's something possessive about real love."

As we discussed love, as interpreted in the Orient and the Occident, the retinue of eunuchs filed in and prostrated themselves at Abdullah's feet. Again the Prime Minister's son began kissing the hem of the Emir's robe.

My time was up.

The Emir rose.

"Has the lady-with-the-white-face any more questions?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Your Highness, what do you, a desert ruler with a harem of queens, really think of women—in your private life?"

Emir Abdullah, ruler of Transjordanian, descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, smiled as he answered:

"Even with a King, a woman gets first attention in everything. Ah, she is his greatest pleasure—and his greatest worry!"

# Half a Million People have learned music this easy way

You, too, Can Learn to Play  
Your Favorite Instrument  
Without a Teacher

## Easy as A-B-C

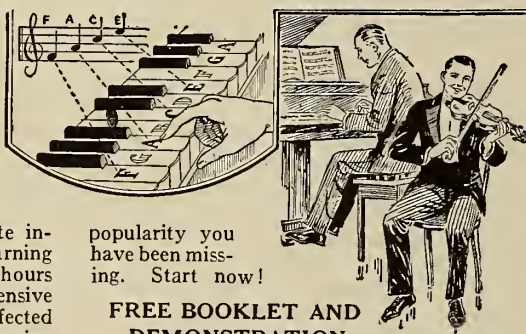
MANY of this half million didn't know one note from another—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all they found learning music *amazingly easy*. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method, perfected by the U. S. School of Music, made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

From the very start you are playing *real* tunes perfectly, by *note*. Every step from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose.

**LEARN TO PLAY  
BY NOTE**

Mandolin	Saxophone
Piano	'Cello
Organ	Ukulele
Violin	Cornet
Banjo	Trombone
Or any other instrument	

Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from a wall-flower to the center of attraction. Musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the



popularity you have been missing. Start now!

### FREE BOOKLET AND DEMONSTRATION LESSON

If you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument, fill out and mail the coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 1837 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,  
1837 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

# Fight That Wave Grab

(Continued from page 30)

Camouflaging its real motive behind a high wall of discreet propaganda a "little army of self-promoters", who unquestionably hope to occupy "high-chair" positions in the future dictatorship of Radio broadcasting, placed the ammunition for its initial broadside in the hands of an unsuspecting senator. And when, on January 8th, 1931, Simeon D. Fess, Republican, from Ohio, introduced bill "S. 5589" in the Senate he became the innocent dummy for the "little army of self-promoters."

I can state frankly that the Fess bill is one of the most vicious pieces of legislation ever introduced in Congress. It must never be permitted to become a law.

By now those of our readers who have accepted the Fess bill at its face value will have jumped to a conclusion. Do they say, "This is being written at the instigation of the commercial broadcaster?" Allow the writer to deny this charge once and for all.

I AM not writing this at the request of, or in behalf of, any person or persons connected with commercial broadcasting. I am affiliated in no way with, nor receiving pay from, any commercial broadcaster. The editors of RADIO DIGEST are not subsidized by any commercial broadcaster. The editorial policy of this magazine favors constructive promotion of education in Radio. The Fess bill does not constructively promote education in Radio. RADIO DIGEST is published in the interest of the listener and every user of a receiving set is entitled to know the truth about any attempt to place Radio in jeopardy.

In telling the truth about the Fess bill RADIO DIGEST hopes not only to enlighten the listener and the public at large but sincerely desires to remove the blindfold from the eyes of every individual member of the several educational groups so unwittingly drawn into a liberty-throttling political scheme.

Now let us consider the ammunition with which the listener can successfully combat the present attack on his intelligence and *his pocketbook*.

Do you enjoy the editorial policy of your favorite newspaper? You must, or you would not purchase it. Let us assume that your favorite newspaper consists of twenty pages. Suppose there came a day when you discover that three pages of every issue are filled with political propaganda, or what have you?, in direct opposition to the editorial policies of the paper.

Of course, you say, these three pages must be nothing more than paid advertisements. But are they? You are told that the publisher of your favorite newspaper was forced, *by law* to

accept and print the subject matter which fills these three pages. How could he be forced to do this against his will? How, indeed! By order of the Federal authorities! It *might* happen.

If the Fess bill, confiscating 15 per cent of all the allocations now being used by privately owned broadcasting stations in the United States, should become a law it is just as reasonable to assume that a similar attempt to confiscate one and one-half pages out of every ten in all privately owned publications might be tried.

But, you say, that will never happen. Granted. The press is not asleep. Nor would a congressman, in his right mind, dare propose a bill which would tend to establish a dictatorship of the American newspaper. The press is an old established institution which knows full well the rights to which it is entitled. The boys of "the fourth estate" are on the job. They would meet any attempted confiscation of those rights with the most powerful weapon — *Truthful Publicity*.

Radio is an infant alongside the press. I do not say that Radio is asleep, but I do claim that it has not learned as yet to rise up on its own feet and take a definite stand for its rights. Like the press it enjoys freedom of speech. It cannot perform its rightful function and keep faith with the public, no more than could the press, if freedom of speech is throttled. The foundation upon which Radio has been built is threatened if the Fess bill is allowed to become a law. The first step has been made toward the *ultimate confiscation of all broadcasting* by the Government.

A MINORITY of educationalists and some politicians in America are continually howling that our broadcasting is monopolized commercially. That is not true.

Let us give a brief comparison of the percentage of advertising on the air with that contained in periodicals.

L. Ames Brown, president of Lord, Thomas and Logan, has made a study of the advertising content of program continuities of 109 advertisers on the National and Columbia chains. He says, "The ten most popular programs have an advertising content of 8 per cent, while three of the first rank programs run about 11 per cent." Often you will find from 60 to 80 per cent of newspaper space devoted to advertising. Or, as Mr. Brown goes on to say, "One of our national magazines last year carried nearly twice as much advertising in its fifty-two issues as the two great chain systems did in 365 days."

"But," says an objector, "where one does not have to read the ads. in a magazine or newspaper he is forced to listen to

the advertising announcements on the air or miss the entertainment features of a commercially sponsored program."

Very true, but the reader *pays* for his magazine or newspaper while the air programs cost the listener nothing.

"All right," is the objector's reply, "if the air advertiser were eliminated I would be willing to pay for my Radio entertainment, educational and otherwise, just as I do for the reading matter in magazines and newspapers."

The only way that could be managed in Radio would be by monopoly control under government supervision with a direct method of taxation.

"Why not?" The objector wants to be consistent. "I'm willing to be taxed to be rid of the air advertiser."

Yes? What price magazines and newspapers without advertisers? What price Radio without advertisers?

AND who do you imagine will be established as the mentor of your air programs then? You don't know? You'll find out. A bureaucratic politician. You may not think so now but in the event of government control of Radio the manipulating type of politician will be the absolute power "behind the microphone."

Now let me quote from the address of a former member of the Federal Radio Commission given before the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education (an organization not affiliated with the sponsor of the Fess bill or any commercial broadcaster) on May twenty-first: "Most stations have more unsold time on their hands than they know what to do with. They offer to turn it over, *without charge*, to educational institutions in the vain hope that they will make sensible use of it. I have no hesitation in saying that the state universities could have, without cost to them, *five times* as many hours on commercial stations as they are now using if only they were equipped to put on reasonably interesting programs. Even our regional governing bodies, garrulous as they usually are, turn suddenly shy when it comes to making use of free Radio; the task of utilizing as much as fifteen minutes a week taxes their facilities to the utmost!"

And there you are.

Commercial broadcasters are sponsoring their own educational programs because educational institutions and regional governing bodies *refuse* to accept free time on preferable allocations from studios using the best possible modern mechanical equipment.

*Further revelations concerning the Wave Grab will be presented by Mr. Hobart in the next RADIO DIGEST.*

# Mr. Jones Tunes In!

*Lem Misses a Million Dollar Program  
and Discovers That Tubes Wear Out*

By Robert L. Kent

LEMUEL JONES sighed as he arose from the table. He was tired. It had been a prodigious day at the office and a quiet evening in the big chair beside the radio looked mighty good.

"Ann," he said to his pretty wife, "Ann, I read today about a wonderful new program that is to go on the air tonight. A million dollars is being spent on it and the piece in the paper said that there's a big surprise for listeners. I sure want to listen to that program. Seems as though the radio is getting better every day."

"Well, Lem," replied Ann, neatly folding her napkin, "I hope you do hear it but I have my doubts. Our set has been acting queer lately. It seems to die down to a whisper and when it does come in stronger there's a funny sound and you just can't hear a thing. I'm tired of the exasperating thing."

"Don't tell me those kids have been fooling with the radio again, Ann."

"Now Lem, you always say that, but I know they haven't because I have kept them out of that room."

"Well, we'll see," and Lem stalked from the room, into the sun parlor, and let himself wearily down into the cushioned easy chair. "Boy that feels good," he murmured, reaching for the dial on the radio. He threw the switch and whirled the dial to his favorite station.

He waited. A droning sound issued from the speaker and, faintly at first, then louder, came a noise that certainly was not music. Nor was it the velvet voice of the announcer.

Mr. Jones fidgeted, but waited. Two creases appeared between his eyes. His sensitive ears were offended. He



twisted the dial to another station. The result was exactly the same.

"Darn," growled the head of the Jones family, raising his lanky form from the chair. He was angry. His face was diffused with blood—a characteristic of the Jones clan when aroused or embarrassed. Lem noisily pried off the top of the radio and his body bent in the middle like a jack-knife. He peered closely at the conglomeration of tubes, wires and what-nots. He pushed each of the tubes to make certain they were firmly in their sockets. He gently pulled a wire here and tentatively touched a gadget there, but if there was any improvement it was not apparent. Now Lemuel Jones had not the least conception of the inner workings of a radio set. No, Lem knew nothing about radio and his pushing and pulling was a desperate and forlorn hope

that perhaps some miracle would happen. But nothing did happen and after minutes of fussing with the works he finally desisted.

Ordinarily he was a mild mannered individual, but at the end of that fifteen minutes he was in much the same state as the golfer who has been hooking and slicing through eighteen holes of golf. He gritted his teeth and said things half under his breath that Ann would have been extremely shocked to hear. He banged the top on the radio and sulkily picked up the evening paper—a perfectly good evening wasted—and he had wanted to hear that wonderful new program.

The rattling of dishes in the kitchen finally ceased and Ann entered. Lem looked at her over the top of his paper.

"It's no use, Ann," he said. "The thing won't work and I don't know what's wrong with it. Better get a service man to look it over tomorrow and have him put it in shape."

MR. SMITH, of the Radio Shoppe, grinned as he turned from the 'phone. "Hey, Al," he shouted to a young man in the rear of the store who was busily tinkering with an old battery model, "wrap up a set of tubes for a Sweetone set. Mrs. Jones is having trouble. It's the tubes. 'Sfunny, but people wait until the last minute to call a service man and then they want service in a hurry. And how!"

"Yeah, that's right," replied Al with an answering grin on his freckled face, and walking forward with the package of tubes. "They forget that tubes wear out!"

## Sweet Six-ty

(Continued from page 73)

remote from the subject of youth," exclaimed Miss Hopper, who all this while had been emphasizing her points with determined and expressive gestures of her hands, "but worry and self-pity are the most subtle destroyers of years. They gnaw at the very foundation of life.

Was it possible that this pretty, young looking creature who expressed vivacity in every limb, who flitted across the room like a little girl, and who spoke with such animation—was it humanly possible that she had journeyed sixty-odd years over the Highway of Time. Those who know Miss Hopper say that she has been "Over Sixty" for several years, which would lead us to believe without any complicated reckoning that Seventy was close at hand. But for Miss Hopper's purposes, "Over Sixty" is plenty. "I hate figures anyway," she said.

"You know, the thing that surprises me most is that people *get* old. I don't know how they do it. I can't understand their mental processes. It amazes me.

"I for one have no criticism to make of my young friends, and I have a host of them. I associate constantly with young people for I enjoy being with them.

"The youth of today is just the same as it was in grandmother's day—full of life, joy and freedom. I have one criticism to make among American girls and women. There is not enough individuality in dress. If a new fashion is decreed by a stylist they all thoughtlessly accept it without considering their own particular adaptation for it. Here again, is where courage is needed. They are afraid to carry out the courage of their convictions.

"Perhaps another reason for the lack of inquiry in personal dress is that in this age when everything is running at top-speed and people are spinning around like long-wound tops, they haven't the time to study themselves. They take the best thing that comes along and ask no questions.

"As for myself, I believe I'm the only one in New York who still wears short skirts—party or no party."

Miss Hopper was dressed in a pretty tailored two-piece frock which reached to her knees. But anyone with a pair of legs like Miss Hopper's should have no difficulty in carrying out convictions about abbreviated frocks.

Miss Hopper is essentially a creature of the theatre. The stage has been sort of a home for her for many years.—it makes no difference if it's just a small house in Hicksville. The applause to an actress is the "Good and well-done faithful servant."

"Give me the footlights and an audience," exclaimed Miss Hopper as she stretched out her arms to an imaginary crowd of people, "and I am the happiest

person in the world. There is nothing to compare with it."

Petite Miss Hopper has never had a sensation of fear in her life, but she confessed to feeling afraid the first few times she approached the unresponsive microphone.

There was no applause—nothing to tell her that she pleased the audience. Just the cold stiff shoulder of a black microphone. But when the letters came pouring in from all parts of the country to the number of 300,000 during the first twelve weeks, Miss Hopper began to realize that she was making "a hit" with her listeners.

Miss Hopper like most of us has many theories and ideals, but she differs from us in that she is able to prove each and every one of them.

Last year in the face of the keen opposition of her friends and acquaintances she attempted one of the most difficult tasks that is known to the stage. Her purpose in taking up acrobatic adagio, one of the most dangerous and complicated forms of dancing, was to prove to the world that she was young in body, that she was supple of limb and flexible of muscle. She was told that she was insane even to think of anything like that. But Miss Hopper wanted to disprove the age-old law that the body is limited in activity after a certain age, and she did it. She played to packed audiences whom she astounded by her grace, vigor and suppleness.

There is no monopoly on youth. Miss Hopper insists that everyone can follow her example. Start now, she advises. Eat the right kind of foods, exercise and don't fret. Take a mixture of these ingredients in the right proportion and you have conquered Elusive Youth.

## Harry Glick

(Continued from page 63)

while I take a fling at the 'World of Literature'—you know, articles on physical culture and health.

"Then broadcasting opened its doors to me. Do I like it? Say, those morning gym classes put pep into me for the rest of the day.

"What are my hobbies? Well, believe it or not, I have a real passion for rowing. It's the most marvelous exercise in the world. And when I can't get to a boat and do the real stuff, I take a ride in my little 15-pound rowing machine. Why, that's what keeps me fit! Every time I get a chance I take my classes down to the beach during this fine summer weather and we all have a grand time! Come on over the next time we go. I'm going to break a bottle of salt water over this little do-hickey and give it a title—think it'll be—what's that? No better name than the one it has—'The Seat of Health?' So you like that? O. K., buddy. See you again sometime. So long!"



RUDOLPH L. DUNCAN, President, RCA Institutes, Inc., Member, Institute of Radio Engineers; Member, Radio Club of America; Member, Veteran Wireless Operators Association; Captain, SCR, United States Army.

# A Radio message

To men who are looking ahead!

by R. L. DUNCAN

ONLY a few men will read this message... but they will be the type of men in whom I am personally interested. For such men... I want to open the door to thorough training in radio. And the coupon below is the first step!

RCA Institutes, Inc., (formerly the Marconi Institute) was founded 22 years ago for one purpose. To produce graduates who will be of value to the radio industry. If our Institute never made a penny... but did succeed in lifting the standard of radio technicians, engineers, and merchandisers, we would consider our work a success!

Naturally, we want our message to reach as many men as possible. So we founded resident schools in four metropolitan cities. Then we opened our courses to men all over the world who cannot afford to give up their positions. Thousands of our students study at home in their spare time. With the equipment we furnish, they have their own radio laboratory right at home! You, too, can start your course at home *any time!*

Our courses cover the entire radio field. We train beginners who have had no previous knowledge of radio. Advanced students take our more technical courses. But whatever branch of radio interests you... is all ready for you to study. The cost is surprisingly low for the training you get.

As the oldest radio school in America, we have given training to nearly 20,000 men. Many of these are now executives and engineers in the largest broadcasting and manufacturing companies. But none of these arrived overnight. Nor will you. Your success depends on how well you train yourself... how hard you work. But we will help you. I personally invite you to write to me for our free book that gives you the complete story.



### RCA INSTITUTES, Inc.

RCA INSTITUTES, Inc.  
Dept. DR-7  
75 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE book which tells about your laboratory method of radio instruction at home.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

## Aunt and Uncle Mike

(Continued from page 49)

came under the latter group in his plan.

The same basic idea is still carried out by his NBC commercial program, heard each Sunday night, as well as his local broadcasts from WEEL, Boston, and the club has a huge membership.

Bob Pierce, the original "Old Man Sunshine" of NBC network fame, was "imported" for WLW's young listeners last February when the Cincinnati station's executives went to New York City to gather in talent for the station. His daily Sunshine Club is on the air every week day at 5:30 p.m. amusing children of school age. His programs combine the qualities that made him famous as Old Man Sunshine and "Uncle Bob" to thousands of children in the NBC and WOR audiences. He makes his act something more than a bedtime story period by mingling with it music, literature in light doses, comedy, little lessons in hygiene, and safety talks.

So successful has he been that one national (note) woman's magazine commented on his work and influence on children in an editorial, pointing out that children's entertainment programs like his could be classed with education by Radio. Other critics have been as generous and never accuse him of being over-sentimental or silly.

Every child who writes to Old Man Sunshine gets a Sunshine Club button with Pierce's picture on it. The club has a pledge and a song that has to do with making other people happy and doing a daily good turn. Among the thousands of letters he receives, every now and then a truly pathetic one turns up. His latest was written in Braille by five little girls in a school for the blind. They listen to him every day and are planning to learn the club song when they get it rewritten in Braille!

Hopping back from the shores of the Ohio River and over to the rock-ribbed coast of Maine, we find another new youngster's club, "The Caravan". This has been in existence at WCSH, Portland, a month less than a year, yet, within its first eight months it gathered over eleven thousand members. The Caravan is a Radio-newspaper club sponsored by the Portland Press Herald, Evening Express and Sunday Telegram for pupils of primary, grammar and junior high schools everywhere. Already its enrollment includes children from 400 New England

cities and towns, Canada and the British West Indies.

Encouraging youngsters in self-expression by the medium of a broadcast each Tuesday evening during the school term, and through the club news which is published daily in the sponsoring newspapers, is the main object of the club, whose director, incidentally, is Uncle Dan (Daniel A.) Hegarty. The children make the program. Original musical and mystery sketches are presented solely by the members with no outside professional aid except Howard Reiche, club pianist.

Of course, Uncle Dan writes the skits, conducts tryouts and stages the rehearsals, but otherwise the show is one staged by and for the youngsters. Half a thousand young performers have already been given an opportunity to display their talents which range from singing, reading and acting to playing instruments. Some of the volunteer broadcasters have traveled distances of 200 miles in order to appear before the microphone.

*And now, dear children, as it's two o'clock in the morning, this finishes our bed-time story. Next month at the same time through these pages Uncle Ev promises to continue this Radio fairy tale.*

## Charm

(Continued from page 25)

or hectic or excited. We easily lose our heads.

"In order to give our friends that undefinable, subtle quality which is our charm, we must have a complete repose. For this perfect physical control and calm nerves are necessary. We must learn how to relax. This helps us to give forth a calmness and quiet serenity that soothes and rests other people. They find it comforting to be with us.

"Since dancing gives one this bodily control and grace of movement, make it a practice to turn on the Radio or the victrola and to dance at home. I have had awkward, self-conscious girls come to my studio and a few months of dancing improved the ease and grace of their manner and their bearing so greatly that their personalities were transformed.

"It is the development of these womanly graces which hold charm for everyone."

Now we come to one who has won the hearts of people in every part of the world and whose name has become a synonym for charm—Mary Pickford. It was an amazingly youthful person that greeted us

in her hotel suite during her brief stay in New York. She has an engaging smile and a manner that is exceedingly gracious. But what one particularly notices is that her face is illumined by a rare expression of spirituality.

"It is hard to say just what charm is," she told us. "Barrie speaks of it as 'a sort of bloom on a woman.' The dictionary calls it 'an irresistible power to please and attract.' In either case it sounds most desirable, doesn't it?"

"I have always been entranced by the title of Alice Duer Miller's book, 'The Charm School,' and have thought how much better it would be if some of the beauty parlors on every block could be replaced by charm schools. For charm is much more difficult to acquire and certainly much more beautiful than beauty itself.

"The most precious thing about charm is that it is ageless. It is a possession that remains with one to the last day, undiminished in beauty.

"This subtle quality is a composite of many attributes: daintiness, perfect grooming, joy of living and love of one's fellow-beings. One must have a warm interest in the problems, in the joys and sorrows of others. It must be an interest that springs from the heart. It cannot be simulated or pretended. There must be a sincere desire to know, to sympathize and to understand."

## Radiographs

(Continued from page 56)

tin whistles, horns, kazoos and various other articles to make the noises he wishes on his programs. There are few sounds Bill isn't equal to, from the bark of a dog to the clump, clump of horses.

Jane is a versatile little lady also, even if she is only twelve years old. She acts, she sings, she giggles. And when it's time to leave NBC she trundles off to school just as any ordinary little girl must do. Each morning her mother brings her to the studio, and always listens most attentively, either in the control room, or out in the reception hall. Jane has been in Radio three years now. For a long time she was one of Madge Tucker's children in the program of "The Lady Next Door." When Jolly Bill wanted a partner, he went to Miss Tucker, and when he had heard all the children in auditions, decided that Jane was the one most suited for the part.

Uncle Bill has quite a family of his own—three girls and a boy. They take many trips together, and this helps Bill to gather stories. He says he always tries out his jokes on his family first. At home he does his writing on a little sun porch, or he works at his desk on the twelfth floor of NBC. His writing is very casual. He prefers to stand before the microphone and talk, just as any child's uncle would tell a story. Undoubtedly he has the right idea, for he numbers his nieces and nephews by the thousands.

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

To make sure of every forthcoming issue of RADIO DIGEST I wish to become a regular subscriber. Enclosed find \$3.00 in payment for my subscription for twelve months.

Name.....Date.....  
Street.....City, State.....





# This life color makes a lovelier "you"...

OF ALL THE TINTS and shades in which make-up color might be presented, there is but one true life color. Soft, illusive, yet real as life...a color that breathes charm and loveliness... a color that beauty chemists long sought and at last discovered—Phantom Red.

In any light, on any skin, with any costume, this phantom-like color holds its fresh bloom. To the white skin of fairest blondes, it brings the tint of primroses; to skin of ivory tone, it brings a golden blush; to brunettes of sun-tanned shades, it gives that brilliance and depth that only such complexions may use. For Phantom Red accents with color while it reveals your own complexion tone, blending perfectly, giving individual beauty.

This marvelous life-color may now be yours, in Phantom Red Lipstick and Rouge Compact—and with the equally smart Phantom Eye Shadow and Phantom Brow, your make-up necessities are complete. They are sold at leading toilet goods counters, at the following prices: Phantom Red Lipstick in smart red and black swivel case, \$1.00. Juniorsize, 50c. Phantom Red Rouge Compact, 75c. Phantom Eye Shadow, paste form in enamel case, blue-gray or brown, \$1.00. Stick form in enamel case, 50c. Phantom Brow,



LILA LEE  
(First National)



LORETTA YOUNG  
(First National)



MARY PHILBIN  
(Universal)



DOROTHY MACKAILL  
(First National)

liquid, brown or black, 75c. Phantom Brow mascara cake, in smart container with brush and mirror, brown or black, 75c.

Clip and mail the coupon below. For 10c, the vanity size Phantom Red Lipstick and Make-up Book will be mailed to you. Dainty models of Phantom Red Rouge Compact, Phantom Eye Shadow, and Phantom Brow, are 10c each additional. Address Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.



## Phantom Red COSMETICS

CARLYLE LABORATORIES, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York

Enclosed please find \_\_\_\_\_ cents (10c each) for the items I have checked below:

Lipstick     Rouge     Brow Liquid     Eye Shadow

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

To realize your ideal mail this coupon today

Consider your Adam's Apple!!\*  
**Don't Rasp Your Throat  
 With Harsh Irritants**

**"Reach for a  
 LUCKY instead"**

Now! Please!—Actually put your finger on your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—Do you know you are actually touching your larynx?—This is your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."



LUCKIES are always  
 kind to your throat

*Emily Boyle*  
 BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

**"It's toasted"**

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays  
 Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

**Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough**



© 1931,  
 The A. T. Co.  
 Mfrs.

TUNE IN—  
 The Lucky  
 Strike Dance  
 Orchestra,  
 every Tuesday,  
 Thursday and  
 Saturday eve-  
 ning over N. B.  
 C. network