

Radio Digest

March

25 Cents

13819



Betty Council NBC

Beauty Unseen Wins Anyway

Vincent Lopez • Frazier Hunt • Dean Archer

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

WLS

CHICAGO



The Aladdin Barn Dance Frolic

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

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

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

WLS

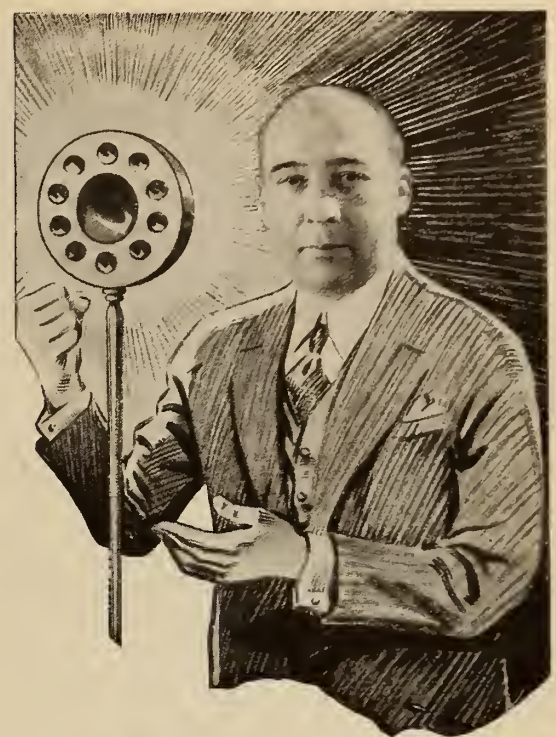
THE PRAIRIE FARMER STATION

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GLENN SNYDER, Manager

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870 KILOCYCLES

SAY FELLOWS
 GET INTO
RADIO-TELEVISION
 AND
TALKING PICTURES



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

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

Radio offers jobs as Designer, inspector and Tester, Salesman, and in installation work, operator of a broadcasting station, wireless operator on a ship, with Talking Pictures theatres - with Television Laboratories and studios. Television alone will soon be calling for thousands of trained men.
 Come to Coyne here in Chicago and prepare for one of

H. C. LEWIS, President
 Radio Division, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
 500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 32-9H Chicago, Ill.
 Send me your Big Free Radio and Television Book, and tell me how I too can make a success in Radio.

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Address

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

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Harold P. Brown,
Managing Editor

Henry J. Wright,
Advisory Editor

Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Charles R. Tighe,
Associate Editor

Nellie Revell,
Associate Editor

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST
Raymond Bill, Editor



ETHELYN HOLT. *a sight and sound subject over CBS in a series of experimental television plays. Miss Holt has to commit to memory every line in these plays. Her experience in stock companies has given her an excellent background for this work. The talkies will get you, if you don't watch out.*



LOUISE BRABANT *has recently become a member of the family of WTAMians. Miss Brabant is a Chicago society girl and brings to the audience a voice of unusual quality and range. Radio listeners have heard this unusual coloratura soprano over WBBM, WMAQ and WGN.*



PEGGY KEENAN *who teams up with Sandra Phillips in the CBS program, "Piano Pictures," has done a great deal of touring in vaudeville. She is tall, slender and has red hair. Peggy studied with Godowski and Stojowski and has done a great deal of concert work and accompanied famous artists in recitals.*



LLOMAY BAILEY *"blues" singer over NBC, literally "swam" her way through college as swimming instructor. Every day except Tuesday and Thursday she can be heard with Lee Sims over the NBC-WJZ network. "Piano Moods"—that's the name of the program.*

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63 FOREIGN COUNTRIES

get dependable 'round the world reception with

SCOTT ALL-WAVE RECEIVERS



Darkened areas show the foreign countries in which Scott All-Wave Receivers are depended on for radio contact with the rest of the world.



Not only in America, is the Scott All-Wave supplying an entirely new concept of radio performance. In other lands too—in difficult spots, this receiver is doing equally sensational work. For instance, atmospheric conditions are so bad in the Canary Islands that reception there has always been considered almost impossible. Scott All-Wave Receivers located in the Canary Islands, bring in stations 9,000 and 10,000 miles away with good clarity and volume. But it is the underlying reason for such amazing performance that interests you!

The Scott All-Wave Receiver is so powerful and so sensitive, that when operated with the volume turned way down below the noise level, there is still more than enough sensitivity to give ample loud speaker reproduction of signals originating 9,000 and 10,000 miles away. This is one of the main reasons why Scott All-Wave Receivers are being used with complete success in 63 foreign countries today—why Scott owners in this country can tune 'round the world with their receivers whenever they choose—and why YOU will want a Scott!

What is the Difference that makes the Scott All-Wave so much Better?

The Scott All-Wave is not a factory product. It is built in the laboratory by experts and to laboratory exactness. Physical measurements are by the micrometer—electrical measurements are computed to the smallest fractions—each nut and bolt, each wire, and each operation, no matter how small, is performed by a man with a thorough technical understanding of radio.

The result is a precision-built receiver capable of doing things that factory-built receivers can never hope to do. The result is sensitivity so great that Chicago owners can listen to G5SW, Chelmsford, England; 12R0, Rome; VK3ME, Sydney; IIRB, Honduras; and many others any day they choose. The result is also perfect 10 Kilocycle selectivity. No "cross talk." And the resulting tone is nothing short of downright realism—full, round and natural.

These Foreign Countries Now Served by SCOTT ALL-WAVE RECEIVERS

1. ALASKA
2. ARGENTINE
3. BARBADOS
4. BELGIUM
5. BERMUDA
6. BRAZIL
7. BRITISH GUIANA
8. BRITISH OCEANIA
9. CANADA
10. CANAL ZONE
11. CANARY ISLANDS
12. CHILE
13. CHINA
14. COLOMBIA
15. COSTA RICA
16. CUBA
17. CZECHOSLOVAKIA
18. DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
19. ECUADOR
20. EGYPT
21. ENGLAND
22. FINLAND
23. FRANCE
24. FRENCH WEST AFRICA
25. FRENCH WEST INDIES
26. GERMANY
27. GREECE
28. GUATEMALA
29. HAITI
30. HAWAII
31. HONDURAS
32. INDIA
33. ITALY
34. JAMAICA
35. JAPAN
36. MALTA
37. MEXICO
38. NETHERLANDS
39. NETHERLAND EAST INDIES
40. NETHERLAND WEST INDIES
41. NEW ZEALAND
42. NICARAGUA
43. NORTH AFRICA
44. NORWAY
45. PANAMA
46. PERU
47. PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
48. POLAND
49. PORTUGAL
50. PORTUGAL
51. SALVADOR
52. SAMOA ISLANDS
53. SCOTLAND
54. SIAM
55. SOUTHERN Rhodesia
56. SPAIN
57. SWITZERLAND
58. TRINIDAD
59. UNION SOUTH AFRICA
60. URUGUAY
61. VENEZUELA
62. WALES
63. YUGOSLAVIA

Sturdy Construction Protects Precision Adjustments

The precision work, which gives the Scott All-Wave its supremacy is assured constancy by the heavy steel chassis—rigid as a bridge, and chromium plated to protect it from deterioration. The All-Wave chassis is so sturdily built that it is unconditionally guaranteed for five full years. Any part proving defective within that time will be replaced free of charge.

Write for Full Details

Surely, a 15-550 meter receiver that will satisfy the exacting requirements of 63 different foreign countries, will suit your needs better than any other. Surely, a receiver that is tested on reception from London and Rome before shipping is the receiver you would rather own. Mail coupon today for full particulars of the Scott All-Wave Receiver. (Name and address of Scott owner in any foreign country, sent on request).

CLIP

The E. H. Scott Radio Laboratories, Inc.
 4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D-3
 Chicago, Illinois

Send me full details of the Scott All-Wave, 15-550 meter superheterodyne.

Check here if Set Builder Dealer Radio DXer

Name.....

Street.....

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

The E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, Inc.
 FORMERLY SCOTT TRANSFORMER CO.
 4450 Ravenswood Avenue, Dept. D-3 Chicago, Illinois

Next Month Come the Finals in Beauty Queen Contest

Votes received from all parts of the Nation---Preliminaries ended---Zone winners and finals in April

VOTES . . . votes . . . votes!
From every part of the country they are being mailed by readers of Radio Digest in its campaign to find the Beauty Queen of American Radio. The first phase of the contest is over. By the time this issue

greatest number of votes in the finals will be the cover girl of one of our future issues. This picture will be painted by a prominent portrait painter and then the winner will be presented with the original painting. Fame will be her reward and you will have the

rampant as is indicated by many letters received.

A Long Island reader writes: "I am enclosing my votes herewith and I want to tell you that I think this contest is an interesting and splendid idea." A gentleman from Michigan sends in his

Zone One

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

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

Zone Two

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

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

Zone Three

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

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

of Radio Digest is in your hands we will have started counting the votes cast for the various candidates—and the winner in each of the three zones will be selected. Then comes the final test of beauty! The picture of the girl in each zone receiving the largest number of votes cast for any candidate in that zone will appear in the April issue of Radio Digest. **DON'T FAIL TO GET THE APRIL NUMBER SO THAT YOU CAN REGISTER YOUR VOTE IN THE FINALS.** The girl receiving the

satisfaction of knowing that for the first time the public has been the judge of beauty and has had the opportunity of expressing a preference. Of course, if there is a tie vote identical awards will be made to winners.

On this page appears a list of the artists who represent the three zones. For three months readers of Radio Digest have been studying this list and making their selections from the pictures of the stars as they appeared in Radio Digest. Enthusiasm has been

ballots and a letter giving the reasons for his choice as follows: "I have a half dozen pictures of beautiful Jane. She looks so sweet and real . . . not a lot of make-up about her . . . I surely hope Jane wins."

There are many more letters and quite a stack of votes. The counting begins as soon as the closing date of the campaign (announced in the last three issues of Radio Digest) brings in the last batch of votes.

YOU'RE WANTED for a Big Pay Radio Job

I'll Train You at Home in Your Spare Time
for **RADIO · TELEVISION · TALKING MOVIES**

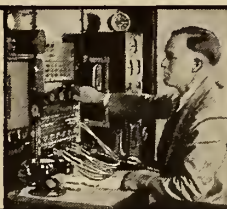


J. E. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, the man who has directed the Home-Study training of more men for the Radio Industry than any other man in America.



Set Servicing

Spare-time set servicing is paying N. R. I. men \$200 to \$1,000 a year. Full-time men are making as much as \$65, \$75 and \$100 a week.



Broadcasting Stations

Need trained men continually for jobs paying \$1,200 to \$5,000 a year.



Ship Operating

Radio operators on ships see the world free and get good pay plus expenses.

Aircraft Radio

Aviation is needing more and more trained Radio men. Operators employed through Civil Service Commission earn \$1,620 to \$2,800 a year.

IF YOU are earning a penny less than \$50 a week, send for my book of information on the opportunities in Radio. It is free. Clip the coupon NOW. Why be satisfied with \$25, \$30 or \$40 a week for longer than the short time it takes to get ready for Radio?

Radio's Growth Opening Hundreds of \$50, \$75, \$100 a Week Jobs Every Year

In about ten years Radio has grown from a \$2,000,000 to a \$1,000,000,000 industry. Over 800,000 jobs have been created. Hundreds more are being opened every year by its continued growth. Men and young men with the right training—the kind of training I give you—are stepping into Radio at two and three times their former salaries. J. A. Vaughn, Grand Radio & Appliance Co., 3107 S. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Before I entered Radio I was making \$35 a week. Last week I earned \$110 selling and servicing sets. I owe my success to N. R. I."

You Have Many Jobs To Choose From

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers and pay \$1,200 to \$5,000 a year. Manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers, for jobs paying up to \$7,500 a year. Radio operators on ships enjoy, see the world, with board and lodging free, and get good pay besides. Dealers and jobbers employ service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay \$30 to \$100 a week. There are many other opportunities too.

So Many Opportunities Many N. R. I. Men Make \$200 to \$1000 While Learning

The day you enroll with me I'll show you how to do 28 jobs, common in most every neighborhood, for spare-time money. Throughout your course I send you infor-

mation on servicing popular makes of sets; I give you the plans and ideas that are making \$200 to \$1,000 for hundreds of N. R. I. students in their spare time while studying. My course is famous as the one that pays for itself. G. W. Page, 2210 Eighth Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I picked up \$935 in my spare time while taking your course."

Talking Movies, Television and Aircraft Radio are Also Included

Special training in Talking Movies, Television and home Television experiments, Radio's use in Aviation, Servicing and Merchandising Sets, Broadcasting, Commercial and Ship Operating are included. I am so sure that I can train you satisfactorily that I will agree in writing to refund every penny of your tuition if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service upon completing.

64-page Book of Information Free

Get your copy today. It tells you where Radio's good jobs are, what they pay, tells you about my course, what others who have taken it are doing and making. Find out what Radio offers you, without the slightest obligation. **ACT NOW!**

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Dept. 2CR3
Washington, D. C.



THIS COUPON IS GOOD for
One FREE COPY OF
MY BOOK

*mail it
Now*

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. 2CR3
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:

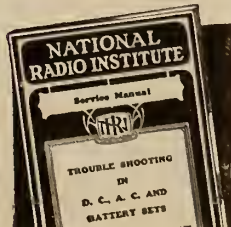
I want to take advantage of your Special offer. Send me your two books "Trouble Shooting in D. C., A. C. and Battery Sets" and "Rich Rewards in Radio." I understand this does not obligate me and that no salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Special Free Offer



"Trouble Shooting"

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

Television

The coming field of many great opportunities is covered by my course.



Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

HOW do you like Jessel as a substitute for Cantor on the Java hour? It's a tough spot for George. He needs mike training, just as Cantor did. Too many stage personalities underestimate the importance of knowing just how to put themselves into a microphone. And how do you like the ever-popular Elsie Janis? Now don't say "Just Esso"—anyway she's improving, and everybody's pulling for her.

* * *

IT'S a shame about Aileen Clark, one of the most delightful coloraturas on the air. You remember her, no doubt, on the Valspar program. She sang once and no sooner was the program finished than the mail department of the NBC-N. Y. studios was flooded with calls and telegrams. Within twenty-four hours from her first hearing she was signed by her Valspar sponsor. She sang thirteen weeks then the contract was not renewed. She hasn't had a program since. She wasn't very adept at stunts. To hold high C for three minutes was too much. And she was so much better equipped to sing opera and concert selections than torrid jazz. "But I could sing blues better than I could hold high C for three minutes for a stunt," she laughed.

* * *

SPEAKING of Aileen Clark I am reminded of Aline Berry, the charming Mrs. Peter Dixon, the mother in the Raising Junior skit that comes nightly over an NBC network. Peter and Aline are about the two most popular young people in the whirl of parties that loops around between broadcasts. They are impartial so far as business affiliations are concerned. You are just as apt to find them at a CBS affair as an NBC.

* * *

PETER always suggests to me a dynamo of repressed energy. I know he does a tremendous amount of work, but I've never seen him doing it. Besides his daily skit of about two thousand words he grinds out a peppy radio column that is syndicated through a dozen leading newspapers. Then he is at the head of the Beacon Syndicate with a staff of about fifteen writers which turns out programs and dramatic skits to order for broadcasting stations all over the country. He has numerous other chores that come in the day's work. But when I see him he has time on his hands and talks leisurely about what should be done to improve radio drama. He is positively worried about it—thinks something or somebody should take it by the collar and jerk it out of whatever it's in. I'll tell you more about that one of these days.

* * *

FLOYD GIBBONS and Peggy Hull, our two old friends of war days, are back in the trenches on the Shanghai front as these lines are written. I think they must be having a grand time, daring sudden death and disaster in their pursuit of headline news. Floyd's one broadcast from the battle front was a masterly achievement. He lured the Japanese general in command to a telephone booth in a Chinese pawnshop, talked by wire to Tokyo, and then over the Pacific heavens to San Francisco and to all of the American continent. We even heard the general telling us all about it in Japanese. Floyd then slashed through the air a vivid word picture of

his adventures with the Japanese army in frozen Manchuria. Then came his sudden dash to Shanghai in time to attend the opening fireworks in that bomb blasted city. Every dispatch has been a masterpiece of war reporting.

* * *

MODEST little Peggy Hull who used to write regularly for Radio Digest about what the stars had in store for radio celebrities has not had the benefit of proper editorial appreciation for the remarkable war stories she has been writing in the newspapers. But she gave us the detailed story as seen with a woman's eyes when she told of the Japanese sailors forming in line at the station in their dark blue uniforms unaware of death so near at hand; how they started marching up the street like a Memorial Day parade and then dropped "like flies in the dust" as hidden rifles cracked from windows over the stores. She told at another time of standing on the roof of the Hotel Cathay and watching the airplanes that "seemed to hang in the air" as they swung around the city spreading fire, destruction and mass murder. It was Peggy's ambition to broadcast her stories from Japan as she came to the Radio Digest office to say good-bye to her friends here before sailing. She made her first broadcast under Radio Digest sponsorship. She also was heard over an NBC network when she broadcast her impressions of the great air armada of 600 army planes that zoomed over her head as she stood on a roof of lower Manhattan last year. Good luck to Peggy Hull!

* * *

SOMEBODY one of these days will wake up and sign Tom Curtin for his best Thrillers. Curtin's dramatized adventure narratives I think are one of the top notchers. They carry something of the fact appeal of the March of Time and the gripping suspense of Sherlock Holmes. Curtin lived at Lord Northcliffe's home when he was in London. But the most of the time he was bluffing his way in and out of enemy lines during the World War and through the most hazardous positions. "How many of these Thrillers do you suppose you could produce?" asked Phil Carlin when he heard the first audition at NBC. "Oh, I could easily knock out 200 without half trying," replied the ex-war correspondent for the London Times. I asked Mr. Curtin for some of his letters when he dropped in the other day. You will find a few in this Radio Digest. Others we had but did not use. They were human documents. Every adventure is bona-fide. Mr. Curtin is meticulous about the things he states as facts for well he knows some listener—probably several—will be in a position to check him up in detail. His program will be a boon for some discriminating broadcaster.

* * *

I THINK the watchword for the next phase of commercial announcements in connection with a program will be "INTEREST." Advertisers will get over the tactics of billboard ballyhoo. That worked for a while but it couldn't last. The patent medicine barker of radio is surely trailing down to the end of Oblivion street with his gasoline torch and fake promises. Listeners are revolting at the many fraudulent word contests. Sell it with a good story at the end.—H. P. B.

Which of these **BIG PAYING BROADCASTING JOBS** do you want?

The Floyd Gibbons Course will show you how to get it in your spare time—right in your own home

DO YOU want a position paying from \$3,000 to \$15,000 or more a year? Do you want to get in Broadcasting—the newest, fastest growing, most glamorous industry in the world today? Then here is a remarkable new method of training that fits you for the job you want—right at home in your spare time—a method developed by Floyd Gibbons, famous "Headline Hunter of the Air".

If you can talk, sing, act, write, direct, read or sell—no matter what branch of Broadcasting you are qualified for—if you have natural talent, the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting will train you in the Technique of Broadcasting, preparing you to take a high salaried position in this fascinating work.

Your Opportunity in Broadcasting

Broadcasting offers you unusual opportunities for fame and success. It is recognized everywhere as the fastest growing industry in the world today. And Broadcasting constantly needs new talent. Broadcasting is *growing*—growing so fast that no one dares predict how large it will become in the next few years, or how many more millions of dollars will be spent annually before the "mike"—staggering as the figures already are.

Think of it! Four years ago a total of \$4,000,000 was spent over the air. Last year, *advertisers alone* spent \$29,000,000, while radio companies spent many times that amount. Many more millions will be spent next year—thousands more men and women will be employed—if they are properly trained. This spells opportunity for you in letters a foot high.

Turn Your Talent into Money

Think of what this means to you. Realize that you can have your share of these millions—if you have talent combined with the proper training. If you

can act, if your voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you have hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, you, too, can qualify for a job in Broadcasting. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to capitalize your hidden talents!

Talent alone is not enough to bring you success in Broadcasting—you must have a complete and thorough knowledge of the Technique of Broadcasting. Many well known singers, actors, writers and other successful artists have failed dismally before the microphone—while others who were formerly unknown have risen suddenly to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Simply because those who have been successful were *trained* in Broadcasting technique, while those who failed were not.

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Vincent Lopez

"I FIND my work a thrill every night. I love crowds if they are gay, and happy . . . It is like a happy dream to stand on a rostrum and see beautiful women, and stalwart men, drifting by, while rainbow lights play on them during a dreamy waltz,"
—Lopez speaking.

Jogging Along Down Memory Lane with

Vincent Lopez

Pioneer Radio Jazz Master Reflects on Colorful Career that wends from Somber Walls of a Monastery to the Bright Lights of Broadway and London Night Clubs

By Vincent Lopez

MEMORIES, I firmly believe, provide the real happiness of life. The secret of being happy, I have always thought, is making of today a pleasant memory for tomorrow. The trouble is, we discover the secret only after we have stored up a preponderance of memories that recall events which stir us too deeply. Still, I like to gaze back over the years and the events that characterized them. It gives you an opportunity to check up on yourself and it makes you look ahead, too—carefully.

Even now I find fleeting moments of boyish joy in recalling those days when as a kid in Brooklyn, it was my great ambition to be a fireman. It was a dream that my father brought to a rude end by decreeing that I was to learn music—the guitar, the piano, and the mandolin. And then, to my consternation I learned that father had chosen my vocation for me—the priesthood.

There was some happiness too, in the monastery at Dunkirk, where a lad of 12, I found my urge for musical expression supported by the kindly priests. I believe it was there that I acquired my real love for melody. It was there too, that I discovered the virtues of silence. We had long periods of it—they were called "Meditation." Few of my friends know that I entered a monastery. It is difficult, I suppose, for them to associate me with religion, especially, when they look back to the days when I officiated in honky tonks, blissfully unaware that I was in training for the interpretation of the jazz era that was to come. I didn't last long in the cloister. I suppose I believed myself then a free soul. I took my own vocation.

What followed conjures memories that are tinctured with flavorings of unmistakable hardships. I shudder to recollect the dreary days that I spent in

the prosaic offices of a milk company. Then I recall, John O'Kane, a singer appeared. And then Eddie Moebus; and the first thing I knew, I was playing a piano in a Brooklyn restaurant. Perhaps you can remember with me, that in those days, the piano and a singer comprised the only entertainment to be had in a restaurant. How happy I was to get \$3 a night. I was happy to work 14 hours at a stretch.

Few of those people I know today recall McLaughlin's at Sheepshead Bay. I was 17 when I took the job there. We had 35 singing waiters. I had to play for all of them.

ONE of my happiest recollections is meeting up with Al Herman. That was when I was 19, and playing at one hotel or another. It was Al who guided me to the Pekin. I joined the five-piece orchestra as piano soloist. It was three months later that the big break came—it is one of my happiest memories. I was given the leadership of the Pekin orchestra—my first! My star performer at the time was Russ Gorman, who performed on the wailing horn. He was later to rise to fame as Paul Whiteman's ace saxophonist.

It was at the Pekin that I gave Ted Lewis a job, too.

Then came the dawn of the jazz age. I loved it immediately. Its clamor and clatter were discordant, but the rhythm is what fascinated me. It caught you and held you and then made you sway.

My next memory is of Coney Island—Perry's. It is an extremely happy reminiscence. There I met Pat Rooney

and Marion Bent. They liked the new music, and the first thing I knew, I had signed with them for their act, "Rings of Smoke." Rooney and Bent taught me more than any other persons I had met. They taught me showmanship. After a season with them came engagements at Ross Fenton Farm, and then I went back on the road with this lovable pair. Soon afterward, came the offer from the Pennsylvania Hotel.

It was there that I began making special arrangements of the modern dance music. J. Bodewalt Lampe was my first arranger. He taught me in so many words that the real conception of an orchestra is that of one great instrument on which the director plays at will.

You'll find it difficult to believe, but my wisest advisor at this time was Alma Weere, a cigarette girl. It was she who used to criticize the music, and tell me what the patrons were saying. Then came the billing at the Palace. And soon afterward, they asked us to play for the radio. It was the radio that brought the orchestra nation-wide fame, and I am not ungrateful to the radio for the part it has contributed to my success. We played for WOR and the old WJZ.

I still thrill to the memory of a subsequent trip to London and the gay Kit Kat Club. The Duke of Marlborough was our real sponsor. A fine chap the duke, and a regular fellow.

Back in New York, after success abroad, and then the Casa Lopez. I shudder at the memory of that place. I shudder at the notoriety that an over-zealous press agent brought, when he framed a fake story of a dancer's attempted suicide in the lake at Central Park. I still fidget when this incident flashes across my mind. I was not

(Continued on page 80)

Letters to the Artist



Tom Curtin as he is today after an amazing life of countless hair-raising adventures.

Many Listeners Write to
Author of

THRILL Adventures

By TOM CURTIN

Dear Mr. Curtin:

Would you mind if readers of Radio Digest look over your shoulder as you read some of the letters from your listeners?

—Editor.

Princess Nina Mdivani with her mother and youngest brother Alexis from their home in Batum, across the Black Sea from Constantinople in the Trans-Caucasian land of Georgia. General Mdivani, who had been aide-de-camp to the Tsar, had gone to Constantinople to organize the White Army with General Wrangel in a last great effort to win back Russia from the Bolsheviks.

For four years the tide of Bolshevism had been unable to sweep south of the Caucasus. And while General Mdivani was militarily active with his plans in Constantinople he felt that his wife and young son and daughter were safe in his old governmental mansion in Batum.

Like a broken dam before a swollen river that security was abruptly and tempestuously swept aside in 1921. And it is at that point that I began the drama which the confectionery worker of Constantinople picked out of the air waves entirely by chance on the night of December 26th.

A real life drama that begins with General Mdivani flashing a wireless message from Constantinople to the last hope in Batum—the Italian steamer *Garibaldi*. The gallant lieutenant, a la stage operetta, volunteering to go back into the town to the rescue. The *Garibaldi* letting go the anchor again. The lieutenant bursting in upon the young Princess Nina with the ringing com-

Dear Mr. Editor:

LETTERS from the listeners in response to the Thrill Adventures series over the NBC network always bring to me the greatest thrill of all. The tiny ether wavelets trickle into so many homes that sometimes they touch and reknit a thread of friendship that has been broken by time and tide and circumstance. Now here is an instance:

On the night of December 26th, 1931, Alexander Simonyez—now of Brooklyn, but formerly of Constantinople and points East—was innocently exploring the ether with his radio dial. Suddenly Simonyez's dial hand became rigid; then his power hand turned on more juice. Every nerve tingled at this totally unexpected hearing of a name—and a voice—he had known a decade back when the window of his room had looked out on minarets and the Bosphorus instead of on commercial skyscrapers and the East River.

The name was Princess Nina Mdi-

vani. But Simonyez knew more than the name. Again he was delivering his pretty confectioneries from the patisserie in Istanbul to the temporary home of General Mdivani. It had been a special delight for him to make an extra display of his confections to the young school-girl princesses of the household, Nina and Rousidana.

That was in 1921 when General Mdivani and his family were refugees in Constantinople. Those days came vividly back to Simonyez now as he heard the rich musical tones of Princess Nina's voice coming from the loudspeaker in his Brooklyn room—Princess Nina of whom he had lost all trace in a stormy decade of years that had buffeted him out of the confusion of Istanbul and pitched him into the scramble of New York. . .

On the Manhattan side of the East River I was putting on a special coast-to-coast Saturday night "Thrillers" at the National Broadcasting Company. I was dramatizing the actual escape of

mand that they have only five minutes to leave the house. Not even five minutes, for the Red Cavalry is already clattering through the streets and a stormy mob is blocking the square outside.

The Mdivani chauffeur drives the car to the door inside the gates. The refugees quickly get into it. The lieutenant opens the gates. The car rolls through but is blocked by the mob. Seemingly no chance to reach the harbor and the *Garibaldi*.

The young Princess Nina jumps out and makes her way to the Bolshevik leader standing on his own red painted car inciting the mob amid shouts of "Long live Lenin! Long live the revolution!" The frightened girl appeals to him and he looks down at her. Then, Bolshevik or not, the human heart in him was touched by her entreaty.

"There is only one way," he tells her. "Go quickly back into your car. I will drive through the crowd. They will open up for me. Tell your driver to keep his motor so close to mine that the crowd cannot get between and block you off."

There are dead men on the side streets—machine guns are tack-tacking at the last of the barricades as the refugees reach the water front and the launch takes them to safety.

The *Garibaldi* weighs anchor and heads into the Black Sea sunset to Constantinople, where Princess Nina is reunited to her still younger sister Rousidana in the temporary quarters of their father.

Then it was that Simonyez of the patisserie shop used to go with his confections and spread them before the admiring eyes of the two young princesses.

And now to hear the actual voices of both Princess Nina and Princess Rousidana! What an event for Simonyez! His ear also picked up the name of the Waldorf Astoria. So at the earliest respectable moment next day he presented himself at that Park Avenue hostelry, where he lived a golden hour of reminiscence.

He also discovered that Princess Nina is now married to Charles Henry Huberich, American, with international law offices on two continents. And that Princess Rousidana is married to Maria José Sert, Spanish mural artist, who did the Sert Room in the new Waldorf Astoria.

ACROSS another river, in Plainfield, New Jersey, Harold E. Williams had tuned in on the same broadcast to which Simonyez was listening in Brooklyn. Mr. Williams' letter speaks for itself:

Dear Mr. Curtin:

It was with great interest that I listened to your "Thrillers" drama on the "Flight of a Princess" last evening, as I



Princess Nina Mdivani, heroine of Mr. Curtin's broadcast "The Flight of a Princess." She appeared in person to assist in the broadcast and her voice was recognized by a listener who had been at the scene of her narrow escape.

was in Batum myself during those stormy and terrifying times. I was the captain's coxswain on His Majesty's Ship *Marlborough* at the time.

Probably only a few people know of the inside methods used in the final flight of the survivors of the Russian royal family from the bolsheviks—that at the last moment the British Admiralty sent a man-of-war to their rescue. They had fled to the southernmost part of the Crimea, where escape seemed

hopeless. Some of those whom we rescued were: Prince Yousopoff, who killed Rasputin; Grand Duke Nicholas, generalissimo of all the armies of old Russia; Grand Duke Michael, Princess Orloff, Grand Duchess Xebia, and Empress Maria Feodano, the mother of the Tsar.

I would like to show you the actual photographs I have of those stirring scenes.

Harold E. Williams.

Letters like that make the flash-point connection of friendship of us rovers of the world. Close to big scenes, but not quite meeting until the magic of radio bridges the gap—and then we find we have so much in common that it seems as though we'd known one another all our life. I was not far from the *Marlborough*, having my own adventures in Black Sea lands in the Red War that followed the World War.

IN THESE "Thrillers" I use only actual exploits. And my response mail most emphatically proves to me that dramatic truth is a much prized Radio commodity. When I broadcast "The Mysterious Companion," an escape from Ruhleben Camp near Berlin by two British prisoners and a "plant," I was careful to reproduce accurately the positions of the essential barracks, the two lines of barbed wire and fence—all of which I knew first hand. And I also reproduced a bit of the modest part I played in giving the escapers the help that probably got them through to freedom at the Dutch frontier.

Here is the letter I received the very next morning from Brooklyn.

Dear Mr. Curtin:

I have heard your story tonight and it certainly brought back some memories. I was a prisoner in the same camp at Ruhleben. I, also, escaped from that prison camp two times, but was caught on the Holland border. Your story was almost the same as my own. So you see how it hit the spot.

I hope to hear from you and will listen in again Sunday.

Louis Amkraut.

Back in the spring of 1922 when icebergs began to break away from Greenland fate placed me in the midst of about a hundred of these green-white monsters on a tramp freighter that was being salvaged by some desperately skilful seamanship. We chummed with the icebergs for five whole days off the narrow entrance to St. John's, Newfoundland. When we got in the story was a big one for the newspaper of that northern port. Thomas J. Walsh was the local reporter who did the story—and then he and I and the rescued wireless operator did some knocking about that wildish coast. After that we went on our several ways to the ends of the earth, drifting out of each other's lives.

One night Thomas Walsh was listening in to Nellie Revell's sparkling, witty and informative hour when he heard an old familiar name mentioned. Here is the letter that came out of that little earful.

Dear Tom Curtin:

Your "Thrillers" have given me a

genuine thrill. Since I heard you were on the air I have not missed one of them, and have been greatly entertained. Keep up the good work. When I go to New York after Christmas I hope we may renew that acquaintance which began on the climax of another of your thrillers—the rescue of the Oxonian off Newfoundland. But the real climax thrill for me was when I heard your name mentioned by Nellie Revell and found you were truly the D. Thomas Curtin I knew.

Thomas J. Walsh.

Radio is a gift of heaven to shut-ins. My heart quickens when I open a message from some one who has heard me while lying in a hospital. Here is one from Ward B-2 U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

National Broadcasting Company.

Gentlemen:

We, the undersigned veterans, wish to take this opportunity to thank you for broadcasting such an excellent feature as Tom Curtin and his Thrillers. Seldom has anything on the air pleased us so much, and we'd like to hear the good news that Tom Curtin will stay with us. We all know *real stories* when we hear them—and that's why *we folks who have been places and seen things* are so strong for Curtin's Thrillers.

John J. Baird	Thomas F. O'Brien
Joseph B. Seeley	Charles G. Rumery
Fred W. Rohrer	Stephen Frances

AN encouraging word from those professionals who know their "theater" is stimulating. Here are two. The first is from Brewster, New York.

Dear Mr. Curtin:

I am an actor—or perhaps I should say a retired actor—with twenty years experience in every English-speaking country in the world. I say this by way of expressing my appreciation of your well acted, worth-while presentations. In your most refreshing plays the actors are provided with something they can bite into. The best. And thank you.

E. W. Wilson.

And the second is from Rowayton, Conn.

Dear Mr. Curtin:

Allow me to thank you for the most enjoyable half hours we have had in some time. "Thrillers" is very well put on, and we flatter ourselves that we are good judges. We have been in the theatrical business for many years. My husband was Company Manager for W. A. Brady last season. We hope you will be with us over the air for many

Sundays to come for we need more of this kind of entertainment.

Mrs. L. E. Weed.

There's a deep down heart touch to a fellow who's roamed the world when he gets letters like these:

My dear Mr. Curtin:

This admirer is seventy-six years of age and most thoroughly enjoys your "Thrillers." I hope you will continue to help me pass otherwise lonely hours. My dear husband and I loved Gibbons "yarns" but now that my husband is no longer with me it is doubly essential that I have something to turn to. You and the NBC players have meant a lot to us and the least we can do in payment is express gratitude. Only the shut-ins and aged really know the value of radio. Yours in grateful appreciation and hoping you continue to "thrill."

Mrs. Stephen A. Cuddy.

DEAR SIR: I am writing to tell you how much I personally appreciated your story concerning the four escaped prisoners. Well, sir, I might say I had a brother in the 35th Canadian Battalion organized at Montreal, I believe. However, brother was taken prisoner, I believe, on the Ypres salient and taken to Westphalia, Germany, to work on farms. He finally ventured an escape, no doubt similar to the one you unfolded to us on the air, finally to land in Holland and home in this city. It was only to be killed by a train here two years after. However, sir, your drama just brought me back to the time of Private Walter Atkins' return home . . . when we saw his tired face once again, no doubt tired of all and everything but glad to be home. . . E. Atkins, 468 Brock Ave., Toronto.

Dear Sir and Brother Adventurer: Your program came in fine Sunday evening. It made the old dogs itch to be away searching the ends of the world. Yet, like many another ship, I have come to anchor for a time being in the big country. And while the desire is strong guess that my days of adventure are over as I am well anchored. Until the anchors heave themselves up and start cruising for themselves I will have to depend upon the radio and the magazines to do my wandering. Best wishes. C. R. Chadbourne, M. E., Cardinal, Ont.

And so I could go on through these precious letters that have come in out of the ether. Letters from adventurers whom I had known; letters from other adventurers who too, have roamed; but most of all from young and old, men and women, boys and girls, who do the more useful job of living in homes, but who love to listen to the drama of a thrilling tale.



Jane Vance

WHY wouldn't Paul Whiteman choose this petite young miss to add a dash of color to his program. Just in case you don't believe it, there's her sorority pin to identify her as a daughter of Northwestern University. They showed infallible judgment in choosing her last spring as fairest co-ed, *n'est-ce pas?* We salute!

The JOLLY Chef

*Gay and Happy were the Golden Days when Rector's was the Focal Point of Merriment and Good Things to Eat—
Mine Host Himself Revives it All for a Nation of Listeners*

By Ted Deglin

GEORGE RECTOR is now a broadcaster. To the thousands who knew the old Rector's in its salient position on Broadway, the name brings up memories of wining and dining when these two occupations were arts of preparation and understanding. To the epicure the name Rector means the quintessence of flavoring in food; to the *bon vivant* it means bright lights and sparkling beverages.

George Rector is a personality typifying the genial host; he is still the lord and master of culinary secrets denied to all but a chosen few. The celebrities who came to worship at the shrine of Epicurus (translated Rector's), left him with a store of anecdotes which have filled two books, delighting tens of thousands, and which will now recall pictures to millions as he reminisces over the air-waves.

George is of the House of Rector, an oligarchy of restaurateurs reigning in Chicago and New York. He was sent to Cornell where he chose to enlist in the ranks of the bar-risters, but the call of the Cafe was too strong for him. When his father told him that Rector's best twelve customers — "Diamond Jim" Brady — insisted that something be done about bringing the recipe for the famous "Filet of Sole Marguery" to this country from the Cafe Marguery in Paris, George volunteered to "return with the sauce, or in it."

AND that was the start of a colorful career which brought him a royal decoration and an enviable reputation.

Before a microphone at the NBC studios on The Great Atlantic &

SEARCHING the world over for interesting people and ideas to beguile the radio audience sponsors of *Our Daily Food* program discovered George Rector. And who, pray, in all this bibbed and napkinned land could possibly know more about good food and the *bon vivants* than the jovial Mr. Rector himself? So up to the mike with him. Let him reminisce and introduce to you that prince of gourmands, Diamond Jim Brady who was Rector's "twelve best customers".

Pacific Tea Company's "Our Daily Food" program, George Rector is the same raconteur and jovial personality he is when sitting at a dining table. His round face, bounded on the north by slightly thinned white hair, balanced front and center by a full gray mustache, and bounded on the south by a "spare tire" as he calls it, is keenly alive. He motions. He waves his arms as he describes the gastronomical de-

lights of the old Rector cuisine, and when he describes the process of preparing famous foods he makes each ingredient seem an important cog in the wheel of living.

He tells of many happy days in France which, though spent in kitchens as chef's apprentice, nevertheless brought him a store of culinary knowledge which has found a ripe reward. He was first sent to the Cafe de Paris, in Paris, where he learned the art of scrubbing floors; the proper way to polish a dish and just what motions to use when wielding a broom. These mastered, he graduated to the "bus boy" class, then was permitted to enter the select circle of waiters, that silent-footed, suave and sure group which built up an aristocracy of its own.

THE gourmands and epicures served in the Cafe de Paris demanded a sense of tact and finesse which was of the highest. To illustrate the situations encountered in this profession, Rector tells this story:

"One day everything was going along nicely when suddenly a patron went berserk. A plate crashed within an inch of my head. It took a dozen of us to subdue the diner. The head waiter sought to find out the trouble, but our guest was speechless. Finally, he sent for a gendarme — a policeman. Meanwhile, the poor frightened waiter who had offended him was hiding in the linen closet.

"In about fifteen minutes our guest was able to talk coherently. Seeing that he had calmed down somewhat, the head waiter said: 'Your pardon, sir, but were you visited with bodily



"One drop, no more, my dear young lady. One must be precise to achieve art in the making of a cake." These lucky girls were permitted a peep into the culinary sanctum of the jolly wizard, and what a thrill it was!

harm by that atrocious waiter?"

"Name of a cabbage!" shouted the diner. "I was not attacked. I can take care of myself. I was a soldier in the Third Empire. What is bodily harm to a man who fought the Prussian Guard in '71?"

"Then he became more violent, and had to be led out by a convoy of gendarmes, who escorted him to a hospital. He went out the door, still shrieking, 'He brought the prunes in backward! He brought the prunes in backward!'"

"We questioned the waiter, who had been hiding in the closet. He said that everything had been going fine, until the prunes were served. The diner had looked at the prunes in amazement, clutched at his throat, then made a grasp for the waiter's neck, screaming, 'They're backward! Name of a pig, they are not forward!'"

WITH all of the preliminaries mastered Rector was accepted in the Cafe Marguery as a student of Maurois, the chef. For three whole months, 15 hours a day, he experimented with the Sole and sauce, and at last he produced a combination that was voted perfect by a jury of seven master chefs.

Then came his big moment. He was commanded to prepare Filet of Sole Marguery in the Palais des Champs Elysees for a state dinner in honor of Oscar, King of Sweden. And for the culinary perfection he demonstrated that day, President Loubet of France decorated him with the "Cordon Bleu."

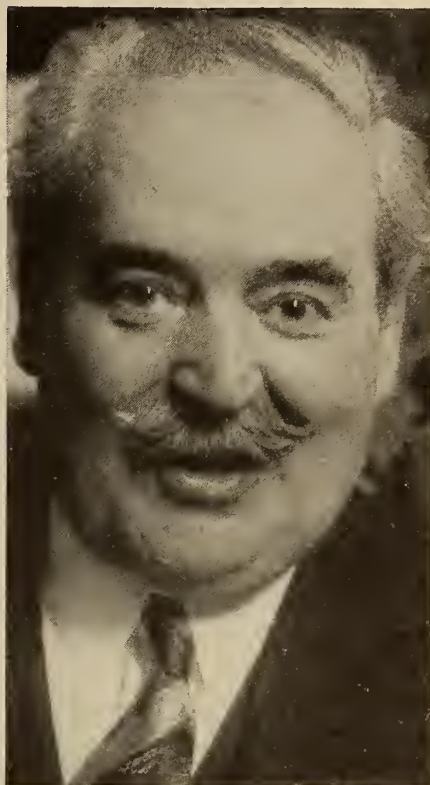
Now he returned to the United States with the sauce Marguery and on the day of his arrival prepared it for "Diamond Jim" Brady who had been expectantly looking forward to that day.

"Diamond Jim," by the way, lives strongly in Rector's memory. Let him tell you of this colorful character:

"He was an odd character, and the first of the successful salesmen who utilized the bright lights of Broadway to promote the sale of his commodities. His name was derived from his jewelry, and when Diamond Jim had all his illumination in place, he looked like an excursion steamer at twilight. He had powerful diamonds in his shirt front that cast beams strong enough to sunburn an unwary pedestrian. He had diamonds in his cuffs and actually wore diamond suspender buttons, fore and aft. The fore may have been good taste, but the aft were *parvenu*. He wore diamonds on his fingers and there was a rumor that he had diamond bridge work. His vest buttons also were precious stones, and I think that when remonstrated with for his excessive display of gems, Mr. Brady remarked, 'Them as has 'em wears 'em.'

"Although his business life led him among the bright lights, Diamond Jim

never smoked or drank. But how he could eat! He loved to be surrounded by handsome men and beautiful women at the table, and it was no unusual thing for us to lay covers for eight or ten guests of Mr. Brady. If they all kept their appointments, fine! If but two or three were able to be present, fine! And



George Rector, the jolly chef, with his characteristic smile and as he appears before the microphone for Good Food talks.

if nobody showed up but Diamond Jim, fine! Mr. Brady proceeded gravely to eat the ten dinners himself.

"It is possible to obtain some idea of his terrific capacity by his average menu under normal conditions. When I say he never drank, I mean intoxicating beverages. His favorite drink was orange juice. I knew just what he wanted, and before he appeared at the table I always commandeered the most enormous carafe in the house. This was filled to the brim with orange juice and cracked ice. He tossed that off without quivering a chin. It was immediately replaced with a duplicate carafe, to be followed by a third, and possibly a fourth before the dinner was over and the last waiter had fainted in the arms of an exhausted chef.

"THE next item was oysters. Mr. Brady was very fond of sea food. He would eat two or three dozen Lynnhaven oysters, each measuring six inches from tip to tail, if an oyster has either. An observer of Diamond Jim eating oysters, remarked, 'Jim likes his oysters sprinkled with clams.' Observing the same diner from

a near-by listening post, this man continued his observations with 'Jim likes his sirloin steaks smothered in veal cutlets.'

"After Diamond Jim had nibbled daintily on three dozen papa oysters, it would be an even bet that he would order another dozen or so just to relieve the monotony. Then would follow a dozen hard-shell crabs, claws and all. There was no soup, which discounts the statement that Jim fanned the soup with his hat.

"Diamond Jim was a gentleman, even though he did wear his napkin around his neck. This was not due to lack of etiquette, but rather to the conformation of Mr. Brady's topography. A napkin on his knee would have been as inadequate as a doily under a bass drum. Diamond Jim's stomach started at his neck and swelled out in majestic proportions, gaining power and curve as it proceeded southward. Therefore the only place where a napkin would have done him any good was around his neck. And there he wore it. It looked like a bookmark in a tome of chins."

Although he is exclusively with The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, Mr. Rector broadcasts but once or twice a week. When he is on the air he delights his audience with anecdotes about Brady; the Vanderbilts; Sarah Bernhardt; Enrico Caruso and others whose names reflected the glamour of the gay 90's and the tumultuous twenty pre-Volstead years on Broadway.

HE TRAVELS over the country making personal appearances in cooking schools, demonstrating the art of "making every-day food appeal to the epicure." When he broadcasts he gives menus and recipes which housewives find possible for their use. To this end, he may well be called the "Crusader for Happiness," for his suggestions on making daily foods tasty to the eye and palate are making men love their wives again. Hail George Rector, the Great White Way's menace to divorce!

Something significant of the trend of the times was noted in all civilized countries when the lights were turned out at Rectors for the last time. It was a sensation. The world had moved around another milestone in the pathway of history. Now the old glamour, the old crowd with its whimsies of the day have melted into the dim mists of the past. Only the jolly old chef, who always was far more than a chef in that he was at the same time a genial and companionable host, George Rector, remains. Through his own vivid personality alone the radio listener is transported to another day that has passed. And a million housewives are learning how to make better things to eat for their families.

"Just An Humble Opinion"

By RUDY VALLEE

I WAS rather amused as I read the following part of an article in a radio weekly. The essence of the article itself was a query as to whether success would spoil a certain young lady who had become a star overnight, as it were. The article began:

"There have been so many cases where it has been acquired simultaneously with a big contract. So-and-so is an ordinary singer; he climbs suddenly to fame; equally suddenly he becomes unapproachable, a person to be seen only by appointment. He laments that another is stealing his stuff; he deploras the fact that he never gets decent breaks from publicity departments or booking offices (purely imaginary). And needless to say it is not with joy in their hearts that the people who have to work with him watch such evidences of temperament. Radio Row is as bad as Hollywood in the number of unpleasant stars in evidence."

The caption of the quoted paragraph also read "Is it true that conceit is an inseparable part of radio stardom?"

The unfortunate part of such statements as this, and paragraphs such as the one quoted, is that too many lay readers of this article who, perhaps, have never given the matter a thought, will be led to believe that conceit is an inseparable part of radio stardom, or stardom in any other field for that matter. This article was unquestionably written by someone who has never known what it does mean to be in the limelight, or the article would never have been written.

ONLY the person who has the headache can appreciate how the head feels. Too many articles such as this one, which find their way to the eager and believing eyes of hundreds of thousands of readers are written by individuals who have a limited knowledge, or complete lack of knowledge, of the thing which they are discussing.

Take the opening line of the paragraph, stated so dogmatically and positively, as though absolute proof could be given by the writer: "There have been so many cases where it has been acquired simultaneously with a big contract." How stupid! How asinine!

With the decision, or the contract to do anything, great or small, in life there come attendant complications and a necessary change of routine and life. With such a big contract which subsequently came to this young lady, her time was necessarily more taken up. There are 24 hours in the day, and it is generally conceded that at least eight should be given to sleep. Take the particular case of this young lady. Before

METROPOLITAN centers recently have developed a new type of columnist—a bizarre and startling fellow who stalks about among his betters exulting in his power to strike terror through the sheet that tolerates his kind of insolence. He overcomes his lack of intellectual parity by his brutality, just as the physical giant will use his fists instead of his head in a clash of wits. It may be all a part of Nature's plan to maintain the human balance but it is tough on the victim who must take his type lashing without means of defense or retaliation. So the readers of Radio Digest doubtless will understand the feelings of Rudy Vallee, who flies to battle for a young mother recently drawn into the mikespot and forthwith made the target for these lead slugs engraved with points that are deadlier than bullets.

—Editor.

this big contract was given her she probably devoted several of the sixteen remaining hours (assuming she only took the minimum amount of sleep) to the care of her children which, after all, is the prerogative of a mother. Then, too, she lives out of town and (since beginning the broadcast) many hours are spent in traveling from her residence to the studios in New York for rehearsal.

Many hours have to be spent listening to songs, either at the publishers' offices, at the studios, or in the privacy of the home, because songs are the vital part of any singer's life on radio, and when a person is on fifteen minutes a night for six nights a week, it requires many songs to make each fifteen minutes worthwhile. Out of the hundreds of songs listened to, many are worthless; still there must be hundreds listened to, all of which takes a great deal of time in order to find the select few.

All of this serves to eat up the remaining few hours not spent in actual travel back and forth from the studio.

With the acquiring of a big contract come obligations of many sorts, too numerous to mention; discussions with the sponsors of a radio hour, the reading of fan mail, and in many cases appearances in theatres, at benefits, pictures, and all the things that usually go with success in one particular field.

Time left for conversations with

neighbors and friends necessarily becomes increasingly small. Naturally, too, any such person suddenly thrown into the limelight becomes a target for hundreds of individuals desiring to bring some benefit to themselves as a result of this person's climb to success—insurance agents, book agents, amateurs who believe that their song is another tremendous hit, people with all sorts of requests and propositions—few of them, indeed, offering anything to the successful individual, most of them seeking to get something.

Granting that all of these, even the parasites among them, should have access to the new star, what if it is an impossibility? There are only sixty minutes in the hour, and the person who can show how these sixty may be increased will be a very successful person indeed. When it is a flat impossibility to see people due to the fact that one's schedule may be completely filled with things absolutely essential and necessary to be done, then it is extremely unfortunate that a person in such a predicament must bear the stigma of "high-hat" or conceit. Only one who has been in this predicament can appreciate it.

It is quite obvious that the ones who write these articles have never known such a demand for their time.

Another paragraph reads:

"There is the case of a very prominent singer. He has been long reaching the pinnacle of success and it has taken many years of hard work and perseverance. Yet he will walk in and out of a studio, or along the street and pass by without a sign of recognition. That is just one instance . . . there are many more."

I AM not quite sure just who was referred to by this paragraph. I only know that personally I try to greet everyone I meet with a cordial recognition. But I do know that at times I am so fatigued and worried by my work, especially when I am in the midst of a law suit or an exceedingly difficult rehearsal, or a situation that requires much concentration and thought, that it is quite possible while walking along Broadway, or in and out of the Pennsylvania Hotel, or in the lobby of the Apollo Theatre, that I may neglect to say hello to certain individuals I know, and know well. It is very likely that my mind is so fully occupied at the time I am not aware there is anyone else around.

Life for a person in the public eye, doing a great deal of work, demands a great many important decisions. And

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IT WAS a big night for Della when she received a telephone call from Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, just after she had finished her regular program at WCFL, Chicago, where she is regularly engaged. He invited her to sing on one of his programs, then another, and another until now she has become known from many stations across the country. But she still loves WCFL, the station that discovered her, and considers that her home port of radio.

Della Bartell



Frazier Hunt

GRADUALLY we are finding out how to utilize radio facilities to extend culture and promote ideas that lead to better citizenship. Frazier Hunt's *Great Personalities* series over an NBC network is a notable example of this finer type of program. Each week he has been giving us a story of great achievement by typical Americans. Hunt has himself achieved greatness through his rise from the editor of a country weekly in Alexis, Illinois, to one of the most famous journalists in the world. His story of the making of Melvin A. Traylor is typical of this series.

This is the Story of MELVIN A. TRAYLOR

MOUNTAIN BOY BANKER

Went Barefoot until Eighteen—Came Down from Kentucky Hills to See First Train when He was Twenty—Now President First National Bank Chicago—Is Rated One of World's Greatest Financiers

HERE'S a story I would like to have all the scoffers and all the determined pessimists—all those thousands who think America is no longer a land of opportunity—I would like to have them all listen in to this story tonight. It's about a man who never saw a railroad train until he was twenty years old; it's about a Kentucky "hill-billy" whose father was born and died in the same room of a two-room cabin and to the day of his death never saw a railroad train; and yet he died only thirteen years ago. It's about an ignorant country boy who, except in the dead of winter, never wore shoes until he was eighteen years old—whose total schooling would be about the equal of the sixth grade pupil in a

By Frazier Hunt

modern school—yet who, today, at fifty-three, is a great and courageous leader in world finance, a banker who had the temerity and the plain nerve to tell his own brother bankers and financiers that they had completely fallen down in leadership, and that the Stock Market had certain of the elements of a crap game. And lastly, it's about a Kentucky mountaineer lad who became a cultured, broadly educated, wise, humorous man of the world who has never forgotten where he came from or how he got to the place he has reached.

To me that is all pure drama—Amer-

ican drama. And this story is proof that this old American romance, this American magic of opportunity, is not entirely a thing of the past.

Now to get the full flavor of this story, we will have to go back a hundred and ten years and follow a little group of settlers from the tide-water country of Virginia, down the Shenandoah Valley and across Cumberland Gap to the hill country of Adair County, Kentucky, the second tier north of the Tennessee Border. Forty miles away, and seven years before this family arrived, a boy had been born in the Tom Lincoln family—a boy named ABRAHAM—and about the same year that the Traylor family moved into the Kentucky country, this Lincoln family mi-

grated north and then later west, up to Indiana and over into Illinois. The Traylor's stayed on; and one fall day fifty-three years ago, in October, 1878, when the leaves were turning red and brown, a boy was born to Jim Traylor and his wife, Kitty. He was the first born. Six were to follow, until that two-room mountain cabin fairly overflowed with children. Jim Traylor, the father, was a hard-working, honest, intelligent—if uneducated—Kentucky mountaineer. He raised tobacco and corn. His total income would average somewhere around \$200 a year; but he owned his little "hill" farm and raised most of the things the family ate.

Two miles away was a school that in those days ran for three months a year, from July 5 to the early part of October, when the corn shucking began. When this oldest boy, Melvin, was about ten years old the school term was increased to five months, almost up to Christmas. But always one or another of the three oldest Traylor boys would stay at home at least a day or two a week to help out with the corn husking and farm work. Melvin went to this country school until he was turning eighteen, then on horseback, he rode over to the County Seat town and passed the teachers' examination, and for the next two years taught in an adjoining school district, five months a year at \$30 a month. The money and his other seven months of labor went to the support of his poor family.

THIS was a rugged, mountainous country, isolated and removed from the great winds of progress that were blowing over the world. Sixteen miles away was a little town, Columbia, the county seat, and still some thirty miles further on was Campbellsville and here the railroad touched the rim of these piled-up and forgotten hills. Melvin Traylor's father, Jim, never got as far as Campbellsville, nor did his mother, Kitty, until the day in 1918 when Melvin Traylor came back to bury his father and take his mother home with him to Texas. That was the first time she had ever seen a railroad train.

Now, over here at Columbia, the County Seat, lived General Garnett, a rugged old Confederate Veteran who practiced law. From General Garnett, this boy borrowed two volumes of Blackstone and at nights would read law and dream of becoming a lawyer.

"I didn't see much future in teaching school at \$30 a month," he told me the other day—"I was determined not to stay on that farm all my life, so I figured law would be a good thing for me." Then he went on: "You see, in those days, a man in politics pretty near had to be a lawyer; and of course, down in Kentucky, politics was a great pro-

fession." He smiled a warm, human, wise smile, and his deep brown eyes twinkled and wrinkled; this man had the common touch; he had not forgotten.

"Then when I was about twenty years old, I had a bad case of the 'itching foot'" he explained to me—"I wanted to move on; one of my uncle's brothers had gotten as far as Texas and other people of our neighborhood had followed, so I thought I would take a chance. My brother and I rode to Columbia on horseback and my brother led my horse back home, and I took the stage coach the thirty miles to Campbellsville, and then I saw a railroad train!" He looked over at me with a sort of queer light in his eyes. Then he went on talking:

"**W**ELL, I got down to Hillsboro, Texas, and got a job in a grocery store and then pretty soon I joined the Fire Department so that I could sleep for nothing in the fire house." He chuckled—"I was a fireman for almost seven years, and ended as the Chief."

"I used to be a nozzle man myself," I cut in here. We both laughed. Then he went on: "Next, I got me a job as night clerk in a hotel, working from seven p. m. to midnight. I got my board for that. Then I remembered I wanted



Melvin A. Traylor

to be a lawyer, so I started reading law again."

And pretty soon he was running for city clerk and when the votes had been counted he found he had been elected to this choice \$75 a month job. A year later he was admitted to the bar, and

about this period, while he was still city clerk, he started selling life insurance for the New York Life, and he still has his own first policy that he took out more than thirty years ago. Well, it wasn't very long until he was appointed assistant prosecuting attorney for the county, at the magnificent salary of \$125 a month and the first thing he did was to promptly get married to one of the belles of the town, Dorothy Arnold Yerby. But within a year or two, the whirligig of Texas politics had skidded him out of his office. And so, at twenty-six, he opened up his own law office. It seemed, however, that there was already a superabundance of Texas lawyers, and one day about a year later, with a total capital of less than \$200, he walked out of his office and over to the Citizens National Bank building. Boldly he went up to the cashier's office and told him he was going to give up law and go into the banking business.

"Well, we haven't any job for you," the cashier told him.

"I don't want any money," went on Traylor. "I just want to learn the business with you."

The cashier hesitated. Here was a man of twenty-seven giving up law and starting into the banking business without a salary; and, anybody who would do that deserved a little help. "Well, our head bookkeeper is going on his vacation on Monday," he said. "Come in then and we will see how it works out."

It worked out all right! At the end of two or three months, Traylor knew how to run a set of bank ledgers and they sent him over to the little town of Malone, Texas, to a cross-roads bank that was all but on the rocks. And somehow or other, with a vast outlay of nothing but common sense and integrity and hard work, he pulled this bank out of the red and into the black. And before very long, he was doing the same thing to another bank, using the same tools—common sense, integrity and hard work.

HIS reputation soon spread even beyond the broad borders of Texas, and within twenty years after he had quit law and turned to banking, he had followed a trail from Texas to St. Louis, then to a Live Stock Bank in Chicago—and then to the great First National Bank of Chicago and finally to its Presidency.

Now to me that's a thrilling story of opportunity and success, but the real story of this Kentucky hill boy is greater than that; it's a story of courageous leadership and fearless attack on the citadels of wealth and privilege. On a May day, this past spring, Melvin Traylor addressed the International

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ENOCH ARDEN MARRIAGES and their EFFECT

By Gleason L. Archer, LL.D.

Dean, Suffolk Law School, Boston

Eightieth Broadcast

Good Evening Everybody:

I PRESUME you are one and all familiar with Tennyson's immortal poem entitled "Enoch Arden"—that epic tale of a husband, shipwrecked and lost for many a year, who found escape from his desert island and returned to his old home to learn that his wife was now happily married to another man. His own children now called that second husband "father." You will remember the depth of sorrow that engulfed the man, and how he fought against the natural impulse to proclaim his safe return and thus to claim his wife and children. But when he learned that to this second marriage children had been born and that the woman whom he loved better than all the world must be stricken dumb with shame at her predicament should he proclaim himself, he nobly resolved to sacrifice his own happiness under a sort of living death.

But Enoch Arden was the hero of a great poem. Poems do not always square with human life. There are written down in the sober pages of the law many stories of an Enoch Arden who was quite different from Tennyson's shadowy saint. In those cases the lost husband returned to claim his rights, or at least to disrupt the second home, and because of that claim much law has been evolved.

Death Presumed from Long Continued Absence

IN THE first place, we should consider the presumption of law arising from long continued absence of hus-



Dean Archer commutes between Boston and New York every Saturday to give his weekly talk on Laws That Safeguard Society.

band or wife. Since men and women do not ordinarily drop out of sight of their friends and acquaintances and remain away for long periods of time without sending tidings of their welfare or asking tidings from home, the natural conclusion from long continued and unexplained absence is that the missing person is dead.

This line of reasoning has found expression in the law itself. We have a common law rule that if a person is absent for seven years without being

heard from by members of his family, or by friends or acquaintances, a presumption of law arises that he is dead. Applying this law to the domestic problem, we find that if a husband or wife has been absent from home for seven years without tidings of any sort being received by any in the home circle the law presumes that such missing spouse is dead. The other is then free to marry without the necessity of obtaining a divorce.

It must be borne in mind, however, that this is merely a common law rule and may have been changed by statute in your own jurisdiction. It should be understood also, even at common law, that the presumption of death would not protect a marriage entered into under it if the missing spouse should reappear in the flesh. The second marriage would then become void. Divorce is therefore the only certain protection. For Example:

The Queer Case of Mary McGregor

WILLIAM HEPBURN emigrated from Scotland to America in 1854. On the same ship was a Scottish lassie, Mary McGregor, with whom Hepburn became acquainted. In fact romance blossomed on shipboard. Mutual vows were exchanged and shortly after the couple arrived in New York City they were married.

The young people secured lodgings in a humble section of the great city. But work was hard to obtain. Day after day the young husband tramped the streets looking for a job; but without

success. Week after week passed. The meagre savings of the couple melted away. Small wonder that under these distressing conditions marriage, that had seemed to them so blissful at first, became less and less attractive.

There was a clash of temperaments. When, after two months, William was offered a berth on a whaling ship Mary could part with him without violent pangs of sorrow.

In fact, William told Mary that she was well able to work and care for herself, just as she had intended to do when she embarked for America, so that while he was off hunting for whales she could shift for herself.

The young wife received two letters from her husband but, being destitute, she left New York City and secured work in a rubber factory in New York State. From there she went to Massachusetts and continued in the same kind of employment for nearly ten years until she was married to James Glass. It appeared that three years prior to this marriage she had made a visit to Scotland, and had inquired for the missing William Hepburn.

Unknown to her, however, Hepburn had returned to New York City four years after his departure and had endeavored to find his wife. He had lived in New York for eighteen months, then went to Easton, Mass. Believing that his wife was dead and that he was free to marry, Hepburn in 1860 married another woman.

Thus we have the strange and dramatic situation of a husband and wife, each believing the other dead, each married a second time, living in homes not many miles apart in the same State.

But Mary's marriage with James Glass, happy at first, soon lost its romantic glow. Petty bickerings over trivial things gradually drifted into genuine clashes between husband and wife. Not even the children that came to bless their home could keep them together, so within ten years from their marriage we find them estranged and living apart.

James Glass would have divorced his wife but there was no legal cause for divorce unless he waited for three years of desertion. Even then his wife, who had a will of her own, might defeat his purpose by setting up a defense in court that she did not desert him but took him at his word when, in a moment of anger, he had declared that he could never have peace in his own home so long as she was in it.

The proud lady had thereupon departed, taking her children with her. In the midst of this perplexity, it chanced that James Glass had occasion to visit the town of Easton, Mass. He there met a man named William Hepburn. The name set him upon inquiry. Yes, Hepburn came from Perth, Scotland. He had emigrated to America in 1854. He

had lived in New York City. He had married a Scotch girl, gone away on a whaling voyage and returned only to find that she had vanished.

This was quite enough for James Glass. He at once filed a suit in court to have his marriage to Mary annulled, on the ground that she had a living husband at the time of her marriage to him. Indignant and belligerent, Mary Glass came to court to fight this charge. When she was on the witness stand, however, the husband sprang his great surprise by causing William Hepburn,

AS THE result of his talks on the Legal Aspects of Marriage over an NBC Network of 33 stations Dean Archer receives many interesting letters from his listeners and from readers of Radio Digest where these talks are published monthly. Here is one from a lady in an Eastern state: "My husband was the youngest of a family of eight. The eldest brother (my grandfather) married and his youngest child was my father. That is, I married my grandfather's brother." The Dean investigated the unusual case and found that while she could not legally have married an uncle she was within the law by marrying her great uncle.

whom he had summoned as a witness, to stand up and confront her.

Whether the lady fainted at this apparition from the past the austere court records fail to make clear, but of course the verdict was against the wife.

Unwilling to surrender even then, she carried the case to the Supreme Court, but with the same result.

The court declared, however, that since the second marriage had been entered into in good faith, in full belief that the former husband was dead, there could be no criminal liability for adultery. The children of the union would also be deemed the legitimate issue of their father, but the marriage itself was null and void. The case was Glass v. Glass, 114 Mass. 563.

No Property Rights in Estate of Second Spouse

ONE result that flows from marriage while a supposedly dead husband or wife is actually living, is that the person so marrying acquires no property rights in the estate of the second spouse. The presumption of death from seven years or more of unexplained absence is at best a presumption of law that will vanish away upon evi-

dence that the absent party is actually living, thus leaving the second marriage in the position of an illegal alliance in all respects, save that no criminal prosecution for adultery could succeed. In some states, laws permit children of the invalid marriage to inherit from the other parent as legitimate offspring. According to the general rule, the husband or wife, undivorced from the previous marriage, have no property rights.

Court Decides Case Against Step-Mother

DAVID JONES, a native of Wales, was married to a girl whose name was Ann. He lived with her for many years in his home country. He then left Wales on a journey and failed to return. After a lapse of more than seven years without word from her missing husband, Ann Jones, believing herself a widow, came to America and finally settled in Pennsylvania.

She presently met William R. Thomas, a widower, who had a family of children by his previous wife. Thomas became interested in the lady from Wales and finally proposed marriage.

His suit was successful and on January 16, 1875, the couple were duly married. There is evidence that the bride did not win favor in the eyes of the step-children. They resented her presence in the home. Her accent was foreign to their ears and her well-intended efforts in their behalf were repelled with all of the intolerance of childhood, so we find the scene set for domestic strife when the head of the house might die.

After ten years of married life William R. Thomas fell ill and died. The widow then petitioned the court for an award of dower rights.

The children of Thomas opposed the widow in this matter, claiming that she had never been lawfully married to their father. They alleged that her first husband, David Jones, had not gone to Davy Jones' locker as was currently believed, but was alive and well at the time of the second marriage. In fact they convinced the court that the said Jones was then living. Under the law there was nothing that the court could do except to deny to Ann Thomas her alleged rights as a widow of William R. Thomas. "The jury were fully satisfied," said the court in reviewing the case, "that at the date of the plaintiff's marriage to Thomas in January, 1875, she had a husband in full life, viz., David Jones, from whom she had never been divorced. That fact without more, rendered the second marriage null and void. It matters not that she had reason to believe and did believe that he was then dead." The case was Thomas v. Thomas, 124 Pa. St. 646; 17 Atl. 182.

Removal of Impediment to Marriage

THE courts are not agreed on the effect of a continuation of the marriage relation after the impediment to the marriage is removed by divorce or death of the first spouse. In states where common law marriages are recognized there would clearly be a valid subsequent marriage. But in those States where living together ostensibly as husband and wife will not result in a legal marriage, nothing short of a subsequent formal marriage will give the relation the legal status of matrimony. Example One:

A WOMAN in New York State innocently and in good faith married a man named Schmidt. The man had a wife then living in Germany, but the German wife died not long after the second marriage of her husband. For thirteen years after this event, and until the death of Schmidt, the New York woman continued to live with him, being known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Schmidt. The court held that notwithstanding the illegality of the marriage in the first instance, yet after the death of the first wife it ripened into a legal common law marriage. The case was, *Matter v. Schmidt*, 87 N. Y. Supp. 428.

Example Two:

VOORHEES obtained a fraudulent and void divorce in Connecticut from his wife who lived in New Jersey. He knew that the decree was worthless at law, but he exhibited it to a woman in Massachusetts and thus secured her consent to a marriage. The woman acted in good faith. A church wedding was held. A few months after this marriage the deserted wife learned of the divorce in Connecticut. She got the decree set aside and herself secured a divorce. This decree rendered Voorhees capable of marrying the Massachusetts wife, but he concealed all knowledge of the facts from her. She continued to live with him as his wife. The court held that the woman, however wrongfully and fraudulently dealt with by the man, did not acquire any legal rights as a wife. The case was *Voorhees v. Voorhees' Executors*, 46 N. J. Eq. 411; 19 Atl. 172.

Engagements or Betrothals of Marriage

Eighty-first Broadcast

FOR THE past two months we have been considering the laws that govern eligibility to marry, but tonight we extend our inquiry to that great and thrilling crisis of courtship

when the young man musters up courage sufficient to put the fateful question.

And that question, if it is answered in the affirmative, is even more fraught with destiny than the young man realizes.

Impelled by the most irresistible impulse of life, he offers himself in marriage to the girl of his choice, convinced, no doubt, that life will be an utter blank for him unless she consents to share it with him.

The average lover scarcely glimpses the significance of that sharing in weal or woe for his future, and for his possible descendants. He is living in the glamorous present.

The mystic urge of love quite obscures his judgment and possibly affects his very manner of speech.

But somehow or other he succeeds in making himself understood. The lady of his dreams, in her turn, gives him the answer that she has no doubt long ago decided upon.

I well remember the moonlight evening in the Public Gardens of Boston, many years ago, when I asked the fateful question of the charming college classmate who is now my wife. She says that I bungled the job—that it was no story-book proposal that I stammered forth on that May evening of long ago. But what does it matter so long as the girl understands and answers to the more or less incoherent question—especially if she answers "Yes"?

When that fateful three letter word is spoken the most significant contract in all the world is brought into being. If the parties thereto are truly in love there is no contract, except that of marriage itself, that can mean so much in human happiness.

So whether a man counts the cost and approaches the moment of offering himself in marriage with a full realization of what it signifies, or whether he is caught up by a surging tide of emotion and blurts out the fact that he wishes to marry the object of his adoration, all this is immaterial in the eyes of the law.

The fact of the offer by the man and the acceptance by the woman, each mentally and legally competent to enter into an engagement of marriage, is all that the law of the land takes into consideration. Whether the parties are calm, collected and unemotional at the moment, or in the joyful delirium of romance, means nothing to the judge on the bench.

There is an offer and an acceptance and a contract to marry, which is quite enough. Legal rights have thereby been created.

Neither party can afterward withdraw from that contract without the consent of the other, although it must at once be confessed that the law plays

favorites in this matter of engagements to marry. It protects the rights of the woman, but it gives the man little or no redress if the girl later changes her mind about marrying him.

Too Late to Retract

FEW accepted swains are as swift to regret their action as the young man of a certain well known story. He had gone riding, you will recall, with a charming young lady. It was in the days of the horse and buggy when moonlight and country roads were even more conducive to romance than is true in our own hurrying, scurrying age. The moonlight and the romantic moment had been too much for the young man. He had proposed and the girl had accepted. But as they were riding homeward, he drove for some distance in silence. Whereupon the girl addressed him thus: "Charlie, why don't you say something?" "Ah me," he replied, "I'm afraid I have said too much already."

So you see, Charlie realized that he had made a contract. He was uncertain about its wisdom. Possibly it turned out well after all. Now let us examine the legal aspects of that contract.

An Executory Contract

An engagement to marry is essentially an executory contract. By the term executory, we mean a contract calling for performance at a future time, in distinction from an executed contract in which performance has already been rendered.

No doubt some of my listeners may be surprised to learn that a question and an answer, mere spoken words, can amount to a legal contract, but such is the fact. To be sure, there are certain kinds of contracts that must be in writing. In future broadcasts I will tell you of two kinds of promises to marry that must be in writing, but for our present purposes we should understand that an oral contract, that is, one based upon spoken words, is legal and binding.

Engagements to marry in the United States have become largely a personal, and perhaps we might say an emotional matter. Two young people fall in love, then perhaps fall into each others arms and in due course become married. There are no monetary or commercial features about the average mating in this land of democracy. But such is not the case in all lands and was not true of some of our ancestors.

Betrothals have been, and still are, very ceremonious and decidedly businesslike transactions. Some of our multi-millionaires have learned this fact to their dismay when they have attempted to marry a daughter to some impoverished nobleman of Europe.

(Continued on page 75)

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with

BILL SCHUDT, Jr.

Director Television Programs, CBS

TELEVISION is getting a mighty good start this year. Most of us look forward to an exciting year all around. There are going to be some good receivers on the market very soon, too, if you can believe those rumors that are rampant along New York's radio byways and highways.

From a program standpoint we are attempting a number of interesting experiments. Others, now on paper, will be aired from W2XAB and W2XE within the next few months.

One of these in particular should prove interesting. It is a full length drama. It will run two solid hours and we plan to devote an entire Saturday evening to its presentation.

Another dramatic experiment which Miss Eleanor Hiler of our staff is preparing will present the same drama for six consecutive weeks on a definite time and night each week. The basic idea will be to determine the best set-up and best technique in presentation. Although, the lines will be the same and the exact cast will take part, there will be alterations in the scenic background as well as a variance each week in the distance between the set-up and the photo electric cells.

THIS type of experiment is very important to lookers-in since it will give them the same subjects each week, but with variation of projection. Their comments will aid us materially in determining a number of things; foremost of which is the limitation of pickup as we move the set-up farther and farther away from the cells bank.

More and more are we moving toward the perfection of complete fifteen minute acts with distinctive ideas. Instrumental groups up to five have already been projected successfully.

What amazes all of us at Columbia, however, is the constant stream of let-



Marion Harwick, proud Indian beauty, who sometimes appears in the scenes produced by W2XAB television. She whoops a little over the short waves as she dances—and everybody who looks in and listens thinks television is an unqualified success.

ters arriving from distant points reporting constant reception of W2XAB television.

South, West, and North alike receive our programs. Letters and post cards report reception that is rarely equalled even locally. Then there are obstacles in reception of not only our station but all television broadcasters. In the particular band in which they now transmit there are many harmonics of broadcasters which often seriously interfere and mar the picture reception. Code signals are scattered over this band and at intervals cause interference. It is probable, however, that the Federal Radio Commission will reallocate the

television channels in the near future. Fading is bad at times too.

Although it's rather late now to talk about Christmas, nevertheless, this is the only opportunity I will have to turn back the pages of history, for a moment, to recall what television did on that great holiday's eve.

Santa Claus was presented for the first time over television and after showing a bagful of toys and gifts put on display at Columbia's official Christmas Tree. Lookers liked this idea and promptly phoned the station about it. Over the holiday week W2XAB, during its afternoon hours, exhibited two cards on which were inscribed "Columbia Wishes You a Merry Christmas" and "Columbia Wishes You a Happy New Year."

I HAVE established a looking-in post at Ocean-side Long Island at the home of Frank Sutherland, Jr., for the purpose of checking our television programs. Twenty six miles from the transmitter this location gives a good idea of the coverage we are obtaining in the metropolitan area. Many unusual occurrences in television reception have been noted here. Static, for instance, is reproduced on your televisior screen in the form of black snow and falls in a similar formation, slowly running to the bottom of the screen. It lasts but a second and is not as bothersome to the eye as to the ear.

Ghost images play havoc with visual broadcasting every so often. Some nights no "ghosts" are noted while others are so bad as to completely obliterate the picture at times.

Ghost images are when a man's figure on the screen becomes two and three and sometimes four reproductions of him, one behind the other and each a fraction of an inch or so to the left or right of the original.



Sylvia Froos

"BABY SYLVIA" they called her until she recently passed her eighteenth birthday when she achieved the dignity of a young headliner. She has been singing in public since she was a tiny toddler. Nellie Revell introduced her on the Radio Digest NBC program as Baby Sylvia, whom she had known as a child singer. She has a very sweet soprano voice, prefers popular music but does well with any classification. She is on the WJZ network three days weekly.

Alex and Nat

are

"Satisfied"

ALEX GRAY sloshed around the wet decks of an Atlantic merchantman and sang songs above the swish of sea spray. Mme. Louise Homer, passenger and celebrated singer, heard him, sought him out, and urged him to quit the seas for songs.

Nat Shilkret, seven years old, in knee breeches and clutching a clarinet, fingered through his first solo with a young symphony orchestra of New York. The concertmeister smiled, nodded satisfaction.

Years later a group of men sat

around a big table in New York, plotting one of the major broadcasts of 1932. Chesterfield cigarettes were going on the air. The manufacturers sought means to entertain a nation for fifteen minutes every week night of the year.

"Good music, well played and well sung." That, they agreed, is what the radio audience most desires. So they

searched the salons and symphonies; surveyed the stage and screen.

Alex Gray, the one-time deckhand, grown up a robust, romantic baritone who abandoned business for Broadway, concerts and Cinemaland was chosen. They sought out Nat Shilkret, the clarinet prodigy who leaped through all of Gotham's major symphonies and operas to create classic syncopation for the ears of thirty-five nations.

TALENTS of the dramatic singer were combined with those of the maestro of symphonic melody. Chesterfield announced the production of "Music That Satisfies" for a Columbia network from Maine to California, every night except Sunday at 10:30 P. M., EST.

The Gray-Shilkret period brought several radio innovations. One was the origin of program "trailers." Each



Alex Gray

night Messrs. Gray and Shilkret lower the curtain with a snatch of song and a bit of orchestration from the features for the succeeding evening. America's master song writers, headed by Irving Berlin, will compose a special song each month for the feature. The quarter hour is a full, swiftly-paced program of contrasting numbers.

Alex Gray leaps into one of 1932's richest radio spots, fresh from headlines of the musical stage and screen. Several years ago he jumped from obscurity into Ziegfeld's Follies, became the dashing Red Shadow of "The Desert Song" and other operettas. He swept into stardom of Hollywood with Marilyn Miller and Bernice Claire in such hits as "Sally" and "Viennese Nights."

Gray is a vibrant figure in song and a vagabond of life. He alternately has been Pennsylvania farm boy, college-youth adventurer on the high seas, industrial engineer, teacher, technical writer, and advertising executive. He left his post as salesmanager of a Chicago motor truck firm to take the spot before Flo Ziegfeld's gorgeous chorus.

Shilkret, when only 21, had played in the New York Philharmonic, Damosch Symphony, the Metropolitan Opera House, and with Sousa, Pryor and Goldman. At 24, he became a musical director of the Victor Talking Machine Company.



Nat Shilkret



Publishers' Photo Service

Troop of Canadian
Mounted up for review
at Regina.

They Always Get Their Listeners

*The ROYAL
CANADIAN
MOUNTED*

POLICE

By SAM G. WINFIELD

Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is
my sway
And I wait for the men who will win me—and I
will not be won in a day;
And I will not be won by weaklings, subtle,
suave and mild,
But by men with the hearts of vikings, and the
simple faith of a child;
Desperate, strong and resistless, unthrottled by
fear or defeat,
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I
glut with my meat.

—From *The Law of the Yukon*
by Robert W. Service.

DESPERATE, strong and resistless are
the hardy members of the Canadian
Royal Mounted Police and if you have
not already tuned them in at 10 o'clock,
EST, of a Monday night you have missed the
touch of that something which tingles your imag-
ination and respect for the sturdy unvarnished
spirit of virile manhood.

The series, sponsored by Canada Dry Ginger-
Ale, is a dramatization of the true experiences
and case histories in the annals of the Canadian
Mounted. The characters portrayed are the char-
acters of real individuals who live or have lived
in the actual environment with which the story
is clothed.

This mighty police force which is unique and
one of the most famous in the world is an army
of carefully picked men. Each member is proud
of his uniform, proud of his identification, and
alive to the traditions which he must maintain.
Some are former soldiers who have seen blood
in foreign wars, but many are just Canadian boys
who have grown up with the ambition to serve
on the Force—and "Force" is the name by which
this organization was known for many years.
These boys are the sons of pioneers from all
lands, used to rugged contact with primitive land,
mountains, forests and frozen wastes.



No stage actor but this member of the Northwest Mounted in his winter garb
stands ready for action. Note the strong character lines of his face and figure.

Publishers' Photo Service

True Stories of Adventure Over Crooked Trails of the North

It may not be amiss to briefly state a little of the history of this famous organization which now is figuring so conspicuously on the air over the NBC Blue network each week.

THE outfit from its beginnings in 1873 really had to fight for its own life; but it had many able advocates in Parliament. In the crucial days of 1923 when enlargement and extension of the Force became necessary, a movement to abolish it altogether gained threatening headway. It was then that one loyal supporter at court carried the day with this eloquent appeal:

"The Royal Canadian Mounted Police cannot be bribed and they cannot be bluffed and intimidated. They are not now in politics and never have been, so far as I know. In the matter of morals they are comparable to the Canadian corps overseas.

"I have seen a stripling of a boy in the Mounted Police uniform, walk into a bar-room where a dangerous row was going on and where armed and enraged men were fighting. The men were arrested and disarmed by him without protest. . . It was not because of any superhuman power on his part, but because public opinion of the Dominion of Canada was behind him. The public opinion being behind him, the whole Force and all the resources of the Dominion were behind him, and the law-breakers knew this force would be exercised and that this man would be backed to the limit in performance of his duty."



Sun Calf

Stories which are being dramatized are based on official records kept by T. Morris Longstreth, chronicler of the force. They are replete with stories of hard and gruelling service in the hunt for criminals, for instance, consider the O'Brien Murder. Three happy travelers on their way from the Yukon to a Christmas feast with gold in their pockets had disappeared. Murder was suspected.

Corporal Ryan and Constable Penny-cuick were sent out to locate the miss-

ing prospectors. They met at the road-house of Mrs. Fussel at Minto, a stopping place for the lucky gold seekers in 1899 on their way back south from Dawson. Mrs. Fussel was the last person known at the time to have seen the missing men. Leaving their hostess after gleaning all the information she could give them the two men followed the trail along the telegraph line.

"It may lead to a clue," said Penny-cuick.

"I was just thinkin' it was like the earth had swallowed them up from here somewheres," said Ryan.

They jogged along silently for a little way. Even the hoofs of their horses were almost noiseless from the muffled blanket of January snow.

They came to a steep pitch and paused to scan the entire surroundings. It was new to Penny-cuick.



Spring Chief

"What do you call this trail?" he asked.

"The Pork and it's a short cut across the bends of the river. That's why the telegraph is strung along here for 16 miles off the regular river trail."

"Now look here, Ryan, do you see what I see in the snow there?"

"A bit of a foot trail snowed in or I'm a stuffed monkey!"

"It appears to be goin' up into the cottonwoods."

Leaving their horses they followed the tracks which were not very old. The trail continued into the shadow of the trees. Shortly they came to a tent. The bed and cooking pots indicated that it had not long since been deserted. Each article was examined closely. Penny-cuick recognized a stove that had been stolen from a scow at Hells Gate. The thieves were believed to be two men known as Miller and Ross. And then Ryan found a file and pliers with Ole Olsen's name scratched in the handles. And Olsen was one of the three missing prospectors they were trying to find.

With this valuable information in hand it was decided that Ryan should stay near the scene while Penny-cuick reported to headquarters. In the meantime another member of the Force had arrested a suspicious character who turned out to be Miller—the same who



Allyn Joslyn who plays the leading character in the Royal Canadian Mounted dramas.

had robbed the scow. Later when Penny-cuick went down to the cell to look the prisoner over with Inspector Scarth he was connected with the disappearance of Olsen and his two companions. But still there was nothing to prove what had become of the Olsen party.

"We've got to have evidence and I'm sending you back to the camp with Constable Maguire," said Inspector Scarth to Penny-cuick. "I want you to examine every square inch of ground in the vicinity for a clue. We have our suspect but we must have the evidence to prove our case. Also I have other business for Corporal Ryan. You'll be leaving immediately. Report as often as possible."

WHEN Penny-cuick and Maguire arrived at the scene of the camp they settled down for a siege of the drudgery that must come at times to every member of the Force. Day after day on hands and knees they proceeded to search every square inch of the ground, scraping away the snow with cold and aching fingers. It was Maguire who first showed a trace of fag.

"For five weeks now we've been at this," he exclaimed as he stood up and flapped his arms about his body. "And what have we found that really amounts to anything?"

"Cheerio, old boy. Don't say that. What about the burnt buttons and moccasins eyelets we found in the ashes? That's important. Men don't go around burning their clothes just for fun."

"Of course, I suppose I'm just get-

(Continued on page 74)

Little Listeners Love Old Man

Sunshine

ONE morning in St. Louis, about two years ago, a handwriting expert sat at his desk, peering intently at a certain signature, written five times, as per instructions, on a plain sheet of white paper.

"Humph," humphed the handwriting expert, and then picking up his own pen, scribbled the potential characteristics of Ford Rush, WLW's Old Man Sunshine.

"The capital letters are of an unusual type and form, which indicates imagination and originality, and a wide point of view, and a very decided personality. The forceful way in which the signature is written is an evidence of decision and determination. The open "O" in "Ford" reveals a kindly feeling to his fellow men. He has quite a swing in his walk, a cordial greeting, and a breezy and ingratiating manner."

And there you have the make-up of a man who has won his way into the hearts of millions of children, via the radio, under the simple little title of "OLD MAN SUNSHINE!"

Every week-day night, promptly at six o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, WLW sends Old Man Sunshine to the "vast unseen audience," primarily as children's entertainment, but like all things, artistically done, its "listener interest" knows no age limit.

Suppose we "literally" dial to WLW right now. It's just six o'clock, so let's find out for ourselves, what there is to a Children's Program, attracting a fan mail response of 20,000 letters in one day!

"HELLOOOOOO Kid-dies," comes the soft voice of Ford Rush. "It's Ford Rush, Old Man Sunshine, and how are all the little men and women tonight . . . all feelin' fine, eh? Well how about a tune or two from my Toy Band?"

And while he can't hear the thousands of "Oh's" and "Ah's" of approval, we know they're there . . . we've read his fan mail! Old Man Sunshine's Toy Band can't be described with the written word. One must hear it. Paul



Ford Rush, WLW, "Old Man Sunshine"

Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, The Philadelphia Symphony . . . these orchestras all pale in children's minds before the naive rhythms and fascinating arrangements of The Jolly Miller, Farmer in the Dell and others by Old Man Sunshine's Toy Band.

Of course, each member of this Toy Band is an expert musician. He must be. Gene plays the "celeste" and sometimes doubles on "vibraharp." Tommy pounds away on a "xylophone." Joe, oompah's to his heart's content on a great big "saxophone" while Red and Bill do their bit on "trumpets."

Their so-called "work" is a real pleasure, for each member is just a "big kid" himself, and do you think for one instant they make up their own programs? Well I should say not! Each musical selection appearing on the Old Man Sunshine list has been picked by some member of the club. He might have been three years old, and again he might have been fifty.

You can't "kid" Ford Rush about music the children like. His million some-odd fan letters have given him a complete survey as to the musical likes and dislikes of young boys and girls.

From the Cradle to Ten Years of Age, the preference runs to Nursery

Rhymes. From Ten to Twelve it's "Tin Pan Parade," "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" and "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" type of tunes. Then from Twelve to Sixteen these preferences fade for the Popular Tunes. "Good Night Sweetheart," "You Call It Madness" . . . that's what they want between the ages of Twelve and Sixteen.

But what about this Ford Rush. Who is he? What is he? Where did he acquire this invaluable knack of entertaining children to the "nth" degree, yet still holding the attention of the older folks?

Back in 1924, when older heads were being shook and older mouths were saying, "Radio will never last. It's just a plaything!" WLW was broadcasting a program entitled "Lullaby Time." Ford and Glenn were the two characters. Ford was Ford Rush, and Glenn, the "Glenn" of "Gene and Glenn" of the present time. Even in those days when radio was more of a thing to see how many stations one could "bag" in an evening, rather than listening to a program all the way through, these boys became sensations.

A TOUR, beginning at WLW in Cincinnati was continued all over the country. Several years later, WLW was featuring another harmony team, known as Jack and Gene, when something went wrong with Jack's voice. This resulted in the formulation of the trio, Gene, Ford and Glenn. Another WLW triumph. During this time, Our Ford Rush was learning the secret of entertaining children on the radio, and when the time came, he left his associates to do a radio "single."

At KMOX in St. Louis he was dubbed the "It Boy," not for the sake of a clever title, but because he was so well liked by persons of every age, in every walk of life. His fan mail carried messages from Bank Presidents, Teachers and Principals of public schools, as well as the inevitable over-run of letters from romantic young girls. It was at St. Louis, that Ford Rush inaugurated the program called

(Continued on page 79)

IT WAS a jealous star who kicked pretty Betty Council off the stage, into radio and onto the cover of this month's Radio Digest. All Broadway knows the story that almost broke Betty's heart. But she's happy now. She has a larger and more appreciative audience than the jealous stage star ever did or ever will know. And she believes if you are sufficiently determined you can win somehow, some way, seen or unseen.

All her life Betty had meant to be an actress. She began by speaking pieces and singing in the little Methodist Sunday School down in Americus, Georgia. Her adoring old black mammy instilled that love of entertaining great audiences.

"De good Lawd make you beautiful," said that gentle soul, "and de Good Book say don't yo' hide yo' light in a bushel basket. That bright smile in yo' eyes is yo' light and ef yo' don't git out an' let it shine yo' ain't doin' what de Almighty specks ob yo'."

Now Betty's father was—and still is—a prominent and highly respected citizen. Of course Betty hardly could be expected to follow in his footsteps as the head of the town bank but at any rate none of the Council family had ever been connected with the stage. So when Betty made known her ambition her parents were too much amused to be scandalized. They laughed at her.

But Betty saw nothing funny about it. At the ripe age of 13 she decided something would have to be done right soon if she ever was to get anywhere with her career. Americus became to her the proverbial bushel. So without announcing her intentions to anyone—not even her good old black mammy—she surreptitiously packed her grip and took a train for Atlanta. She didn't feel particularly vain but she had heard many people say she was a little beauty and at least that would be one asset for her necessary requirements for a career behind the footlights.

SHE had been to Atlanta with her parents and she knew just what to do when she got off the train. She went to the little hotel where they were known. She hesitated at the register, debating whether to sign her own name, but she thought if she should pick a stage name immediately the people in the hotel might think something was wrong, especially if they should remember her. She wrote in a slightly trembling hand, "Betty Council, Americus, Ga."



Betty Council

Unseen

BEAUTY WINS

Anyway

"Just Like Two Eyes" Sentimental Mike Conveys Charm of Southern Girl to Radio Audience and Brings Success in Spite of Many Heart-breaking Obstacles.

SUCH handicaps as being invisible and practically unknown do not necessarily defeat a charming young woman when she brings her beauty to the radio audience. Miss Betty Council, whose face adorns the cover of this March Radio Digest, is an example in point. She is an exquisite type of Southern beauty. Her voice is low, vibrant and alluring. Her manner is unaffected. Her diction is clear and perfectly controlled. She is just 22. She has had a struggle but she is winning anyway.

By Delight Miriam

The bellboy showed her to her room. At last she was definitely launched on a career. The world would soon be clapping its hands and hurrahing for little Betty Council from Georgia. She began to think on a broader scale. Probably she would go with her company from Atlanta north to New York.

But first, what would be the best show to get into? She bought a newspaper and read the advertisements and selected two or three. After she had talked to the managers she could decide which one would offer her the greatest advantages.

She always had enjoyed having whatever money she needed. But now that she was on her own she must watch her pennies. No time must be lost. Deciding upon her course of action she went calling—on stage managers.

"I am sorry, Miss, but our cast is complete," said the first stage manager whom she confronted. "In fact we always make up our cast before we leave New York. But I think you are a great little girl, and I wish you luck. By the way, where is your mamma this afternoon?" He smiled and closed the door.

That last question just about spoiled everything. Why did he have to

ask about her mamma? Was it customary for stage managers to ask young actresses about their mammas when they were seeking engagements? She thought probably it would be better to try somewhere else. She powdered her nose and dabbed a bit of rouge on her lips and walked in to see the next manager. The man smiled at her in a fatherly way.

"So you want to go on the stage?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed I do. I have definitely decided," she replied.

"Well, well," said the man. He drummed a pencil on his mussed looking desk. "But you see our show has no children's parts. You are a very charming little girl, and you seem very determined—excellent qualities. Why don't you have your mother come and see me. I would be very glad to give such advice as I may."

"OH dear me, can't you understand, sir, my mother is not concerned. It is I who am interested. I have my own life to live, and mother has hers. Please make a part for me in your company and I am sure you will find I can do very well. I am sure the people will like me. Just give me a trial."

But it was of no avail. And she tried one other place before she gave up for the day. All night she lay awake thinking what to do and trying not to cry. She never had imagined that the people who appeared in shows had come from anywhere else than Atlanta.

The next day she made more calls
(Continued on page 51)



Ruth Wenter

NORTHWESTERN University certainly has been going radio since Clara, Lu and Em, from that citadel of learning have scored so heavily across the country. Miss Wenter, another N. W. U. girl, has now been acclaimed Chicago's Radio Queen. She is featured in the Rhythmic Serenade program broadcast from that city over the NBC Blue network daily at 2:45 except Sunday and Monday.

RADIOGRAPHS

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

Jill and Judy

By Marie K. Neff

THE flicker of candle-light disclosed two figures seated at a table—one was operating a typewriter while the other was quoting from a book. Mrs. Davis Edwards and Juliet Amos Barker were at home—to "Jill and Judy," their radio personalities. They were developing another adventure for their two sophisticated characters.

The advent of these two very interesting persons in radio parallels everything else about them—it was different and it all happened around a tea table. Those partaking of the beverage had persuaded the girls to tell them something of their experiences in travels, their meeting with interesting people and their acquaintance with books and the theatre. When they had finished, Miss Vida Sutton, already established as an authority on diction and speech for the National Broadcasting Company and whose programs, "Magic of Speech," are heard regularly on the network, asked the girls why they didn't consider radio as an outlet through which to dispense such fascinating stories as they had just told.

It was food for thought. Both girls had been giving club programs but it entailed a certain amount of travel and this they decided could be eliminated by radio. They talked it over and finally hit on a plan. Their next step was to write a tentative sketch. This they did and decided to peddle it to every radio station in town. They took it to NBC first because it was the biggest. It was a good bet—they were put to work immediately and since February 9, 1931, they have been humanizing art, giving out facts, and dishing up antidotes for boredom semi-weekly from the Chicago NBC studios.

Evangeline Huntley Edwards was born in China, 600 miles inland, the daughter of a medical missionary.

As a child, this little "western" girl



Jill (Mrs. Edwards) and Judy (Juliet Barker)

had many strange and harrowing experiences in the land of superstition. However, superstition itself never daunted her. One experience developed an utter horror of burial in the grown Evangeline and she believes their curious customs to be responsible. The Chinese keep their coffins unburied in shallow graves for days and even months waiting for a "lucky day."

SHE heard her father say that he wished he had another skull for demonstrating purposes to his class of young medics. While out walking she passed dozens of shallow graves and empty coffins. This sight recalled to her mind her father's wish so the youngster immediately set about to secure one for him. She came to a coffin in which a young tree had grown up through the bottom snapping the skull off the spine and wedging it against the end of the coffin. Without a qualm, which shows how common these things are in China's interior rural districts, she stooped over, put her fingers through the sockets and under the jaw and wiggled it loose.

She carried it home triumphantly and

presented it with a flourish to her father. He, much to her disappointment, was shocked. Dr. Huntley explained to her that while the Chinese are very careless they nevertheless have ancestor worship and that if any of the natives had seen her carrying that thing home it probably would have caused a riot and she and her family might have lost their lives. However, he used the specimen for demonstrating purposes but only after he had carefully explained that it had been imported from England and was not the skull of a possible ancestor of any member of the class.

The most cruel thing that ever happened was when her father had been obliged to kill her goat. She was only ten years old and a student in a Shanghai boarding school. It seems the troublesome fellow, who had been white and woolly when she got him but grew to be a big black billy goat, had knocked down the gatekeeper's wife and broke her hip. The killing wouldn't have been so bad but her father had written that he was going to make "beef" tea out of him for his patients in the hospital. That was too much—she cried for three days.

After leaving boarding school Mrs. Edwards spent two years in England and this was followed by three years in America. She then returned to China where she was secretary to the Shanghai College for one year during which time she traveled considerably in China. However, she came back to the states for her college work.

HER partner, Juliette Amos Barker, the "Judy" of the skit, is new-world born and educated.

In school and college Miss Barker was always active—regardless of what it was—glee club, basket-ball or dramatics. Denison University at Granville, Ohio, is her Alma Mater by direct

heritage. Both sides of her family, as she puts it, "way back to Noah helped found Denison." However, the universities of Minnesota and Northwestern also helped educate her, the latter giving her a masters degree in dramatics.

Since leaving school, "Judy" has directed speech and dramatics in high schools and college, and has been associated with the Out-door Players at Petersborough, New Hampshire, for one season. She was also on the staff of the Goodman Theatre, Chicago. Today she is an independent dramatic coach and reader, specializing in lectures and recitals in modern poetry.

NEITHER does Miss Barker have any superstitions. And going back to her childhood—read it and see if it isn't typically American.

This incident also happened at the age of ten—how those girls do stick together. Her allowance had entirely run out and she was at a resort where Ben Greet and his famous Shakespearean players were playing in their traditional out-door manner. And oh, how she wanted to see "Twelfth Night." Finally, in desperation she wriggled on her tummy under the canvas fence, much to her family's subsequent embarrassment.

Although born in the old world and educated there to a great extent, it didn't take Evangeline Huntley long to acquire the speed of the new world, particularly when it came to matrimony. She met "the man" at Oberlin, Ohio, during the fall of her senior year at college. He was teacher of speech so she immediately elected speech for a snap course. She worked harder and faster than ever before—but to use her own words she "landed him in six weeks" and they were married the day after graduation. Sounds thrilling and fast, doesn't it? But after meeting "Jill" Edwards one can hardly keep from feeling that Davis Edwards, head of the Department of Speech, Divinity School, University of Chicago, had he been honest with himself, could have reduced it to four weeks.

IS THAT "six weeks" still representative of the hardest work she has ever done? It is doubtful. Because—today, as Mrs. Davis Edwards, she supervises an eight room apartment, a maid, and a student who helps with the children, Carolyn, aged 10, Jean 8 and Clark 6. She also does most of her husband's stenography and arranges his recital engagements, teaches classes in speech, writes and gives her radio sketches.

And now how does Miss Barker keep busy? It is she who furnishes the atmosphere out of which spring new adventures for "Jill and Judy." Her apartment is in one of Chicago's very nice apartment buildings. Its furnish-

ings are old English and, as "Judy" has a passion for candle light and brass, candle power prevails. The walls are covered with photographs of well-known celebrities of stage, screen and platform; books, the latest as well as the oldest; and leading magazines including, of course, Radio Digest.

When the radio chores for the day are over, "Miss Judy" settles down to a favorite author. Sometimes she cooks a meal for friends, but best of all, she enjoys visiting and "ragging" with her good friends—talking of everything from baseball to the nudist cults of Germany, music and always the theatre.

If you aren't numbered among their radio audience, just try to imagine what their programs must be like with China, the Malay Philippines, Japan, England, Europe, Suez and the Mediterranean as well as the good old U. S. A. from which to draw their material. Curtain.

Brooks and Ross

By Steve Trumbull

SOME day a fiction writer will come along and put one of those small-town-boys-make good sort of things in the radio setting.

If he takes for his plot the true story of Jack Brooks and Don Ross he will be accused of stealing Horatio Alger's



Brooks and Ross

stuff, for the career of this pair is packed with more ups and downs than the aforementioned Alger managed to crowd in *Sink or Swim*, *Jed*, *the Poorhouse Boy*, and all the rest of them.

Although their vocalizing on the air brought them commissions as full-fledged Kentucky Colonels, only one-half of the team, Brooks, is a native of the Blue Grass state. Ross hails from Ohio, the son of a Methodist minister.

They met in amateur theatricals while attending Ohio State University. Undergraduates were so enthusiastic over

their brand of entertainment that, in 1922, they decided to try it on the "big time." Chicago was decided upon as the first stop, but somehow Chicago wasn't enthusiastic. They played in ten different theaters—one performance in each.

IT NEVER occurred to either of them to give up, traveling in a manner that qualified them for membership in the Hitchhikers Pioneers. There followed several weeks on park benches, then Don landed a job in *Lady Butterfly*, where he sang a tune called *Kiss Time* to Imogene Wilson, now better known to thousands of movie fans as Mary Nolan. When the show moved into the warehouse it was back to the parks.

Then a night club, the old Tent, came to the rescue. It marked the turning point in the career of the pair. Rebuffed a hundred times, they struck upon the brand of harmony that clicked. Six months with the Greenwich Village follies, and then they signed a contract to sing their way across the Atlantic.

American music was just catching hold in London in those days and Brooks and Ross, with a bag of the latest hits, were welcomed with open arms. They were booked in no less a spot than the Picadilly club, favorite of the Prince of Wales. The Brooks-Ross rendition of American college songs found high favor with the royal guest, and at least twice each week during their stay in London the prince visited the club, staying on until the entrance of the scrubwomen.

Back in America, and the days of one night stands were definitely a thing of the past. Big time vaudeville decided if the prince liked it it must be good, and Brooks and Ross, the unknowns of a year before, were headlined across the country.

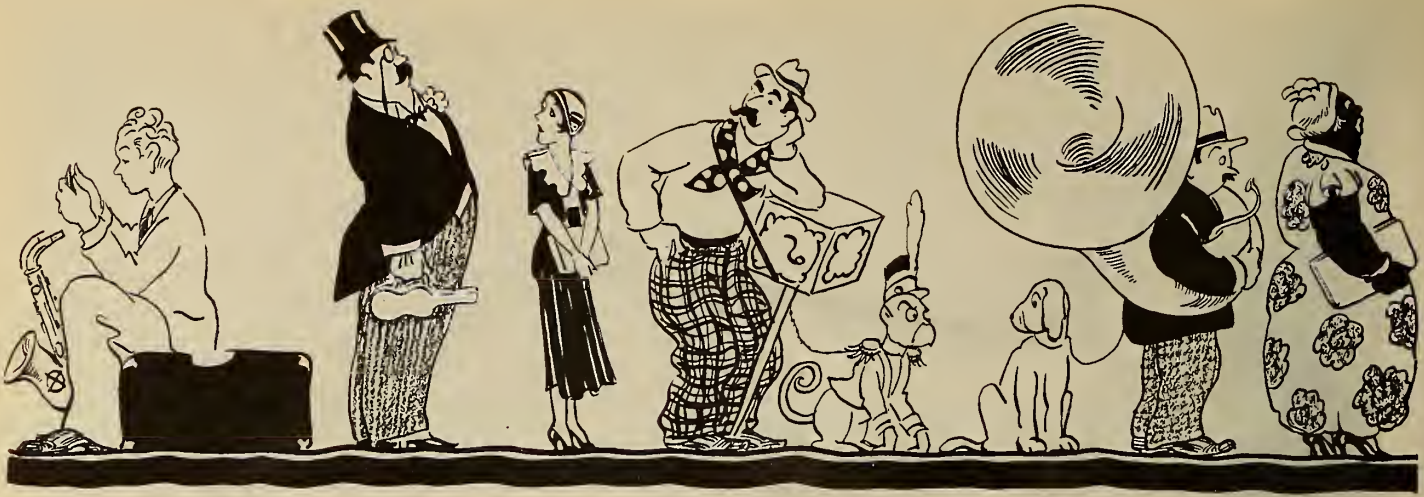
RADIO lured them away from the stage, and in the ether lanes they were a success from the start. In one small Ohio town, where they were making a personal appearance, they arrived simultaneously with one of the leading circuses. The town statutes specified that but one parade could be held in one day on the streets. The city council went into session on the matter, and decided, after weighty deliberation, that the populace was more interested in seeing Brooks and Ross. They had seen a circus parade before, so the harmonizers were escorted through the streets in state, while a circus manager chewed his moustache in rage.

Brooks and Ross have returned to Chicago, scene of their first professional defeat. They are now featured in several of the programs of the Columbia Broadcasting System originating in that city.



Ruth Lyon

THIS little lady takes her high seas with calm and equanimity whether it be on tempestuous Lake Michigan or before the mike where she is heard as soprano for the Wonder Hour over an NBC-WEAF network on Sunday afternoons. Please do not be too critical about the "high sea" in this picture, however, for we suspect the photographer may have accidentally tilted his camera just a little to get that effect. But you can't tilt a mike.



ALL the world is microphone mad. Everybody has the bug. Now don't shake your head, dear reader, 'fess up, you know you have had the itch to get at a microphone and spread yourself a little on the air.

Argue as you please you will never be able to convince any audition man that you haven't. They know all the world is more or less microphobia

We All Have

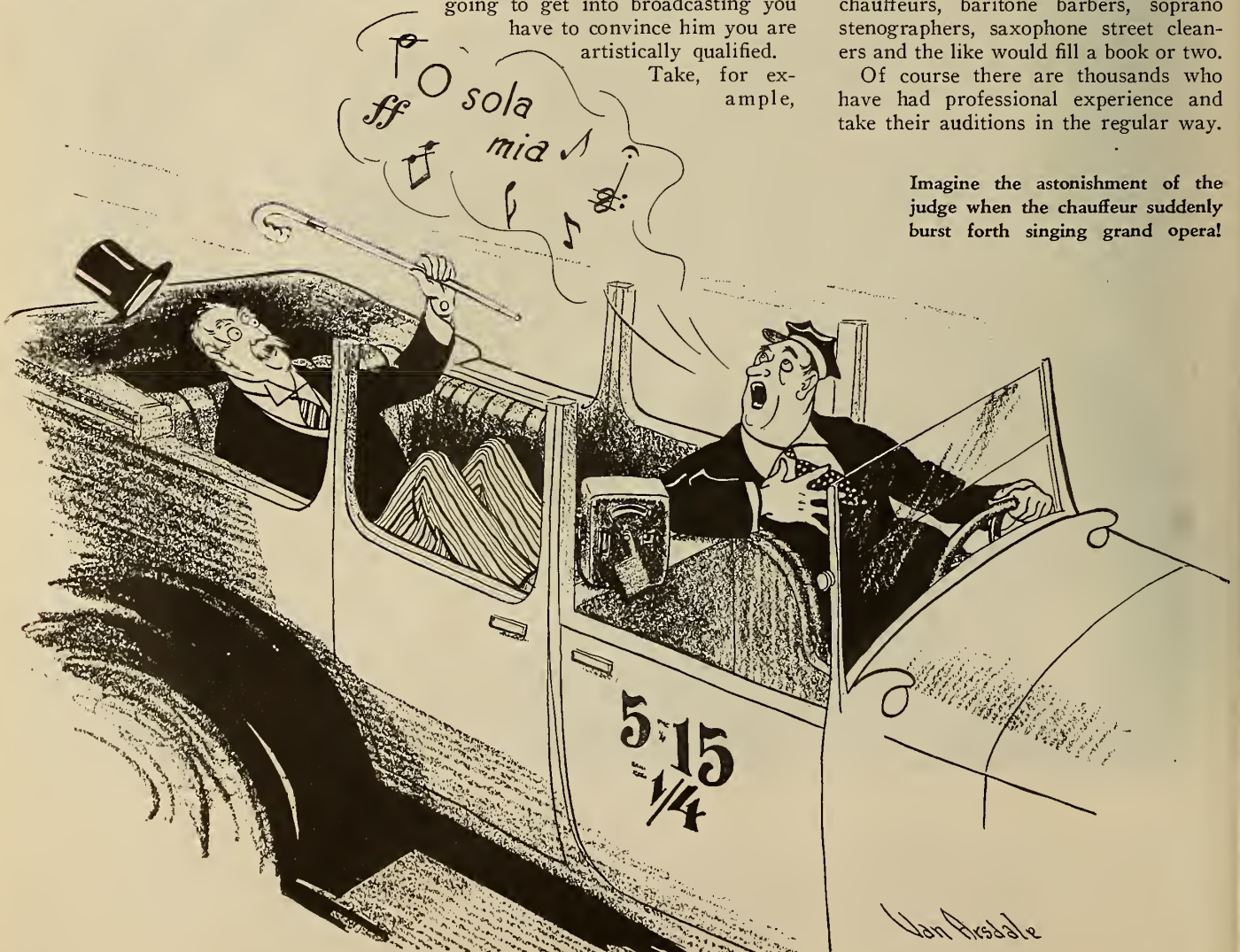
struck. After all you can't blame the audition person. His life is not a happy one. He is a St. Peter at the golden gate with the key in his hand and if you've made up your mind you are going to get into broadcasting you have to convince him you are artistically qualified.

Take, for example,

Leslie Joy, in charge of auditions at the National Broadcasting Company studios, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York. There's a man for you. And what he can tell you about all the crooning chauffeurs, baritone barbers, soprano stenographers, saxophone street cleaners and the like would fill a book or two.

Of course there are thousands who have had professional experience and take their auditions in the regular way.

Imagine the astonishment of the judge when the chauffeur suddenly burst forth singing grand opera!





Microphobia!

By T. J. Williams

But there are thousands of others who fail to get past the cloakroom inside the golden gate and they imagine they are the victims of unfair discrimination or fiendish conspiracy. They will circumvent the broadcasting St. Peter and get over the fence in some other way. So they plot and scheme. Many are the ingenious devices brought to bear. To them any artifice is justified so long as they are given the one chance they crave.

Imagine the surprise of a Chicago judge who recently stopped in New York for a few hours previous to his departure for Europe when the chauffeur who drove him to the pier burst forth into reverberating selections from *Il Trovatore*. The dignified gentleman in the back seat thought the driver had suddenly gone crazy with his ear splitting yodeling. Policemen at the corners looked askance, and peered suspiciously at the passenger who preserved all the decorum possible under the circumstances.

ARRIVING at the pier he hastened to pay his fare. And the jehu, fumbling at the change, glanced up slyly at his irritated customer.

"How you like it?" he asked.

"Like what?" demanded the judge.

"My voice," replied the chauffeur. "I wait long time outside 711 to pick you up so I can sing for you. Maybe you think I would be good on radio. What you think? I been in opera in Milan once."

It was not until then that the judge associated the singing chauffeur with his visit to the NBC studios where a New York relative had invited him to come to see "the wheels go round."

The audition director is not the only

victim of the wily aspirant to broadcasting fame. In fact there are frequent demands for auditions by those who will take no from nobody but Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth, the president of the company, himself. That may be one reason why his office is necessarily guarded by a line of individuals from doorman, page, hostess and on to his secretary, with lines of detour enroute.

A VIOLINIST recently succeeded in getting Mr. Aylesworth's ear on the telephone and promptly requested an audition by wire. On the same day a singer in the amateur class succeeded in getting a record to Mr. Aylesworth's desk in the hope of obtaining an audition in this way.

Can you blame the regular audition expert for looking upon everyone with suspicion? Think of him sneaking through back corridors, down rear elevators out the alley doors and down the back streets fearing every moment he will be tapped on the shoulder by a janitor, a street sweeper, or maybe even a policeman and requested to listen to a monologue, a bass solo or a harmonica refrain.

One violinist who believed he would be a great success on the air went so far as to pose as a street beggar near

***A**LAS for the audition man! He leads a haunted existence. He dodges through the streets trembling for fear that every person he meets will stop him and demand opportunity to display his talents. He is convinced that every butcher, baker, candle stick maker, the man waiting on the corner, and the girl catching up with him from behind is mike mad and desperate.*

the portals at 711 and played for pennies for the passing throngs on Fifth avenue. He had hoped in this way to be heard by someone of importance and get his chance. His ruse worked. After a number of reports had been received as to his activities on the street he was asked to come up to the studios and play for an audition. He was given one chance on the air but that was the last. He has not been seen since.

Then there is the story of the hair restorer salesman who found a way to get to John Royal, vice president in charge of programs. Among his minor worries Mr. Royal has noted with sadness the thinning thatch to his scalp. Word came to him of a man who knew all about such things and could work miracles. So the man was admitted to the Royal presence and invited to tell his story, which turned out to be a salestalk for his own vocal excellence and potentialities as a broadcaster. Mr. Royal lost interest at once.

ANOTHER persistent would-be singer who insisted on seeing Mr. Royal succeeded in getting into the ante-room to the private office. There he saw a large thoughtful looking man sitting beside the secretary's desk.

"How do you get to this man Royal?" the visitor asked. "I want to sing for him. I have the best voice in the world."

"I'm afraid I can't give you any advice," answered the thoughtful man. "I've been trying to get him alone for six months."

"Don't give up, Buddy," breezed the singer, "watch me and I'll show you."

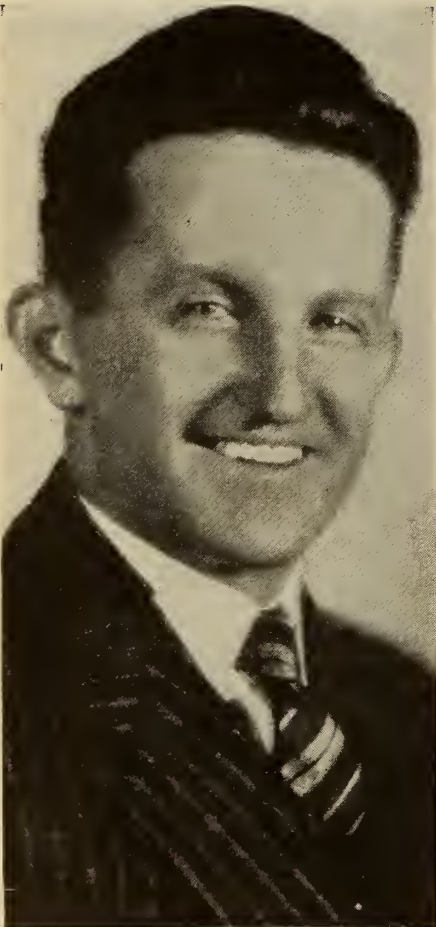
The room was soon filled with voice. The entrance door to the room was closed mysteriously from the outside. Other persons in the room disappeared one by one until the singer found him-

(Continued on page 80)

GEORGE O'BRIEN *of* WLWL

*German Music Is a Hobby of This Son of Erin.
Fate Swerved His Footsteps from the Pursuit of
Medicine and Landed Him on Crest of Radio Wave*

By Maybelle Austen



George O'Brien with the smile that wins

GEORGE O'Brien is one tenor who wanted to be something else . . . a doctor. Fate on the other hand had different plans for George . . . he would sing whether he chose to or not! His career is just another example of the futility of attempting to ignore the dictates of Destiny.

Back in Branford, Connecticut, some thirty-odd years ago, the stork paid a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, blessing them with a baby-boy . . . that by the by was George. Skipping the school and boyhood days, we jump to 1917, when the United States signed the proper articles to prove we

had joined forces with the Allies and were entering the War. George became a member of the Ambulance Division, and it was during the great Oise-Aisne Offensive, while in the act of taking a frightened German prisoner for much-needed first-aid, that this man in his terror knocked out all of our George's front teeth with the butt of his gun. Now to a singer, this was absolutely and positively a major catastrophe, but just as the enemy was the cause of his seeming ruin, so were they effective in fixing him up . . . a famous Austrian specialist performing later a perfect plastic and dental adjustment.

RETURNING to his native hearth the worse for war, WLWL's future arbiter of programs hied himself to the North Woods with a voice teacher who had lumberjack tendencies and proclivities. An intensive three months in the open, working hard at crude tasks, practicing rigorously and religiously, and we find George recuperating rapidly from the ills derived on the field of battle, and when he finally returned he had his health, renewed vigor, and a bigger and better voice than ever.

Back in Branford, he was requested to sing at a benefit performance of some kind, where he was heard by an official of one of the world's greatest piano companies. This man was so enthusiastic about his find, that he immediately took George under his wing, and sponsored his career. Since that time he has proven conclusively that this man's judgment was not unfounded. He has recorded with Victor and Columbia . . . was one of the original members of the WEAFLight and Grand Opera Companies . . . has broadcast for such programs as Majestic, General Motors, Victor, Mobiloil, Cities Service, and others too numerous to mention. He was featured soloist with

the New York Symphony Orchestra, and according to him, his opportunities as a singer were so great, that although he still had a secret hankering to be a doctor and did not wish to follow the muse, the muse took this means of leading him into what has proven to be the proper channel.

In searching about for someone with a great deal of radio experience, WLWL officials thought of George O'Brien, an old friend, a genuine tried and true veteran of the airwaves, and that is how he became a member of the Paulist Fathers' station staff.

GEORGE has two interesting hobbies . . . one, his wife Catherine, (yes, he's married . . . and happily) whose modest claim to fame is that she is George's wife, and that her father was born in the same house that later was the scene of Ex-Governor Al Smith's arrival on this earth . . . the second is German music, which taking everything into consideration, is rather a queer choice for an O'Brien, or isn't it?

The Most Beautiful Girls in Radio

A complete series of RADIO BEAUTIES will appear on Radio Digest covers beginning with this March issue. They are being painted by Charles Sheldon, famous portrait artist to the New York Four Hundred. Make sure that your series is complete.

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

G A B A L O G U E

By *Nellie Revell*

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

HOWDY, friends. Listeners have been asking questions about their radio favorites and I'm going to answer a few of them. John Fogarty who spent his boyhood on Montana ranches . . . and often ran away from home to follow strings of horses to county fairs, is first on my list. That boy sure is popular.

I guess it was his interest in running horses that made him a runner too. You know—or didn't you know—that John was a contestant in the mile-running race in the Olympics in 1919? John might have won too, but he was accidentally spiked in the heel while coming down the home stretch in the lead.

Larry Shields, the U. P. star, shot ahead of him and won the race. But he's no runner-up when it comes to radio popularity. You should see his fan mail. He gets over 500 letters a week.

John's father was some shakes as an entertainer, too. He was one of the greatest soft shoe and buck-and-wing dancers in the country—shaking a wicked hoof, as the boys say. But John was always more interested in singing than dancing. He got the fever at the age of nine when he made his debut at an Elks Minstrel show in Great Falls, Montana. John's been singing ever since . . . except when he's playing the races.

WHO are the Goldbergs? The fans want to know and so I'll tell 'em.

Molly, that's Mrs. Goldberg, is played by Mrs. Gertrude Berg, wife of a sugar merchant. And she also writes the sketches. Jake, the father, is James Waters, well-known on the legitimate stage. Sammy is Alfred Corn, son of a New York physician, and Rosalie is Roslyn Silber. The Goldbergs are in no way related to each other.

The whole world and its brother want to know about that fascinating little NBC singer, Marion Harris. Keep her on the air, and there'll be no postal deficit. Marion Harris, eh? You know they call her the "lone wolf."

That's because Marion keeps so much to herself and plays a lone hand, as it were. She is none too robust physically . . . Nature gave her a



Our own genial Nellie

marvelous voice and then fell down when it came to giving her strength to carry on. Miss Harris has to dodge dinners and dances and social engagements to conserve her energy for her broadcast and professional work. She doesn't try to keep up with the Jones, but prefers to keep by herself in her own home. And such a home, too.

WHEN she remodelled the old farmhouse—it's located near Great Neck, Long Island—she was dissatisfied with the fireplace in her living room. She thought it wasn't true to type, and went into Maine searching for a more suitable fireplace. She found one, and had it moved to her Long Island place, and reconstructed it brick

by brick. Now, Marion's idea of heaven on earth is to curl up before the ancient fireplace with its roaring logs . . . and let the rest of the world go by. And a good idea on a cold and wintry night. She can sit by the crackling fire and dream of her ancestors.

Marion's right name is Harrison—she's of the Harrisons, of Henderson, Kentucky. She is a direct descendant of President Benjamin Harrison, and is a cousin of former Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago. She is the niece of former Governor Tanner of Illinois, and is related through marriage to Woodrow Wilson.

HER parents expected her to preside over a southern home and sent her off to a convent for schooling. One night alone in her room Marion heard the call of the stage and responded. It was midnight and Marion packed her belongings in a bag, shinned down the convent fire-escape, and boarded a train for Chicago. She was frail and fourteen at the time, but went forth to conquer the world with never a qualm. Upon arrival in Chicago she wandered around the Loop until she came to the Casino, a movie theatre on Madison Street. She went in and asked the manager for a job as a singer. He heard her sing, looked at her pigtailed and short skirt, and shook his head. "You sing swell, kid, and I'd like to put you on," he said. "But you're too young." Two hours later little Marion reappeared before the manager. Her hair was neatly coiffed and she wore a long dress, which she had purchased from her meagre capital. The manager relented and she sang that night.

From that point on, the road to fame was slow—but sure—and Marion Harris made it. Two years later she scored her first big Broadway hit with Ziegfeld's Midnite Frolic on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theatre, now the Times Square studio of NBC. Since then she has appeared in many stage successes, and made many phonograph records. Miss Harris has been a headliner in vaudeville over the RKO circuit, and now she is winning fresh laurels as a radio headliner. Which proves once more that the persistent beckoning voice of the theater should be answered and faithfully obeyed.

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



George Frame Brown

OLD MATT THOMPkins of Thompkins Corners, none other, is this sober lookin' soul gazin' down on you from above. He is the party who made Real Folks real and you hear them late on the Sabbath day over a CBS network. Didn't it make your heart bleed the way Matt and Marthy grieved when the boys were carried away in the mountains in a glider? And the blonde vixen who brought them back, didn't you get a grin out of her giggle? Betcha life, so did we! Read a little yarn 'bout Matt on t'other page.



Real folks cut capers in their log cabin home on CBS.

MATT THOMPKINS

ONE of the foremost problems of radio program production from the beginning is one that will be eliminated when television comes around that well-known corner. The problem is that of writing dramatic sketches so that all of the listeners can visualize the action solely through the spoken word.

One of the first, if not the very first, writers to realize this fact was George Frame Brown, whose Real Folks sketches have so long entertained a big slice of the radio public with their realistic portrayals of small town life. Since 1928 this sketch has gathered to the loudspeakers a large audience weekly, and only unusual radio events have forced the feature from the air for any time at all. And now that the sketch has been changed to a Sunday afternoon time on a new network, the Columbia Broadcasting System, and to a new sponsor, Log Cabin Syrup, the radio world is anxious to note how well a feature fares when it changes its hour of broadcasting. Mail indications of the first weeks show that the dramatic sketch that has drawn letters from almost a million listeners has not lost its

*Author of famous sketches
once scrubbed floors and
washed dishes for a living*

appeal in its new setting. There seems to be no doubt that the program would "click" no matter where or when it is broadcast, although Brown believes the present arrangement is best because it restores the large child audience lost when the feature was transmitted at a late hour.

GEORGE FRAME BROWN hopped from the stage to radio in a single stride, but only after considering the matter very fully. He had gone before the microphone of a New York station along with the cast of a show in which he was appearing. The manager of the station had liked his voice and had been especially pleased with his portrayal of rural characters. He had explained to Brown the possibilities of the new entertainment medium

and his arguments had meant a great deal, although Brown was just attaining success on the stage. So Brown left the stage and went before the microphone. He did it with eyes open, taking stage traditions with him, but knowing that he would have to change many of them, drop others and invent many new methods.

THERE is more to this story than appears on the surface. When you think about Real Folks and how it has settled in the hearts of the people you know that it must be genuine, it must reflect in an authentic manner the lives of millions of Americans. What kind of a man is it that can write such human sketches?

George Frame Brown is a modest-appearing, likely-looking young man in his early thirties. He was born in the state of Washington. His parents were pioneers in the Northwest. His father ran a small store and supply firm. And from his childhood memories Brown can resurrect many items for his sketches.

(Continued on page 78)

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By **INDI-GEST**

LIFE is not a bowl of cherries; it is a bowl of raspberries. And there is a lot to do before you get to the sugar and cream. There are briars and a few scratches that come with the picking—a little backache and some monotony as you go on picking, and picking, and picking to get the berries to fill the bowl. But it helps a lot to whistle a bit and pass along a jest or two as you go.

THERE is something tremendously alive about a live mike. For some it is like a great magnet that draws and thrills. Others find it terribly disconcerting. When old timers sometimes stumble and slip with their tongues before it, is it strange that those who face it for the first time are all but paralyzed. Indi is indebted to Mr. Strickland Gillilan of Washington, D. C., well known writer, for the following verses:

Mike, My Pal

Mike, old pal, first time I faced you,
I was simply frightened dumb.
When the operator placed you
Near my lips, no voice would come.
Who were you, that I should speak to
Little gadget made of steel?
What were you to place my beak to—
You who couldn't think or feel?

Somehow I contrived to utter
Words into your metal heart;
Somehow I contrived to stutter
Dazedly through a written "part."
But next day came words of pleasure
From the ones to whom you gave
What I'd told you! Mike, old treasure,
You have won a willing slave!

From your lively heart vibrating
To a countless listening throng;
To the ears of millions waiting
You have sent my voice along.
So when now, dear Mike, I face you,
I can see the folk behind you.
I am happy when they place you
Where, when signalled I will find you.

STRICKLAND GILLILAN

HERE'S a pome on the "Super Suds Girls," otherwise known as "Clara, Lu and Em," sent to us by Eldora Bruning, 57 Lincoln Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Irene Taylor
looks around.



"The Super-Suds Girls"

*A program that I think is fine
With quite a different kind of line
Is Clara, Lu and Em, who jest
From old Chicago in the West.
They tell us of their daily chores
And all their viewpoints on the
wars,*

*Events occurring every day,
The three discuss in their own way.
They all are wed; have children,
too;*

*There's one who's widowed; her
name's Lu.*

* * *

PHYLLIS BURTON KORTEN who catches Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell coming and going in the wake of the Magic Carpet sits at her home, 739 Crescent Road, Jackson, Mich., and keeps score. Her bulletin to Indi from this salient reads:

"From the cross-fire of February 2nd: B.B. 'China has sent for Winchell. They want him to take charge of Peking.' . . . (then from the Gotham wave) W.W.: 'Ben Bernie was an extra once in a movie. When he went to see himself in the picture he winked, and missed himself entirely.' Personally I think the round goes to Ben—but then, I am prejudiced, because I am an ardent fan of the Old Maestro."

* * *

Back Talk

Dear Indi:

DID you ever try sitting with your back to people and listening? I think you could get lots of hits and slips that way. You have to be very careful not to let them see you look around. For instance you take a couple of girls like Nan Dorland and Jane Froman here in the Chicago NBC studios, when they get together, Oh me, Oh my, as Andy says. They had a picture taken looking at a clock—and that's the slip I am writing to you about. Well you know Jane has a "go" at 3 p. m. every Sunday so somebody had the bright idea to take a picture with her calling attention to the time. The photographer sticks his head under a hood and sees the image in the back of the camera and I guess it was reversed or something because when the picture was finished the hands were pointing to 9 o'clock. I don't think they wanted anybody to know about it but that's what I got by having my back to them, then peeking around. Isn't that funny?

Irene Taylor



"Stop, Look and Listen" and to their program which comes at 3 (not 9 as the hands on the clock indicate.) Jane Froman and Nan Dorland. NBC, Chicago.

Pure Old Stoopnagle

DEAR INDI: Now that Bud and yours truly have become 99.44 per cent pure I have become greatly concerned as to what that other .56 impure condition might be. In fact it has become almost an obsession, as the most of my consulting alienists say. Is there any way of eliminating it, or is the condition apt to become worse? Sometimes when I look at Bud I wonder to myself if—but I scarcely dare to think it even to

myself, if he might be IT. What I mean is the impure .56 per cent. Very well, then would that leave me 100 per cent pure? Ah yes, but pure WHAT? Can't you see it's all forcing me to hire another psychiatrist? The agonizing problem is killing me. It floats, it floats in my brain, eluding my grasp until I feel ready to toss up the sponge and yell, "Aw suds!" Only to the pure all things are pure so how can you understand? Do you think I should tell Bud? Yours purely,

Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.



Tunes of the Times

DEAR INDIJEST: I wish to call your attention to the difficult times. It is very distressing to musicians who are always being asked to play something that they don't. Isn't that the truth! So many are out of work. But the thing to do when you are out of work, or there isn't any job for your kind of work, is learn to do another job. So if a man says "Well, well, too bad, but I haven't any jobs today for a ukeist," you come back and say, "Oh, that's all right, I play a guitar much better anyway. I'll take a job as a guitarist." "But," suppose the man says, "I don't need a guitarist either."

Then, if you have been making good use of your time while you didn't have a regular job, you say, "Fine, that's just my luck. I was playing piano in Gus Noodledunk's cafe only last week when the installment house had to take the piano away. I'm a great piano player and that happened just as I was beginning to draw the people in." So you go on until the fellow says he doesn't want any of the different instruments you have learned to play. He doesn't even want you to sing for him. Then you play your trump. You say:

"BUSINESS certainly needs jazzing up, Mr. Fiddlewitz. Let's get together. We all have to make \$1 do the work that \$5 did before the Reconstruction period. You now have a six piece orchestra. You let me take the part of five men in your orchestra and just leave the girl to play the piano. I'll do the drums, the kazooka, the guitars, harmonica, the cymbals, and imitate all the other parts of a jazz orchestra with my voice. You'll be saving money and I'll have a good job. How about it? Want an audition?" Of course it'll be tough for a while on the five fellows who are let out but they can learn the same as you have and by that time the Reconstruction period will be over and everything will be all right with jobs for everybody. Listen in at CBS, sometime, and you'll hear me do the one man band all by myself.

Chordially yours,

V. M.

Vincent Mondy, the One Man Band at CBS, New York. If you don't believe it when you hear him you can tune him in on W2XAB television from the same station and see him.

Ooh That Kiss!

SOME of the Indi-Gestians will remember the diary of B. A. Rolfe's vacation trip to Hawaii as published exclusively in this department two issues ago. He went to the Islands of Paradise for peace and quiet and to forget all about what kind of days are here again. Everybody knows what happened. He came hurrying right back to the comparative quiet of Broadway where the so-called roar is but as the sleepy purr of a contented kitten.

We sent one of our most astute reporters to interview Mr. Rolfe as to his experiences and as to why he returned so abruptly. It seems that the answers were somewhat evasive but the picture may tell more than words.

"Your trip seems to have tanned you a bit," observed the interviewer.

"Oh yes. Plenty of wind and sunshine, you know, ha! ha!" twinkled Mr. Rolfe.

"See any hula hula Lulus?"

"Yes and no. The water was fine."

"What kind of bathing suits do they wear?"

"Oh that all depends. I didn't notice any."

"Nothing at all?"

"Oh, no, no, no! I mean, I mean I didn't notice what they wore."

"Is that a bump on top of your head, B. A.?"

"You understand men wore men's bathing suits and women wore whatever was necessary."

"No more, no less?"

"Something like that."

"What is that swelling on the top of your head, B. A.?"

"Oh nothing, I guess. You see these hula girls stay pretty much by themselves, with their own people, you know. The men of their kind don't seem to like our people fooling around very much."

"Hope you didn't find that out by experience, B. A.?"

"For heaven's sake, of course not. What's new on Broadway?"

"You saw Ed Wynn's Laugh Parade,

I know, for well I remember that nice little party you gave for us—"

"And then at the Tavern—"

"But the songs. They're on the air

now—almost every program."

"You mean?"

"Ooh, That Kiss!"

"Ooh, yeah? Well, good bye."



"Ooooooooooh that Kiss! B. A. Rolfe about to take a steel guitar lesson with Mr. Joseph Kamakau at the frets. And the lady's name is Rose. Note horrified Hawaiians in the background rushing to the rescue.

WILL D. X. PLEASE ADVISE

NOT knowing just whom I should ask for the following information I hope that you will be able to advise me. Several times I have listened to a program which is, to the best of my knowledge, all Spanish music and talk. I have never heard a word in English or any call letters and I am wondering if there might be a station at this location which is not listed in my call book. If my readings on my Majestic radio are correct, this station comes on 900 kilocycles where I also have tuned in Alaska, Los Angeles, Oklahoma City, and Buffalo, N. Y. It does not seem that any of these stations would broadcast a Spanish program exclusively. Of course it may be Cuban language and music that I have been hearing. I listened to this program for an hour one Sunday without hearing any call letters and it has aroused my interest. I wonder if any of your readers have heard such a broadcast and if they know where it is coming from.—Olive Crosby, 272 Elm St., Amesbury, Mass.

IT'S UP TO VOLLERS

WHILE reading the V. O. L. page in the December issue I found that almost all of the letters were about Rudy Vallee. How about giving Rudy a break by not putting so much in about him for one issue. Spread it out a little more. Don't forget that we all do not prefer the same type of program, and by publishing so much of Rudy Vallee you are apt to turn many against him who ordinarily enjoy him once in a while. You know there is such a thing as too much of a good thing.—Walter J. Hammill, 3821 Bonaventure St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mr. Hammill: The editors have very little to say about these V. O. L. pages. You letter writers supply the material. If 90 per cent of the letters mention one artist there is nothing we can do but print as you write.—Editor.

THINKS CALLOWAY "SWELLEGENT"

HERE'S to R. D. and all the articles therein. I have just recently become a V. O. L. fan, but you may rest assured I'll be with you through 1932. Just a word or two about that person who wrote the letter panning Bing Crosby in the December issue. Did he forget that Bing was one of the first to start this deep and low down style? Russ Columbo is O. K. but at least a poor imitation of Crosby. And gee, won't some of you fans give me a hand in singing a hymn of praise for Cab Calloway. I think he's simply swellegant (W. Winchell) when he does that "Minnie the Moocher."—Eunice St. George, 709 Washington Ave., East Grand Forks, Minnesota.

SEE SEPTEMBER R. D.

I HAVE been reading your publication for many months and find it very interesting. I have my favorite on the air and want to talk about him—Ted Lewis. His orchestra to my mind has more personality than any other band on the air. And that includes Rudy Vallee, too. Guy Lombardo seems to be the only one who can come close to the High Hat Tragedian. How about a story on Ted and illustrate it in the Radio Digest manner.—Lakin Phillips, Higginsville, Mo.

TRADELAST FOR DENNY

EVERYBODY has been praising his favorite dance orchestra through this column and so I wish to praise mine also. My praises are sung for Jack Denny and his Canadian orchestra heard over the NBC Network. The peculiar manner in which he plays his dance music and the

Voice of the

slow tempo have won for him a featured spot in many a fan's list of favorites. He holds first place in mine. The band is known as Canada's finest, but in my opinion that should be stretched to include the whole of North America, for there is not one who can compare with Denny. I am glad to see that he is getting the breaks he deserves on the Lucky Strike programs.—Grace Custer, 2423 Clyde Place, Canton, Ohio.

JUST IMAGINE THIS!

HERE is a question that I should like to have answered. Is there any radio artist or entertainer whom a fan can write a letter to and hope to have it answered? To date I have written 1,730 letters to artists and stations and have never received a reply. Is it that they do not want to answer the fan letters or are they merely uninterested? I have written ten consecutive letters to Miss Mildred Bailey and as many to Lee Morse and Marion Harris, but have never heard from either of them. I cannot understand it. They tell us to write and say that fan mail is considered very important at the studios, but why don't they reply? I am not alone in this cause, for many of my friends have had the same luck when they have written letters to artists. Something should be done about it. I have three radios myself and there are few programs that I miss. I would like to get the name of one radio person who will answer my letters—can you help me out?—Eugene W. Cain, 186 Scioto Avenue, Chillicothe, Ohio.

WE'LL ASK HER

MARCELLA, can't you get a picture of Pinky Hunter the vocalist in Emerson Gills' orchestra? They were formerly heard over WTAM in Cleveland but are now located in a Syracuse cafe where they broadcast daily over the Columbia network.—Mrs. T. W. Walters, Eyota, Minn.

LET'S BE GOOD SPORTS

I THINK the lady from Kentucky was rather unkind in her opinion of Morton Downey. Surely she knows what that switch and the controls on the front of her radio are for. She can always shut the thing off. Rudy, Mort and Bing have worked hard to get where they are. So why not live and let live as the air is large enough for all of them and we need the entertainment that they provide. Yours for better appreciation and less fault finding.—Mrs. A. E. Wood, Burnell Ave., Portland, Maine.

"NOT IMITATING," SAYS SHE

I GUESS everyone has his or her pet peeve and mine happens to be the constant controversy which the public insists upon fostering between the three best known radio crooners—Rudy Vallee, Lew Conrad and Will Osborne. Why should people intimate that Lew Conrad is imitating Will Osborne or that either of them are imitating Rudy Vallee? To compare voices is like comparing milk, wine and Scotch—they are all good and all different, therefore it is illogical to say that one is imitating the other. I am a loyal Vallee

fan and I think that Mr. Vallee has one of the sweetest voices on the air, but that is no reason why I cannot appreciate Mr. Conrad's voice too. He isn't an imitator. I happen to know that he has been singing for a number of years and has not changed his vocal technique to suit the radio or to imitate any current stars in the radio heavens. His voice is a natural one and all of it is his own personal property. And what about Will Osborne? Five years ago he was writing a series of articles for an orchestral magazine expounding his methods of orchestration and singing. But Will couldn't put his method over and it took Rudy Vallee to popularize it. That is why it seems so foolish to me to hear people say that "Lew Conrad is a very good Vallee imitator and there are dozens of lesser ones, but who wants to listen to a substitute when you can hear the original." Why say that one is imitating another when who knows, when you get down to brass tacks but what the so-called imitated is the real imitator.—Helen Fleitz, 7014 S. Rockwell St., Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU A WEEMSER?

WE HAVE recently organized the "Ted Weems Radio Club" and I, in the capacity of secretary, have been asked to write you so that you could mention us and have other Ted Weems clubs get in touch with us. If you can publish the fact that any one who is interested in joining may do so by writing the signed name and address we would appreciate it.—Dorothy Raymond, 824 13th Ave., St. Cloud, Minn.

LIKES HYMNS AND DAMROSCH

HAVE seen in Radio Digest that listeners opinions are wanted on the programs that are heard on various broadcasts. As I happen to be a listener I am taking the liberty of expressing a few of my opinions. A few weeks ago John Wilcox, music critic on the Denver Post, wrote an article on this subject, and as I share some of his opinions I am going to repeat a few of his ideas. He says that if some broadcasters do not stop bothering the listeners with trashy music and other trashy stuff we shall have to appeal to Congress to pass laws governing the radio programs. Most of the average listeners are not morons, writes Mr. Wilcox, and I agree with him there too. I do not know what this esteemed critic thinks to be trash, but I do know what I do not care to listen to on the radio and intend to mention by name a few of the programs I particularly like or dislike. Jazz music for one thing is disgusting. Women sopranos singing opera or what have you make us take a high dive for the radio dial to switch them off. Continued stories, silly sentimental songs, plays and talks we can also do without and they are things that I always tune out. What I like best is honest to goodness good music. We all like the good old fashioned string bands, playing those lovely and peppy old time tunes. But the big broadcasting networks do not seem to favor that sort of music. At least I am never lucky enough to tune them on at such times. Everyone playing a saxophone

Listener

should be exiled to Siberia, no? Walter Damrosch and his music appreciation hour is the best thing on the air. Rudy Vallee has a splendid voice as has Bing Crosby, but they always sing these sentimental songs that have neither melody or sense, and one tires of that very readily. Take for instance that song called "Guilty." It is the most boring thing I ever heard. So then what we like best is good old fashioned string music. Also the good old fashioned classics. Organ solos are nice too, and hymns are nice if sung by men or men and women with the female voices in the minority. But let's get away from all this jazz.—Mrs. C. Peterson, Box 168, Rocky Ford, Colo.

NICE LITTLE POSY FOR R. D.

I WANT to say that I enjoy your magazine very much. It is such a great help in locating the stations. Also it is one of the best in its field for reading matter for radio fans. When something is interesting I believe one should say so. Hence my letter. That's all.—Alice M. Meredith, 820 Park Ave., Richmond, Va.

WILL N. N. PLEASE WRITE?

MAY I say a few words of praise about the radio being a source of much comfort to the ill? When I was confined to my bed for many months it was the only contact with the outer world and with my copy of Radio Digest I whiled away many and many a happy hour with these two great tonics for the blues. I am still confined to the house a good deal and would like to hear from other invalid radio fans.—Miss L. R., 129 Laurier Ave., Montreal, Can.

"QUIRRP-QUIRRP-QUIRRP!"

WELL I wonder if this is going to get into V. O. L.? I have been reading Radio Digest for some time and have just begun to wonder who in the world is running this department. All I see is Rudy Vallee this, and Rudy Vallee that. Why not give some one else a break if for no other reason than to insert a bit of diversion for the readers? For instance there is Eddie Cantor. Why not a story on Eddie and a few letters? At any cost it would be a great relief to read something besides notes on MR. VALLEE.—R. F. D., Jackson City, N. Y.

AGAIN SO SOON?

I READ Radio Digest every month and think it is great. I enjoy your radiograph and silhouette pages very much, but why not publish pictures of some of the children who appear on the National and Columbia systems? Such child artists as Jimmy McCallion and Walter Tetley would be good ones to start with and then follow it up. This would please the readers.—H. E. Buck, Chestnut Hill Academy, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

BY AND LARGE

JUST a word of defense in hopes of taming some of those flagrant outbreaks against Rudy of late in your columns. Perhaps he is not grammatically perfect (who

is?). Perhaps he is no James Melton, but Rudy never laid claim to the title. But it stands to reason that he must have something or he would never have made the success he has in the short time he has been broadcasting. Personally, while I do not enjoy Vallee's crooning and his orchestrations, my taste runs to the classical and my favorites are in that field. But I am just riled up about all those nasty letters and have got to get it off my chest. I think that most people are too extreme in their judgment of Rudy Vallee. His fans are too flattering and his non-fans are far too caustic. After all he is only a man, and at that a young one. He has made a great deal of money and has worked hard. Why not hats off to Rudy Vallee as a figure who has done the world and this country in particular the decided favor of showing them how and why it can and is being done.—May Hanson, 27 Bowen Street, Edgewood, R. I.

MAYBE NEWS ABOUT YOLANDE?

THIS is my second letter to you and I have little to add other than that your magazine continues to be the finest, cleanest and best of all radio publications. Please keep it so. Will you please print something about the inside workings of the "Arabesque" program? Unquestionably Frank Knight is one of the finest radio actors we have and should be written about in the magazine as well as the other artists on this program.—Marion Montgomery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TOLERANT

AS I am an admirer of Rudy Vallee and his orchestra I am always on the lookout for pictures and articles about them, no matter how big or small. About a year ago or perhaps a little more, I passed a newsstand and noticed RADIO DIGEST. I thought it might contain some news and so I bought a copy. I found little articles and quite a few fan letters mentioning Rudy, and was very much pleased with my find. We can't expect everything to be about Rudy Vallee, for there are lots of people, not as interested in him as we are, and who have other artists they prefer and enjoy. Therefore we expect and look forward to your articles on other artists, as has been your policy. Don't forget that article on the Connecticut Yankees, and above all don't forget Manny Lowey.—Mae Ward, 2650 North 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

JUST another Rudy Vallee Club coming to the front, and we would appreciate your notice. Any Vallee fans in this section of the country please communicate with the undersigned. We herewith extend a cordial welcome to all new members.—Sally Barrett, President "Vallee Vagabonds," 510 Stanyan Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MALE BEAUTY CONTEST

THE radio beauty contest has been quite a topic of conversation hereabouts. So just for fun why not start a handsome male beauty contest for radio stars. But let us be fair and not choose our winner from any

point of view other than pure good looks. Not musical or professional talent of any kind. Let's be impartial. And so I nominate herewith, Will Osborne, CBS orchestra leader and crooner as the most handsome man on the air. I am sure there will be plenty to second my choice.—An Osbornian, San Francisco, Cal.

LIKES BATTLING BEN BERNIE

MAY I make a few suggestions for your magazine? In the first place during the two years that I have read and enjoyed Radio Digest there has never been anything in it about George Olsen. Since George is back on the air regularly we think a lot of people would be interested in a feature story about him. We should also like to see pictures of some of his many singers in particular Fran Fray. And too, I wish you would have Ben Bernie write an article about the members of his band. We believe Ben to be by far the grandest entertainer on the air and I feel certain he could write a most interesting account of his 'lads.' We got a great kick out of the "Battling Ben Bernie" pictures and his remarks about them in the last two issues.—E. F.

BETTER'N BETTER, SAYS SHE

HAVE been reading Radio Digest for over four years and I can say this much for it, that it is getting better and better. Lots of people like to say mean things about things they don't like but I think they should keep their dislikes under their hat. Please tell me why you do not have more pictures of the small stations* and their artists. I think that they are equally deserving and fully as interesting as the large network stations. If you will only publish news of the little fellows you can be assured of my loyal support year by year as long as Radio Digest continues. It's a fine book.—Mrs. Gertrude Latch, 320 Jordon Ave., Miles City, Montana.

*Because out of our national circulation there are only a limited number of readers particularly interested in any one small station. See Station Parade for news sent in by individual stations.—Editor.

DID YOU READ "GUY"?

HAVE just bought my January copy of R. D. and I feel that the time has come for me to say what I think. After the result of the Jack Foster poll was made public I thought surely you would begin to realize that there must be a huge army of Lombardo fans, to give those Royal Canadians the grand majority they got. For three years I have been an enthusiastic Lombardo fan and a real booster for the Sweetest Music this Side of Heaven. There is a fine new group picture of the Lombardo orchestra showing each man and the instrument he plays. I wish you would give us a good clear print of it. And give us lots of pictures of Guy and his brothers and all the rest of them.—Hazel R., 1749 Winchester Ave., Chicago.

THANK YOU, I.M.S.

I THINK that every Radio Digest reader should send you three cheers for the splendid issue just published so here is my applause. The article "Hello Hawaii" made me recall that delightful program when the NBC was inaugurated at station KGU. The stories about Floyd Gibbons, John Sousa and Ray Perkins also helped to make this an outstanding issue. I liked the new features "Letters to the Artist" and hope you will continue it. Next month please include something about my favorites.—I. Mary Staley, Frederick, Md.

Broadcasting from

Friendly Minister Inquires: Why Not Give Notice of Program Shifts?

JUST now when all the forces hostile to the present free American Plan of Broadcasting are combing with a fine-tooth comb for every possible flaw, it behooves every broadcaster to stand alert and to give the listener the finest possible service.

And here is a matter that needs all around investigation and control. All stations should give the listener a break of some kind when they cut off his favorite program. If he is a regular listener he has developed certain listening habits. He has his favorite programs. The sponsor has built up a certain amount of good will at great expense and part of that good will extends to the station that presents the program. At a certain time of the evening the listener sits down and sets his dial in anticipation of the program. He may have been thinking and talking about it during the day. The hour comes. The moment arrives. Then, without warning, some totally strange announcement comes out to him. He is puzzled. He tests the dial, checks up the program listing. Then he becomes hot under the collar as he twists frantically for other stations in the hope that he will find the program for which he had been waiting. All in vain. And never a word has been spoken, not a word of explanation or apology. He is a ripe prospect to listen to some plan of revenge, and the broadcaster has lost another friend to the most efficient broadcasting system in the world in spite of its admitted faults.

Writes the Reverend A. J. N. of Cherokee, Ia., to Radio Digest who had expected to find a certain program over WOW, Omaha, and had suffered just such an experience as described above: "Not a word was said as to whether the program had been dropped, the time or chain changed, or any other information. Instead there began a program of electrical transcription about electric refrigerators, when the temperature outside my house was ten below. But I was plenty hot. . . Of course the sponsors of a feature have a right to change or discontinue it, but why all the secrecy, yea even discourtesy, about it? It might take a moment or two of the new program's time, but then the new program might be listened to."

The pastor says he may be making the fight alone but he has made a resolution, "that when any radio program I liked was dropped or shifted without notification I would protest to the sponsors of the program and discontinue using their product, if I had been using it."

Programs are usually contracted for not less than thirteen successive weeks. It would seem there could be some arrangement for announcement in advance when they are going to end, or there is to be a change. But practically every station in the country is guilty of the same offense which our Iowa correspondent charges up to WOW. The program taken off in this case, was a "sustaining" or non-commercial, one that

was wired in from New York. It cost the station money for wire service. The program was replaced by one that doubtless paid the station money.

The editors of Radio Digest do not question the propriety or necessity of frequent shifts of programs. Some of them must be made on what amounts to an emergency basis. But is there any real excuse for not taking the listener into the station's confidence, thereby building friendship instead of fanning discontent?

A Carolina Newspaper Argues for Radio

RADIO DIGEST in its defense of the American Plan of Broadcasting has had occasion to point out positions of attack on the plan, and reasons for the attack from the time that the Fess Bill was first introduced. It has no fight with the newspapers; on the other hand it has tried to show where an alliance between newspapers and radio must ultimately result for the good of all concerned. We deplore the schism that has developed but we could not put the case any more specifically than is outlined in an editorial which appeared in the Carolina State News, Spartanburg, S. C., under the title, "Let's Make It Fifty-Fifty":

"**N**EWSPAPERS are conducting a vigorous campaign against Radio. A poor, half starved newspaper and editor at Ventura, Cal., has devoted his plant and full time to the fight on radio. Undoubtedly some interest is furnishing the money. The Newspapers and their association (The Editor and owner of this paper is a member of the Association) protest that America should have the European system of broadcasting, viz: all stations owned by the Government and operated by the Government. A tax on receiving sets pays the bill. You pay for listening to poppy cock bunk, and hokum handed out over the stations by the political party in power. The newspapers, at least some of them, have brought themselves to the actual belief that they are acting in a purely altruistic spirit in behalf of the public. The President has declared himself in favor of the independent method of broadcasting operation now practiced in the United States. Leading Congressmen and Senators have declared for the same method. There seems little possibility that the newspapers' campaign will bring results, so they have begun to demand more restrictions for broadcasters. Broadcasters in the United States can, in ten minutes, reach and talk to more people than any one issue of every newspaper printed in America combined. It is a sad indictment of the Fourth Estate when they would be led by a few radical fools in attacking progress, science and development. What about the buggy manufacturers. They didn't howl when automobiles came in!

"Now if you, gentle readers, would like to know the real reason newspapers are attacking radio, then read this—Newspapers lost in excess of 38% advertising revenues in 1930 from the peak revenues of 1929. During the same year Radio gained approximately 97%. Newspapers took another nose dive in 1931 while Radio went up another 50% over the 1930 figures. Local advertisers, not counting chain advertisers, spent \$170,000,000 advertising over radio stations in 1931. Do you wonder why newspapers, at least some of them, will not publish Radio programs and are attacking radio and demanding more government restrictions or adoption of the European system of broadcasting? Radio's answer is:

"'O. K. Gentlemen of the Press—we are willing to have the European system of broadcasting, provided you agree to the same governmental regulation of your newspapers as experienced by European

the Editor's Chair

newspapers at present. Or we are willing to have more Governmental regulation provided the Government makes the same rules that apply to Broadcasting stations apply to your newspapers. In other words, the Government must also tell you when you shall open your business and when you shall close it. The Government will tell you that you cannot take sides in a political fight but must give both sides equal space, the Government will license you to publish for 90 days at a time, and subject you to hearings at Washington at all times, should your paper not comply with regulations of the Government, and, incidentally hearings are very expensive. You will be limited in the number of papers you will publish and your pressmen and other employees will have to stand examinations and secure a Government license and must be on duty at all times while your paper is being published. Indecent and obscene matter will be barred from your papers. Of course you do not have such in your papers now, but such little phrases as, "ten, twenty or forty feet of intestine," "bowels," "sour stomach," "constipation," "sore feet," "periodic pains," "women's ailments," "poisonous matter," "bad breath," "B. O. (body odor)" might be barred by the Government and then your revenues would suffer. Think what might happen now if the newest inventions for the comfort of women were exploited over the radio? Lydia Pinkham would soon become history if the radio was depended upon to tell suffering ladies of her tonic. Certain bath room accessories would have never become known and we probably would not know corn on the cob to be the delicacy it is. It is good business for newspapers however. And Yeast—think what relief to mankind has been done by the Constipation ads—we doubt if the world could have learned of the great advantage of yeast without the newspapers. The grotesque expressions on the faces of sufferers from tooth ache, back ache, kidney pains and exhibitions of various parts of the anatomy pictured in newspaper ads would be sorely lacking on the Radio. Pictures of feet, ugly distorted feet with long toes, crooked toes, toes such as no person would admit as theirs, are not shown over the Radio—but in newspapers—Tiz. And did you ever hear a suggestive smutty sexy story read over the Radio? "Her Secret Love," would have fallen flat as a serial if Radio had been depended upon to carry it to the public. Did you ever hear a broadcast from a penitentiary death house, actual scenes of a woman being electrocuted? And last, but not least, ladies and gentlemen of the newspaper and radio audience—when equal regulation of Radio and Newspapers is actually put into practice by the Government, postal rates for newspapers will be raised to a par with all other mailings. The Taxpayers of these United States will not be forced to pay millions of dollars to cover the expense of delivering newspapers through the mails at postage rates that do not cover one tenth the actual cost of handling the newspapers and distributing them.

"Radio wants a fifty-fifty break with newspapers, but wants no odds, nor does Radio want the newspapers to have odds—Radio will insist that the fifty-fifty proposition be not like the restaurant owner who used horse meat in his rabbit stew. Fifty-fifty, one horse and one rabbit."

A New York Newspaper Derides Government Control of Air

MR. ELMER JOY MORGAN and Mr. Armstrong Perry, P. A., carrying shield, buckler and megaphone for the 15 per cent split of all available broadcast wavelengths ostensibly for "educational purposes" have been breaking into print again over proposed legislation. Somehow newspapers that theoretically should be their strongest advocates have not been altogether kind. Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, co-pub-

lisher of the New York Sunday News and the Chicago Tribune, has been rather lukewarm toward radio in spite of the fact that WGN, Chicago, is a subsidiary of the Tribune. In the New York Sunday News (January 10, 1932) an editorial reads as follows:

"THE POOR old radio industry has just come in for another sock on the jaw. This latest left hook is delivered by a Mr. Armstrong Perry, representing the National Committee on Education by Radio. Mr. Perry unloaded the haymaker at a New Orleans convention of scientists.

"It is Mr. Perry's feeling that radio should be rigidly controlled if not owned by the Government, as it is in most European countries; that advertising should be taken off the air; and that radio should be used 'to serve the people instead of to exploit people.'

"Mr. Perry then turns around and says that people don't listen to the radio advertising which he feels is exploiting them. That's a funny canceling-out of one argument against advertising by radio. If the people don't listen to the advertising, how are they being affected by it at all?

"We presume that what Mr. Perry wants most is Government control of radio, and that he is gathering up all the arguments he can find to support that proposal. Lots of people are. It's a question that will probably have to be decided sooner or later in this country.

"Mr. Perry's most substantial argument for Government radio control is that 94 per cent of all songs, speeches, special acts and so on, broadcast in the United States, are subject to the censorship of

(Continued on page 51)



Tune ful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

"Starlight"

I RECEIVED the following telegram from the Santly Brothers, who have been associated with the biggest of publishers before they went into business for themselves:

"Dear Rudy we have sent you what we sincerely hope to be a quick outstanding hit entitled Starlight would you kindly play it over and if you like it may we ask your support for what we believe to be the best fox trot we ever published kindest regards—Lester Santly."

The telegram speaks for itself, and I believe it is the first time the boys have wired me quite so enthusiastically. By the time their wire came, I had already heard the song done beautifully by that little master of song, Little Jack Little. He featured it on his Monday night broadcast with the Brothers Lombardo. He was clever enough to associate with it the thought of "Evening Star" from "Tannhauser," and his presentation of the song was particularly fine.

Although, in my opinion, the Santlys have published greater songs than STARLIGHT, it is an exceptionally good fox trot, and I hope it exceeds their expectations.

We play it slowly, at about one minute the chorus.

"Was That the Human Thing to Do?"

AS I said in my Fleischmann Hour chatter, my first reaction on hearing "Was That the Human Thing to Do?" as sung by Jean Malin at the Club Richman, accompanied by George Oleson's orchestra, was that it must be the work of Noble Sissle, Layton and Johnston, Eubie Blake, or at least some colored composer who hails originally from the Harlem belt. I was indeed surprised to find the names of Sammy Fain and Joe Young on the sheet. Not that both of these writers are not capable of writing this type of song, but it is entirely in the raucous, senseless colored style.

The song is a welcome relief from many of the

*"Oooh, oooh I love you-oo-oo
Will you be true-oo-oo"*

type of song. It puts me very much in

mind of the song "If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight," which was the work of Creamer and Johnston. Just how Fain and Young came to achieve the quality of that peculiar touch I do not know.

Diminutive Sammy Fain may take the bow for "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," "When I Take My Sugar to Tea," "Mia Cara," and others, but this is the first time anything of this type has come to my attention. Fain also boasts a very fine singing voice and the enviable ability to accompany himself at the piano.

In our early days of broadcasting for Herbert's Jewelry Store on the Herbert Diamond Hour, Sammy often used to follow us, or precede us with various accounts, such as the Finkenburg Furniture Hour over WMCA; in fact it is over that station that he has done most of his solo broadcasting and duet work with various individuals. One of the original "Radio Franks" was sick, and I believe Sammy substituted for him and hardly anyone knew the difference. He happened to be in Florida when we were playing there on our Paramount tour, and gave me one of the first copies of "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." It looks as though he has a real hit in this song.

Joe Young is an old veteran in Tin Pan Alley, and is one of the big moguls of the Alley itself, having written such hits as "Crying for the Carolines," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "King for a Day," and "Have a Little Faith in Me."

At noon time all the great writers of the Alley may be found congregated in a restaurant known as "Lindy's," at 52nd Street and Broadway, where they not only pat each other on the back, assuring one another that the music business has not gone to the dogs, and that the other fellow's song is a "natural"; but they also enjoy supplying the lesser fry of the columnists with scandal and dirt about radio hours, artists, and even other songwriters.

It is at these noon-day gatherings that Joe Young presides, very much as a great political boss, especially more so in view of the fact that he is secretary of the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers. It has always been a source of wonderment to me that the American Society

should be controlled by men who are still active writers and publishers. Gene Buck, the President, is one of the fairest and finest men I have ever met, and although he is a writer he is not actively engaged in writing at the present time. I imagine it must be extremely difficult for men like Joe Young, and Louis Bernstein, President of Shapiro-Bernstein, to decide absolutely impartially on problems which confront them, especially when the fortunes of their own respective firms and writers are at stake. But these two men, and the others who control the destinies of the great society are capable and fine men, well-liked by everyone in the profession.

But to get back to the song itself. (I am sure that my Ph.D. critic by this time has torn out all the hair on his head because of my wandering from the subject.) When I first heard the song rendered, I noticed that the singer took an extremely high note, in the colored fashion, on the word "thing." I believed at the moment that this was the individual's own particular style of singing the song, only to find out that this colored characteristic was part of the music of Sammy Fain, and is in every copy of the song.

The lines are very funny, very catchy and very clever. Joe Young feels that not even the treatment of a dog equals the treatment accorded to the jilted one who is lamenting in the song. It is certainly getting a great play from all the band and cabaret singers. If it catches the public fancy Messrs. Fain and Young will be riding around in new Fords during the summer months.

We play it at about one minute the chorus, and it is published by Witmark, Inc.

"When We're Alone" (Penthouse Serenade)

IT IS a peculiar thing, but in most of the songs submitted me by people who come from the elite or upper strata of New York society, one out of every four selects the idea of a penthouse, or a cozy apartment for two, as the idea of the song. Not since "Just a Love Nest" of musical comedy fame has there been as successful a song about a cottage, a penthouse, or apartment, as this

one, "When We're Alone," and I attribute it mainly, in this case, to the melody and not the lyrics.

Very much in the same vein as "Dream a Little Dream of Me" was this melody brought to my attention by its rendition at the hands of another orchestra. Eating at Whyte's and listening to Van Steeden's orchestra, they were playing a melody which my boys had played on two occasions when I was off the stand at the Pennsylvania, and its reiteration by Van Steeden and his boys brought home to me the fact that it was a grand melody. When asking Van what the name of the tune was, and realizing that we had it in our books, I resolved to program it the next Thursday, which I subsequently did.

I received a very lovely letter from the boys who produced the show in which the number appeared for 19 consecutive weeks on the Coast, a feat quite unheard of in that short-lived show territory! The song is probably one of the reasons that the show did well, as it is a beautiful melody, and is another tune which, if not a big selling hit, is one that is played by all the bands, large and small, known and unknown.

The lyrics are lovely, however, dealing with "Hinges on chimneys for stars to go by." It must have seemed rather odd to the California players in the show to be singing about "old Manhattan," three thousand miles away, but it really is a grand song, and I congratulate Larry Spier, of Famous Music, on bringing it East.

The opening phrases which are reiterated throughout the song consist of six quarter notes in a measure, which necessitates these six notes being divided into triplets in order to get them all in within the time allotted to each measure. For that reason and no other we play the tune at about one minute and five seconds to the chorus.

"Of Thee I Sing" and "Who Cares"

AS I discuss these two songs, I cannot help but feel enthusiastic. Although I am far from being a veteran show-goer and a critic of these things, still I can honestly say that "Of Thee I sing" is the finest and most interesting of its type that I have seen in the course of my life-time. Possibly I went into the theatre convinced that I would like the show, because the name of George Gershwin, coupled with George S. Kaufman would guarantee for me the finest of enjoyment, as I found it really was. I knew, too, that if the work done by the afore-said gentlemen was at all good, William Gaxton would more than do justice to it, but I had a distinct surprise in the fine acting of Lois Moran, and the superb portrayal of his part by Victor Moore. It is dif-



Rudy "Neath the sheltering palms"

ficult to say just what person or what feature of the show is most responsible for its success as the smash hit of the season.

Whatever the decision may be in that direction, one cannot help but admit that the show is a wow from start to finish, although I feel that the first appearance of the nine supreme court judges was a trifle long drawn out, which opinion was subsequently seconded by Buddy DeSylva, whom I met for the first time a few evenings ago.

Still the show will have a long run, and is your best bet for an evening's entertainment in the future.

While the music is not the sensational type of hit (which may be said to be typical of most of Gershwin's musical comedy songs); it is the kind of music which grows on one, and which bands continue playing long after they have forgotten the light type of popular songs. "Of Thee I Sing" is well reprised many times throughout the show, being introduced by William Gaxton at a Madison Square Garden demonstration, and its final rendition is by Gaxton as he kneels at the bed of the first lady of the land with her newly born babies.

"Who Cares," while less outstanding and less played in the show than Of Thee I Sing, is nevertheless a very excellent song, and its second rendition in the show is at a very tense and melodramatic moment which I am sure would affect sentimentally anyone who has any sentimentality at all in his make-up.

"Can't We Talk It Over"

A BRUNSWICK record of this tune, with Mrs. Jesse Crawford at the organ accompanying Bing Crosby, is responsible for my particular mention of it in this list. This is not the first time that a big Wurlitzer organ has accompanied a male singer of the popular type. Gene Austin, Scrappy Lambert, Jack Miller, and many other singers have had this unusual accompaniment on some of their records; in fact, Jesse Crawford and I recorded "My Sin" two years ago when I was appearing at the New York Paramount, but the record was never released.

It was not so much the organ accompaniment as Bing's inimitable rendition of the tune which made it haunt me so much that I feel very sanguine as to the popularity of the song itself.

I am glad to see Vic Young, who wrote the melody, finally go commercial. Vic is perhaps a mixture of Paul Whiteman and Ferde Grofe, being not only a very fine orchestra conductor but a gifted arranger. All his arrangements and songs have leaned toward the very beautiful, intricate and elaborate, but while these things are beautiful from the musician's standpoint, they rarely sell to the public.

Here he has combined with Ned Washington to write a song which will give many of us a great deal of pleasure in the singing. It probably has never occurred to you but we who interpret and present popular songs for you over the radio, can lend just so much more sincerity and feeling when the tune is really one that inspires us, and even the simplest song may do it if it has just that indescribable something which every outstanding song must have.

I presume Joe Keit selected this song for the firm of Remick; if so he has certainly chosen wisely. Rather than attempt to describe the construction lyrically or melodically of the song, I would suggest that you listen for it over your loud speaker, and you will find it kind, indeed, to your ears unless you are unhappy in love, when you will probably find it not only the expression of your thoughts, but a song you would like to have the other party hear.

It should be done extremely slowly, in just the way Bing does it.

"Goodnight, My Love"

IT IS a time-proven adage that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery; and successful product or person knows imitators galore. "Ballyhoo" magazine, which has been a gold mine for its founders, is now going through the throes of imitation almost to duplication. Likewise in popular songs the outstanding popular hit finds itself followed by songs using the same phrases, the same ideas, and almost the same melodic twists. This is not to be wondered at, as it is only natural that others would like to enjoy the same success, but rather than achieve it by originating something different, they prefer to secure it, if possible, by following the way which has been shown to be successful.

"Goodnight Sweetheart" has become the slogan for a dozen or so "Goodnight" songs. Not that the word "Goodnight" alone is responsible for the phenomenal success of "Goodnight Sweetheart" from the selling standpoint, but still no one can account for the tremendous popularity of the song, so others who would like to secure the same results feel that they must play safe and at least title their songs with "Goodnight."

The general idea of "Goodnight Sweetheart" was "Goodnight, Dear, Till We Meet Tomorrow." You must not be surprised if you find a run of songs expressing the same sentiment one after another. Mr. Walter Donaldson has written a very fine song in "Goodnight Moon," and now the writers of "Sweet and Lovely" have combined to write "Goodnight My Love."

The saving grace, at least in this particular case, is that it is published by the publisher of "Goodnight Sweetheart." There is also absolution for the imitators, as in this case they wrote a waltz instead of a fox trot.

It is a lovely waltz, perhaps too lovely. To me it is worthy of a place on a program of semi-classical music, at least the class of music that is used for the accompaniment of ballet dancing, or for a particular scene in a picture. As a popular song I am doubtful that it will achieve the same popularity as its predecessor.

The Robbins organization, which is hitting on all eight, will see that you hear a great deal of it in the months to come. I am sure that its writers will not be a bit hurt if you like it and play it.

"One More Kiss"

ANOTHER song of the same vein as "Goodnight Sweetheart," though originally written years before the advent of "Goodnight Sweetheart," is this bright snappy tune which was brought to my attention by the lovely singing voice of Bobby Borger of George Olson's orchestra. The song was originally written by an amateur, an orchestra leader, Art Kogan, and was played a great deal in Atlantic City. The keen ear of Archie Fletcher, always looking for hit material, saw possibilities in the song.

He gave it to Peter de Rose and Charlie Tobias, for a necessary revision, but the original haunting twist of the song which caught his ear, is the thing that will make the song, if it is going to be popular—at least one of its saving graces is that it may be played brightly, and you will rarely hear it played improperly unless some band leader with a perverse idea of tempo decides to play it very slowly.

We take 36 seconds in the playing of one chorus, and the firm of Joe Morris is working on this one song at the present time.

"Kiss by Kiss"

PHIL KORNHEISER, director for twenty years of the destinies of Leo Feist, Inc., one of the manniken-makers of Broadway, who has helped more than a score of some of Broadway's biggest names on their way to fame, and who, for the past year and a half, has been, like George Marlo, struggling for that first outstanding hit, is still holding his head high and carrying on.

Phil's nearest approach to a sensational hit was "Pardon Me Pretty Baby." It is possibly that fact that has inclined him to have a great deal of faith in Meskill, Klages and Vincent Rose. Those three boys have individually and collectively written a great many songs. Vincent Rose, especially, can always point back proudly to his "Whispering," "Avalon," "Linger Awhile," and more recently, "Were You Sincere." And the other two boys are not far behind him in ability.

Their words, after demonstrating "Kiss by Kiss" to Kornheiser, were "If you don't like this, then you don't know a hit when you see one!" While that may be a bit exaggerated on their part, I think it is an extremely fine fox trot, and as titles go it is outstanding. Jack Robbins is of the opinion that a title does not mean as much as most publishers believe. Rather does Jack believe

that if the story can be told in the first eight measures, such as "Goodnight Sweetheart, Till We Meet Tomorrow," then titles should not be given such undue importance.

I am rather inclined to agree with Mr. Robbins that too much stress has been placed upon titles, that it is the melody of the chorus, and especially the opening eight measures that either catches the listener's attention and holds it, or fails to do so. "Kiss by Kiss" is a great title, with a very lilting melody and a very catchy thought. Whether it will attain those sensational heights of popularity is again for Mr. and Mrs. Public to determine.

Where other bands may play the chorus in thirty-six seconds or less, we take a minute and five seconds, thereby unscrambling the tune enough for you to understand what it is all about.

GOOD LUCK FOR 1932, PHIL!

"If I Ever Meet the Girl of My Dreams"

THE notes of the bugle call have always offered an opportunity to songwriters to build their songs around these fascinating notes of "G," "C," and "E."

Little Jack Little evidently has felt the charm of the bugle call and has incorporated in a very lovely waltz these three notes as he begins his chorus. It is a tricky waltz at best. By tricky I mean that it is rather difficult for a singer or a "lead" instrument to get the notes in exactly. The Connecticut Yankees made more work of it than was necessary, until I finally convinced them that it was not half so difficult as it seemed.

A few minutes before our first Fleischmann broadcast of it, I thought that the bugle call played by the trio of brass, arranged in an artistic way, would serve as a very fine introduction, and Cliff Burwell scratched out my idea, and in a twinkling the brass was playing it as though they had been playing it for years.

We gave the song a fine send-off, playing 4 choruses of it on that particular Thursday night.

Little Jack Little's wife and guiding mentor, Tee Little, like the wives of so many song-writers, has taken a hand in the writing of this, Jack's latest opus. Her lyrical job is a good one, and as there have not been any songs dealing with the idea of Dream Girl since "The Vagabond Lover" and "Sweetheart of All My Dreams," the song comes as a welcome relief.

On account of the bugle call triplet, I would suggest that the entire waltz be played more slowly than is customary, thereby enabling one to articulate the lyrics on those particular notes and get some sense out of what is being sung.

(Continued on page 74)

Beauty Wins Anyway

(Continued from page 29)

and one man was not very polite. In fact he gruffly said in her presence that he couldn't imagine what mothers could be thinking of these days letting their youngsters run around bothering busy people when they should be in school. That was the unkindest cut of all. She was very unhappy when she went to bed that night. And she cried a little before she went to sleep.

In the morning just as she was counting over the little money she had left and was about to go down for a cup of coffee there was a knock at her door. A bellboy told her a "Gen'leman was awaitin' fuh huh down staih's."

"Aha, a repentant manager, perhaps, ready to give her a trial." She hurried down, looking around for a minute then found herself in a grand hug in her daddy's arms. They had hunted frantically for her and at last discovered she was registered at the hotel. She was persuaded to return home and grow a little more so managers would not always be asking about her mother.

"And if you will go to Mount Vernon Seminary in Washington for four years and still want to go on the stage we will try to help you in your ambitions," said Betty's mother when calm had been fully restored in the Council household. Betty thought it over soberly and agreed to the bargain.

Followed then four years of real study and a vast accumulation of knowledge as to the ways of the world as they are revealed in Washington, D. C. Finished with this course and some experience in amateur school theatricals Betty was ready for her parents to go through with their end of the bargain.

She headed for New York immediately and entered the American Academy of Dramatic Art (Sargent's) in the autumn of 1927 when she was just seventeen. A year of study here and then hard times came a-knockin' at de do' and Betty, just as hundreds of thousands of others, felt the pinch. Her parents were no longer able to pay her way. But they prayed for her success if she wished to continue toward her goal on her own wings.

Drawing the curtain of her sheltered past behind her she stepped forth to conquer the booking barons of Manhattan's great Playway. She was more charming than ever. Nobody would be asking her about her mother now. But here too she found beauty had come to flutter and flame from all parts of the world. The stones of Broadway were hard to her feet. The faces in theatrical offices were hard. But she would not give up as she assailed door after door. Then she came to a great producer who was very kind, who understood, and who proved his sincerity by giving her

a chance as understudy to Ann Harding in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Oh, what she would do in that role if she ever had a chance to play it! But Ann Harding was in the pink of health at the beginning and every day she seemed to be getting even pinker. So that situation passed and she had a better break as ingenue in "Thou Shalt Not."

There was no fault to be found with Betty's acting but something about the play did not have the power to drag in sufficiently paying audiences off the street and the show folded up before it ever reached New York. Betty kept her chin up and her feet on the ground and the good producer who had faith in her beauty and talent found a place for her to understudy in "All the King's Men" in which Grant Mitchell was starred. "Love Bound" paused to give her a part but she found it was bound for the warehouse before she had joined it.

Then came Elsie Ferguson in "Scarlet Pages" and Betty had a chance to understudy Claire Luce, who had an important part. In fact it may have been too important under the circumstances as Miss Luce seemed to be performing under difficulties. Her nerves were frayed. And scarcely had Betty learned the lines before she received a summons. Caire Luce was confined to her bed with a nervous breakdown.

Without even a chance for a rehearsal Betty had to step into the role and perform. She was immediately recognized and acclaimed as a new find for Broadway. In fact her charm and beauty were too well recognized. Things began to happen. Later, a critic sitting in one of the front rows heard and saw things as Betty went on that were not in the lines of the play. He wrote about it the next day. And the story was out concerning a tragedy behind the scenes.

Betty withdrew from the cast unnerved and heart-broken. Another understudy was prepared as she had been. She had met many discouragements. The stage life had lost all of its glamour. Everything seemed a sham. She was on the point of renouncing it all when a friend who had been very kind talked to her about radio.

"I have a part for you right now on the True Story Hour if you will take it," he said.

"But I have never seen a radio broadcast," she demurred.

"I'll train you. You have the voice, the personality, the dramatic training and natural instinct. You have beauty and charm—"

"Thanks for the bouquets but what good will beauty and charm do anyone in a broadcasting studio? Nobody ever sees the person who broadcasts."

"Oh you'd be surprised," laughed her friend. "The old mike just knows and pipes it across to the listener almost as good as a pair of eyes."

After hours of rehearsal with a floor lamp acting the role of a microphone Betty was declared ready for an audition. At the studios she was introduced as an actress of wide experience. She performed like an old timer.

She has been appearing on many programs during the past year. But she is best known for her own true self today as the mistress of ceremonies on the Ponds Hour every Friday night. And from the letters received she thinks that after all the listeners do not have to see you to like you and if you keep trying you can win anyway.

Derides Bureau Control

(Continued from page 47)

business groups. He would like them transferred to the control of politicians.

"Would this be a change for the better?"

"Maybe the politicians would have the energy and artistic ambition and real courage which was shown by certain private broadcasters when they determined to put the Metropolitan Opera on the air, and carried the project through with sensational success.

"The politicians might put on the air such worthwhile and educational features as the recent radio debate on reparations between Norman Thomas and Representative McFadden; such superb musical programs as the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra broadcasts directed by Leopold Stokowski; such balm for the souls of millions of love-sick, romance-damp boys and girls as the sloppy but comforting croonings of Rudy Vallee, Morton Downey, Russ Columbo and Bing Crosby.

"It might happen with radio under political control, but we have our doubts.

"Politicians are too apt to let their friends in on a good thing, and to bow to organized special groups. The air would probably become much more loaded with political propaganda and appeals for this and that worthy but tiresome cause than it is now loaded with advertising.

"There is just something about politics which doesn't mix with entertainment. Censors kill the best lines in shows, suppress the most interesting books. It will be a long time before many Americans will want to soak up much education from radio in their homes. Until most Americans do want such education, let's leave radio largely to the professional showmen (they put on the best shows), supported by private capital (it doesn't have to ask about a ham performer's politics before it bounces him)."

The editors of Radio Digest look upon these two newspaper editorials as forerunners of a new and better relationship between the press and radio.

MARCELLA

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

TODDLES, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, her Empress Eugenie feather wilting under the heavy downfall of rain—and your own Marcella subways to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Redferne Hollinshead in Yonkers, the other Saturday where we spent one of the most delightful afternoons in many a month. Mr. Hollinshead is not broadcasting now and expects to make a tour of Canada—if he is not already on it at this writing. With all of the fans still inquiring where “Holly” is and why he’s not broadcasting, a sponsor, in search of a good program, should veer his gaze toward Yonkers. Of course, Holly is kept quite busy with his solo-ing at Grace Church and with engagements at exclusive functions. He sang for us Dvorak’s *Goin’ Home*, and when he reached those top notes, it was as if he had touched some goal far beyond our grasp. And as he climbed up and landed on that vast reach, what a song of triumph it was.

* * *



Jack Denny

He will appear in an American Safety Razor Co. series over CBS. He’s married, is about 37, and belongs to the growing tribe of six footers. Old time radio listeners will remember Jack Denny and his Frivolity Club when they broadcast over WMCA in the days before WEAJ reared its head above the radio waves. There is only one Canadian-blooded member in Denny’s orchestra. The rest are emigrants from Broadway. The letterheads of this famous orchestra bear the crest of the Prince of Wales—they are the only group of musicians that have this privilege, which may account for their swank.

TO EDITH JOHNSTON and other Herbie Kay worshipers: Mr. Kay is not married yet—and very firmly answers in the negative when the question is put to him but that’s because he is only twenty-four. At this young age he is the composer of these very popular songs: *This Is a Night Made for Love*, *Nona* and *My One Love* in which Ross Metzger collaborated with him. If ever



H. Kay
(MCA photo)

the Blackhawk Cafe in Chicago and the offices of music publishers close up, Mr. Kay can return to the insurance brokerage business for he’s a licensed insurance broker and realtor. With most city-bred persons he used to share the great ambition of owning a farm, but it doesn’t look as if he’s headed toward raising wheat for Uncle Sam with his present popularity with radio listeners.

* * *

DEAR ESTEY—thanks for your whimsical letters, good wishes and calendar. Toddles especially, gurgles with delight over your delightful notes, and every once in a while when I can’t find her, she is somewhere in a corner churning over some delectable phrase where you have complimented her.

* * *

JOHNNY HAMP is thirty years of age, runs short of six inches to join the six footers and weighs 160 pounds. Is a graduate of Franklin Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., class of ’22. The first chapter in the success of his orchestra opened at the home of Senator Edge of New Jersey when he was a host at a special dinner dance held in honor of the late President Harding at the Sea View Country Club in Atlantic City. Immediately following this he was given a contract at the Ambassador Hotel in America’s playground succeeding Paul Whiteman



J. Hamp

who was returning to New York. It is the low sweet rhythmic sweep of his music that is so enchanting to his audiences.

* * *

BERNARD JOSEPH CUMMINS—known to



B. Cummins

us rad-dio listeners as Bernie Cummins was born on March 10th, 1902, in Akron, Ohio. He is one of ten children. Now married to a New York heiress. From professional boxing to conducting is a big leap, but Bernie did it and landed in the lap of fame. He started his orchestra at Cincinnati in 1923 at a quaint little place called “Toadstool Inn.” And from there he went to the Ambassador Hotel, Club Madrid in Philadelphia, Biltmore Hotel, New York and Congress Hotel, Chicago. His hobbies are golf, baseball and football.

* * *

LUCILLE LAVIGNE writes to our Editor, “Many thanks for the very fine space and preferred position given to Lew Conrad. I am glad you very generously gave him this tribute. His success has been attained after long, uphill work and in spite of continual obstacles placed in his path. Will you please thank and compliment Mr. Chaplin on his article? I only wish I had known that he was planning it and I would have given him some additional recent information such as the fact that Mr. Conrad is now Musical Director of the Hotel Statler in Boston. He named his orchestra after three loyal little fans from the University of Chicago who write in to him after his broadcasts and sign themselves Conrad’s Three Musketters. Lew somehow has the faculty for inspiring ardency and a zeal for interest in his welfare. A devout little fan sends him amulets to wear for his protection and another burns candles and offers up Novenas of prayer.” Well, with such good wishers, Lew certainly should be protected every step of the



Steve Cisler

way. Thanks Lucille for the information.

* * *

STEVE CISLER, formerly of WLS and WGAR is now WMBD-ing in Peoria, Ill. Just a week or so before he took over

the job at this station as assistant director, he stepped into the R.D. offices and told us of his plans. Steve is six feet tall, has blue eyes and has a very quiet air about him. He began broadcasting from a small high school station in Omaha and then jumped to Hot Springs. Took his degree in journalism and makes use of his knowledge of this subject continuously in the writing of radio plays and continuity. Very often, a housewife in town or country, upon answering the doorbell will find Cisler smiling benignly from those blue eyes of his and asking her, not what kind of a carpet sweeper she uses, neither does he pull out a washing machine from his vest pocket and start demonstrating it on the front porch. He merely asks her what kind of a radio program she likes and he comes away, having formed a very pleasant acquaintance and with a knowledge of what WGAR listeners are anxious to hear.

* * *

MAY HICKLING who is associated with the Hawarden Pioneers of Hawarden, Saskatchewan, writes, "In answer to Mrs. Millie Sage's inquiry regarding the name of the singer on the records made by Jack Hylton's orchestra of the song, *Sitting on a Two-Barrad Gate*, it is Grace Fields (in private life Mrs. Archie Pitt.)" So glad you enjoy our chats and thanks for your good wishes, May, and your interest in writing.

* * *

MARC WILLIAMS is the tall, handsome cowboy crooner over KSTP, St. Paul, Minn. According to Peggy of Indianapolis, one of his admirers, he is only 28 and still single. There is only one creature that is unappreciative of Marc's talents—his former pet broncho on dad's ranch at Midlothian, Texas. And just to show that fame means nothing to this brazen pony, he sniffed, as the Crooner betook himself on his back, and bucked and kicked. Marc was thrown almost high enough to touch the North Star, but although he missed that particular



Marc Williams

one, many of the other constellations kept company with him on his way down. The pony and Marc have still to come to terms. The Cowboy Crooner learned his songs from his grandfather on the same old ranch. At the University of Texas he joined the University band as a saxophone player. Later he formed his own college band and made a few trips around, thus earning enough for his college education. Equipped with a B.A. degree, which by the way did not serve him in good stead on the back of the pony, he next turned his toes in the direction of an M.D. But his talent as a singer won for him the honored title of C.C. and Cowboy Crooner he has been ever since.

* * *

HARRY B. HALL is out in Hollywood broadcasting over KFWB. Toddles and I had the pleasure of meeting his charming wife over a cup of tea at the Hotel Bretton Hall not long ago, and for a few brief moments we talked about things in general and things in particular. Mr. Hall is a graduate of the University of Southern California and made his debut in radio some six years ago. He was a soft shoe dancer in vaudeville, and buh-lieve me, it's valuable experience to have around a studio where the radio equipment is so sensitive that one isn't even allowed to touch the floor when walking.



George Hall

* * *

SYLVIA FROOS, the young singer who has created such a sensation on the radio, and whose name appears regularly every day in newspaper and magazine columns, has her eighteen years just crammed with interesting occurrences. She has everything from dolls to sandwiches named after her, and it just remains for a new continent, or a river to be christened Sylvia Froos or "Princess Little Ear" which is the title conferred upon her by an ancient Indian chief who was captivated by one of her performances.



Sylvia Froos

* * *

FOR Dee Anderson and Charlotte Hamclin: Guy Hunter, sightless entertainer over WAAT, New Jersey, is not married and has no children. He writes, "I am very fond of children and they are generally to be found where I am. I employ a boy as a guide and I am happiest when some of his young

friends are around where I can hear them playing, even when I am busy. Though I have been broadcasting almost twelve years, I would rather listen to good radio programs than eat, and I like to do that. I am very fond of reading, and take all the magazines published in braille for the blind." Mr. Hunter was born blind. He attended a school for the blind but left earlier than he had planned. In his home town he played for private dances. Then he began to work in theatres and vaudeville. He has been on one radio program for two years and neither he nor his radio audience has tired of it.

* * *

THE cheery, energetic greeting of "Hello, hello, hello" ushers in Allen Prescott's interesting, zestful program WINS, formerly WGBS. His voice, his manner of presentation, his dramatic ability qualify him to handle any important program, and if Marcella's and Toddles' vision are not failing, we prophesy that more than a local audience will be hearing his voice very soon. Prescott hails from St. Louis, but he has been in New York ever since he was a child and therefore dubs himself a New Yorker. Is a graduate of the New York Military Academy, worked for Paramount Pictures and runs a news column for one of the New York papers.



Allen Prescott

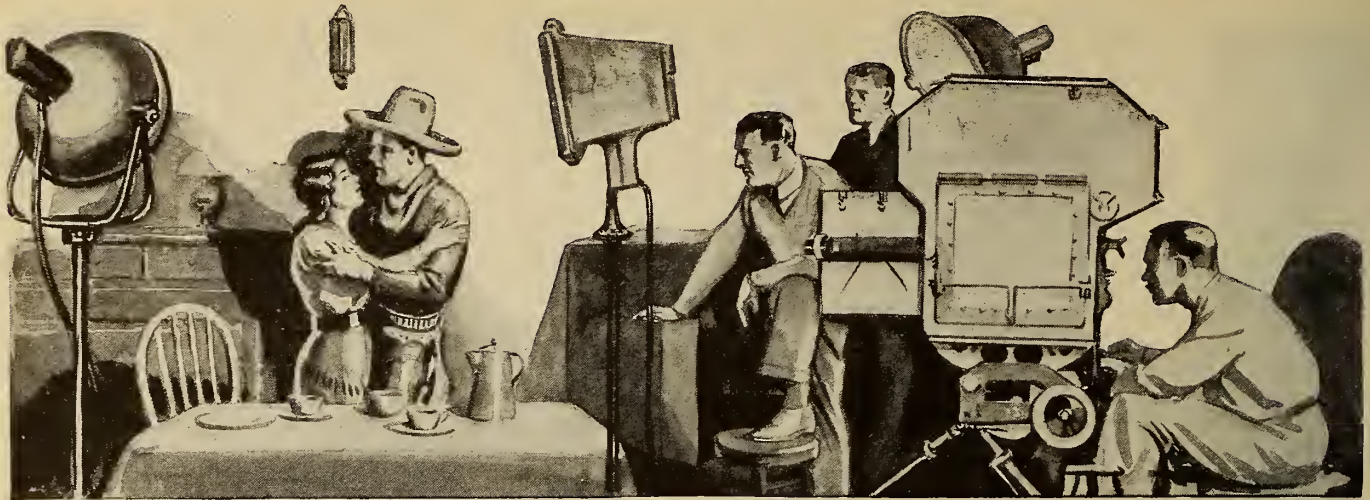
* * *

NOTES for General Public: Bill Hay does speak from Chicago. Helen Stone of Bloomington, Ill. who signs herself Another Little Bird—I presume she wants to be included in the Tribe of Toddles, sends a newspaper clipping to the effect that John Brodhead, known to radio listeners as Al Cameron has just been married to Miss Gertrude Frane. Yes, Mrs. Lee, Irma Glen is married. It happened a year ago Valentine's day—and Mr. Ted Hill, a Chicago business man was the bridegroom. Ethel Shikrallah will find Carveth Wells over the following NBC network every Sunday morning from 10:00 to 10:30 a. m. CST: WENR, Chicago, WOC, Davenport, WHO, Des Moines, WDAF, Kansas City, WOAI, San Antonio, WBAP, Fort Worth, WKY, Oklahoma City and KVOO, Tulsa. Via electrical transcription he is heard over the following: KFBB, WBBZ, WRVA, KTHS, KGNO and WAAM.

(Continued on page 78)



Guy Hunter



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Station Parade

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

Savage Entertainment Feature at WOV

MEMBERS of the Royal Family of Ubangi recently were heard on station WOV in New York when the latest contingent of these big lipped African savages were presented over that station by Edward Gibbons who acted as inquiring reporter through an interpreter, and attempted to get the low down on the Ubangis.

The so called "Royal Family" consists of King Gnauble and his four wives who are on tour in this country. Their collective highnesses created quite a stir during the broadcast when the King himself decided that his time was worth more than the new twenty-five cent piece with which they had induced him to talk, and set up a native roar that was not to be denied until one of the studio officials rushed out, and returned with a bottle of near beer to sooth the jaded savage.

Local critics found the broadcast novel, but were somewhat reluctant in commenting on the radio possibilities of the Ubangis.

Yankee Network Opens Radio School

OPENING up new opportunities for talented singers and musicians has become the new task of the artists bureau recently established in the main studio at Boston of the Yankee Network. The auditions studios are located in Boston at WNAC and already many artists have been able to find their place in the radio sun through this service.

After a long survey of the field to find just how much of a demand there was for such an artists' service where stations could secure new talent, Mr. John Shepard came to the conclusion that the facilities of the Yankee network would be ideally suited.

This will not only enable the artist



Here is handsome Phillip Symons, chief announcer at WCDA in New York. He used to be a sailor and someone suggested he try radio. He did, with the result that he is now on the way up the ladder as an announcer and glad he deserted the sea.

to secure radio engagements but will put the individual in touch with theatres tentative to personal appearances and will serve as a connecting link in many ways. This is a new step in New England and one that should provide the fans with many interesting programs before the season is over.

Bart McHugh New WIP Vice-President

THE appointment of Bart McHugh as vice president of the WIP-WFAN Broadcasting Company has been announced by President Benedict Gimble. Mr. McHugh has been with the organization since it was founded a year ago and has had general charge of the studios for that time. He will continue as studio manager.

Nat Ayer is a young man who has been causing many a flutter in feminine hearts because of his songs over WIP-WFAN and his fan mail is one of the studio's heaviest. Only three months ago Nat presented himself at the studio for an audition and after he had sung one number the officials there invited him to sign a contract. He did not have to go on the air and it took a great deal of persuading to get him to sign. After his very first program letters and phone calls flooded the studios and since then his popularity has jumped daily.

Kentucky Collegians Heard through WHAS

THE Blue and White orchestra, a dance combination made up of University of Kentucky students is proving to be one of the most popular attractions at WHAS in Louisville. Every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon hundreds of feminine hearts turn flip-ups when the strains of "Along the Highway of Love," the theme song of the "Blue and Whiter," comes over the air.

The broadcast originates right on the campus of the university and is relayed by special control to the main studios of WHAS eighty miles away in Louisville. "Spud" Spaulding is the featured vocalist on these programs and that is another reason for the many feminine fans. "Spud" has a particularly pleasing baritone voice and his fan mail is more times than not scented with all



Agnes Marie Yopko, dramatic actress, musician, soprano, and continuity writer at Pittsburgh's station KQV. She is best known as "Ann" in the domestic sketch, "Tad and Ann."

of the delightful perfumes affected by the ladies on their lavender correspondence sheets. Any young radio fan in the Midwest will tell you all you want to know about this aggregation.

Beg Pardon!

IN THIS section of the January issue a picture of Tremlette Tully was printed and the caption stated that she was connected with WCKY at Covington, Ky. It appears that Radio Digest was in error and we are happy at this time to correct the statement. Miss Tully having relinquished her post at WCKY is now affiliated with WKRC at Cincinnati and is in charge of that station's dramatics.

Pittsburgh Boasts Versatile Minstrel

ELMER J. WALTMAN, better known as Brother Henry of the KQV Thirty Minute Minstrels is a veteran minstrel man and has held down one of those posts on KQV's program of negro humor of the past two seasons. He used to be a vaudeville black facer but has changed his talent to the studios. Blackface dialect is by no means his only stock in trade for his Irish and Italian impersonations have gained him fame over this station. They say he is a born pessimist—he just won't like anything and that he is without scruples and will do almost anything for money except work.

Detroit Station Claims Oldest Air Orchestra

HY STEED and his WMBC Commodores are called one of Detroit's most popular orchestras, and justly so. The Commodores are on the air several times during the day's broadcast and their programs include both the popular and the classical. They have been recently appointed the official



WBT in Charlotte, N. C., is mighty proud of their Melody Maids. The maids are just as full of smiles, apparently, as they are melody. From top to bottom: Grace Johnson, Elsie Moseley, and Ruth Holly.



Here's the King of the Ubangi savages, and a handful of his wives as they appeared last month in WOV's studios for their radio debut. Edward Gibbons, brother of Floyd, asked questions of the King and was able to get his answers through an interpreter.

studio orchestra for WMBC. Prior to that they were considered one of the oldest orchestras on the air based on the number of years they had been broadcasting in that neck of the woods. Their total time on the air is in the neighborhood of five thousand hours which you must admit is a pretty nice neighborhood. The Commodores have been heard over WMBC over a period of two years.

WHBU Broadcasts Season's Basketball

THE Central States radio fans have been the recipients of some rare treats in the broadcasting of their favorite basketball during the past four years, and this year they will be glad to know that they can keep their fingers at the pulse of this exciting game. WHBU at Anderson, Indiana has taken an active part in these athletic broadcasts with studio manager Al McKee doing the microphoning from the floor. Mr. Anderson, or "Ol' Corntop" as he is affectionately known to his fans has been handling basketball for years and knows the game inside out as well as each of the players. His record is nearly two hundred games and that is a lot of basketball.

The biggest Indiana event of the year in this sport comes when the state tournament is played off at the end of the season. It is then that "Ol' Corntop" is in his glory and nightly during the tournament he is at the floor shooting the details of the games play by play over his WHBU microphone.

"Monkey Club"

In Middle West

MICHIGAN, Indiana and Ohio are infested with monkeys, according to reports received from the program director at WKZO at Kalamazoo,

Michigan. This startling news has come to light during the past three months at which time Bob Fidler announcer at WKZO recruited Clint Smith and his old time dance orchestra from the field of playing at barn dances and deposited them with all hands safe in the WKZO studios. These boys organized a hill-billy club on the air and called it the Monkey Club.

Requirements for membership are quite simple. This angle is of course in keeping with the policy of the club which it might be said is decidedly "simple minded." Any person writing to the Monkey club and either panning or praising the program becomes a life member. An average of five hundred letters a week from brother and sister Monkeys throughout the territory have convinced this station that the little simians are in great numbers throughout the Middle West and are collecting themselves at the KMZO Monkey Club house where the program is heard every week day at one o'clock in the afternoon.

WTMJ Introduces New Sports "Mike"

RATHER than have their announcer chained to the "mike" as are most of the sports commentators, Russ Winnie at WTMJ in Milwaukee has turned the tables and fastened the mike to him.

Thus Russ, who is surprisingly active despite his two hundred pounds can move around in all directions and still have the instrument with him.

The device includes a regular condenser microphone of the latest type and was developed by WTMJ engineers exclusively for this announcer who is somewhat of a local idol in Milwaukee sport circles for his broadcasts. The amplifying tubes and other mechanics are contained in the box which can be carried on a strap slung over the shoulders. The mike can be placed at any angle and whether on a flat surface or on the announcer's chest it has been found extremely useful.

* * *

Kan du Spraka Svenska? Sprechen Sie Deutsch? Mowisz po Polsku? Parlez vous Francais? No, and very few of us can, but the announcers at WTMJ are in a position to handle programs in any of the above languages which include Swedish, German, French and Polish.

Out of the staff of fourteen announcers there are eight different nationalities represented and in case the talk swings to local Leagues of Nations, why, Milwaukee is prepared to go in for it in a big way. Here's the list of announcers and the languages they savvy:

Louis Roen, Norwegian; Russ Winnie, Dutch; A. J. Lukasewski, Polish; Gene Emerald, Danish; Tom Coates,



Claude Beck, announcer, baritone, continuity writer and what have you at KFLV at Rockford, Ill., is one of that station's busiest young men.

Irish; Merl Blackburn, English; Larry Teich, German; Stanley Morner, Swedish; Elwyn Owen, Welch; Bob DeHaven, French, Myrtle Spangenberg, German; Bill Perrin, English; Bill Benning, German; Larry Lawrence, Scotch.



Here is the group in charge of WTAM's drama department. From left to right: Elmer Lehr, Raye Wright, Mildred Funnell, Jack Clubbly, Warren Wade (seated) and Ellen Mahar. Their realistic presentations have attracted wide attention.

College Education On Station WHA

SHORTLY before the first of the year WHA in Madison, Wisconsin, presented the first of a series of educational programs from the University of Wisconsin. At that time it was something new. Officials there were uncertain whether the public would turn to their radios to be educated when there was so much in the entertainment field to tempt them from a more cultural if not more entertaining program.

Since that initial broadcast however, WHA has found the broadcasts of educational features to be one of their highlights. Up to now the programs have featured lectures on topics of the day and have been handled by some of the university's most able professors. These lectures are interspersed with text book classes where by tuning in you can be instructed in French, Latin history and even mathematics. Here's an ideal chance for any of you who wish you had spent more time at college to make up for time that is lost and educate yourself while sitting in your own easy chair.



Eddy Hanson, staff organist at WCFL, has been broadcasting for seven years. He is truly one of the pioneers and a Chicago favorite over various other stations.

Mike Childs a Veteran At this Music Business

THE story of Mike Childs, conductor of one of St. Louis' most popular orchestras, heard over KMOX, takes you back almost twenty years to the time when Mike, at the age of nine, pleaded in vain with his father to buy him a violin so that he could be a musician. The senior Childs demurred at this request and so little Mike was forced to abandon the idea until at a later date he found it possible to get his own violin. Soon he began to assert himself in the local musical events about St. Louis.

He played in orchestras everywhere and as time rolled by he came to be one of the favorite sons of St. Louis. Then he appeared at KMOX for his first radio work and almost instantly he was put on a commercial. Since then he has been heard on hundreds of programs over this station and has built up a large and devoted army of fans. Of course not all of his broadcasts have been over KMOX but he is back at that station now and they would have you know he is there for keeps if the studio officials have anything to say about it. Mike is happy to be back at the scene of his early endeavors and everyone is happy.

KMOX in St. Louis has added a school of Radio Continuity Writing to supplement its training school now well established there. The new school is

under the able direction of David B. Flourney who has had many years experience in this particular field. Mr. Flourney is a graduate of the University of Missouri and holds the coveted key of Phi Beta Kappa.

As an extra incentive to students KMOX has contracted to buy from the radio school, the best manuscript produced by a student during the course. And in addition to this the studio will endeavor to place others of the scripts on the market for other stations.

It might be said that Bob Price, crooning tenor on this station, has been brought up in music and make no mistake he knows all his sharps and flats. Since he was six years of age Bob has studied music and now that he is making his mark as a radio crooner those early years of study are serving him in good stead. His talent is not limited to his singing for he also picks a mean banjo when the spirit moves and tickles the piano and drums. Mike Childs, staff orchestra director at KMOX takes the laurel for bringing Bobby to radio for it was Mike who first induced him to try his hand at the game and gave him a job as vocalist for his orchestra. Bobby has been heard over the Columbia network, keyed through KMOX.

WGN Funsters Have Tables Turned

TOM, Dick and Harry who manufacture laughs for the ladies over WGN each week day morning had the laugh turned on them one day last week. A woman admirer sent the boys a jar of home made raspberry jam and like a bunch of kids they opened it in the studio for a sample. It didn't take the jam long to attach itself to everything in the studio, and there was jam on the piano, the microphone and even the pages of the music were jammed together. Consequently there was plenty of ad libbing when the boys couldn't get their music open. It proved a gala time while it lasted and the pay off came when Miss Katherine Roche, studio hostess, made the boys get soap and water and wash up the debris. Now they are not so anxious to receive morsels at the studio although they, of course, appreciate the lady's good intentions.

Big Timers Thrill WCLO Organ Fans

IT'S only a 100 watt station but WCLO at Janesville, Wis., boasts two artists of real big time calibre. They are Walt Goetzing, organist and composer of no small ability; and Art Sellner artist, continuity writer and announcer, both in regular service.

Walt went to WCLO after twenty years of organ playing in motion picture theatres and orchestra directing for vaudeville houses. It was during his years in the theatre that he gained his experience in showmanship which fits him for his all around job at WCLO as production manager as well as studio organist.

Art Zellner went to radio work after six years in front of a newspaper typewriter, during which time he devoted much of his spare time to writing amateur theatricals and performing in them. He is now in charge of the dramatic programs at this station and his staff of some twenty odd voices including several dialects form an important item of his stock in trade. One of this station's most popular programs is when these two get together for their half-hour program of old-time recitations each week.

New Music Makers Pep up WLW Programs

"HARMONICA BILL" known to his intimates as Bill Russell has come to roost at WLW in Cincinnati and with Jack Saatkamp the new assistant musical director at that station have generally pepped up the musical broadcasts from the Crosley station.

Both of these boys are troupers and Jack Saatkamp was one of the music officials for the Shubert Brothers for many years. Prior to that he had played in orchestras in vaudeville and in night



Mildred Cook's delightful soprano voice has endeared her to thousands of enthusiastic WGAR listeners as she solos on "The Lamp-lit Hour" at this Cleveland station.

clubs and hotels. He made his debut in the music field at the age of eighteen when he joined a dance band, and only two years later he had organized his own group of players and started to blaze the trail that has led him to WLW.

"Harmonica Bill" likewise has been through the mill in vaudeville. This virtuoso of the harmonica learned his art while serving his enlistment in the Navy and after he left that service decided that a career in show business was his for the taking. Those who have heard him will be interested in knowing that he plays all his tunes on a simple and not at all elaborate instrument. In fact he prefers a cheap reed harmonica to the more expensive kind. The trick is to play it, he says.

"Life of Joneses"

Draws Comment

WAY down South in Shreveport, La., they've been broadcasting a program called the "Life of the Joneses" and station KWKH calls it their one hundred per cent American program. The fan mail which this fifteen minute broadcast rates indicates that a lot of folks are interested in this homey type of entertainment.

The feature is unique in that it is carried out with a realism that has few imitators. Family life is portrayed with all its complexities, running the whole gamut of domestic disturbance brightened by a threat of good humor throughout. Clarence Jones, feature of the program and his wife Annabelle, their small son Chester and all the laws and



Faye McCarthy, director of Home Economics program at WOC. She is also in charge of station dramatics. She's just as fine and wholesome as she looks.

in-laws are the individuals about whom the story unfolds. The entire broadcast is written and presented by two people, John Paul Goodwin and Olive Henry Crane, artists of no small ability.

In all of the fan mail received by this program the key notes of the letters stress the simplicity and naturalness with which it is presented. This is the kind of a program, it would seem, that everyone gets down on the floor and listens to with rapt interest. Both Mr. Goodwin and Miss Crane are artists who have written and appeared in many radio dramas. They are both on the dramatic staff of station KWKH.

KFJF In New Quarters

THE signing of a contract for a new studio on the top floor of the Biltmore hotel in Oklahoma City brought many happy smiles to the staff and artists of station KFJF who have recently moved into the new quarters. These new studios are the last word in luxury and have been equipped with all up-to-the-minute radio fixtures for better broadcasts. KFJF is the oldest station in the state of Oklahoma having been on the air since July 4th, 1923 when they broadcast their first program which consisted of a phonograph record.

Since that time the station has been quartered in several different buildings and has carried on its activities at times under great handicaps. For the first time in Oklahoma city visitors to the studios will be able to view the actual program in the making through plate glass windows that have been installed in all studios. Dudley Shaw, station manager, and his entire staff are to be congratulated on their progress. They have been responsible for providing their state with excellent radio entertainment for many years and are at last set up in the studios they needed.

Hill-Billy Tunes Feature at KFBI

NO ONE who ever visited the hills of Arkansas has wanted to leave before hearing some of the quaint mountain tunes as played by the natives on fiddle, guitar and mandolin. These real hill-billy folks are, as a rule, reticent when it comes to demonstrating their ability before strangers and it is a rare occasion when they can be persuaded to come before a microphone.

But through tactful persuasion the managers at KFBI in Milford, Kansas, induced Pa Perkins and His Boys to come to Milford from their native hills and perform through that station for the edification of thousands of listeners. The requests for old-timer tunes come



Hank Richards, former newspaper man, now one of the busiest people in Chicago radio circles. In addition to his executive position with WFAA he also writes continuity, appears in many of the radio plays, and is something of a singer.

from practically every state in the Union all of which indicates that the program is as popular elsewhere as it is right in the heart of the Kansas plains. The program is spiced up with plenty of local color so that the music has an appropriate background.

And Montana Follows Suit

MONTANA station KFBB at Great Falls recently inaugurated a program that is proving extremely popular with its audiences. Three nights weekly the Foreman and his Montana cowboys are presented in a program of old time dance music and burlesqued plainsman poetry. The foreman with his dry, lazy drawl; Lonesome, the singing cowboy of the aggregation and Happy the fiddle playing member are drawing a large volume of fan mail. Visitors are invited into the studio to take part in the fun and they assist materially in furnishing an enthusiastic background.

"Ship of Joy" Sails From Frisco Port

KFRC in San Francisco is where the "Ship of Joy" programs are launched under the direction of Captain Hugh Barrett Dobbs and his crew of

nautical musicians. Captain Dobbs is known on the west coast as the first man to broadcast from a ship at sea on the Pacific to land listeners when he played with his ship's orchestra several months ago. He also has appeared in vaudeville with his bands and broken house records in his tours.

"R.G.M. Trio" has KFOX Guessing

KFOX is going in for mystery programs now, their latest contribution to the "guess-it" fans is the "R. G. M. Trio" who are heard in a half hour program of songs daily at 12:30 p. m. From what we can make out at this point we hear two men's voices and one girl's. But who are they? They are never referred to individually except by the initials R., G., or M. So if you care to try your luck at the guessing, tune the station in some day and see how good you are. And here's a tip for you. The three artists are all known through other programs, and by their full names at this California station.

An Accordion, and An Idea

JUST a little over a year ago a young man joined the staff of KFOX and presented that studio with an accordion and lots of ideas. One day this young man timidly suggested one of his ideas for a radio program. This program has since developed into what is known as Rural Free Delivery and its sponsor is none other than the young man with the many ideas, Jay Johnson. The action and dialogue of this program centers about the post office and general store in a rural community known as Wiggsville and it deals with the trials and tribulations of daily life as it is lived there. Twice during this program's career it has been taken off the air and each time the insistent demands of listeners have brought it back. Now it occupies a sponsored position on the daily schedule of this station and will be there for many months.

This type of program has been found

to have great appeal to KFOX fans and as a result the so-called "corn fed" programs are presented in great quantity. The Bucaroos are another group that has displayed considerable talent. The artists appearing in this presentation are all native Texas rough riders of established reputation. Their daily broadcast is arranged by way of remote control from an auditorium where they perform at rope spinning and dancing while the songs and sounds are picked up and relayed to the KFOX studios. These bona fide bucaroos are all expert riders and participate in rodeos all over the country. This is a real wild west



Pa Perkins and his boys, by golly. They've been a-playin' them hill-billy tunes for many a day now through KFBI in Milford, Kan. That's Pa hisself in the center background with the harmonica. In his cheek, that ain't toothache, that's tobaccy!

show that is made possible by radio and it is one of the highlights of coast broadcasts.

Jewish Program Broadcast on KNX

UNDER the guidance of Rabbi Mayer Winkler the "Community Synagogue of the Air" has been presented over KNX in Hollywood since its debut there on November 6th. With the Jewish sabbath beginning at sundown on Fridays, the hour chosen to broadcast this program combined with the day itself to make of this service what is believed to be the first and only authentic synagogue service now on the air.

Dr. Winkler, a learned and kindly man has attracted international atten-

tion to his radio church here. Founded on a spiritual constitution of thirteen principles designed to foster and sustain respect and good will between the Jew and Gentile, the Community Synagogue is friendly as well as unique.

KHJ Linguist Singer Commands Eleven Languages

AN ARTIST who sings in eleven different languages including Greek, Gaelic, and Yiddish is the latest feature to reach the ears of KHJ fans. The versatile artist is George Gramlich, who is a native of the state of Michigan which is in a manner of speaking as American as can be, but he has traveled extensively and mastered enough of the foreign languages to sing the songs.

He has been heard in many Fox pictures when voice doubling for some of the stars. Recently he finished a long engagement at the famous Coconut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles. While there he improvised his own arrangement of "When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba" and this became one of his favorite pieces.

His hobby is collecting folk songs and has amassed rare ballads from obscure corners of the world for this collection, including even some voodoo songs from darkest Africa. His particular forte is a rich baritone but when occasion demands he does very well as B flat tenor. His recent debut on KHJ with Raymond Paige's orchestra caused studio officials to consider that they had a find.

KHJ has arranged a special monthly symphony program to feature the works of rising American composers. This program is presented on the first Tuesday of each month and will feature Frederick Stark's orchestra. Only pieces of decided musical merit will be considered and they will be presented both as solos and as orchestrations.

This innovation seeks to bring before the public some of the many valuable works of art which at present

have no audience. Special emphasis will be placed upon the works of California music writers but this will not be to the exclusion of other ambitious composers. These concerts will continue as the popular Inglewood Park broadcasts, thus placing the new music on an established program played by the best of musicians. The Inglewood Park concerts have long been regarded as among the more important radio productions.

A "Record" Break

HERE'S one contributed by Hap and Jack, KYA's "Rapid Fire Songsters," heard over that station each night at 9:45 o'clock.

This happened back in 1928 when the pair was working on an eastern station.

They were scheduled for an audition one afternoon at 2 P. M.

The advertising committee of the company in question arrived half-an-hour early, and took seats in the audition room.

In order to entertain the prospective sponsors while waiting for the audition, the announcer turned on the audition room speaker so they could hear the program going over the air.

It was a program of phonograph records. The first record was of the famous team of Van and Schenk, singing "Southern Gals," one of their best harmony numbers.

At 2 P. M. a salesman stepped into the audition room, and found the advertising men had disappeared.

He found, however, a note, which read:

"Had to get right back to the office. Couldn't wait to see you. Heard one number. Okay. The boys are great. Bring the contract with you in the morning."

Hap and Jack didn't know whether to be pleased or scared. They had won a 26 week's contract without even an audition. But imagine trying to equal Van and Schenk for 26 weeks!

Anyhow, it all ended happily. The boys got across and the sponsors got a great laugh over their mistake.

Japanese Program at KELW

KELW is now presenting a Saturday program



Little Helen Valentine, despite her youth, is the featured performer on the "Alice in Toyland" program which is a regular feature over KECA in Los Angeles.

at 7:30 p. m. for the Japanese Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles.

There is a native orchestra with the odd instruments and weird, mystic tunes of the Orient. And of course, there is an abundance of soloists both vocal and instrumental.

It seems that the broadcast is intended to serve a two-fold purpose. It provides an entertainment feature for the Japanese of the southwest who are listening in. And it calls the attention of Americans to Japan as a tourists' mecca.

With the addition of the Japanese program, KELW resembles a miniature league of nations . . . Jewish hour, Cowboys band, Rocky Mountaineers, Japanese orchestra and other international aspects of program creation.

KGMB at Honolulu away down in the mid-Pacific is making plans whereby they can pick up and relay to their listeners the programs from the Pacific navy squadron and thus entertain resi-

dents at Honolulu as well as thousands of sailors aboard the vessels who otherwise could not receive these broadcasts.

The principal navy radio station at Schofield, thirty miles from Honolulu have their own radio system and exchange with KGMB daily. Manager Henley at KGMB comments very favorably on the fine programs from this navy station and tells us that they are responsible for some of his better features.

Incidentally, Pearl Harbor, where these stations are located is one of the largest in the world. It can take care of two navies, and at the same time run off a yacht race as they did not long ago when the Pacific fleets of the United States and Great Britain had both anchored there.

KOIL announces that they have recently arranged to have a permanent stock company present their radio plays and it is expected that this talented group will present some well acted dramas for station fans from Council Bluffs.

By the way King Harvey out at this same station who has been entertaining with western songs and his silver guitar was born in the heart of the cattle country at Safford, Arizona, but until he was eighteen years old, and that was not so long ago, he had never seen a ranch and learned all his cowboy songs from a book. To hear him you would think he had only arrived from some ranch ten minutes before his broadcast.

That crusty old sea dog Barnacle Bill the Sailor has heaved anchor at WWJ in Detroit and through that station he has been passing out his merry horse laugh to the fair damsels he has wooed and won in the far ports of the world. "Bar" as he is affectionately known about the studio admits that he finds it a bit hard at times to live up to his role and pass up some of the more tempting morsels he runs across, but with his never-say-die artistic spirit he always moves on.

Barnacle Bill himself is brought to the microphone by Eddie Bratton who presents the weekly skit with the able assistance of Walter Bastin and Les Backer playing the ladies loved and left. Every Wednesday afternoon the trusty whaler ties up at WWJ's pier and embarks on his half hour of nautical fun. Take a trip with Barnacle Bill some afternoon soon for a jolly cruise.



Baldwin McGaw, popular dramatic director for KPO, San Francisco, does his stuff. At the left, Mary Groom; at the right, Audrey Farncroft. The group on the extreme right consists of Eva DeVol, Cy Tubbe and Marsden Argall.

Chain Calendar Features

The time listed here is Eastern Standard Time. For the convenience of our readers we are giving the following key to the time when they can tune in on a program in their own territory. If a program is listed here at 7:00 p. m., it can be heard in Chicago and other cities taking Central Standard Time at 6:00 p. m., cities taking Mountain Standard Time can get it at 5:00 p. m., and the Pacific Standard Time would be 4:00 p. m. For example:

EST 7:00 p. m.—8:00 p. m.—9:00 p. m.—10:00 p. m.
CST 6:00 p. m.—7:00 p. m.—8:00 p. m.— 9:00 p. m.
MST 5:00 p. m.—6:00 p. m.—7:00 p. m.— 8:00 p. m.
PST 4:00 p. m.—5:00 p. m.—6:00 p. m.— 7:00 p. m.

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 69

These listings have been checked and corrected by the NBC and CBS and are in effect as of February 1st, 1932

Throughout Week

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES—(Daily except Sun.) 6:45 a. m.
WEAF WEEL WFI WRC WGY
WBEN SCAE CKGW

A SONG FOR TODAY—(Daily except Sun.) 7:30 a. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WJR WLW

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(Daily except Sun.) 7:45 a. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WLW

ON THE 8:15—(Daily except Sun.) 8:00 a. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
KDKA WGAR WJR WREN
WRVA WSM WKY

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:00 a. m.
WEAF WTIC WJAR WEEI
WGSB WFI WRC WGY
WCAE WBEN WTAM WWJ

SALON MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch, Conductor—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:00 a. m.
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL
WDBJ WBT WDBO WDAE
WLAC WBRG WDSU WTAQ
KMOX KMBC KFH KRLL
KTSa KDYL CFRB

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:15 a. m.
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WENR WCKY KWK WREN

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:30 a. m.
WFBL WKHW WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WDBJ WBT
WDAE WDOD WLAC WBRG
WDSU

CHEERIO—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:30 a. m.
WEAF WTIC WEEI WRC
WCKY WJZ KPRC WFI
WSB WSM WJAX WPTF
WTAG WBEN WRVA WIOD
WHAS WFLA WTAM WJDX
WJAR WGY WQW WCHS
WSMB WDAF WAPI WFBR
WNWC WIS WKY

OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.) 8:45 a. m.
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WAAB WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WTAR
WADC WHK WKRC WBT
WGST WXYZ WSPD WLAC
WBRG WDSU WISN WQW
WBMB WCCO KMOX KMBC
KJH KFJF KRLL KTSa
KDYL KLZ CFRB CKAC

TOM BRENNIE—The Laugh Club—(Daily except Sun.) 9:00 a. m.
WJZ WBAL WGAR WREN
WFAA KOA

TOM WARING'S TROUBADORS—(Daily except Wed. and Sun.) 9:15 a. m.
WEAF WTAM WTIC WEEI
WJAR WLIT WRC WFBR
WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WMAQ KSD WOC
WHO WQW

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons—(Daily ex. Sun.) 9:30 a. m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHFC WKHW WLBZ WDRC
WAAB WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAO WDBJ WADC WDBO
WDAE WXYZ WBCM WLAP
WDOD WJRC WLAC WBRG
WBSU WTAQ WGL WBBM
KSCJ WMT KMOX WNAX
KFJF WQW KDYL KLZ
CFRB

MIRACLES OF MAGNOLIA—(Daily except Sun.) 9:45 a. m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WJR
WSM WSB WJDX

RAY PERKINS—The Prince of Pineapples—(Thurs. and Fri.) 10:00 a. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WHAM
KDKA WGAR WCKY WLS
WKW WREN

MRS. BLAKE'S RADIO COLUMN—(Daily except Sun.) 10:00 a. m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCHS WFI WRC
WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI KYW WOC
KSD WHO WDAF

CINDY AND SAM—(Tues. and Thurs.) 10:30 a. m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCHS WGY WREN
WSYR

MYSTERY CHEF—(Tues. and Thurs.) 10:45 a. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLW

BIG BEN'S DREAM DRAMAS—(Tues. and Thurs.) 10:45 a. m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCHS WFI WRC
WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI WMAQ WOC

BEN ALLEY, Tenor, with Fred Berners' Orchestra—(Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.) 11:45 a. m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHFC WKBW WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WAAB WORC WGAN
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WBT WDBO WXYZ
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WBBM
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
WBSU WGL KFH KFJF
WCO ROH KVOR KDYL
CFRB

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOME CIRCLE—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.) 12:00 noon
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WGSB WLIT WRC WGY
WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ
WBA WENR KSD WDAF
WJAX WDAY KFJR WRVA
WPTF WIOD WFLA WMC
WSB WAPI WJDX WKY
KPRC WTMJ KGO KFSD
KGW KOMO KHQ KSTP
WSM WEBC WFBW WQW
WNWC WIS WSM KTHS
WFAA KSL KJAR

CHARLES BOULANGER AND HIS YOENG'S ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.) 12:00 noon
WABC W2XE WOKO WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WIP-WEAN WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WJAR WDBJ WADC WBRG
WBT WDBO WXYZ WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRG
WDSU WISN WTAQ WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KJH KFJF WCAO WENR
KGB KOL KYI KFPY
KFRC KHJ KLZ CFRB

THE REAL GEORGE WASHINGTON—(Daily except Sun.) 12:15 p. m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WRC
WCAE WMAQ WIS WIOD
WHAS WSM WSB WWJ
KSD

BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.; Sat. at 12:00 noon) 12:15 p. m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WRC
WCAE WMAQ WIS WIOD
WHAS WSM WSB WTAM
WWJ KSD CKGW CFCF

PAT BARNES IN PERSON—(Daily except Sun.) 12:15 p. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WJR
WLW WENR WTMJ KSTP
WBC

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—(Daily except Sun.) 12:30 p. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WHAM
KDKA WGAR WJR KYW
KWK WREN KFPB WRC
WJAX WDAY WJAS WBBW
WJAX KFJR WRVA WPTF
WJAX WIOD WHAS WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WSBM
WJDX KTHS KVOO KPRC
WOC WHO KOA WDAF

AUNT JEMIMA SONGS—(Tues, Wed. and Thurs.) 2:00 p. m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WHK
WKRC WXYZ WSPD WQW
WBMB KMOX KMBC

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.) 2:30 p. m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHFC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WBBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WHK WBT WDBO
WDAE WXYZ WBCM WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRG
WDSU WISN WTAQ WGL
WFBM WCCO WMT KMOX
KMBC WJW KFH KFJF
KRLL KTSa KOH KVOR
KGB KOL KYI KFPY
KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ

WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.) 3:00 p. m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCHS WFI WRC
WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI KYW KSD
WOC WHO WQW WDAF

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—(Daily except Sun.) 5:00 p. m.
WEAF WTIC WRC WGY
WTAG WJR WENR WBEN

SKIPPY—(Daily except Sun.) 5:15 p. m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCHS WFBW WLIT
WRC WGY WBEN WCAE
WTAM WWJ WSAI

SINGING LADY—(Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Fri.) 5:30 p. m.
WJZ WBAL WJR WLW

SALTY SAM, THE SAILOR—(Tues., Wed. and Thurs.) 5:30 p. m.
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WAAB WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WHK WXYZ WSPD WBBM
WCCO KMOX KMBC

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—(Daily except Sun.) 5:45 p. m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WGAR
WLW WRVA WPTF WJAX
WIOD WFLA WGN WENR
WJAX WREN KSTP WBCB
KFJR WDAY KPRC WQAI
WKY

RUSS COLUMBO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Thurs. and Fri.) 5:45 p. m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCHS WLIT WRC
WGY WBEN WWJ WSAI
WFBW WENR KSD WOC
WHO WQW

THE LONE WOLF TRIBE—An Indian Story—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.) 5:45 p. m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WCAO WVA WHK WKRC
WXYZ WSPD KMBC

RAISING JUNIOR—(Daily except Mon.) 6:00 p. m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WGAR
KYW WJBA WBEBC KSTP
WTMJ

VAUGHN DE LEATH—(Mon. and Fri.) 6:15 p. m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHFC WGR WDRC WAAB
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WLAP WADC WCAH WDOD
WREC WBT WDAE WDFU
WBRG WDBO WDAE WDFU
WISN WBCM WSPD WTAQ
WGL KFH WFBM KSCJ
KJFJ WMT KMBC KRLL
KTRH KOH KVOR WACO

THE ROYAL VAGABONDS—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.) 6:30 p. m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WLW
KWK WREN KOIL WSB
WAPI WQAI WMAQ WHAS

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas—(Daily except Sun.) 6:45 p. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WLW

SWIFT PROGRAM—The Stebbins Boys—(Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Fri.) 6:45 p. m.
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCHS WFI WRC WGY
WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI KSD

ARTHUR JARRETT—(6:45 p. m. Mon. and Wed.; 6:00 p. m. on Tues.)
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHFC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WBT WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WBCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRG WDSU
WISN WTAQ WGL WMT
WCAO WJW KFJF KRLL
KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ
CFRB

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepodent—(Daily except Sun.) 7:00 p. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM WGAR WRC WQW
WCKY WRC CKGW CFCF
WRVA WPTF WJAX WIOD
WFLA

CREMO PRESENTS BING CROSBY—(Daily ex. Sun.) 7:15 p. m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHFC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMBG WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
WCAH WBT WBG WTCO
WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WSPD KTBS KGRS WACO
WRR WCCS

At 11:00 p. m. on
WGST WBCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WNOX WBRG
WDSU WSN WQW WFBM
WGN WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMOX KMBC KLRA WMAX
WIB KFH KFJF KTRH
KTSa KOH KOIL KFBK
KOL KFPY KLZ KFRC
KHJ KDYL

TASTYEAST JESTERS—(Daily except Sun.) 7:15 p. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WCKY
WREN WRVA WPTF WJAX
WIOD WFLA

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN— 3:30 p.m. WEAF WTIC WEEL WJAR WESH WGY WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

THE THREE BAKERS— 7:30 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBR WBL

OLD SINGING MASTER— 10:15 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBR WBL

SOCOYLAND SKETCHES— 8:00 p.m. WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WESH WGY WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

FLORSHEIM FROLIC— 4:00 p.m. WEAF WEEL WTIC WJAR WESH WGY WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

CHASE AND SANBORN— 8:00 p.m. WEAF WTIC WJAR WTAG WESH WRC WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI KSD WOV WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

ERNEST HUTCHESON—Pianist and Concert Orchestra— 10:30 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WDRD WCAU W3XAU WHP WCAO WJAR WDBJ WDAE WXYZ WBCM WLAP WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM

VOICE OF FIRESTONE— 8:30 p.m. WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WESH WGY WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

THE MUSICAL SHOWMAN— 4:30 p.m. WJZ WBAL WHAM WCKA KYW KFAB CKGW

FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—Two-Piano Team— 8:00 p.m. WABC WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

THE GAUCHOS— 11:00 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WDRD WCAU W3XAU WHP WCAO WJAR WDBJ WDAE WXYZ WBCM WLAP WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

A. & P. GYPSIES— 9:00 p.m. WEAF WTIC WEEI WTAG WJAR WESH WGY WOC KSD WHO WOV WFSO WTAM WVEN WWSO WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

NATIONAL VESPER—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick— 5:00 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZA WHAM WKDKA WREN KWK KFAB WESH WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

FISS UNIVERSITY CHORUS—Spirituals. 8:15 p.m. WABC WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

CALIFORNIA MELODIES— 11:30 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WDRD WCAU W3XAU WHP WCAO WJAR WDBJ WDAE WXYZ WBCM WLAP WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA— 9:00 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBR WBL

REAL FOLKS— 5:00 p.m. WABC WADC WCAO WBBM WRCR WHK WXYZ WOV WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR— 8:15 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBR WBL

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA— 12:00 Mid. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

BOURJOIS—AN EVENING IN PARIS 9:30 p.m. WABC WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

BROOKS AND ROSS—From Chicago 5:30 p.m. WLAP WTAQ KSCJ WMT WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

ROXY THEATRE SYMPHONY—Directed by Maurice Baron— 9:00 p.m. WABC WOKO WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

NOCTURNE—Ann Leaf at the Organ 12:30 a.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

GENERAL MOTORS PARADE OF THE STATES—Erno Rapee's Orchestra. 9:30 p.m. WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR WESH WGY WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

Monday

BLUE COAL RADIO REVUE— 5:30 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

BAYUK STAG PARTY— 9:15 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBR WBL

CHATTING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN— 10:00 a.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

MUSICAL DOMINOS— 9:30 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBR WBL

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—From Chicago 5:45 p.m. WLAP WTAQ WBBM KSCJ WMT WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

ADVENTURING WITH COUNT VON LUCKNER— 9:30 p.m. WABC WOKO WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

MRS. A. M. GOUDISS— 11:00 a.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBR WBL

ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PROGRAM—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra. Announcer, Frank Knight. 10:00 p.m. WABC WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

JOLLY TIME REVUE— 7:15 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBR WBL

BUICK PROGRAM— 9:45 p.m. WEAF WTAG WJAR WESH WRC WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI KSD WOV WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

NATIONAL STUDENT FEDERATION OF AMERICA PROGRAM— 4:30 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

WITH CANADA'S MOUNTED— 10:00 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBR WBL

Tuesday

LUDEN'S NOVELTY ORCHESTRA— 7:30 p.m. WABC W2XE WGR WNBK WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

KELLOGG SLUMBER MUSIC— 9:45 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBR WBL

SMACKOUTS—Comedy Duo: Marion and Jim Jordan. 2:45 p.m. WJZ WBAL WHAM WJAR WREN WCKY WREN WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

CHARACTER SONGS—Artells Dickson— 8:45 a.m. WABC W2XE WGR WMAL WDBJ WBT WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM WLAP WDOD WJAX WFRB WFLA WRC WVEN WRVA WWTM WWCN WSAB WWSW WWSM WWSW WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM WWSM

HELEN BOARD—Soprano
9:45 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRG WAAB

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"
5:45 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WLBZ WAAB WORC

GRANT GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN—
10:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WEAN WDRG
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP

EASTMAN SCHOOL CHAMBER
MUSIC—
4:30 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WENR
WJR WWCN WHEAS WSMI

GRANT, GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN—
10:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WEAN WDRG
WNAC WORC WCAU W3XAU

SAVANNAH LINERS ORCHESTRA—
6:30 p.m.
WJZ WBZ WBZA
MID WEEK FEDERATION HYMN

JANE GRANT'S STEREO PROGRAM
10:15 a.m.
WEAF WJAR WFI WGY
WOC WHO WTIC WEEI

SAM LOYD—The Puzzle Man
5:30 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WJAR
WOSH WGY WBN WJJ

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT—From
Washington, D. C.
10:15 a.m.

HEEL HUGGER HARMONIES—
8:30 p.m.
WJZ WHAM WLS WREN
KOA KSL KFI KFS

MELODY PARADE—Vincent Sorey,
Conductor
10:15 a.m.

HAROLD STERN AND HIS ST. MORITZ
ORCHESTRA—
6:15 p.m.

WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRG WAAB
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW

TRUE STORY—
8:30 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WFI
WJDX WBN WCAE WSAI

WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WDRG WLBZ WCAU WAAB
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP

BIG TIME—
8:00 p.m.
WEAF WJAR WGY WOC
WOSH WTIC WEEI WWSH

YOUR CHILD—
11:00 a.m.

GERARDINE—Ed Sullivan Program.
8:45 p.m.

WILDROOT CHAT—
10:30 a.m.

COLLEGE MEMORIES—
8:00 p.m.

WEAF WTAG WJAR WOSH
WLIT WFBZ WRC WGY
WBN WCAE WJJ WSAI

WABC WFLB WGR WEAN
WDRG WNAC WCAU W3XAU

WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WOSH WFI WRC
WJJ WSAI WCAE WDAF

WJZ WBAL WHAM WGAR
WJR WCKY KYW WKBW
WREN WTMJ KSTP WDAY

CURRENT QUESTIONS BEFORE
CONGRESS—Senator Chas. C. Dill.
11:30 a.m.

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—
9:00 p.m.

THE FOUR CLUBMEN—
11:00 a.m.

OHMAN AND ARDEN—
8:15 p.m.

WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRG WAAB
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW

WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WOSH WFI WRC
WJJ WSAI WCAE WDAF

WABC W2XE WOKO WFLB
WHEC WLBZ WCAU WAAB
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW

WJZ WBAL WOBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLVW KWKY KYW WKBW

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS—
11:30 a.m.

BEN BERNIE AND HIS BLUE RIB-
BON ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m.

MUSICAL ALPHABET—Ralph Christ-
man, Radio Home Makers
11:15 a.m.

MOBILLOIL CONCERT—
8:30 p.m.

WJZ WBAL WOBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLVW KWKY KYW WKBW

WABC WFLB WGR WEAN
WDRG WNAC WCAU W3XAU

WABC W2XE WOKO WFLB
WHEC WLBZ WCAU WAAB
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW

WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WOSH WFI WRC
WJJ WSAI WCAE WDAF

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
Emery Deutsch, Conductor
2:15 p.m.

ROMANCES OF THE SEA — An-
nouncer, Frank Knight.
9:30 p.m.

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—
11:15 a.m.

JACK FROST MELODY MOMENTS—
8:30 p.m.

WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRG WNAC WORC WPG

WABC WFLB WGR WEAN
WDRG WNAC WCAU W3XAU

WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WOSH WFI WRC
WJJ WSAI WCAE WDAF

WJZ WBAL WOBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLVW KWKY KYW WKBW

MUSIC IN THE AIR—
3:00 p.m.

THE FULLER MAN—
9:30 p.m.

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL ORCHES-
TRA—
1:30 p.m.

HALESEY STUART PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m.

WJZ WBAL WOBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLVW KWKY KYW WKBW

WABC WFLB WGR WEAN
WDRG WNAC WCAU W3XAU

WABC W2XE WOKO WFLB
WHEC WLBZ WCAU WAAB
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW

WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WOSH WFI WRC
WJJ WSAI WCAE WDAF

MUSICAL AMERICANA—
3:30 p.m.

CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA—
9:30 p.m.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—
3:00 p.m.

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
Wheaties Quartet and Gold Medal
Organist. From Minneapolis
9:00 p.m.

WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRG WNAC WORC WPG

WABC WFLB WGR WEAN
WDRG WNAC WCAU W3XAU

WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WOSH WFI WRC
WJJ WSAI WCAE WDAF

WJZ WBAL WOBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLVW KWKY KYW WKBW

GEORGE HALL AND HIS TAFT HO-
TEL ORCHESTRA—
4:30 p.m.

MELODY MAGIC—
9:00 a.m.

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT from
Washington, D. C.—
4:00 p.m.

DUTCH MASTERS PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m.

WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WEAN WDRG WAAB
WORC WIP-WFAN WCAU

WABC WFLB WGR WEAN
WDRG WNAC WCAU W3XAU

WABC W2XE WOKO WFLB
WHEC WLBZ WCAU WAAB
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW

WJZ WBAL WOBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLVW KWKY KYW WKBW

Wednesday

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—

10:00 p.m.
 WABC WOKO WFBL WKBW
 WEAN WDRC WAAB WCAU
 W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
 WADC WHK WKRC WCAH
 WBT WGST WXYZ WSPD
 WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
 WISN WOWO WFBI WBBM
 WCCO KMOX KMBC KLLA
 KFJF KTRH K TSA KOL
 KFPY KOIN KRRC KHJ
 KDYL KLZ KRLL

GORDON MALE CHORUS—

10:15 p.m.
 WABC WFBL WKBW WLBZ
 WDRC WAAB WCAU W3XAU
 WJAS WJAS WXYZ WSPD
 WHK WKRC WCAO WDSU
 WOWO WGN WCCO KMOX
 KMBC KFJF KRLL KDYL
 KLZ CKAC

COCA COLA—

10:30 p.m.
 WEAH WEEI WTIC WTAG
 WCSH WJLT WRC WSAI
 WOC WEBC WKY WRVA
 KSD KFSD WHAS WJAX
 KSTP WIOD WSM KPRC
 WOAI KOA KSL KGW
 KGO KFH KQAO WJAF
 WHAS WTAM WHO WOW
 WMC WPTF WSB WWJ
 WBEN WPI WGY WTMJ
 WJAR WFLA WSUN KTAR
 CFCF WSMB

NELLIE REVELL—The Voice of Radio

Digest
 11:00 p.m.
 WEAH KSD WRC WJAR
 WCSH WEBC WOW WTAM
 WGY WWJ

DAVID GUION AND HIS ORCHES-

TRA—
 11:30 p.m.
 WEAH WTAG WEEI WJAR
 WCSH WFBR WRC WCAE
 WTAM WJLT WENR WOC
 WHO WOW CKGW WWNC
 WSB WSMB KTHS WKY
 KGO KTAR

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CASINO

ORCHESTRA—
 12:00 Mid.
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
 WKBW WEAN WNAC WPG
 WCAU W3XAU WHP WLBW
 WBCM WLAP WISN WGL
 WCCO WMT KMBC WNAX
 WBW KFJF K TSA KOH
 KVOR KGB KOL KFPY
 KHJ KDYL KLZ

ISHAM JONES AND HIS ORCHES-

TRA from Cincinnati—
 12:30 a.m.
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
 WKBW WEAN WNAC WPG
 WCAU W3XAU WHP WLBW
 WLAP WISN WGL WBBM
 WMT KMBC WNAX KFJF
 K TSA KOH KVOR KGB
 KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ
 WCCO

Thursday

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT from

Washington, D. C.
 9:00 a.m.
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
 WGR WDRC WAG WFG
 WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS
 WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
 WDBJ WWVA WADC WCAH
 WDBO WXYZ WBCM WLAP
 WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
 WTAQ WFLA WMT WMT
 KMOX KFH KDYL CFRB

COPELAND-CERESOTA FLOUR

PROGRAM—Dr. Royal S. Cope-
 land's Health Talk
 10:00 a.m.
 WABC W2XE WOKO WKBW
 WLBZ WEAN WDRC WJAS
 WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL
 WCAO WHK WKRC WXYZ
 WBBM WCCO

WESTCLOX PROGRAM—

10:45 a.m.
 WEAH WEEI WFBR WRC
 WBEN WCAE WTAM KSD
 WWNC WSM

FORECAST SCHOOL OF COOKERY

11:00 a.m.
 WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
 WHAM KDKA WCKY KYW
 KWK WREN

LA FORCE BERUMEN MUSICALE—

3:00 p.m.
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
 WBBM WGR WLBZ WEAN
 WDRC WNAC WAG WFG
 WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS
 WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
 WDBJ WWVA WADC WCAH
 WKRC WCAH WKBN WBT
 WGST WIOC WBO WJAE
 WXYZ WSPD WLAP WFIW
 WREC WLAC WNOX WBRC
 WDSU WISN WTAQ WGL
 WBBM KSCJ WMT KMOX
 KMBC KFJF K TSA WCAO
 KOH KVOR KGB KFBK
 KVI KFPY KILJ KDYL
 CFRB

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:15 a.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook the Quaker Man with his radio army of voices bringing fun and song with Eddie and Abner and all the other boys. Okay Colonel! (Daily ex. Sunday.)

9:00 a.m.—WJZ—Tom Brennie getting the laughs with his well known and popular Laugh Club. Tom presents pictures from many nations in native tongues. (Daily ex. Sunday.)

6:30 p.m.—WEAF—Ray Perkins the old topper himself, still holding the honors for radio's top comic. (Tues. and Sat.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas literary digests the headlines in this excellent news broadcast. (Daily ex. Saturday and Sunday.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy and who could ask for anything more. (Daily ex. Sunday.)

7:15 p.m.—WABC—The Sylvanians. Popular music for dancing and a male quartet. Mark Warnow swings the baton. One of the better musical programs. (Sun. and Tues. at 6:30 p.m.)

7:30 p.m.—WEAF—The Prince Albert Quarter Hour with Alice Joy, singer, and Van Loan's music makers. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs. Radio's funniest sketch about the rise and fall of a Jewish family. (Daily ex. Sunday.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, radio's sweethearts of song, get together on some splendid singing for the Blackstone plantation. (Tues. and Thurs. WJZ at 9:00 p.m.)

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith, the southern gal, and her Swanee music in a program of popular and memory songs. (Mon., Wed. and Thurs.)

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd in fifteen minutes of nonsense on and around their famous gas-pipe organ. (Mon. and Wed.)

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Vapex brings you the Four Mills Brothers with their unusual style of song which has brought them quick fame and fortune. (Mon. and Thurs.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Walter Winchell and his gossip presented by Lucky Strike with music by nationally known orchestras on a large hook-up. (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Music that Satisfies featuring Alex Gray, baritone, and Nat Shilkret's orchestra. (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em discuss daily topics in their own inimitable way. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

11:00 p.m.—WJZ—Slumber Music under the baton of Ludwig Laurier. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast coming from one of the European capitols.

1:15 p.m.—WJZ—Walter Damrosch's period of symphonic music for post graduate lovers of music.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—New York Philharmonic Symphony orchestra presenting a two-hour concert under the direction of Bruno Walter.

5:00 p.m.—WABC—Real Folks. Presenting a half hour drama with rural home folks and their problems as the theme of the skit.

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—The Davey Hour brings you classical and semi-classical music with folk songs of various lands.

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—The Four Bakers. Ray Perkins and the lads whooping it up in a program of mirth and song.

Monday

6:00 p.m.—WABC—Current Events by Kaltenborn, giving the latest political news flashes.

6:15 p.m.—WJZ—American Tax Payers League. A series of discussions by leaders in various walks of life.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—The Contented Program with Morgan Eastman's orchestra and the Fireside Singers.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Soconyland Sketches. Vivid dramas presented by an all star cast and written expressly for radio.

8:15 p.m.—WABC—Singin' Sam with his throaty baritone and gags.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Voice of Firestone gives you Lawrence Tibbett, Gladys Rice and James Melton with an excellent orchestra.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Parade of the States patriotic program of state music played under the direction of radio's Erno Rapee.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatella program featuring Guy Lombardo's music.

Tuesday

5:45 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's going to press still brings to the microphone some leading lights of the journalistic field.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Midweek Federation Hymn Sing. A program of hymns and sacred music by a mixed quartet.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Big Time. A humorous sketch about a small time hooper and music by Joseph Bonini's orchestra.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—True Story program, featuring Mary and Bob, proving that truth is stranger than fiction in dramatized real life stories.

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Heel Hugger Harmonies. A string ensemble playing catchy tunes with a male quartet directed by Robert Armbruster.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie and all the lads bringing you song music and funny sayings in the Bernie manner.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKesson Musical Magazine presenting Erno Rapee directing his concert orchestra.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Great Personalities. Frazier Hunt introduces his interview with some of the famous names of the day.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Eno Crime Club. A dramatization of a hair raising mystery thriller from the pen of Edgar Wallace.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—The Shadow has again returned to haunt the air waves. Watch out or he will have the chills running up and down your spine.

Features

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—David Guion and His Orchestra. The American cowboy composer presents musical scores of all kinds. Paul Ravell sings.

Wednesday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Keeping up with Daughter. Nan Dorland and Janet King offer the trials and tribulations of doing what the title implies.

4:00 p.m.—WEAF—Pop Concert with Christian Kriens and the soloists of Hartford, Conn.

6:45 p.m.—WABC—Art Jarrett. A new voice from out of the west and Freddie Rich's music.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear presents Sousa and his famous military band.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—The Gold Medal Fast Freight roars on with the Wheaties Quartet in novel song arrangements.

10:45 p.m.—WABC—The Street Singer and his songs and accordion.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, Voice of the Radio Digest, interviews the high and mighty of the studios and has them do their stuff.

Thursday

10:45 a.m.—WEAF—Westclox program which is as snappy a program as you will care for in the early morning and with incidental music.

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—Maltext Program offers you Frank Pinero and his music.

5:30 p.m.—WABC—Salty Sam the Sailor in a program of tricky song arrangements and smart chatter.

6:30 p.m.—WABC—Connie Boswell in a program of her own with Freddie Rich's music.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Fleischmann brings you Rudy Vallee, Graham MacNamee and Ray Perkins who get together and bring you a swell guest star.

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Rin Tin Tin Thriller a dramatic sketch with Bob White and Tom Corwine.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Angelo Patri, famous child psychologist in a talk on "Your Child."

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Dramatic Musicales bringing memories of yesteryear in the music world. Music by Jeffery Harris' orchestra.

9:15 p.m.—WABC—Ted Husing, Irene Beasley and Freddie Rich's orchestra. A listing that bodes for good entertainment.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Coffee brings you Don Voorhees and his orchestra featuring a quartet of male voices and other singers.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Hart Schaffner and Marx Trumpeters with Edwin C. Hill telling some of his famous stories by the "Man in the Front Row."

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)

Friday

9:30 a.m.—WABC—Tony's Scrap Book. Tony Wons giving you fifteen minutes of his famous home-spun philosophy.

10:10 a.m.—WABC—Bond Bread Program with Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson.

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—WJZ—NBC—Music Appreciation Hour conducted by Walter Damrosch.

2:45 p.m.—WJZ—Mormon Tabernacle featuring the famous choir from the church.

4:15 p.m.—WJZ—Radio Guild presents some of its thrilling and well acted plays.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service presents the Cavaliers and Jessica Dragonette with Rosario Bourdon's concert orchestra.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Clicquot Club Eskimos directed by Harry Reser in a spell of sophisticated dance music.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Pillsbury Pageant, with the Street Singer, Toscha Seidel and Sam Lanin's orchestra.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Friendship Town, a dramatization of life in a small town by a noted radio cast including Edwin Whitney and Virginia Gardiner.

Saturday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Two Seats in a Balcony revives the light opera hits of years back.

11:30 a.m.—WEAF—Keys to Happiness are interpreted on the ivories in piano lessons for beginners by Dr. Sigmund Spaeth.

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—Cuckoo with chief announcer Andrew J. Weems in radio's only burlesque of radio.

6:30 p.m.—WEAF—Dr. Bones and Company with Paul Dumont and Jim Dandy doing their routine of minstrel songs and repartee.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Laws that Safeguard Society. Gleason Archer decodes the mysteries of some of our more complicated laws.

7:30 p.m.—WABC—The Bright Spot, a program of Guy Lombardo's music.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear program. Arthur Pryor's Military Band in martial music.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Carborundum Hour. An Indian legend told by Francis Bowman and music by the Carborundum orchestra.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Smith Brothers Program. Trade and Mark, beards and all, and Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot offer a program of unique entertainment.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Columbia's Public Affairs. A recent innovation in radio presenting a guest speaker on a subject of pertinence.

VIRGINIA ARNOLD—Pianist

3:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHCC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN	WHP	WLBW	WDBJ
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WBYA
WVVA	WDAE	WCAH	WBNB
WBT	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WREC	WLAC
WJZ	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KNBC	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KFPY	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

U. S. ARMY BAND CONCERT from Washington, D. C.

4:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAH
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WVVA
WADC	WCAH	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WBRM	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KNBC	WBYA
KRLD	WCCO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KFPY	KFCR
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

SALON SINGERS

4:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WBEN
WTAM	KSTP	WSM	WRC

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST FROM LONDON—

4:20 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFRB	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WDAF	CKGW
WIBA	KSTP	KFYZ	WPTF
WIS	WIOD	WSM	WAPI
KVOO	KPRC	KOA	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KFSD
KTR			

COFFEE MATINEE—

5:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	KDKA	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB

ROSS GORMAN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

5:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHCC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WJAS	WBYA	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WFRB	WREC
WLAC	WNOX	WBRM	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	KSCJ	KSCJ
KNBC	WIBW	KFH	KFPY
KRLD	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KVI	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

MALTEX PROGRAM—

5:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAT			

CONNIE BOSWELL—

6:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WGR	WLBZ
WDRC	WAAB	WDRC	WLBZ
WIP-WFAN	WCAO	WDBJ	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WCAO	WDBJ
WVVA	WKBN	WBT	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WREC
WLAC	WBRM	WFRB	WISN
WBYA	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KRLD
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KLZ
CFRB			

"THE WORLD TODAY"—James G. McDonald

6:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WIOD	WWNC
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BETWEEN THE BOOK ENDS—

7:30 p.m.

KHJ	KOIN	KFCR	KOL
KFPY	KGB	KVOR	KRLD
KLZ	KTRH	KFYZ	KOH
KTSA	KDYL	WIBW	WACO
KFH	KVI		

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—

8:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WTAG
WJAR	WFI	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WGO	WOW	WWJ
WHAS	WMC	WSA	WSB
WSMB	WFBC	KOA	WRVA
KTHS	KSL	KOMO	WOAI
WSM	WOC	WAPI	KGO
KHQ	WTAM	KECA	KSD
CKGW	WGN	WREN	KPRC
WTMJ	WHOD	WPTF	WSUN
WCAE	CHCF	WFRB	KTAR
WDAF	(KSTP on 8:15)		
(WKY	WBAP off 8:30)		

ARCO DRAMATIC MUSICALS—

9:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	CKGW
WRC	WGY	WSM	WIOD
WJAN	WOAI	WKY	KOA
WPAP	WRVA	WWJ	WSA
KSD	WDAF	KYW	WFBC
WOW	WJDX	WOC	WOC
WIO	WGO	KECA	WAPI
KOMO	KHQ	KGW	WTAM
KTAR	KFSD	WSB	KSTP
WMC	WPTF	KSL	WHAS
WCAE	WFRB	WTMJ	WSMB

TED HUSING, IRENE BEASLEY, AND FREDDIE RICH'S ORCHESTRA— 9:15 p.m. WABC WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX and others.

LOVE STORY HOUR—Announcer, David Ross 9:30 p.m. WABC WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE— 9:30 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WJR WLW KYW WREN WTMJ KSTP WEBC WRVA WJAX WIOD WFLA WHAS WSM WMC WSB WJDX WJMB WSMB WBP KPRC WOI WKY KOA KSL KGO KECA KGW KOMO KHQ KFS

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES— 9:30 p.m. WJAZ WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA— 9:30 p.m. KHJ KOIN KFRC KOL KFLD KVL KGB KVR KRLD KZL KJRH KSAI WBSB WJDX WJMB WSMB WBP KPRC WOI WKY KOA KSL KGO KECA KGW KOMO KHQ KFS

A. & P. DANCE GYPSIES— 10:00 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WJR WLW WMAQ KWK WREN

HART SCHAFFNER AND MARX TRUMPETERS— 10:00 p.m. WABC WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WAAB WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX KMB

Friday

THE MADISON SINGERS— 9:00 a.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WGR WAAB WORC WPG WHP WIP-WFAN WJAS WBLW WCAO WTAR WVVA WADC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL KSCJ KMOX WNA KSCJ KDYL CFB

ELIZABETH BAR & NELL—Songs 9:45 a.m. WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW WAAB WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WVVA WADC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL KSCJ KMOX KMB CFB

JOHN KELVIN—Irish Tenor— GRANT, GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN 10:00 a.m. WABC W2XE WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—Featuring Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson 10:15 a.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WEAN WDRC WAAB WORC WCAU W3XAU WMAL WCAO WTAR WVVA WADC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL KSCJ KMOX KMB

SAVORY KITCHEN INSTITUTE— 10:30 a.m. WJAZ WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

DON AND BETTY—From Chicago— 10:45 a.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WAAB WCAU W3XAU WDBJ WJAS WHK WKRC WCAH WXYZ WCCO WREC WQOW WBBM KFH KSCJ KMOX KMBC

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR 11:00 a.m. WJAZ WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

THE FUNNYBONERS—Songs and Patter— 2:00 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC WGR WLBZ WDRC WNAC WORC WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WVVA WADC WHK WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL WFBM KSCJ WMT WBM KMB KSAI KOH KVR KGB KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ

ANN LEAF—Organ— 2:15 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC WGR WLBZ WDRC WNAC WORC WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WVVA WADC WHK WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL WFBM KSCJ WMT WBM KMB KSAI KOH KVR KGB KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN— 2:45 p.m. WJZ WJR WBZ KDKA WGAR WJR WDAY WSBM WREN KFAB CKGW WIBA WAPI WJDX KOA KSL

U. S. MARINE BAND CONCERT from Washington, D. C.— 3:00 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ WJAS WHK WKRC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL KSCJ KMOX KMB

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES— 3:45 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ WJAS WHK WKRC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL KSCJ KMOX KMB CFB

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—Channon Col- linge, Conductor 4:00 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ WJAS WHK WKRC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL KSCJ KMOX KMB

RADIO GUILD— 4:15 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WJR WLW KYW WREN WTMJ KSTP WEBC WRVA WJAX WIOD WFLA WHAS WSM WMC WSB WJDX WJMB WSMB WBP KPRC WOI WKY KOA KSL

CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC PROGRAM— 4:45 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL WGR WDRC WAAB WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ WJAS WHK WKRC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WQOW WBBM KFH KSCJ KMOX KMBC

JOHN KELVIN AND VINCENT SOREY'S ORCHESTRA— 6:00 p.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC WGR WLBZ WDRC WNAC WORC WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WVVA WADC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL WFBM KSCJ KOH KVR KGB KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ

JOHN B. KENNEDY—Talk 6:25 p.m. WJZ WBAL WENR

BOSCU MOMENTS— 7:15 p.m. WJZ WBAL

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT OR- CHESTRA AND THE CAVALIERS 8:00 p.m. WJAZ WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

NESTLE'S PROGRAM— 8:00 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WJR WLW KYW WREN WMAQ KWK WREN

THE SONGSMITHS— 8:15 p.m. KOIL KHJ KOIN KFRC KOL KFPY KVI KGB KVR KRLD KZL KTRH KHJ KOH KSCJ KSAI WBSB WJDX WJMB WSMB WBP KPRC WOI WKY KOA KSL KGO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFS

CLICQUOT CLUB— 9:00 p.m. WJAZ WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

BARN DANCE VARIETIES— 9:00 p.m. KOIL KHJ KOIN KFRC KOL KFPY KVI KGB KVR KRLD KZL KTRH KHJ KOH KSCJ KSAI WBSB WJDX WJMB WSMB WBP KPRC WOI WKY KOA KSL KGO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFS

FRIENDSHIP TOWN— 9:00 p.m. WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR WDAY WSBM WREN KFAB CKGW WIBA WAPI WJDX KOA KSL KGO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFS

PILLSBURY PAGEANT— 9:00 p.m. WABC WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WTAR WVVA WADC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL KSCJ KMOX KMB

ARMOUR PROGRAM— 9:30 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WJR WLW KYW WREN WTMJ KSTP WEBC WRVA WJAX WIOD WFLA WHAS WSM WMC WSB WJDX WJMB WSMB WBP KPRC WOI WKY KOA KSL KGO KFI KGW KOMO

POND'S PROGRAM— 9:30 p.m. WJAZ WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

TO THE LADIES—Featuring Leon Belasco and His Orchestra. Tito Guizar 9:30 p.m. WABC WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES— 9:45 p.m. WABC WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

NBC ARTISTS SERVICE PROGRAM 10:00 p.m. WJAZ WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN— 10:00 p.m. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WJR WLW KYW WREN WTMJ KSTP WEBC WRVA WJAX WIOD WFLA WHAS WSM WMC WSB WSB WJDX WJMB WSMB WBP KPRC WOI WKY KOA KSL KGO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFS

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR— 10:30 p.m. WJAZ WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

ART KRUEGER AND HIS ORCHES- TRA From Milwaukee 12:30 a.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

Saturday

THE COMMUTERS—Vincent Sorey, Conductor 9:00 a.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC WGR WAAB WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ WJAS WHK WKRC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL KSCJ KMOX KMB

SONGS OF THE OUT OF DOORS— Artells Dickson 9:45 a.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC WGR WAAB WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ WJAS WHK WKRC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL KSCJ KMOX KMB

U. S. ARMY BAND CONCERT— 10:00 a.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC WGR WAAB WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ WJAS WHK WKRC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL KSCJ KMOX KMB

NEW WORLD SALON ORCHESTRA —Vincent Sorey, Conductor. 10:30 a.m. WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC WGR WAAB WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS WBLW WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ WJAS WHK WKRC WCAH WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL KSCJ KMOX KMB

TWO SEATS IN THE BALCONY— 11:00 a.m. WJAZ WOKO WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO WQOW WXYZ WSPD WGN WCCO KMOX

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—Children's Program.

11:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WKBW WLBZ WEAN WDRG
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WTAQ WCAH WKBN
WDBO WXYZ WREC WLAB
WLAB WTAQ KSCJ KMBC
WIBW KTSa WACO KOH
KVOR KOL KFPY CFRB

NEW YORK—PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY CHILDREN'S CONCERT—Ernest Schelling, Conductor. (March 12)

11:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WEAN
WDRG WNAC WDRG WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WVVA WADC WCAH WKBN
WBT WGST WTOC WDBO
WDAE WXYZ WBCM WSPD
WLAPE WFTW WREC WLAB
WNOX WBRG WDSU WISN
WTAQ WFBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC WIBW
KFH KTSa WACO KOH
KVOR KGB KFBK KOL
KVI KFPY KOIN KFCR
KHJ KDYL CFRB

COLUMBIA REVUE—Vincent Sorey's Orchestra with Barbara Maurel, Contralto.

11:30 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WKBW WLBZ WEAN WDRG
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WTAQ WCAH WKBN
WDBO WXYZ WSPD WREC
WLAB WDSU WTAQ WFBM
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
WIBW KFH KTSa WACO
KOH KVOR KOL KFPY
CFRB

KEYS TO HAPPINESS—

11:30 a.m.
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WFLA WCSH WLIT WRC
WBEN WJW WOAI KSTP
CKGW WRVA WHAS WSM
WSMB WJDX KVOO CFCF
WEBC WPTF WDAF KOA
WDAY KSD KFYR WFAA
WTIC WGY WIOD KTHS
KYW WIBA WWNC WIS
KPRC

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL ORCHESTRA—

1:30 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRG
WAAB WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAQ WADC
WDBO WXYZ WSPD WLAB
WBRG WDSU KFPY CFRB

GOODYEAR PROGRAM—Arthur Pryor and His Orchestra

9:00 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WFI WFBR
WRC WGY WBEN WCAE
WTAM WWJ WSAI KYW
KSD WOC WHO WOW
WDAF WTMJ WIBA KSTP
WEBC WDAY KFYR WRVA
WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD
WFLA WHAS WMC WSB
WAPI WSMB WJDX WBAP
KPRC WOAI WKY KOA
KSL KGO KGW KOMO
KHQ KFSD KTAR

CLUB VALSPAR—

9:30 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WBEN
WCAE WTMJ WJAX WSAI
WEEI WOC KSD WHO
WDAF WOW CKGW CFCF
WFBR WLS

SMITH BROTHERS PROGRAM—Trade and Mark Featuring Scappy Lambert, Billy Hillpot, and Novelty Orchestra

9:30 p.m.
WABC WHEC WKBW WLBZ
WEAN WDRG WAAB WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WCAO
WADC WHK WGST WXYZ
WSPD WLAPE WOVW WGN
WCCO WMT KMOX KMBC
KFH KFPY KIL

FOUR CLUBMEN WITH IRENE BEASLEY, Contralto—

9:45 p.m.
WOKO WHEC WKBW WLBZ
WEAN WDRG WAAB WORC
WIP-FAN WJAX WCAO WTAQ
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAQ
WADC WCAH WKBN WQAM
WDBO WXYZ WSPD WREC
WLAB WBRG WDSU WTAQ
WFBM KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC WNBX WJAX WJAX
KTSa KOH KVOR KFPY
KFCR KDYL KIL

COLUMBIA'S PUBLIC AFFAIRS INSTITUTE—

10:00 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WEAN
WDRG WAAB WORC WPG
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAQ WCAH WKBN
WADC WDRG WCAH WKBN
WBT WGST WTOC WDBO
WDAE WXYZ WSPD WLAB
WFTW WREC WLAB WNOX
WBRG WDSU WISN WTAQ
WGL WFBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC WNBX
WIBW KFH KFPY KOL
WACO KOH KVOR KGB
KFBK KDYL KILZ CFRB

ENRICH MADRIGUERA'S BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

11:45 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WKBW
WLBZ WDRG WAAB WORC
WCAO W3XAU WHP WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAQ WJAX
WADC WKBN WDBO WXYZ
WSPD WREC WLAB WBRG
WDSU WGL WFBM KSCJ
WMT KMOX KLRN WNBX
WIBW KOH KVOR KGB
KOL KFPY KDYL KILZ

FOUR CLUBMEN—Male Quartet directed by Leigh Stevens.

3:00 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRG
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAQ WCAH WKBN
WDBO WXYZ WSPD WLAB
WHLK WCAH WKBN WDBO
WXYZ WSPD WREC WLAB
WBRG WDSU WTAQ WGL
WFBM WMT KMOX KMBC
WIBW KRLD KTSa WACO
KOH KVOR KGB KVI
KFPY KHJ KDYL CFRB

RHYTHM KINGS—Fred Berrens, Conductor

3:30 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRG
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAQ WCAH WKBN
WDBO WXYZ WSPD WLAB
WBRG WDSU WTAQ WGL
WMT KMOX KMBC WIBW
KRLD WACO KOH KVOR
KGB KVI KFPY KHJ
KDYL KILZ CFRB

MR. BONES AND COMPANY—

6:30 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WENR
WJAR WFI WFBR WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WBO
CKGW WOC WHO WOV
WWNC WIS WIOD WSM
WJDX KPO KECA

CONNIE BOSWELL—

6:45 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WKBW
WLBZ WDRG WAAB WORC
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WVVA WCAH WKBN
WDBO WREC WLAB WBRG
WDSU WGL WFBM WMT
KMBC KFH WACO KOH
KVOR KGB KOL KFPY
KFCR KHJ

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT—

7:00 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRG
WNAC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WLBW WMAL WTAQ WVVA
WCAH WKBN WDBO WXYZ
WSPD WREC WLAB WBRG
WGL WFBM WMT KMOX
KMBC WNBX WIBW KFH
KTSa WACO KOH KVOR
KGB KVI KFPY KFCR
KHJ KILZ

LAWS THAT SAFEGUARD SOCIETY—Gleason L. Archer

7:15 p.m.
WEAF WJAR WTAG WFI
WGY WBEN WOC WHO
WBT WCAE WBA KTAR
WTIC WJDX WRC WENR
WOW WCAE WTAM WSAI
KFYR WAPI KTHS KPRC
KFSD WPTF WJAX WIOD
KGA WFLA KPO KECA
KJR

THE BRIGHT SPOT—Guy Lombardo and His Music—

7:30 p.m.
WABC W2XE WADC WCAO
WNBX WGR WGN WRCR
WYZ WDRG KMBC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WEAN KMOX
WFBM WSPD WMAL WOKO

DANGER FIGHTERS—

8:00 p.m.
WJZ WHAM KDKA WLS
KWK WREN KEAB WIBA
WTMJ KSTP WEBC WDAY
KFYR WHAS WSM WMIC
WSB WAPI WSMB WJDX
KRCG WQAI KOA KSL
KGO KGW KOMO KHQ
KFSD KTAR KFI

CIVIC CONCERTS SERVICE PROGRAM—

8:00 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WJAR WCSH
WFI WFBR WRC WBEN
WCAE WJW WMAQ KSD
WOC WHO WMOV WDAF
CKGW WWNC WIS WJAX
WIOD

DANCE WITH COUNTESS D'ORSAY

8:30 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WRZA
WHAM WGAR KDKA WJR
WLW WLS KWK WREN
CKGW CFCF

NATIONAL ADVISORY COUNCIL ON RADIO IN EDUCATION—

8:30 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WGY KSD
WDAF WJAR WWJ WHO
WTAG WCSH WFI WEEI
WFBM WRC WBEN WCAE
WTAM WOC WTMJ WBA
WBRG WKAY KFYR WRVA
WVVA WIS WJAX WIOD
WFLA WHAS WSM WSMB
WJDX KPRC WQAI KSL
KGO KGW KOMO KHQ
KTAR KFSD WJDX WDAY
KFYR WIOD WFEI WFBR
KYW WOW WKY KOA

HOOSIER EDITOR—Frederick Landis—

8:30 p.m.
WABC WOKO WFBL WHEC
WGR WLBZ WDRG WORC
WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAQ WDBJ WADC WCAH
WKBN WBT WGST WTOC
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WLAB
WREC WLAB WNOX WBRG
WDSU WISN WTAQ WGL
WFBM WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMBC WNBX WIBW KFH
KFPY KRLD KOH KVOR
KGB KFPY KFCR KIJ
KDYL KILZ CFRB

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

Table with columns for National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System, listing call letters and frequencies.

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—

12:00 Mid.
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WKBW WLBZ WEAN WDRG
WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP
WLBW WCAO WKBN WSPD
WGL WMT KMBC WNBX
WIBW KRLD KOH KVOR
KGB KOL KFPY KDYL
KILZ

HAROLD STERN AND HIS ST. MORITZ ORCHESTRA—

12:30 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WKBW
WEAN WNBX WPG WCAU
W3XAU WLBW WVVA WKBN
WSPD WGL WMT KMBC
WNBX WIBW KFH KOH
KVI KFPY KOL KFPY
KDYL KILZ

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CLUB FORUM—

2:30 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRG WCAO WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAQ
WDBJ WVVA WADC WHK
WKRC WCAH WKBN WBT
WGST WTOC WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WSPD WLAB WFBM
WREC WLAB WNOX WBRG
WDSU WISN WTAQ WGL
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC WIBW KFH KFPY
KOH KVOR KGB KOL
KFCR KHJ KDYL KILZ

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

5:00 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WGR WDRG WAAB WORC
WPG WIP-WFAN WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAQ WVVA WCAH WDBO
WXYZ WSPD WREC WLAB
WBRG WDSU WTAQ WGL
WMT KMOX KMBC WIBW
KFH KRLD KTSa KOH
KVOR KGB KOL KVI
KFPY KFCR KHJ KDYL
KILZ CFRB

THE WITCHING HOUR—(A Breath Taker)—

5:30 p.m.
WABC W2XE WCAO WAAB
WGR WBBM WARC WRC
WOW WGL KMBC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS KMOX WMAL
WGST WBRG KRLD WCCO
WLAB WDSU

KUKU

5:30 p.m.
WEAF WJAR WFBM WRC
WTIC WBEN WCAE WTAM
WTAG WWJ WENR WOC
WEEI WIO KSTP WDAY
KFYR WWNC WJAX WSM
WJDX KVOO

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HOTEL

BRETTON HALL
BROADWAY at 86th St.
NEW YORK

An Humble Opinion

(Continued from page 16)

these decisions under pressure are things that break down commonplace reactions of the strongest of minds; the wear and tear on the mental processes, the balancing of the advantages against the disadvantages, all require much concentration, and my concentration has to be done as I walk along the street, in the subway, or in a taxi-cab. In fact, my first waking moment usually confronts me with a problem that requires solving. In the course of a day, sometimes, I am confronted by at least 20 serious decisions, some of major importance, and others of much less gravity. But all of them require time, investigation and thought. There are hundreds of letters that reach me each week, some asking for financial aid, others for appearances at all sorts of functions. These letters cannot be dismissed with a careless "No," or a careless "Yes;" each one of them requires much thought, so that those possessing real merit may receive my aid and my help.

All this takes a great deal of time, and I have noticed that I sleep much more soundly and exhaustedly after a day given to these mental problems. Absent-mindedness comes inevitably with great success, and only those who have no ability to appreciate, and put themselves in the other person's place, are annoyed when they seem to be slighted in the case of recognition. It is even possible for the person to look directly into the eyes of another person, and yet be wrestling with a problem that so absorbs the attention that recognition is impossible.

But as we come to the last paragraph in this particular article, I am even more amused. The paragraph pleads for the sake of those who work with her, and for the sake of the growing audience that nightly tunes in to her songs, and most important, for her own sake, the hope that this young lady is not spoiled by her success.

To that I can only reply that the radio audience is mainly interested in the artistic efforts put forth by the artist to please them. It matters very little to those listening at the other end whether the person is a rogue, a knave, a cheat, or extremely conceited. Of course, if these things have a definite effect upon the artistic performance of the artist, then there is damage being done, but if the artist, while performing, gives his or her best, right from the heart, the short-comings in other directions, off-stage, should mean little or nothing to the audience who is pleased during the performance itself.

Competition is so keen these days in everything that I believe it is impossible for any artist to become very self-assured for any length of time, because

it is impossible to prevent one's self from being confronted with evidences of the fact that there are so many others eager to secure that place in the sunlight, and perhaps too many others who can do that same thing just as well. I am sure that this alone will keep almost any artist today from knowing not only the highly undesirable but also the most elusive and hard-to-find quality of conceit.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 50)

Jack was driving me home from the Pennsylvania in his beautiful limousine and I casually asked him if he had anything new. He mentioned this song, and sang it to me in the car. Even without accompaniment I thought that the song was a good one. Frank Kelton, who was with us, grabbed the song for Shapiro-Bernstein, who have already published it. For the sake of all concerned I hope the song does nicely.

CORRECTION

IN THE January issue of "Tuneful Topics" I made a statement that the middle part of WHO'S YOUR LITTLE WHOZIS was like IF I HAD A GIRL LIKE YOU. At the time I was dictating under pressure, and I was not able to concentrate in the way that I should. Since then it has been borne home upon me that it is really similar to the middle part of COME TO ME, though I am afraid the damage has been done, and I have left myself open for a touch from those eager eyes that scan everything they read for mistakes.

Canadian Mounted

(Continued from page 27)

ting dizzy with this everlasting snow, snow, snow! You grub and a grabble through it over and over again without seeming to get anywhere."

Maguire was down on his knees again pawing through some frozen moss while thick downy crystals sifted down on his cap and black furry coat.

IT LOOKED like the end of everything. The man was at the very lowest ebb of despondency and was meditating on the manner by which he should end his life. Then he tuned in Bud and Colonel Stoopnagle. It changed the whole picture for him. Why take life so seriously? He wrote the boys a letter about it. They saved his life. Read their contribution to "Letters to the Artist" in the May Radio Digest. This feature appears every month in Radio Digest.

For half an hour neither spoke a word. Suddenly Pennycuick ejaculated a muffled "huh!" and jumped to his feet.

"I say, Maguire, didn't this fellow O'Brien, as he called himself, but Miller, as we know him, have a pair of field glasses when he was searched at headquarters?"

"He did that."

"Look here. Imagine an old sourdough carrying field glasses. Now take this bit of clearing, say fifty feet wide and a hundred feet deep right through the brush, follow my finger, see the river there, a mile, maybe mile and a half away? Note that spot."

"Sure, it's right where the Pork trail leaves the river trail; but I don't get what you're driving at, Pennycuick."

"Just this, old fellow, with field glasses a man could watch whether a party intended to turn up the Pork trail where ambush would be easy, and also, if they kept on, make it possible to head across and rob them at some point down the river trail."

"Good, man, good! You've hit it!"

As they grubbed through the snow and grassy hummocks they continued to speculate and elaborate on the theory and how it might affect their further search. Then Pennycuick pried loose a piece of broken root and discovered freshly turned earth. Soon he had uncovered a rusty and badly nicked axe. On the end of the handle was carved a monogram obviously intended for "G. O."

"Going by the name of O'Brien this was his axe," said the finder passing the implement over to Maguire.

"It's time to be making a report to the inspector," said the latter.

With a small collection of items of evidence including a broken tooth with part of a bullet sticking to it Pennycuick returned to headquarters. There he found that several other details of the Mounted had been at work on the case. The bodies of the three wayfarers had been found murdered. Witnesses were discovered who had seen O'Brien with nuggets taken from the dead men.

Eighty witnesses were called to the stand. The chain was perfect and O'Brien was sentenced to death.

And that is just one of the true stories told vividly with actual characters speaking the lines, so far as they are on record, of actual witnesses in these dramas of the Canadian frontier. The leading character in the most of these dramas as you hear them over the air is Allyn Joslyn.

Mr. Joslyn knows the type and character of men he must portray. He has been over the ground, from the lonely trail to the great pow-wows with red men who sometimes come to complain of injustice or to ask protection for themselves and their people deep in the forests of the Northland.

Laws That Safeguard

(Continued from page 22)

Betrothals

A BETROTHAL is an engagement of marriage entered into in a ceremonious manner, with or without the pledging of dowry by the bride's father or a marriage settlement by the groom. A betrothal, or betrothment, as it is sometimes called, is literally an exchanging of pledges or troth.

The word troth is of Anglo-Saxon origin and means truth. "Troth-plight" therefore meant to our forefathers the pledging of truth; swearing upon their honor to perform, which after all is clothing in poetic language the contract idea embodied in the engagement to marry.

As before indicated, engagement customs differ greatly. There is one picturesque South African tribe that every lecturer on marriage seems to trot out sooner or later—the Hottentots.

Now these unique colored people had a most interesting custom of betrothal. No young man of the Hottentot tribe could lawfully propose to a dusky damsel unless he did so in the presence of his father.

If he felt the stirrings of romance he must first secure his father's consent. Then the two of them, father and son, adorned in their best beads and decorations, each with a ceremonial pipe in his mouth, walked arm in arm to the home of the chosen maiden, there to pop the question in the presence of the girl's father, mother, sisters and brothers and all her relations.

The Hottentots were a brave people—lucky for them, or none of them would ever have married. It is hard enough for a young lover to pop the question under the most favorable circumstances—but fancy having to do it in the presence of snickering young brothers!

Betrothals in Europe

IN EUROPEAN countries, betrothals were formerly conducted very largely on a business basis. The parents arranged the marriages for their children and caused formal contracts to be entered into, by which considerable sums were pledged.

Among the Jewish people of the continent, at least among the wealthy classes, marriage brokers were quite generally employed. These important functionaries are said to have kept lists of prospective brides, with dowries ranging from small sums to very great indeed, from which dowries the broker received a percentage upon the satisfactory arrangement of the terms of a betrothal.

It is interesting to note that among the inhabitants of Holland, when the Pilgrim Fathers were in exile among them, betrothals were apparently considered even more ceremonial than marriage itself. The contracting parties were obliged to furnish sureties, or bondsmen, and to come before a public official to execute a bond of betrothal.

My radio listeners may have suspected ere this that law is not my only literary field. I am fully as interested in history as in legal research. It so happens that I have recently completed, for a New York publishing house, a book entitled "Mayflower Heroes." In my historical researches incident to the writing of that book I came upon the betrothal of William Bradford, the future Governor of Plymouth Colony, and his first wife, Dorothy May, executed

in the City of Amsterdam in November, 1613. It affords a typical example.

Because of its great human interest, as well as the quaintness of the document, I will read it to you as a sample of contracts of betrothal of early times.

"Amsterdam, Nov. 9, 1613.

"Then appeared also William Bradford, from Austerfield, fustian weaver, 23 years old, living at Leyden where the banns have been published, declaring that he has no parents, on the one part, and Dorothy May, 16 years old, from Wisbeach in England, at present living on the New Dyke, assisted by Henry May, on the other part, and declared that they were betrothed to one another with true covenants, requesting their three Sunday proclamations in order after the same to solemnize the aforesaid covenant and in all respects to execute it, so there shall be no lawful hindrance otherwise. And to this end they declared it as truth that they were free persons, and not akin to each other by blood—that nothing existed whereby a Christian marriage might be hindered; and their banns were admitted."

Perhaps it should be added that the young couple came again to Amsterdam on the 10th day of December, 1613, and were married, thus fulfilling the laws of Holland.

Dowry of the Bride

THE term dowry should not be confused with the word dower. Dowry, or dot, signifies the property which a bride brings to her husband upon marriage, it generally being a gift from her father or near relatives. Dower, on the other hand, is a one-third interest in the lands or estate of her deceased husband granted to a widow under the provisions of the common law.

We shall discuss dowry later on, for in a future broadcast I will point out that at common law a husband had a right to absolute control of his wife's dowry after marriage. Dowry, its value and identity, especially if it consisted of land, was quite naturally a very important reason for the formal betrothal in earlier times, and for the present survival of the custom in European countries, as well as in Louisiana and in some other sections of the South.

Marriage Promise Unlike Other Contracts

While an engagement to marry is a true contract, it is nevertheless essentially different from every other contract known to the law. The objects to be attained are so totally unlike the objects of other legal undertakings that a contract to marry is in a class by itself. The state has a special interest in the mating of its citizens. In early times in England contracts to marry could literally be enforced in ecclesiastical courts. The same was true in Spain. A reluctant bridegroom would be punished by the ecclesiastical courts until he consented to fulfill his obligation.

In Holland, a bridegroom who refused to fulfill the terms of a betrothal could be punished by a seizure of goods. He could be clapped into jail and, if he still continued obstinate, the judge, as a last resort, could declare by way of sentence that the marriage was legally binding, the consent

in the espousals being construed as continuing promises that were already made.

Engagement to Marry; Offer and Acceptance

Eighty-second Broadcast

WE TAKE up now the legal aspects of the proposal of marriage and of the acceptance of such proposal. I told you that an engagement to marry is a legal contract and that it is governed by the laws that regulate other forms of contract. There must be an offer on the one side and an acceptance on the other. Let us therefore consider for a moment the essential legal characteristics of a valid offer.

In the law of contracts, an offer may take the form of a writing under seal; a simple written statement of the terms of the offer; a letter setting forth the same; or it may take any form in which one person may communicate to another a definite proposal for acceptance.

The Proposal of Marriage

A proposal of marriage may assume any form that the circumstances of the case may justify, or the ingenuity of the suitor may devise. It is subject only to the qualification that the offer must be made with actual or implied intent to enter into an engagement of marriage. The lady must understand the offer to be bona fide and must accept in the same spirit of marriage-intent.

I suppose it will never be known how many engagements of marriage have been made in prayer meetings without either of the contracting parties uttering a single word. Protestant hymn books, as many of us know, have a remarkable collection of titles of hymns that may be turned to sentimental account by bashful lovers.

A happy bride and groom once pointed out to me the very hymn-titles that were used by them in a prayer meeting in which they arrived at an engagement of marriage. The young man, it seems, opened the hymnal to the appropriate page for his own avowal and the young lady, in the same silent pantomime, indicated by another hymn that she accepted the offer of marriage.

Thus, whether the offer of marriage be made in direct language; or in subtle or guarded language that leaves a cautious lover a chance to save his pride if the girl rejects the proposal; or by the silent adoption of printed sentiments appropriate to the occasion, the proposal, if accepted, results in a contract that is valid and binding.

This principle was well expressed in the New York case of *Homan v. Earle*, 53 N. Y. 267, in which the court said: "No formal language is necessary to constitute the contract of marriage. If the conduct and declarations of the parties clearly indicate that they regard themselves as engaged, it is not material by what means they have arrived at that state."

Letters and Conduct

One of the most common methods of proving in court an engagement of marriage, is by the production of letters written by the person who has refused to fulfill

the alleged agreement of marriage. But it is never required that the letters themselves show a definite agreement to marry. It is sufficient, as corroborative evidence, if the general tenor of the letters indicate that such an engagement exists. For Example:

MARIA WIGHTMAN, in 1818, brought an action for breach of promise to marry against her former lover Joshua Coates. The latter employed eminent counsel, one of whom was the great Daniel Webster.

Coates sought to escape liability because the letters introduced by the plaintiff did not contain a specific promise to marry. No definite evidence of time and place of such promise could be established by the lady.

The judge instructed the jury that if the letters of the defendant that had appeared in evidence and the general course of his conduct toward the female plaintiff had been such as to indicate a mutual engagement to marry, then they would be justified in returning a verdict in her favor.

The jury awarded substantial damages. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court where the action of the trial court was sustained.

Said the court: "When two parties of suitable age to contract, agree to pledge their faith to each other, and thus withdraw themselves from that intercourse with society which might probably lead to a similar connection with another—the affections being so far interested as to render a subsequent engagement not probable or desirable—and one of the parties wantonly and capriciously refuses to execute the contract which is thus commenced, the injury may be serious, and circumstances may often justify a claim of pecuniary indemnification * * * A mutual engagement must be proved to support this action; but it may be proved by those circumstances which usually accompany such a connection. * * *

"Where one has promised and the behavior of the other is such as to countenance the belief that an engagement has taken place, this is evidence enough of a promise by the person so conducting; and the same principle will apply to both parties. In the present case, however, the evidence on which the jury relied was of a decisive nature; for the letters of the defendant which were submitted to them, were couched in terms which admit only of the alternative, that he was bound in honor and conscience to marry the plaintiff, or that he was prosecuting a deeply-laid scheme of fraud and deception, with a view to seduction. The jury believed the former; and in so doing have vindicated his character from the greater stain; and he ought to be content with the damages which they thought it reasonable to assess for the lighter injury." The case was *Wightman v. Coates*, 15 Mass. 1.

Declarations of the Defendant

Statements made by the defendant to third parties, admitting the existence of an engagement to marry, are always admissible in evidence to prove the alleged promise to marry. The court is concerned with the real facts in dispute. An admission by the defendant, prior to the breach, that there was an engagement of marriage then existing is of prime importance. It is unnecessary that the language used should specify with exactness the fact of the engagement. It is sufficient if the language may be interpreted by the jury as sustaining the allegations. For Example:

Award \$50,000 to "Land Her"

HELEN GOODEVE was living in Portland, Oregon, after having been absent for a time in Vancouver. She had for years been acquainted with Robert Thompson. There was no question but what they became lovers in 1911. There was an alleged engagement to marry which the woman claimed Thompson repudiated on September 30, 1911.

She brought suit against him for \$50,000 damages. At the trial the chief witness in her behalf in addition to herself was a man who claimed that in the autumn of 1911 the defendant Thompson had said to him that he had been "after a girl for ten years and had finally succeeded in landing her." While Thompson did not identify the plaintiff by name he did speak of the girl as having come from Tacoma or Vancouver.

This statement being reported to the girl, she took Thompson to task for having referred to their alleged engagement in this manner. A quarrel between the parties thereupon ensued in the presence of witnesses. The man refused to marry the woman and denied ever having agreed to do so. The witness, over the defendant's objection, was permitted to testify to these facts.

The jury returned a verdict for \$50,000. Upon appeal the Supreme Court declared that the testimony was properly admitted. The verdict was set aside, however, and a new trial granted because evidence was offered that one of the jurors privately met and conversed with the female plaintiff during the pendency of the trial. Whether this meeting influenced the verdict was uncertain but at any rate it was highly prejudicial to justice to have such a meeting occur. The case was *Goodeve v. Thompson*, 68 Ore. 411; 136 Pac. 670.

Mere Courtship Not Enough

Mere courtship, or even an intention to marry a girl, is not sufficient to constitute an engagement of marriage, even though the girl herself takes things for granted. The test is whether the defendant has wilfully or knowingly led the girl to believe that he is proposing to her and that she has accepted that proposal. Language that the ordinarily prudent woman would not construe as an offer of marriage, especially if the defendant's actions belie his words, will not constitute an engagement of marriage however willing the aforesaid lady may be. For Example:

Honorable Intentions

NELLIE YALE was in her late twenties when she met the defendant who was nearly twenty years her senior. He had recently returned to the village after an absence of many years in New York City. Miss Yale was a teacher of music and a member of the choir of the Congregational Church. The defendant had recently joined the choir.

The first occasion when the defendant accompanied the young woman home from prayer meeting was in January, 1886. For about two and a half years he frequently walked home with her from church and on such occasions often entered the house at her invitation and sat with her in the parlor until 10 or 11 o'clock.

But these visits were apparently of the

most formal nature for he invariably addressed the lady as "Miss Yale." On two occasions he took her riding but was as unromantic, according to her own testimony, as though he were on parade down Fifth Avenue.

The chief occasions upon which the disappointed girl could fix as establishing a declaration of love were three: Once he had shown her two house lots in the city which he had under consideration for a site for a house and asked her opinion of the same.

On another occasion he had spoken of going to Europe sometime on a honeymoon but the girl had already declared her fear of the ocean. The third occasion resulted from some neighborhood gossip to the effect that the defendant had said that he had been going around with Miss Yale merely to amuse himself.

She had taken him to task for this alleged statement which he denied. He then stated that he admired her very much and respected her highly, that he would do anything to protect her from trouble or annoyance and that he longed to make her happy. From this time on he paid her no further attentions.

At about this time he met another girl who evidently stirred him from his apathy for within two months they were married.

Miss Yale thereupon brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. In the trial court she secured a verdict for damages but this verdict was set aside in the Court of Appeals.

Said the Court: "There must be a meeting of the minds of the contracting parties, and the evidence must be of such a character as to justify a finding that such was the case. * * * A formal offer and acceptance is not necessary, but there must be an offer and an acceptance sufficiently disclosed or expressed to fix the fact that they were to marry, as clearly as if put into formal words.

"The language used must be such as to show that the minds of the parties met. Contracts of marriage concern the highest interests of life and should be sacredly guarded. * * * Our conclusion is that the plaintiff failed to show facts from which a contract lawfully could be inferred." The case was *Yale v. Curtiss*, 151 N. Y. 598; 45 N. E. 1125.

Effect of Fixing Date of Wedding Beyond One Year

Eighty-third Broadcast

I HAVE called your attention several times to the fact that an engagement of marriage is an executory contract, subject to the ordinary rules of law that govern such contracts. Attention has also been called to the fact that there are two classes of engagements to marry that must be in writing, in order to be legally binding. Let us now consider in detail the reasons for the requirement of a writing.

In early days in England the common law made no distinction between oral and written contracts. It soon developed, however, that unscrupulous persons were taking undue advantage of this legal provision and, by fraud and perjury, accomplishing great injustice upon innocent people.

In matters of houses and lands, for instance, the owner might be unwilling to sell at any price. If, therefore, some scheming rascal could bring an action against him in court, falsely alleging that

the latter had orally agreed to sell the aforesaid property at a ridiculously low price and, by the aid of perjured witnesses, accomplish the other's undoing this would result in intolerable evil. The people of England therefore cried out for a change in the law.

In the reign of Charles II there was enacted the well-known "Statute of Frauds." By virtue of this statute, no person could thereafter be held liable on an agreement for the sale of lands unless the party bringing suit could produce in court a written memorandum of the agreement, signed by such person, or by his duly authorized agent.

But a contract concerning land was only one of several types of contracts in which frauds and perjuries might occur. The statute accordingly made a clean sweep of the lot.

Two of its provisions referred to marriage agreements, thus placing an effective curb upon unscrupulous females who had hitherto been more terrible than the proverbial army with banners in their operations against eligible men of wealth in England.

One of their favorite schemes was to hale a man into court for breach of promise of marriage and charge him with having made the aforesaid promise on an occasion so remote in time that he might have great difficulty in proving an alibi.

This evil the statute struck down in a general provision that no contract of any kind that, by its terms, was not to be performed within one year would be valid unless evidenced by a memorandum signed by the defendant or his agent.

Then, too, there was another evil arising solely from marriage itself. Betrothals, as we have seen in a previous broadcast, often involved the settlement upon a prospective bride of lands or goods.

If either man or woman could fraudulently claim that the other not only had agreed to marry the plaintiff but had also agreed to give to him or her lands or goods as an inducement to enter into the marriage, no unmarried person's property could be safe from such claims.

It transpired also that widows or widowers, by this means, might secure a large share of an estate after the death of the owner, thus defrauding children of their birthrights or defeating the rights of heirs in general if no children were left. The Statute of Frauds contained a provision that no contract founded upon the consideration of marriage could be enforced except upon production of a written memorandum of the agreement, signed by the party to be charged or by his lawfully authorized agent. Let us therefore examine the first of these two classes of marriage contracts that require a writing for their validity.

Marriage Not to be Performed Within One Year

In these days of high standards of living and greatly extended periods of school and college training of young people, marriage is not the simple matter that it once was. In more primitive days, if two young people fell in love and neither of them had a dollar with which to set up housekeeping there was no special reason why they might not at once marry and take up the struggle of life together.

But custom has changed all this. Lengthy engagements are nowadays quite common. If a young man meets the right girl in his Freshman year in college, for instance, a lengthy engagement must necessarily fol-

low, especially if he is struggling to support himself while in school.

Now of course among young people of marriageable age there is much changing of viewpoint. The callow youth may be fascinated by a girl of light mentality and less substantial morals but eventually learn that his engagement is a grave mistake. Or the man himself may prove thoroughly unworthy. He may, by his attentions, ruin the matrimonial chances of his fiance and then cruelly desert her.

An action for breach of promise of marriage is therefore not an uncommon spectacle in the courts. Some such cases fail because the bride-to-be unconsciously defeated her own rights by fixing the marriage date more than one year from the day of the engagement itself. The Statute of Frauds applies to all such engagements of marriage.

Indefinite Date of Marriage

If the parties to an engagement to marry fail to fix the date of the ceremony the law has a very convenient manner of solving the problem of definiteness of terms of the executory contract—for we must remember that the terms of a contract must be definite. Well, the law comes to the rescue of romance by declaring that there is a legal presumption that the marriage will take place within a reasonable time. A reasonable time is construed to be governed by circumstances. A marriage within one month or within three years might be reasonable.

Now it might be supposed that the Statute of Frauds would apply to every engagement of marriage where there is no reasonable hope that it can be accomplished within a year. But this is not so. The statute applies only to cases where a definite date has been set more than twelve months away, or the marriage has been conditioned upon an event that cannot by possibility occur within a calendar year. That is to say, it applies only to contracts that by their express terms cannot be performed within a year. Engagements where no marriage date is set do not offend the statute, even though the engagement may extend over a period of years. For example:

Out of Sight Out of Heart

LILLIAN WOLFSBERGER became engaged to George A. MacElree, a medical student, on August 11, 1891, in the State of Pennsylvania. The engagement was oral and no definite time was set for the marriage. It was understood that the young man must first establish himself as a physician before he could make a home for the girl.

For a year they enjoyed much happy companionship together and together they solved the problem of where the young man should settle and endeavor to build up a practice. They decided that Kansas offered special opportunities for a young doctor. In June, 1892, MacElree left Pennsylvania and went to Newton, Kansas, where he opened an office for the practice of medicine.

Before leaving his fiance it was fondly agreed that at the earliest possible date consistent with his financial prospects MacElree would return and claim his bride, the marriage to occur at her home. For a time ardent love letters were exchanged between them, but soon that ardor cooled on the part of the man.

It was another unfortunate instance of

the fickle lover who soon forgets the hometown sweetheart and yields to the lure of a fresh conquest. For more than a year he had been engaged to Lillian Wolfsberger but now the engagement grew irksome.

In January, 1893, the young physician wrote to the girl that he did not intend to marry her but had found another girl much more to his fancy. Shortly after this cruel letter had been sent forth Dr. MacElree married the other girl.

The deserted Lillian took legal advice and later journeyed to Kansas to testify against her false lover in a breach of promise suit.

Among other defenses set up by the man he invoked the Statute of Frauds, alleging that this was a contract not to be performed within one year. A substantial verdict was awarded to the injured girl. Upon appeal by the defendant this verdict was affirmed.

Said the court: "Although no definite time was specified within which the contract was to be performed, it is clear that when the contract was made there was no stipulation or understanding that it was not to be performed within a year. * * * If when the contract was made, it was in reality capable of full performance in good faith within a year, without violating the terms of the contract, or without the intervention of extraordinary circumstances, then it is to be considered as not within the Statute of Frauds, and a valid and binding contract."

The case was *MacElree v. Wolfsberger*, 59 Kan. 105; 52 Pac. 69.

Renewal of Promise

There is one feature of a marriage agreement that in the nature of things renders it different from other types of contracts. The engaged couple quite naturally regard marriage as a shining goal to be attained.

It is human nature to discuss it longingly, perhaps to count the months or days that must intervene. They require frequent assurances that William still loves his Matilda and intends to marry her even if the heavens fall. Seizing upon this characteristic of lovers, the courts, who are after all quite human and look indulgently upon romance, have a way of construing each fresh assurance of this nature as a new contract of engagement, thus defeating the operation of the Statute of Frauds. For example:

MARY PARRISH was a widow who had a young daughter who proved to be a very valuable witness for her in a breach of promise suit. It appeared that a brother of the late Mr. Parrish called frequently at the widow's home. In fact it was soon noised about the neighborhood that when the widow married again there would be no change of surname.

These rumors began as early as 1899 but the couple did not become engaged until February, 1901. For some reason the marriage date was set for March, 1902. Quite evidently the ardor of the lover cooled somewhat and on June 14, 1901, while Mr. Parrish was sitting in his buggy with the widow and her young daughter, a very important conversation took place.

In the breach of promise suit brought by the woman the daughter was the star witness.

Her version of the conversation was as follows:

"Mamma says, 'Do you intend to marry me as you promised, or are you making a fool of me?' He says, 'I intend to marry you as I promised. In March we will go

on the farm and live right. I will either buy or build."

The case turned upon this evidence, for the defendant set up the Statute of Frauds which would have been a complete defense to the original engagement of February, 1901, since by its terms the marriage was not to occur within one year.

But the court declared that the conversation of June 14, 1901, constituted a new agreement that was to be performed within one year. "It is true," said the court, "that a mere rehearsal of the terms of a previous contract will not constitute a new promise. * * * But in view of the situation of the parties and all the circumstances surrounding them, as disclosed by the evidence, including the attitude of the defendant toward another woman whom he married in September, 1901, the jury was warranted in finding that the statement of the defendant, 'in March we will go on the farm and live right,' constituted a distinct, express, independent and present promise, without relation to any previous contract."

The case was Parrish v. Parrish, 67 Kans. 323; 72 Pac. 844.

Matt Thompkins

(Continued from page 39)

Brown did not enter theatrical work until after the war, and then through a repertory company in Seattle. From that beginning he worked into traveling stock, and finally into New York where he starved most of the time. While struggling in New York in the

early days he did all types of menial work to keep going between engagements. He scrubbed floors, washed dishes, and did all sorts of janitorial work. One day he was offered a part in a show at \$100 a week, a very nice sum. The next day as he started to the rehearsal he suffered a hemorrhage of the lungs. Just a pleasant reminder of the fact that he had been gassed during the war. His total wealth consisting of two nickels, he used one of them to call the theatre manager. He wanted to avoid any sympathetic demonstrations, so he explained that he had reconsidered, that he could not possibly take the part for so small a sum as \$100. He then used the other coin to furnish transportation to a government hospital.

Happier days were coming, though, and after leaving the hospital Brown worked his way into a fairly comfortable position in the theatre. He started writing plays, designing sets and otherwise busying himself with the stage. He had one play published, an artistic success but a financial failure. He probably would have stopped writing then, but praise from Eugene O'Neill, Frank Shay, Harry Kemp and others kept him at it.

Later came the radio experiences and now Brown is in the position that to him is the ultimate. He can live in New York and enjoy the more sophisticated pleasures offered by theatres, museums and art galleries. And he can own a farm in upper New York state where he can milk the cow, clear out brush and wander about the countryside. This to George Frame Brown is perfection.

One of the very interesting things about Real Folks is the strict adherence to the time element. When it is five o'clock in the Eastern time zone, it is also five o'clock in Thompkins Corners. If Judge Whipple, for instance, is accustomed to taking a nap at that hour only an unusual event will bring him before the microphone. If it's winter in the rest of the country, it is also winter in Thompkins Corners. That is just an example of how true to life is the sketch.

Marcella

(Continued from page 53)

ALTHOUGH George Hurley, I had neither a pair of scales with me nor a measuring tape when I went up to the Ritz Towers to see Mme. Tetravini, I should say the famous singer is about five feet high. She just beams

with child-like simplicity and good nature which just goes to prove that not everyone allows fame to go up to the head. * * *

HAL STEIN who's in the fascinating business of snapping your favorite radio stars' pictures has "went" and done it—meet the charming Mrs. Stein, formerly Marjorie Moffett. * * *

SINGING SAM, the Barbasol Man, is Lee Frankel. He is tall and lanky but has a full, round face. There'll be a picture in R. D. of Singing Sam in one of the future issues, Bert and Harriett.

Writes Art Hantschel who still remains faithful to Marcella and Toddles although we have been too busy to answer letters asking for personal replies: "Not my turn to write yet, as I've no toothache since my last gospel to you, so why not, and what else? Do them doves lay aigs? Pigeons! Oh, well, it's the same thing! Do these pigeons you and Toddy Marcel' about in Radio Digest really lay aigs? I'm hankerin' to start a Homin' Pigeon club here, and no pedigree could be better than 'founded by Radio Digest' could be!" Well, dear Art, there ain't no tellin'. Maybe they do and maybe they don't. But every time I look up from my snowed-under desk all I see them do is eat and eat and eat. But even with their prodigious appetites, and even if they don't lay golden aigs, Art, me darlin', they're worth havin' around, when your heart is low, and your haid is bent down. * * *

YES ma'm, Bing Crosby is married, Peg Russell—and to Dixie Lee, movie actress. * * *

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Old Man Sunshine

(Continued from page 28)

"The Pal of the Air."

WLW was looking for someone to handle a children's program. "How about Ford Rush?" said someone, and within the week, once more, (and this time we hope for good) Ford Rush alias Old Man Sunshine, is back in front of the WLW microphones, bigger, better and happier than ever!

FORD is married. His wife is very charming, and (speaking from experience) a perfect hostess. Perhaps one of the reasons Ford is such a hit with the children, is little Ford, Jr., who idolizes his father, and is one of his most ardent radio fans. Ford, Jr., is being taught the ukulele, banjo and Spanish Guitar, but his present preference is a bicycle, his first.

Ford, Sr., is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds and is thirty-eight years old. Were we writing for a movie magazine, we'd say he was handsome, and quite capable of making girl's hearts do "nip-ups" with an occasional "off-to-Buffalo" thrown in for good measure. His eyes are greyish-blue, and his hair is black, with here and there a slight tinge of grey.

He has two passions. The Spanish Guitar, and Golf. Plays a splendid game of golf too! In the upper 70's, and is always accepting invitations from the mothers and fathers of his children admirers, to play a round or two. He never refuses.

Song-writing is another of his many accomplishments. He has such hits to his credit as "Arizona Moon" "Try and Remember Me" and a very current number, which is rapidly becoming a "hit"—"Lost!"

Children who listen to Old Man Sunshine for the first time, are instilled with a great desire to hear him again and again. Perhaps one of the greatest reasons for this is that he never regales his audience with an over-abundance of commercial talk for his sponsors. True enough, his sponsors are more than satisfied with the results they are obtaining. When Ford Rush has a "Wheatena" Breakfast Food night, he tells the children facts. He explains to them, in their own language, why a breakfast food of the type of Wheatena is good for them, and will make them healthier and happier.

When the Waterman Fountain Pen Co., started sponsoring Old Man Sunshine, Ford Rush created a character named "Red." Red likes to write letters, and Ford reads them quite often to the children. The result is that thousands of children, who want to be a boy like "Red" and write letters to Old Man Sunshine with a Fountain Pen, are ask-

ing their parents to buy them a Waterman.

Now let us look at the older side of Old Man Sunshine's listeners. Let's see what effect he has on Mother and Dad, or a romantic young girl.

"Dear Old Man Sunshine," writes one of his fans. "I feel I must write you to tell how much your program has done for me. I am a widow, two children age eleven and three, a boy and baby girl, who are everything to me. They always had about everything children could have while their daddy was living, but it is so hard for me to give them what they really need, I was so despondent last Wednesday, that I was about ready to end everything. No work for so long and wondering where our next meal was coming from. I was sitting in our dining room crying, and my boy "Dick" said "Mother don't cry, I'll soon be big so I can help." Then he said, "Let's turn the radio on because 'Old Man Sunshine' is on." So he did. I don't know whether you will understand this letter, but you certainly turned the world around for me. You have such a lovely, sweet, soothing voice, and when you sang the "Prayer" I really thanked God that I listened in on your program. Old Man Sunshine, I hope it is alright for me to write to you like this, for they say confession is good for the soul. Anyway I felt better. May you keep on spreading Sunshine to everybody, Sincerely yours, 'Mother Sue.'"

This letter is one of Old Man Sunshine's most prized possessions, and it was with much difficulty that I was allowed to take it for copying. That's just one side of the older folks.

Down in West Virginia, a group of young girls were asked to decide as to their choice of Male Radio Singers. Of course everyone thought Morton Downey, Bing Crosby, Russ Columbo or some such would carry off all honors. When the decision was handed to the Radio Editor conducting the contest, he was non-plussed, as only Radio Editors can be non-plussed.

Their decision for the best male Radio Singer was FORD RUSH! Not the Ford Rush who sings romantic songs, and croons so softly that even the microphone starts to swoon, but the Ford Rush who sings songs to children in such a fashion that even young ladies whose paramount thought is romance, acclaim him their first choice!

Ford also has five letters, written over a period of several years, in which the writers explain they were childless, but after listening to his program for some time . . . well . . . they went out and did a bit of adopting . . . or sumpin'.

It is wrong to call Ford Rush a Radio Entertainer, for Radio Entertainers can most always be duplicated. There is no substitute for Ford Rush . . . He is a real OLD MAN SUNSHINE!

WHAT YOU NEED TO SUCCEED IN RADIO



RADIO is a highly specialized business. As it develops it is becoming more exacting in its demands. But radio is the modern field of opportunity for those who keep step with its progress and pioneer in its opportunities!

There is a great demand for *trained* men in the radio industry. There is no place for *untrained* men. Experience must be accompanied by technical knowledge.

A pioneer in radio instruction, the International Correspondence Schools have kept pace with the times and offer courses prepared by authorities, which give practical instruction in fundamentals and latest developments alike. The courses were prepared and are constantly revised by the Who's Who of Radio!

Composed of 24 basic divisions, the Complete Radio Course is designed to give thorough instruction in the whole field of radio. The I. C. S. Radio Servicing Course was prepared specially for men who wish to become service experts. Study of it makes possible leadership over competition. The I. C. S. Radio Operating Course is vital to mastery of operating and transmitting.

We will be pleased to send you details of any or all of these subjects. Just mark and mail the coupon—the information will be forwarded without delay. Why not do it today—*now!*

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Without cost or obligation, please tell me all about the NEW RADIO COURSE	
Name _____	Age _____
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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the In- ternational Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada	

Microphobia

(Continued from page 35)

self all alone. He waited there all the afternoon to see John Royal and he never knew that the man he wanted to see was the man he had spoken to at the secretary's desk.

It is not to be inferred from all this that the broadcasting stations are not interested in new talent. They are. That is why they maintain a department for auditions. In fact audition trials are almost imperative, no matter how great the reputation of the artist may be. In some instances it may happen that the real artist may have to take as many as three or more auditions before giving a satisfactory demonstration.

Eddie Cantor, now regarded as one of the most popular radio stars on the air, proved a disappointment to himself and his friends with his first broadcasts. But he applied himself to a study of microphone technique and now all of his charming personality "gets over" to all classes of listeners.

Ralph Kirbery auditioned three times before gaining a place on the networks where he is now famous as the Dream Singer.

Betty Council, radio mistress of ceremonies, won her opportunity by her embellished stories of an extensive radio experience. She gained a dramatic audition and made good.

James Melton, one of radio's most distinguished tenors, went to extreme measures to win his first hearing. He sought an audition before S. L. Rothafel at the Roxy Theatre. "But Roxy is out of town and no one else can help you," he was told. Melton refused to go or to be dismayed. He opened up all stops with his marvelous voice. His song poured through the halls and corridors in amazing volume. People came out of their offices. They formed an admiring circle around him. And soon Roxy himself was there. Of course he was signed up and thereupon began his radio career.

Peter Dixon, author of *Raising Junior*, a daily sketch, found his way to the air through the press relations department of the NBC. His wife, Aline Berry, had formerly been an actress and was ambitious to continue with her career. Peter had an idea. Now the whole Dixon family is on the air, at least so far as the skit is concerned.

H. Warden "Hack" Wilson, radio's premier mimic, found his way to the air through the NBC engineering department.

But side door entrances are not always successful even though they may prove useful for special advantage.

One aspirant paid a hotel elevator operator fifty cents for a lesson in elevator manipulation. Then he applied

for and got a job in that capacity with NBC. He watched for his chance and several months later gained a place before the microphone.

Tricks rarely work, but nevertheless there are many stock schemes which are so obvious that they seem incredible. One favorite stunt is to appeal to the executive's sentimental side.

"My old mother in Denver is dying," the hopeful will plead. "She so wanted to hear my voice on the air before she passed away. Can't you let me sing on a program that is carried over the network to Denver?" It would be a great stunt if it were not pulled so often. Incidentally, such special broadcasts have been performed in some legitimate cases.

Another trick is even more naive. The singer will have his friends write letters to the studio praising his voice. When he thinks the iron is hot he strikes by applying in person for work. This device is a sure-fire miss and only prejudices the very human officials.

The would-be radio stars who "know somebody higher up" bring more sorrow to the studio managers than any others. These usually are persons of the blustering type who demand special privileges and are unwilling to proceed through the audition channels which have been set up after years of study and experimentation. First these persons demand, then threaten. This method naturally reacts to the detriment of the applicant, it is as old as the human race and it is one of the most ineffective of all tricks, but it is more frequently tried than any other. Most of its advocates belong to that great class of persons who believe the stories of overnight fame and are either too lazy or too dishonest to work up the ladder.

Mountain Boy Banker

(Continued from page 19)

Chamber of Commerce in Washington, D. C. Here, boldly and bravely, he told the great industrial and financial leaders of the world that the present depression was due almost solely to lack of business leadership; that back in 1927, it was clear that unless expansion and speculation were stopped, there could be but one end—disaster. But so great, he argued, was the greed for profits that the men who could have called a halt to this orgy of speculation, this crap game in stock gambling that they let their own greed destroy their leadership. In these days it takes courage to tilt your lone lance in the interests of common man and common decency against greed and stupidity.

And I'm wondering if the character and integrity and common sense that this man drew from those backwood Kentucky hills of his, and from that

humble but fine and deep-rooted home, hasn't been more valuable than all the garnishments of formal education and formal knowledge could possibly have been. You can't teach courage and character in schools and colleges; they are born in homes and fields and streams and woods. Without these two virtues, Melvin Traylor might have become somewhat of a figure in the banking world, but he would never have been the leader of a new conception of the duties and obligations of our great business and financial men.

His is an American story—of American opportunity—and of American character and courage.

Vincent Lopez

(Continued from page 9)

sorry when fire destroyed the place in 1927.

The happiest of all my memories is the signing of the contract with the St. Regis. The hotel is very much like home to me. I find my work a thrill every night. I love crowds, if they are gay, and happy, and if there are real people in them. It is like a beautiful dream to stand on the rostrum in the Seaglade and see beautiful women and stalwart men drifting by, while colored shadows play on them during a dreamy waltz.

I love to watch them—to see them smile. To see lovers whispering as they glide along in the endless circle. It is good to know that the music I am affording is inspiring them to romance.

I often wonder what stories there are back of these embraces; what could be written of the history of each couple drawn together by the magic of melody. Some of the faces impress me deeply. I remember one face in particular which reappeared in the happy throng night after night, not so many months ago. I'd have known her even if she hadn't played the madcap; if she hadn't, in a moment of exuberance, flung off a white satin slipper, to demand that I autograph it.

In her face was written an intelligence far beyond her years. She could not have been more than 20. There was sorrow in the eyes, and her smile I could see was fixed. She fascinated me. I sensed a tragedy.

I was right.

I saw her photograph reproduced in the newspapers a few weeks after I had missed her from the dance floor.

She was Starr Faithfull.

They had found her body at Long Beach.

That is one of my unhappy memories.

Most of them, however, are pleasant. What will future memories be like?

If we make them today, they'll repay us tomorrow!

WHAT PRICE SUCCESS IN RADIO?

... the answer lies in correct training ...
the type you get at RCA Institutes. It is
America's oldest radio school. Special new
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NO other career offers you the interesting life that
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RCA Institutes is America's oldest radio school ...
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can testify to the worthwhile training they received.
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You have your choice of two ways to learn. There
are four big *resident* schools—New York, Philadelphia,
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every six weeks. Both day and evening classes. Or—
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All the resident schools have modern equipment, ex-
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Write for general catalog and full details on any
particular phase of radio in which you are interested.
Use the coupon.

NEWS! A NEW BROADCASTING COURSE!

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

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

Check the box in the coupon below marked "*Micro-
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course. The classes are filling rapidly—so do not delay!
Send in your coupon at once.

NOTE:—At present this course is offered only at the New York school.



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