

# Radio Digest

December

15 Cents



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## *Denny's Debutante Hour*

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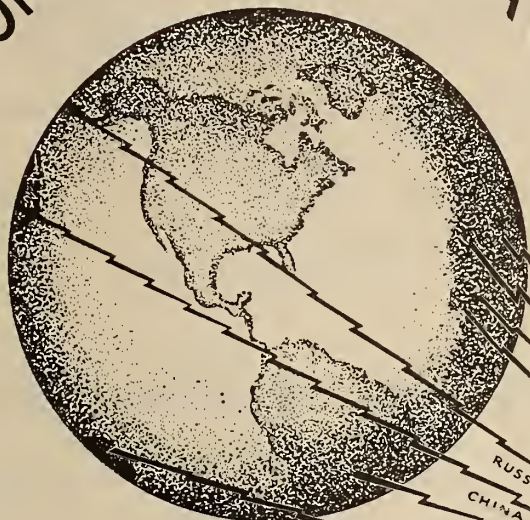
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AROUND THE WORLD RECEPTION A CERTAINTY

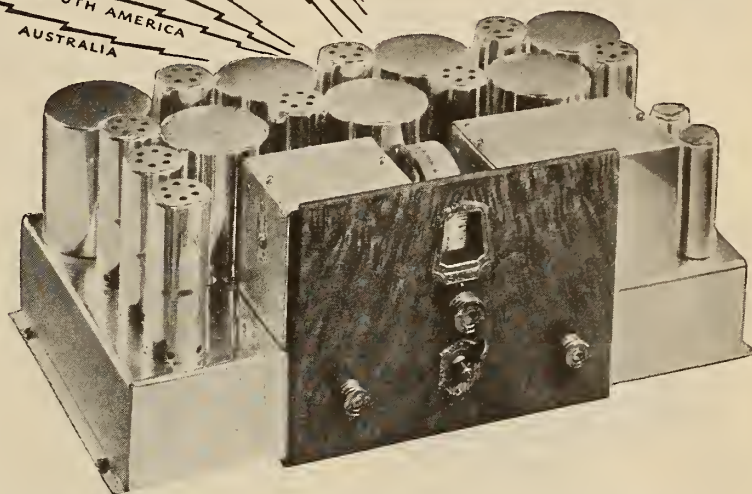


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# Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

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**WEDNESDAY**  
11 P. M.

Chats with NBC stars

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 you are an announcer  
 you are a continuity writer  
 you hope to get on the air  
 you are interested in any  
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# TWISTS and TURNS

*With Radio People and Programs*

BY HAROLD P. BROWN

SOMEHOW, in some intangible way, the Paul Whiteman concert at Carnegie Hall a few nights ago brought to this humble soul a thrill that was almost ecstasy. It was a fruition of a great life drama. A happy ending to a true story that involved all those elements so important to the dramatic—suspense, surging emotion and a smashing climax. But in this story there was no woman angle. It was all about two men—Paul Whiteman and Ferde Grofé. They are truly two souls with but a single thought, one conceives the thought, the other expresses it, and it is all through the medium of music, the finest and greatest of modern American music.

Not so very long ago a dark miserable cloud arose between these two gentlemen. What it was all about doesn't greatly matter now. But our understanding is that Mr. Whiteman had planned to give the Grand Canyon Suite, Grofé's masterpiece, a spectacular premiere. The misunderstanding prevented it. Sadness prevailed. For years they had planned, schemed and played together in the development of a great idea—a distinctive refinement of a truly American style of music. Grofé had worked behind the scenes dreaming and writing the cadenzas and melodic flurries that must be transferred from the imaginative mind to paper. He gave Whiteman the orchestrations that made Whiteman famous, but Whiteman, not unlike all other band leaders, took all the bows. It was not customary to go behind the scenes and bring out the individual who had conceived the idea. The glory was for the individual who presented it to the public.

Finally came an estrangement and the two men, so vital to each other, drifted apart. Paul Whiteman's plans for the premiere of the Grand Canyon Suite failed. Both men played it, and Ferde Grofé became really famous, although he had already become known for several other notable compositions. There was no downright hostility, and mutual friends tried to bring the creator and translator together again. Eventually this came about. Grofé even wrote some Whiteman orchestrations. But it needed something big, something overwhelming to overcome all that had

seamed and scarred their friendship the few months that had passed before.

The concert at Carnegie Hall, arranged by Whiteman, served that purpose. As the centerpiece for his presentations was The Grand Canyon Suite. In a box near the stage sat the composer. For many of that elite throng that filled every seat in the house, this unspoken, unwritten drama was waiting the climax.

Paul Whiteman was keyed to his greatest pitch of intensity. He enthused every member of his orchestra, and he lifted them like magic into the fantasy Ferde Grofé had dreamed as he wrote. They played as they never had played before. It seemed to close observers that the maestro himself was almost overcome with his own emotions as the storm portrayal subsided and the last bars ended. He bowed, apparently in a daze. Then suddenly he stretched an arm to Grofé in the box; who also was trembling. The audience thundered its applause. Grofé bowed, smiled and merged back into shadows. They called him back again and again. What a thrill! What a thrill!

It is the fervent hope of those who know and admire these two great men that they will continue with this renewed mutual understanding to create and portray together the superb musical masterpieces that can reach the highest approach to perfection only through the complementary genius of each to the other.

DICK GORDON, deputy sheriff in a Connecticut town, and "Sherlock Holmes" for a million or so listeners on the NBC Etheria modestly gives a great deal of credit for his success to the young lady who writes the scripts, Miss Edith Meiser. We were honored by a call from the eminent sleuth a few days ago and he said, "So much depends on the script when it comes to radio drama. The tendency is to write in too much of the obvious. It only takes a word or two to present the scene, like 'Stop! Stop! Another step and you'll be over the precipice.' You don't have to put in a lot of words about the precipice. The scene instantly flashes before your eye with dramatic emphasis. My wife has a script with



Paul Whiteman

two pages on which scarcely anything else is written but 'Yes' and 'No.'" Mr. Gordon proceeded to demonstrate the many different ways by which a telephone listener can say "yes" and "no" and still be interesting. Try it out to yourself sometime. When he is not broadcasting or sheriffing Dick gives himself a treat by sawing and hammering together heavy timbers in the basement of his home. Next to being an actor he would rather be a carpenter or a cabinet maker, and he's not sure but he'd rather make carpentering first.

JUST as we go to press with this December issue of Radio Digest we are in receipt of a letter from Jack B. Price, President of the International Radio Club of Miami. Jack conceived a great idea for cooperative publicity on the part of several radio stations affiliated with the I. R. C. On the evenings of November 2, 3 and 4 through Station WIOD at Miami he paid back the nice compliments that had been paid to Miami through a hundred other stations in the United States, and in Latin America, during the year. It was called the Third International Radio Party, for it represented the third season that the scheme has been successfully worked out.

"The broadcasting has developed a closer relationship between the commu-

nities," said Mr. Price. "And in the foreign countries there is a better feeling toward the United States as a result of the international character of the programs. This radio contact comes down as a spirit of good will between the different countries. We have found the other nations very gracious in joining us in this enterprise."

Among the entertainers who came to Miami for the occasion were the Lyrical Troubadors from CMK at the Hotel Plaza, Havana; Senorita Violeta Jimenez, talented pianist and feature artist of the Havana Symphony Orchestra, and Senorita Auora de Almar, vocalist, daughter of the Consul General of Costa Rica.

**I**MAGINE writing and broadcasting a fifteen minute program six days a week for three years and missing only two days out of that time! That's the record of Amos 'n' Andy, otherwise Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll. The days they missed were the days they were on the road to Hollywood and back. Now they are going to have their Saturdays off like other human beings. It must be a tough job keeping a thing going like that and still remain on top of the heap, as recent surveys show that they still are. They have probably entertained more people than any other two persons who ever lived, not even excepting Charlie Chaplin of the movies.

**O**NE of the favorite gags of current comedians is to say unkind things of crooners and saxophone players. But there is one saxophone player who owes his life to his genius at playing the instrument. He is a convict who was under sentence of death at the state prison in California. Anson Weeks, the maestro, knew the man when he was in California and greatly admired the murderer's saxophone playing. Because Weeks was known for his good work in prison charity he was able to have the death sentence commuted and now the sax-playing lifer is teaching other prisoners to play the instrument.

**JAMES MELTON**, the great NBC tenor, owns 35 hats. He finds it hard to pass a hat store without looking in the window. And if he sees a hat that strikes his fancy there'll have to be another peg to hang it on when he gets home. He can't resist buying.

Next month, according to one of our mutual friends, Eddie Doherty who has "covered" the United States from coast to coast as representative of New York and Chicago newspapers, and who has written several thrilling novels based on his personal experiences, will become a microphone artist. According to present plans he will broadcast thrill incidents and accounts of famous trials ov-

er a Columbia network extending from coast-to-coast.

Here's a happy thought from Hendrik Van Loon, famous author on the GE period over NBC. He says the whole human race, numbering about two billion persons could be put in a box measuring about half a mile in each direction. The box could be dropped in the ocean without making any more commotion in its 140,000,000 square miles of water than a box of matches dropped from an ocean liner. So, who do you think you are? It may be well to remember that whether you are or are not the two billion figure still stands.

**MAJOR J. ANDREW WHITE**, one of the founders of the Columbia Broadcasting System who sold out to the William Paley regime, doubtless had a profound influence on the life and career of Ted Husing. In those days Major White was the first and greatest of sports announcers. Ted was on the Major's staff as assistant to the president. When the new order came in Ted requested the privilege of following in the Major's footsteps as a sports announcer. The request was granted. Perhaps if he had gone on being only assistant to the president he would still be an unknown. Incidentally there's a rumor that Major White will soon become a considerable factor in a new radio enterprise.

Speaking of Major White reminds me of Lew White, Roxy's pet organist, who often travels the subway like the rest of us mundane creatures. We were going over to Teaneck and Lew stepped onto the escalator gleefully. "Gee," he said, "I just love these osculators."

Stopped to chat with Madam Sylvia at NBC the other day. She sort of made Hollywood blush by writing "Hollywood Undressed." It seems she massaged excess adipose off all the fair ones out there then told the naked truth. (In collaboration with James Whittaker). "I like New York very much," she said. "I don't think I'll ever go back to Hollywood." She twitched a nervous eye toward the door as she spoke.

"Seth Parker is the greatest living evangelist today," declared C. C. Dowell at the Homecoming of the First Evangelical Church in Des Moines, Ia., recently.

Allen Prescott who spoofs the "lonely housewives" with his NBC program, "The Wife Saver" recently received a gift from a fair listener of a set of hand painted clothespins.

Frank Crumit is shepherd of the Lambs Club in New York.

# Good News!

## LANNY ROSS

"Your Favorite Radio Star"

Watch for the release of his first starring short

## A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

and

Follow his trail to the





**F**ERDE GROFÉ is writing the music that portrays American life and the American scene as it exists today. He knows his subject for he too has lived under all conditions from the itinerant piano player to the maestro and composer acclaimed by the elite in the highest musical circles in the country. Recently he was appointed official composer and arranger for Radio City, New York.

Ferde Grofé



# GROFÉ in the Sun

By John Rock

**L**ITTLE stories from the lives of the great—especially the great composers who lived long ago—are always of interest to the radio listener. We hear of their personal griefs and triumphs and there is added glamour to the beauty of the things they created to please our aural senses.

How about the great composers of today? Perhaps their lives too will afford interesting moments to the generations of those times centuries to come. Certainly they live today in the same atmosphere of hope, suspense, disappointment and triumph.

That brings us to Ferde Grofé who is just now taking his place in the sun of American music. Here is a man who has lived in our times, an American, American born, typical, vigorous with a background that has touched on all phases of our life. He has had the genius to put his thoughts and our thoughts into great music such as the "Grand Canyon Suite," "Mississippi Suite," "Three Shades of Blue," "Metropolis," and his noteworthy collaboration in the Whiteman version of George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

Grofé, the grubber, has tasted little of the sweet plaudits of the multitude until the past year. He worked behind the scenes putting little black dots on bars of music in bewildering profusion. He has been too occupied to go out and take his bow. Yet Rochmananoff, the great Russian composer, has gone on public record as saying that Ferde Grofé is America's greatest living composer.

Now his old friend and mentor, Paul Whiteman, the man who understands him best of all, and knows best how to interpret the things he writes in musical scores pulls aside the curtain and directs the spot to the modest man behind the scenes. Ferde Grofé has written all the or-



Ferde Grofé at his work bench.

chestral scores for Paul Whiteman in the glorious decade that made Whiteman the "King of Jazz."

Grofé will never live to see his greatest fame although he is in good health and blessed with the normal expectancy of life. A thousand to one people who revere and love the brilliant musical creations of Victor Herbert had never heard them when he lived only a few short years ago. Grofé will obtain quicker recognition because he is in the upward swing of radio. He was born on First street in New York City. At the age of seven he accompanied his mother to Leipsic where she attended the Royal Conservatory for three years, perfecting herself in playing the 'cello. When she returned she took him with her on a concert tour that ended up in the far West.

**F**ERDE Grofé's grandfather and his father played with Sousa and Pryor. He was born to the world of music. But there had been times of doubt and disappointment. It was early decreed that Ferde should become a business man. The efforts in that direction failed. In spite of all he followed music. He wandered about the West playing in music halls and inglorious places where there was a tune and a cheer to pass an idle hour.

One evening I met him at the conclusion of a Lucky Strike program in the NBC studios. He was formal, sedate, and the old German music master who had just finished direct-

ing a symphonic orchestra. A rotund man, gracious but dignified. So many were crowding around him it was hard to form an estimate. Later I received an invitation to meet him at his home in Teaneck, N. J. With Lew White, the Roxy organist; and Hal Tillotson, I visited him there.

The three of us wandered through narrow, dark streets until we came to his house, a three story brick of old English design. The house was nearly dark. A young man in a gray sweater met us at the door and ushered us up to the workshop. There I saw a far different Grofé. He too was casually dressed, a house sweater and shirt collar open at the throat. He looked ten years younger than he did in the NBC studio, and infinitely more human. I liked him instantly for a regular jolly human being, the president of the Grofé real estate company of Teaneck, in appearance the personification of Mr. Babbit in Sinclair Lewis' book.

"Sit down and make yourselves comfortable," he said, indicating convenient lounging places. "I have to finish a couple of bars to 'How Deep Is The Ocean' for tomorrow's recording and then I'll be at liberty. Go right ahead and talk as much as you please, it won't bother me."

He sat at a long flat top desk in one of the dormers of his studio. Near the door where we had entered was his piano. At the opposite end was a great fireplace with a picture of his grandfather on the mantel. We mumbled among ourselves in an undertone so as not to disturb his thoughts. But Grofé cut right into our conversation, full voiced, and went right on with his work at the musical score before him. I asked him how he could write under such circumstances. He replied that it was all in his head anyway and he

(Continued on page 37)



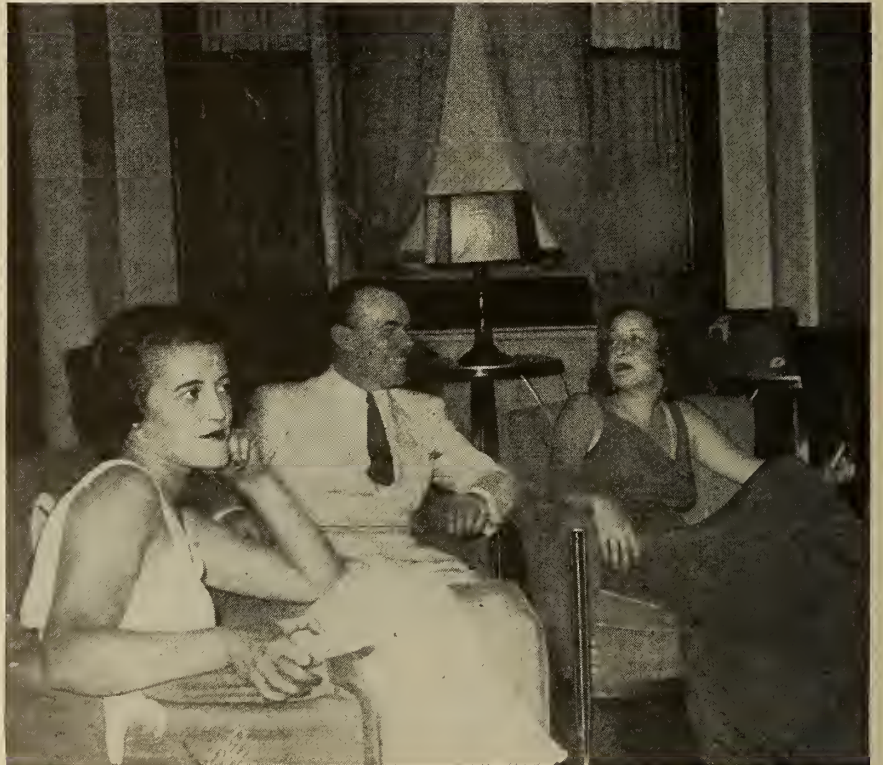
JACK DENNY asking Mrs. Wm. R. K. Taylor, Jr.; Miss Ruth Magor, Miss Mimi Kountze, Miss Beatrice "Timmy" Dobbin, Miss Louise "Teddy" Lynch and Miss Elizabeth Quay to sustain a low "C" and it seems they're still holding it.

# Jack Denny's

*By Charles*

AFTER five years away from the center of radio and broadcasting, Jack Denny returned from his Canadian hide-away to play at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and on all sides he heard the same wailing chant—"Radio Needs Something Different"—"Radio Needs Something New." The reverberations of these wails found their way under the Denny crust and Sir Jack set himself to thinking.

Here he was, playing at the "World's Finest Hotel," surrounded by those people who have everything to their heart's content. Jack was singularly impressed by the bored nothing-to-do feeling they all seemed to manifest. Especially the young debutantes. Speaking to some of them, he discovered that their musical background was, as a rule, extensive.



An informal moment between rehearsals with the Debs. Miss Dobbin, Jack Denny, Miss Lynch, Mrs. Taylor (left panel) and—

# Debutantes

Rabiner

Studies under the best vocal teachers both in this country and abroad seemed to be as common an educational equipment as spelling is to the average man's daughter.

It was during these conversations that Denny would sometimes ask them what they thought of radio, and in every instance the response was highly enthusiastic with a glimmer of new light coming into the eyes of the girls while they spoke about how "ga-rand" a thing Radio was. But that light would be dimmed when Denny asked them had they ever tried singing into a microphone. The invariable answer was negative and the cause was equally common. Their parents objected to their going to any of the radio stations and applying for auditions.

*(Continued on page 10)*



MR. DENNY congratulating Miss Jean Peebles and Mrs. Robert T. Ash as the two winners of the Washington, D. C., Denny Debutante Auditions. Both were rated as "first class" for radio and given their chance on the air.



Miss Quay, Jennie Lang, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Magor, and Miss Kountze. Miss Gloria Braggiotti, "flying ambassador" (panel).



(Continued from page 9)

That was all Denny needed. Here was a wealth of material, which if good, radio could very well utilize. So he immediately started a pleasant avenue to the realm of radio for those girls by himself giving auditions in the Waldorf.

After hearing a few girls, the response became so great that Denny called in the talented Gloria Braggiotti, socially prominent throughout the East who had made her debut in Boston. Miss Braggiotti was asked to take complete charge of the Waldorf auditions with Jack Denny listening and picking those who showed the greatest ability.

ONE of the very first of these "finds," was Mrs. William R. K. Taylor, Jr. The wife of one of the foremost and important brokers on Wall Street, Mrs. Taylor had a voice that was made to order for radio. Her qualities of sweetness, her range and her shading were so fine that Denny used her as his vocalist the very next day on the Lucky Strike Hour. All of last summer she sang and broadcast with Denny from the Starlight Roof Garden of the Waldorf, giving up a Summer's vacation in Europe to be with the Denny Debutantes.

Another who has blazed her way with Jack Denny is Miss Beatrice "Timmy" Dobbins, a Baltimore debutante, who was visiting in New York and gave an audition. Miss Dobbins is the great-grand-daughter of Francis Scott Key, the composer of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Denny Debutantes are not without their sister team. The Kountze Sisters, Mimi and Natalie, daughters of the senior member of the famous Bankers and duets to the tune of Denny's music. "Teddy" Lynch, conceded to be the most beautiful debutante in Greenwich is another Denny Debutante who can be heard singing with Denny now in the Empire Room. Others who have sung with Jack were the Misses Elizabeth Quay, Gwendolyn Fisk and Ruth Magor. Little Jeanie Lang, a St. Louis Debbie has proven to be one of the outstanding successes of the season. Critics have hailed her as the next leading star of the air-waves.

The success of the New York auditions soon reached other cities and the papers from Boston, Washington, D. C., Baltimore and Philadelphia all carried editorials about what the enterprising daughters of New York society were doing and why couldn't their young ladies do something similar. In answer to these, Jack sent Miss Gloria Braggiotti to those sundry cities and had her give the girls of those towns radio audition. Miss Braggiotti did all her traveling by plane, thus acquiring the title of "Ambassador of the air."

In Boston the lovely Miss Nancy Whitman was the winner and she came to New York and sang with Denny for a week. In Washington, D. C., Miss Braggiotti ran into a problem. At the audition, two contestants were equally outstanding and poor Miss Braggiotti was in a quandry as to just what to do. Imagine her surprise and relief to see Mr. Denny walk in at the propitious moment he had driven to Laurel for the horse-races and had decided to "take-in" the Washington audition. Miss Braggiotti had the two girls again sing for Mr. Denny and he also feeling the same as Gloria, he chose both Miss Jean Peeples and Mrs. Robert T. Ash.

In addition to Miss Dobbins, Baltimore has another representative in the Denny Debutantes in the person of Mrs. Campbell Coleston, wife of the famous Maryland Dr. Coleston. Mrs. Coleston won the audition given in Baltimore.

And now, not satisfied in giving auditions in New York and in the surrounding cities, Mr. Denny has sent Miss Braggiotti to Europe. She sailed on October 12th and will hold auditions in the leading Capitals of the continent. A wire, yet un-confirmed at the time of this writing, stated that Marchionesse of the world and historically famous Medici Family had won the audition in Rome.

History tells stories of men who fight fate, men with new ideas trying to change the course of the political tide, idealists fighting with fervor for the adoption of their ideas. Such is the tale of Jack Denny, the high hat harmonist of jazz.

DENNY from the very first, staked his all on a hunch. Or perhaps it wasn't a hunch. Perhaps it was just a good idea waiting for the chance to break. Anyhow when Denny played at the Frivolity Club in New York six years ago, he was just another band leader with a lot of queer ideas about the way jazz should be handled. Denny's band did not blast out "sock" choruses. They didn't blare specialty "hot" tempos or jump up and down juggling brass hats. They just played regular dance rhythm which somehow made you want to get up and dance, not clown around. But that was wrong. The collegiates were holding sway in the ball-rooms and society was aping the Peabody variations. Fast fox-trots were the order of the day. Duke Ellington, Vincent Lopez, Ted Lewis and the other disciples of hot jazz were the reigning potentates in the world of popular music. No band was complete without a well-developed and versatile brass section. Denny didn't have any. He relied on strings, reeds and rhythm instruments. He insisted that a band was not a combination of vaudeville

trumpet and trick trombone players, but a unit of dance music. He was right at that time as he is now. But the world was dance-mad. To proclaim Denny's heresy was suicide. So he remained where he was.

Then the manager of the Mount Royal Hotel dropped in on Denny's orchestra. He had heard of the gentle-mannered, debonair sophisticated dance leader who could play Gershwin as well as he could Berlin. The continental swing of Denny's orchestra set the manager thinking that his British and French patrons in Montreal were beginning to be fed up on the blast-furnaces which were posing as jazz bands. He made Denny an offer. Denny figured it would do no harm to switch. He was tired of battling against the overwhelming tide of Harlem-worshippers. He was a trifle weary of being called "eccentric" and "high-brow." So he decided on the Montreal engagement. With a heavy heart he bade his men pack up for Canada. Denny felt as though this were an admission of defeat. It was voluntary expatriation, which for a musician amounts to surrender. Denny knew that all the men had these things in their minds. But he still clung to his ideas. "It has to change my way," he thought, "this brass lunged jazz-baby will die an early death from the sheer exertion of it. It is only a fad now but when the people wake up and come to their senses they will find that civilized dancing should be a gentle enjoyable form or recreation, not a mad whirling orgy."

Whether it was the soothing effect of real music after a season of low-down jazz, whether it was the new environment or the new audience, suffice it to say that Denny very shortly had the Mount Royal Hotel on its dignified ear. Old dowagers who had said farewell to their dancing days long ago, elderly gentlemen with rheumatism and wall-flowers of both sexes found themselves swaying to a rhythm that spelled dancing with ease. Once Jack Denny caught on, he spread like wildfire. His reputation mounted. He was given a spot on a Canadian net-work. For five years Denny remained in Canada, building himself a reputation which grew as the popular taste in music advanced. The continental flavor of his music and the universal appeal of his unostentatious rhythm gave to Denny's band the distinctive effect which characterizes authentic and well-orchestrated jazz. Every man in the band was a thorough musician, every orchestration which Denny wrote, a piece of real musical composition.

It wasn't long before the big American net-works began casting longing eyes across the St. Lawrence River. One Saturday night the Lucky Strike Hour switched in Jack Denny's band.

(Continued on page 46)



## Mary Livingstone

**T**HIS is the saucy dark-eyed beauty who patters along with Jack Benny who is aleing with Ted Weems on CBS for Canada Dry. Now don't get your *Dennys* and your *Bennys* mixed. Mary Livingstone is Mrs. Jack Benny, and on Sunday night, November 13th she ran the skit by herself while hubby preceded the show to New York.

# "All Right Maria"

## Major Bowes' Capitol Family Celebrates Tenth Anniversary

**G**ATHER round, Family. It's time to celebrate. Just think, it's been ten years now that we have been hearing radio programs from the Capitol theatre in New York! How time flies!

Yes sir, ten years it has been since you first heard the genial voice of Major Edward Bowes speaking to you from across the ether wave on a Sabbath day. Sunday could not be quite complete without this Capitol Family gathering. For many it has a genuine meaning of family gathering—a sitting-together in widely separated parts of the country of relatives who know that at this hour their own flesh and blood, by prearrangement and established custom, are attuned to the voices and words of the friendly host at the Capitol theatre.

"All right, Maria—" He has just introduced Maria Silveira, the girl with the vibraphone voice whose picture faces you on the opposite page. He has perhaps told you that Miss Silveira has been creating something of a sensation with her rippling voice and original inflections which give personality and charm. You may remember a few Sundays ago he said he wanted to interview her for your information but Maria balked at telling her age although she really is a very young thing.

But everything is "all right" with Major Bowes as he introduces the various members of his family who are on the stage with him at the time of the broadcast. You feel that you know the individuals, he makes them human, makes them talk to you, and it's almost like seeing them.

And there's "Little Hannah Klein." Can't you almost see her as he tells her to climb up on the piano bench and play her piece for you. Of course Hannah is by no means a child. And the piece she plays may be a very difficult concerto, but anyway she's just little Hannah Klein to you, not a sophisticated young lady who has been playing at the Capitol, a Broadway theatre, for the past five years. Little Hannah Klein—you just want to step up and pat her on the head and tell her yourself what a sweet child you think she is.



Major Edward Bowes



"Little Hannah Klein"

Anywhere else the name of Yasha Bunchuk would probably make you straighten your tie or powder your nose because you were about to hear something very ultra-ultra by one of those high-brow foreign musical geniuses. But to Major Bowes and the Capitol Family at noon time of a Sabbath day he's just—

"All right, Yasha—"

So Yasha turns to the boys in the orchestra (as you may imagine) and with

an inaudible tap on his music rack leads them off in something sublime and restful to the soul! And if your religion has been slipping a little it all comes back to you. God is in his Heaven and loves us all.

Only Yasha remains of all those who have come and gone since the first program ten years ago. Roxy—you remember when Roxy brought together his gang at the Capitol and for two and a half years led all others with his marvelous Sunday shows on the air? Here was the real beginning of the showmanship that has come to radio as it is known today.

**L**ATER during the day when Roxy came on the air over the National Broadcasting Company with his new Gang he paid glowing tribute to Major Bowes and extended birthday greetings. George B. McClelland, assistant to the president, was present and extended felicitations on behalf of the NBC organization. The new Mayor-Elect O'Brien of New York was also present to express the good will of the City of New York to Major Bowes.

And there's Westell Gordon, the lyric tenor. What a voice! And the lovely songs that he sings. There always is something special for somebody everywhere every time. And on the Anniversary you heard Waldo Mayo with his wonderful violin; Tom McLaughlin, the baritone, who has been making such a name for himself during the past year; also Nicholas Cosentino, the operatic tenor—all combined to make a wonderful day of that Tenth Anniversary.

Blessings on Major Bowes, say we of the radio audience! And let us not forget the excellent collaborator whose voice presents him each Sunday and sometimes substitutes when the Major leaves for a well earned holiday—Milton Cross. God bless Major Bowes and may we hear him call his Capitol family together each Sunday for many years to come. We'll be listening to hear him say:

"All right, Maria, let's hear 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot—'"



### Maria Silveira

**Y**OU hear her every Sunday with Major Bowes and the Capitol Family over a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company. There is a silvery ripple to her voice, and a trick inflection that charms and delights. She's the Maria that you hear Major Bowes address when he says, "All right, Maria."



# May and Peter

By NELLIE REVELL

*"Somebody loves you—I want you to know. . . ."*

*"Longs to be with you wherever you go. . . ."*

*(Peter's voice) "Good morning—that was May."*

*(May's voice) "Hello, Everybody—that was Peter."*

**T**HEN for fifteen minutes everything stops in the homes of thousands of radio listeners. There's no use trying to call a friend on the telephone during one of May-and-Peter's broadcasts. Save your time—and your nickel. No one answers the phone. Everyone is listening to May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose—those universally loved "Sweethearts of the Air."

'Tis said that love begets love, and it must be so, for May and Peter's love for each other has become all inclusive. Everyone whom they contact comes under its spell—and reciprocates it.

And were it not for their youth, they would be called "Mamma and Papa" to the whole radio world; for everyone on radio, especially in the East, knows and loves May and Peter. More than one announcer, musician, page, hostess, and production man, and even a glittering star of radio,

owes his or her first opportunity to May and Peter. Whenever one meets them dashing hurriedly out of a

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**N**OT long ago Miss Revell had the pleasure of presenting *The Sweethearts of the Air* on her NBC program, as *The Voice of Radio Digest*. Then a great many readers requested that we publish pictures of them. So Miss Revell visited them at their home and discovered that they really did have a barrel of letters. Pictures were taken showing the barrel but owing to space limitations we had to cut Mr. Barrel off in order to get a good close-up view of Peter and May.

—Editor.

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studio, one knows they are on their way to answer some distress call. Everyone takes his trouble to May and Peter, and never fails to find a sympathetic solution to his problem. Perhaps it's a run down girl who is all alone in New York, and is in need of a long rest to avoid the White Plague. Or maybe it's a panicky young man who has just lost his job, and dreads telling his mother. Sometimes it is a former radio favorite who feels he is slipping, and needs encouragement. But no matter what

the cause of the pain, whether it be mental, physical, or financial—May and Peter find some remedy for it. And one leaves their presence with an altogether new understanding of the words "Somebody loves you—I want you to know."

Knowing all this about my dear friends (than whom I want no better) imagine my delight when the editor of *RADIO DIGEST* assigned me to do a story on how the "Sweethearts of the Air" build and select their request programs. Accompanied by my photographer, I lost no time in getting to the Commander Hotel on West 73rd Street, New York, for the interview.

**I**T BEING Sunday, I was sure of finding the Ukulele Lady and her composer husband at home answering fan mail. . . The elevator shot up to the tenth, and top floor. In a few seconds I was standing before the door of Suite 1010-20. As I heard May's infectious laughter ring out, I quickly pressed the bell.

I entered the spacious living room, and almost stumbled over the curly-headed, plump little Ukulele Lady seated cross-legged on the floor, with fan letters scattered all about



her, which she seemed to be reading and sorting into neat little stacks. And as fast as she sorted them, Daddy Singhi pulled others out of National Broadcasting Co. envelopes, and from his comfortable place, on the divan, tossed them down to his daughter while hubby Peter, at the baby grand piano, was evidently jotting down song requests which May handed him. Seated at a handsome mahogany table nearby, May's sister Carrie was rapidly addressing envelopes.

The room fairly breathed an atmosphere of welcome. One could not possibly feel like an intruder. There was an intimacy about it that made one feel at home—possibly it was the “feminine” touch—pillows placed invitingly about—odd lamps glowing in corners—novelty cigarette lighters to amuse . . . and last, but certainly not least in May's affection, the goldfish.

“This is certainly what I'd call a lucky break,” I greeted. “Why right before me, I see the answer to my questions. . . .”

“And it's lucky for us, too, that you dropped in, for we certainly are up to our necks . . . Just toss off your coat, roll up your sleeves, and treat this as you would your own fan mail,” May invited.

“Do you mind if I throw my coat on that beautiful orchid bed in the next room?” I *had* to see it—my curiosity was getting the best of me.

“Go ahead—have a good look at it—that's the bed May was born in,” Daddy Singhi proudly informed me.

I went investigating. Never had I seen such a massive mahogany bedroom suite! The dresser extended at least a quarter of the length of the room. Its glass top was a huge frame for photographs of radio and stage friends which May and Peter had slipped under it.

In the little anteroom, adjoining the living room and bedroom, a huge cabinet caught my eye. On its top were scattered sheets of music, and closer inspection disclosed numerous drawers all alphabetized. This, obviously, was part of Peter de Rose's music library of songs—many of them contributed by radio fans.

“I'm sure you'll find much more interesting things out here,” May coaxed, as I delayed.

And sure enough I did! Right in the middle of the floor, the maid had placed a barrel, overflowing with letters. Maybe that was her idea of a barrel of fun on a Sunday afternoon—but I just couldn't see it that way.

“There you see the source of our programs,” Peter volunteered. “They say one has to *dig* for knowledge—so here's your chance, ye Inquisitive One!

“It would take more than a barrel

to stop me now,” I bragged . . . but I'm not saying what two would do. Well, here goes. . . .” and I pulled out a handful of letters.

“If you come across any requests for ‘Back in the Old Sunday School’ please put them in this large envelope,” directed the Ukulele Lady. “Of all Peter's compositions, including our popular theme song ‘Somebody Loves You’ and the number he wrote on our first wedding anniversary ‘When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver,’ this ‘Back in the Old Sunday School’ has brought the most requests for copies, and letters of appreciation. So we've concluded that it is the simple ballads which have a universal appeal. Folks like to keep alive their ideals through song. And that's the observation of Phillips Lord, too, with whom I collaborated on the lyrics,” May commented as we glanced at one letter after another.

FROM everywhere came these letters some postmarked Massachusetts, Florida, Ohio, New Jersey, Connecticut, New York, and Colorado, and apropos of May's remark I'd say that there are still many people who cherish Sunday School, throughout the country. Also that Silver and Golden Wedding Anniversaries are not uncommon. Here is a request, from a minister's daughter in Colorado, for you to sing ‘Back in the Old Sunday School’ as a surprise on the nineteenth wedding anniversary of her father and mother. And here is one from a crippled lady of seventy-five, who was a member of a Methodist church choir for forty years. This one is from a farmer's wife, who says she listens in every Saturday to the ‘Sweethearts of the

Air,’ while she does her baking, as that is the only time she has to listen to the radio. She wants you to sing ‘Under the Old Umbrella,’ and ‘The Little Old Church in the Wildwood’ on her nineteenth wedding anniversary. Now here is a bit of thoughtfulness—a daughter is asking you to sing ‘Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet’ as a surprise on her mother's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. And, believe it or not, here are a couple married thirty-six years, who would like to hear the ‘Sweethearts of the Air’ sing ‘Silver Threads Among the Gold’ . . . Mmmmm, the ministers who joined them together must have used cement—too bad more of it isn't used today.”

With a sigh and a smile May glanced up from her sorting to remark: “It's surprising the slant on human nature that Peter and I get from our fan letters. It is truly inspiring—for it reveals that those sterling qualities of unselfishness, faith, and love have surmounted the evil effects of the world war—the Jazz Age—the bootleggers—and the depression. We have daily evidence of children's thoughtfulness for their parents in requests for their favorite songs on their parents' birthdays and anniversaries; mothers asking for children's songs; sweethearts sending messages to each other. Why a man wrote that he and his sweetheart had been separated for years because of a serious illness, but that they were to see each other again for only a few hours, which would be made more happy if we would sing ‘Paradise’ for them at that time. Then there is the chap in prison who asked us to sing a certain song for his wife—and her request in return. And there are the deserted husbands, wives, lovers still holding fast to their dreams . . . their letters always pleas for us to sing especial favorites in the hope they will awaken memories and bring the straying loved ones back again. These radio friends tell us their faith in romance is kept alive by the duration of our romance, for they've been hearing Peter and me on the air for a good many years now, and believe in us.”

Her words recalled to me the inception of the Breen de Rose romance. May and Peter had been singing love songs together for a good many years, when Mr. and Mrs. Public decided to play Cupid by writing letters to each saying that they knew the ‘Sweethearts of the Air’ must be engaged or married or they could not put so much feeling into their songs. And then an admiring listener, Dr. David Minor, a retired minister, wrote and asked if he could meet them, and when he did so, the “two” were made “one,” and for the last three years

(Continued on page 37)



# Sincerely Yours, Kate Smith

By MILDRED MILLER

**D**ON'T ever let any of the New York smoke eaters hear you say anything against Kate Smith. And you better watch yourself if you make any insinuations about her motives for singing for the war veterans around where the veterans get their hospital chow. And that goes for all those who think they know it all down Broadway and have an idea that nothing fine or good is done without a selfish motive attached.

For whatever else she does and is Kate Smith, the Songbird of the South, is sincere. Don't ever forget that.

Now she is seeing California for the first time. And California is looking at her through camera eyes that will carry a story woven around her robust figure for all the world to see and hear. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Radio Listener your Kate Smith is going places and seeing things.

But the reason her friend Pat came up to RADIO DIGEST to see the editor was because somebody had been making

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*"MAN'S ingratitude to man—"*  
*is theme for a poem. Friends of Kate Smith feel she is a victim of that curse. Pat brings a new slant on the character of the "Songbird of the South" as he explains to Miss Miller. Read it and you'll never doubt Kate Smith's rugged sincerity of purpose.*

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cracks about Kate not being on the level in all the nice things she has done for the boys who came out of the war minus parts and parcels of their anatomy, the same which has kept them confined in hospitals. Kate is all for them. When she gets paid for singing she gets paid plenty, but she's not crazy about money. She gets a lot more fun singing for people who enjoy seeing her and hearing her and it doesn't cost them a cent. Kate really sings for love and likes it even better than singing for money. Let's have that settled now and forever. We must in order to satisfy

her friend Pat on that score. Pat insists, not only for his friend, Kate Smith, but for 573,000 firemen of the Uniformed Firemen's Association of Greater New York. Pat was bitterly aggrieved although he had considered the men who wrote pieces in the New York papers about Kate refusing to sing at a certain benefit as among his friends.

"Now I'm not particular about quarrelling with these boys," he explained, "because they are sorry for what they said and have apologized, but I'm afraid harm has been done and will you please put it in RADIO DIGEST that Kate is the finest, grandest young lady that it has ever been the pleasure of us to hear. And, Miss, you know yourself how she goes about the country singing in the hospitals for the sick and the afflicted, and it isn't once in a hundred times that ever a thing about it gets into the papers, so why could anyone be sayin' it is for publicity she seeks. No, not at all, at all.



Kate visiting the boys at the Naval Hospital in Brooklyn

"I'd like to tell you about the campaign for the eight hour day for the New York firemen. It started about the same time that Katy began singin' on the radio for the Columbia Broadcasting System—and it was a hard time she had getting started just the same as anybody else, if you must know—and Jimmy Chambers, excuse me, I mean Mr. James F. Chambers, Executive Secretary of the Uniformed Firemen's Association of Greater New York (please put all that in the story) he was head over heels in the campaign when of a sudden one night his boss, Vinny, I mean Vincent J. Kane, president of the organization, turned the dial, and whist, he heard a voice that made him think 'twas sure enough an angel singin' down to the earth from the pearly gates of heaven. Well, Miss, who should it be that he heard but Katy, I mean Kate Smith, the Songbird of the South.

"SO MR. Kane, calls up Mr. Chambers and says he to Mr. Chambers 'Did you hear that girl, Kate Smith singin' on the rad-dio?' And Mr. Chambers says, 'No, who?' and betwixt them it happens to Mr. Chambers to try and make a call to Miss Smith by telephone, and he asks would she be singin' a song for the firemen in their campaign for the eight hour day. And what do you suppose she says?

She says 'Sure, she'd be glad to.' And in less than a week it was every single one of those 573,000 fire fighters knew that Kate Smith was a friend. And they lost no time adopting her into their organization as a regular buddy.

"Well it was grand. Kate was all for them and they could not do enough for her. Then came the grand ball at Madison Square Garden and the largest dance ever held there—26,000 tickets were sold—and Kate was the guest of honor. There was plenty of grand speech makin' and Kate was presented with a gold fireman's badge. The rafters of the great hall trembled with the

sound of their shouts and applause as Kate received the badge."

Pat submitted something written by one of his newspaper friends which was about as follows:

Through her association with the smoke eaters Kate was brought to hospitals where were quartered former buddies of these firemen when they were in service. Would Kate sing for the

dience its every wish. She developed the idea of Service, and she gave Service. This she maintained when she attained the heights of a salary and carried it to the stage of the houses on Broadway. The letter again appeared as the beginning of Success and it also begins her name as well as her billing "Songbird of the South."

Kate's greatest failing is acknowledged in her inability to pronounce a monosyllable, the shortest in the English language. Many others have the same difficulty to utter that identical word, *NO*. Will you appear for a benefit at our church? Sure. Will you sing for our Legion Post? Sure. Will you come over to the crippled children hospital? Sure. Thus Kate, because of her inability to pronounce two letters became the world's greatest benefit artist.



Kate Smith before the camera

wounded men? Certainly. The first arrangements for Kate's appearance in hospital was planned by the firemen, members of the American Legion. Then Kate acquired another batch of friends making her own personal audience more than a million. Nurses, doctors, Red Cross, hospital superintendents numbered themselves amongst her friends and along came her sponsor on the air. Kate has continued with this one program for almost two years, her contract runs that long.

The nineteenth letter in the alphabet means much to Kate, for it begins the words that have been much in her life. She always believed in giving the au-

calls one such affair. It seems that a certain newspaper man made a reputation for himself with the boss by turning benefits promoted by the paper into success. He would put it up to Miss Smith as "one Irishman to another" to help put the dinner over. Kate came and sang. Then, one day, a call came for her help. She was too ill to go. The writer chap said he'd get her. But he didn't. Then he circulated the yarn that she was insincere. Did that burn the firemen up? It did. That's why Pat visited the *RADIO DIRECT*. He wants all you listeners to know that Kate Smith is always "Sincerely Yours."

## EVERY-

where the call was for Kate Smith for any and every benefit, and there is an average of one a night and some times five. Most are worthy but the benefit game has resulted into one of Broadway's finest rackets.

Many interesting occurrences arise in the course of these transactions. The invited artists have but little time to learn the worthiness of some of the benefits. Many times the artists are called on to do the promoter or manager a favor. Kate re-

# Don Bestor

## CLICKS *in the* EAST

By Gene Gaudette

“**T**HE LEXINGTON, why tha ‘the’? Isn’t Lexington some place in Kentucky?”

That was Don Bestor’s first question when his manager informed him he had been booked for The Lexington. Of course if the manager had said “The Lexington” in Chicago it would have been different. Don would have packed up and headed for a hotel on the South Side in his old home town. But it did not take him long to learn that “The Lexington” toward which he was turned with his band was “The Lexington Hotel” of New York—one of smart hostelrys of Manhattan.

Don makes himself at home anywhere. He has been playing at the very luxurious William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh, and that last night of his engagement was one long to be remembered. Distinguished guests came from East and West in his honor to make it a very gala gala affair. A flock of aviators flew into the town to help Don celebrate a very successful season.

And now he is doing it all over again in the very nerve center of the broadcasting networks of the country. He is writing new music, and giving the NBC listeners thrills right from the Lexington dance floor. He has Art Jarrett with him. Art is the youngster who had to go West from his native town of Brooklyn to find fame in Kansas City, Chicago and Cleveland.

Two important sponsors have already sought the Bestor orchestra but nothing can be done about it until the Midwestern boys have been in New York for six months in a row when they will be eligible to membership in the local musicians’ union.

“Why can’t you use the local musicians until your own men are eligible?” asked one of the advertising representatives.

“What? I should say not!” exclaimed the young maestro. “We stick together whatever comes or doesn’t come.”

There is a deep burr in Bestor’s voice and if he hadn’t turned out to be a top grade band conductor he might have qualified at the microphone as the world’s finest announcer.



Don Bestor

Incidentally it is an interesting fact to remember that Don Bestor was sharing Chicago honors with Isham Jones in much the same manner as Paul Whiteman was winning his first

popularity in New York. Bestor orchestras were in demand in all the Midwestern cities in a new wildfire vogue for smart dance orchestras. And it is said that Whiteman and Bestor were the first two orchestra leaders ever to receive radio fan mail.

Don went into records for the Victor company. Last Spring he decided to head for New York and was booked at the Hotel New Yorker. He was only supposed to stay two weeks but he stayed all Summer. His departure for the Pittsburgh engagement disrupted his continuous engagement in New York and prevented him taking the commercial programs that were offered.

Now he has made up his mind to stick. He is on the air over an NBC-WEAF hook-up four nights a week and it is possible before this comes into print he will have a Sunday night program over WJZ. He is recording again. And you’ll remember this old song he created some years ago, “Down by the Winegar Woiks.” His latest hit is “Contented” just released a few weeks ago.

**N**OW let’s turn to the other member of the new air combination, Arthur Jarrett. Three years ago he was the featured vocalist in a dance band. Then he became one of Chicago’s most popular air vocalists. And today, he stands among the leaders of his profession with national fame. Young, clever and retiring, he could easily pose for a collar advertisement. Or one of those artist’s conceptions of a collegiate.

Several years ago, while listening to a band in the Muelebach Grill, Kansas City, he fervently exclaimed, “Some day I’ll have an orchestra like that accompanying me during my broadcasts. That orchestra was Don Bestor’s and today Art Jarrett has his wish. NBC wanted to give the public something new in sustaining programs and combined the two stars.

The singer’s father is Arthur Jarrett, Sr., the actor. His uncle is Dan Jarrett, the playwright and director. Dan Jarrett goes out to Hollywood to direct for Fox Films next month so Art will lose one of his best pals.

Art attended Fordham and sang in a New York orchestra to earn his own spending money. Left education for music when he quit Fordham to join Ted Weems. Stayed with Weems for four years and was a sensation. Had them standing in the aisles in Chicago. When Weems left Chicago, Art remained with three good radio contracts. His fan mail was most satisfactory during that period. Then he joined Earl Burtnett and played into Chicago theatres.



## Betty Webb

**B**UT they do not call her Betty in the story of Omar Khayyam as you hear it over the CBS-WABC system from New York. On the air she is the seductive dusky beauty known as Nur-Ulan. She is from the stage, including three Broadway successes. Her Omar is enacted by Stuart Buchanan, famous in featured Hollywood pictures.

**P**AUL WHITEMAN has come back to the fore with his remarkable band and swept all question as to his regal supremacy beyond the last reasonable doubt. His remarkable Fourth Experimental Concert at Carnegie Hall during the past month proved that, with Ferde Grofé "keeping score," there is a type of American music that can do the nation proud. Paul's radio programs with Soloists Jack Fulton, Irene Taylor, Ramona and Jane Vance (whose portrait adorns this RADIO DIGEST cover) are adding new luster to his fame.



Jack Fulton

## Ted Weems





Paul Whiteman



**H**ERE you have an excellent close-up of Ted Weems and his All-American Band. Don't say you do not know what "All-American" means! That means every member is a college graduate, and the colleges are scattered all over America. For these college youths Nature in the Rah is seldom mild, so that's why they seem so hilarious at the moment. They are just getting settled down to their new locale in the Pennsylvania Grill in New York after a happy season in New Orleans. Jack Benny skit-daddles along with them in their ginger ale program.



Mildred Bailey

# Western

By MILDRED BAILEY

*The Sweet Singer of Spokane*

THE studio elevator swooped down the shaft with sickening speed. I was tired. And behind the barrier of the velour cord and brass posts on the ground floor there waited, ambushed, the usual ordeal of fans with dripping pens and open autograph albums foisted forward, milling, shoving, jostling to get closer.

My head ached. I had scarcely recovered from a severe case of the grippe. To go on the air at all I had drawn on my reserve of emotional energy until I seemed sapped, empty. I felt limp, crumpled, ready to drop with fatigue.

But there wasn't anything to do but face these people who had been waiting to see me.

"Miss Bailey, won't you mention my name on your broadcast next week?"

"Miss Bailey, I'm collecting autographs. I have a Russian grand duke's and Fatty Arbuckle's and even Al Capone's—"

"Miss Bailey, I would like to interest you in these Italian lozenges. They improve your voice. They keep you from getting a cold. The formula was prepared especially for Caruso. They are only fifteen cents a box. For you maybe I could get a special price on twenty-four boxes—"

"Won't you sign something in my book, Miss Bailey? Say something real nice. Say I'm your best friend, and we—"

"Miss Bailey, up at Brooklyn Central High School we're trying to buy soccer suits for the team, and we thought if we could get you to sing at a benefit so we could sell tickets, and—"

"Miss Bailey, I got a song I wrote. And, boy, oh, boy, is it a wow! If you'd just sing it two or three times on every program, kinda make it your theme song, I'd make a pile of dough, and I'd let you in for a cut, see? It goes like this, 'They called him knock-kneed Abey; And he had a cross-eyed baby; Dum Da Dee Dum Dum—'"

I could have shrieked at them or sobbed, pleading with them to leave me alone, let me go home. But I happen to be super-sensitive when it comes to rebuffs and humiliations myself so I couldn't be unkind.

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# STARS

By DONALD NOVIS

*The Sweet Singer of California*

**I** DON'T believe I'm exaggerating when I say that I had to sing.

Some people arrive as musicians because they've had a musical objective in mind through the years. I guess I've gotten into radio largely through the encouragement of my family, my friends and my teachers. If I had had my way about it, I am sure that I would now be a teacher of physical education. Perhaps I'd even be coaching some high school or junior college team out in California, my home state.

Be that as it may, I'm here and I hope to remain as a singer for years to come.

So many people have asked me how I got bitten with the radio bug and how I happened to win the National Atwater Kent radio auditions over the NBC in 1928 that I'll set it down here briefly.

Perhaps I ought to go back to Hastings, England, where I first saw the light of day on March 30, 1907. That is a bit important because it has a bearing on my present singing career.

My father was Welsh. He came of a long line of singing people. The Welsh airs were as thoroughly ingrained in his make-up as the thick brogue of old Wales was stamped early in life upon his speech. He often said he could not remember when he first learned to sing. Welsh people don't learn to sing, I guess. They just do it as naturally as breathing or eating. So, with this tradition behind him, my father just had to sing, too.

By day he was a cobbler and on Sundays he raised his rich baritone in the choir of that quaint little English church which you will see today if you visit the historic spot where William the Conqueror defeated Harold II in 1066 in the southernmost section of the "tight little Isle."

Of course I don't remember anything about Hastings or my sojourn there. My very first recollections are bound up with my family's crossing to Canada. I never shall forget those earliest impressions, the big ship, the towering waves and the wide deck where my father took me walking. That was an awesome experience, and not easily forgotten.

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Donald Novis

# *That Broadcastin'* WEST GAL

*By Marie-Louise Van Slyke*

**W**HEN Margaret West, or "The Texas Cowgirl" as she's known to you dial-twisters, sings her cowboy songs, or plaintive Mexican love tunes she knows whereof she sings. Because if ever anyone ever had a right to the title of "Texas Cowgirl," Margaret West has that right.

She's not the drug store variety of cowgirl like so many alleged sons and daughters of the West who have visited New York, in their ten gallon hats and chaps and who have never been on a horse, and rarely been farther West than the west bank of the Hudson. For these "professional" cowboys she has nothing but disdain, and rightly.

Because she was born on a ranch, lived there all her life, and is truly a daughter of the plains. The famous Rafter "S" Ranch, owned by her father, George W. West, one of Texas' most prominent ranchmen, was her birthplace.

By the time she had cut her first tooth, and, incidently she did her teething on the handle of her grandfather's pistol (no pink celluloid teething rings for her, thank you) she could ride a horse. From that time on she's been as much at home on a horse as New Yorkers are in a subway.

She's grown up with the legends and stories of early Texas, told to her at an age when most children were learning Mother Goose stories. The famous legends of the old Texas cattle trails, used by the early ranchmen to drive their herds to the markets have been handed down to her by her grandfather, Sol West, who was an early settler, and one of the most famous trail-drivers.

Margaret has punched cattle, branded them, roped them, herded them, like a true cowboy. At times, when her father was called away, she has managed the ranch for him, and once, put over a big cattle sale, that he had been trying in vain to negotiate. Despite his chagrin at being bettered by his daughter, in his own business, he was justly and duly proud of her.

Going out to camp on the ranch, away from the ranch house for days, is one of Margaret's chief joys, when she's in Texas. Hunting, fishing and rounding up the cattle with the rest of the men, is life as it should be lived, to her. Al-

though they carry a cook on these trips, Margaret is chief supervisor of the "chuck wagon," or kitchen, to you. She describes it as a covered wagon, the door in back folding down, to form a table when meals are being prepared. The inside is lined with shelves, carrying all the cooking utensils and supplies.

And when the day's work is over, and the evening meal has been dispensed with, which doesn't take long for a lot of hungry men of the open to accomplish, then they all gather round the campfire and Margaret, to the accompaniment of a guitar, sings her cowboy songs and the men exchange anecdotes

of prairie life and the Lone Star State.

On one of these trips, she had one of the most thrilling experiences of her life. It was just sundown, and as she was heading toward the chuck wagon, she saw a rattler, coiled not more than a foot back of one of the men, poised to strike. Without saying a word to him, out came her revolver, she sighted, and fired, and when the smoke cleared, the snake lay writhing, minus his head. It was a close call, she admitted. But she knew she would hit either the rattler or the man's foot, and luckily for him, she was a good shot.

Once a week, on Friday, at 12:45 she broadcasts over station WINS, in a program of cowboy songs and stories. She wants to bring the true picture of the West to Easterners, because she feels they have no idea of the real West, as she knows it.

And when she sings her songs and tells her stories the West is truly brought East, in an enjoyable and unusual program.

She sings with a dash and spirit that is inimitable. She enjoys singing the songs of the range because it takes her back to Texas, just as surely as it brings Texas to her listeners.



**T**HEN'S not just stage clothes you see on Margaret West. She wears 'em every day like that back home on the big ranch where she was brought up. Her dad owns the famous Rafter "S" Ranch in Texas, she's herded on the range, loaded cattle and sold 'em to the market. Now she sings for New York broadcasting stations.

*Editor's Note: Because we believe that there are numerous young amateurs among our readers who have bands which play now and then, but who hope to become professionals, or have already started on this path, we are publishing a few words of advice from one who once was in the same position. In the following article, Peter Van Steden, whose 15-piece orchestra has been heard on the NBC's Barbasol program twice weekly, offers a few suggestions.*

# Words of Advice to a YOUNG MAESTRO

By Peter Van Steden

**N**EITHER luck nor pull is necessary for a dance orchestra to succeed. What you really need is plenty of patience and lots of hard work. Don't wait for success to come to you. It won't—you'll have to struggle to reach the top, and then keep right on working to stay there, for music is the same as any other business, and it takes a long time to build up public acceptance.

In this article, I shall try to erect a few sign-posts along your path to success.

The first one is: Don't expect fame and fortune to come over night. Practically every dance orchestra leader of any consequence is over thirty years old, and there are some who did not reach the top of the ladder until they were nearly fifty.

You will get your share of bad breaks and hard knocks. Don't let them discourage you. They are part of the game—a part that makes it worth the playing. Success is something that one must strive for. If it is too easily achieved, it lacks its savor.

Of course, the first thing you will need is a good band. If you can afford only three really first-rate men, let them be a trumpeter, a saxophone player, and a drummer or pianist. You can build your orchestra around them.

But, no matter how fine your musicians are, you cannot depend upon them to make your orchestra a success. The real responsibility rests upon the con-

ductor. He must have a thorough grounding in music, preferably having the ability to make his own distinctive arrangements. If he is unable to do this, it is at least essential that he be able to explain his requirements to an expert arranger, and to see that his orders are followed.

The music should always be completely arranged before the rehearsals are held, or, if the orchestra has not yet reached a point where special arrangements are required, the orchestrations supplied by the publishers should be re-routined. By this I mean that you should have the selections carefully planned, with a few variations in the opening and closing passages, to lend a flavor of distinction to your work.

Once you have laid out your musical plans in advance, as a general maps out a battle, you are ready for the rehearsals. Too many young dance orchestra leaders are inclined to skimp on their practice hours. Remember that the top-notchers rehearse their bands for at least six to eight hours a week, and that your band needs at least as much practice—if not more.

When it comes to playing in public, insist upon your musicians being neatly dressed, and, if possible, uniformly. They must also look at ease, and only rehearsals will enable them to do so. As conductor, in addition to doing these things, you must use enough showmanship to put over your personality. Develop a pleasant, confident smile, and a few characteristic gestures. But don't overdo it; it is not necessary for you to toss back your flowing locks, or to jump up and down in time to the music.

Another of your duties as conductor is that you devote a great part of your free time to study. While you need not be a master on any instrument, it is essential that you play at least one, say the violin or piano. You must be able to read music and understand the problems of your men. It is also a good plan to buy phonograph records of your favorite conductors' music, playing them over and over again, until you find out what techniques they use. The chances are against your being able to originate a style of your own until after you have had years of experience, so

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Peter Van Steden

**T**HIS is Peter Van Steden himself who has been very successful as an orchestra leader with National Broadcasting System. Because RADIO DIGEST often receives letters from young men throughout the country who are anxious to make a name for themselves over the big chains Mr. Van Steden was asked for his opinion.

# UNCLE DAN'L Lives!

BY WILLIAM FORD MANLEY

IN the course of a career which has pretty nearly covered the most active years of radio's span of life I have written I do not know how many programs: to try to remember would be a little frightening. I have run the gamut, from the old Biblical Dramas, through melodrama, musical-comedy, and wise-cracking farce. Because it is the fate of the radio dramatist that, unlike the playwright for the theatre, he cannot always follow his whim or inspiration: What he writes must more often fit in with the advertising policy of a great industrial corporation; must please not only himself and his audience, but a board of directors, and their wives.

But in one program I have followed my whim, for better or for worse; I have had no interference; no pressure has been brought to bear; no line has ever been changed, or added. In the Snow Village stories on the Soconyl-land Sketches I have no alibi. I have done what I wanted to do.

And I wanted to write the chronicle of a New Hampshire village because it is the soil from which I came; they are the people I knew best. Why Uncle Dan'l still lives, not two miles down the road from me! Time has dealt gently with him, as it has with all of Snow Village.

I suppose that is why I like to set down their story. There is something timeless and eternal in a village which in the rush and chaos of 1932 still preserves within its quiet boundaries the slow moving pace of the last century. It has few houses, but how they have resisted the encroachment of the years! New York has leapt skyward in turrets of steel; to the west cities have been born on the empty prairie, and where fifty years ago there was nothing but a huddled collection of dingy shacks you can now find a Chamber of Commerce, a Radio Station, and an Art Museum. And in all that time Snow Village has seen two or three houses burn down, two or three houses built: and a Rip van Winkle, coming down to the village from a fifty years' sleep

on Foss Mountain would see no particular change in the sleepy little village street.

A restless people, we cling to the few things in life that do not change; and I imagine that is why I love Snow Village, and hope they never lay concrete between the elms on its only street.

Is there a Snow Village, an actual place on the map? There is. They call it Snowville now, in deference to the United States Post Office's demand that the village name be one word for convenience and efficiency's sake. (How much I wonder did it cost the tax-payers to support that particular efficiency expert at Washington whose function was a ruthless assault on a name revered and mellowed by time?)

SO if you set forth to find Uncle Dan'l's home, you will have to look for Snowville. You will find it, looking as it has for a hundred years, on the edge of the White Mountains, in the township of Eaton, halfway up the State of New Hampshire, almost on the Maine border. And if you are not able to get there for another fifty years, I am sure it will still be there, and still unchanged, a back-eddy and a refuge in the remorseless sweep of time.

The actual writing of a Snow Village story is a matter of some excitement to me, and sometimes it is excitement that becomes apprehension. Sometimes they leap to mind full formed, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and the work begun at morning on my ancient typewriter is finished by night. At other times they have the elusiveness of a half remembered phrase; by evening there is nothing on paper but a dozen false starts, and a hopeless feeling that the Mss. is due on Monday. Because we people in radio are always writing against time, like the columnists in the newspaper. And the Snow Village stories are material that refuses to be rushed.

Fortunately for me there is no great



"I swan, Dan'l if ever I saw a saw as this saw saws!" says Old Neville to Uncle Dan'l.

rush. For the last three years I have never done more than two in any one month, a tremendous contrast to the pace necessary when turning out a five-a-week program! I am thus able to let ideas lie fallow, until they are ready to be written, until some little incident that I remember, or some character, assumes proportion and dramatic meaning.

I mentioned above certain disadvantages of the radio dramatist, as compared to the playwright for the theatre. But there is one important item which is vastly to the advantage of the radio-writer, (aside from the all important fact that he knows he is going to get paid for what he writes!) and that is the advantage of knowing with a thoroughness difficult in the theatre the men who are going to act his manuscript and give it life and meaning. In the theatre a play is written, and the author waits and worries, hoping with an uncertain hope that most of the important parts will be properly cast. In the Snow Village stories I *know* they are going to be cast right, because Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly are Uncle Dan'l and Old Neville, and vice versa. The dependence of writer on actor and actor on writer works both ways; but although I can conceive of Snow Village stories written by some other hand, I cannot conceive of any other two actors who would give such life and vitality to what is after all merely 30 odd pages of manuscript paper with some 5000 words on them.

But I hope I keep on writing Snow Village stories; while the impulse and memories are still fresh. In the heterogeneous and somewhat frenzied life of a radio writer they have been for me a quiet spot and a refuge.

# Just Gabbin' About T O M M Y

BY HILDA COLE



Tommy McLaughlin, the smiling tenor heard on both big chain programs.

I KNEW the minute that Tommy McLaughlin looked down at me with those roguish Irish eyes he had the makings of a story in the background of his life. He's the shining star in the baritone sector of the CBS radio heaven just now. There's impish devilment in his manner, and a good looking boy with that kind of a disposition is born to adventure—and adventure is what makes life thrilling. Almost without thinking I asked him when he had begun singing with that wonderful baritone voice.

"When did I first sing baritone?" he repeated my question, "Why 'twas the very moment that I quit singin' soprano. Aye, the very second it was, Miss Cole, for I was eleven years old and warbling away like a little bird before the school when suddenly in the midst of 'Silent Night' the silvery coloratura of the wee lad cracked and vanished forever and in larrups the baritone which, God grant, will stay with me until I have no further use for a voice at all. It's a strange fact that a lad of eleven should have that change in his voice, but that was my own experience."

It was on the morning of September 11, 1909, that the young Tommy McLaughlin vociferously announced his arrival in this vale of tears. The place was Los Angeles; but his mother came from Donegal in Ireland, and his father from Belfast.

"And did your parents sing?" I asked the smiling Mr. McLaughlin.

"Neither one of them could so much as carry a note in a basket," he replied. "But my mother had the rhythm of music in her soul, and the five of us children all could sing fairly well. I am the only one who carried it through professionally. The rest had better sense."

There's a legend in the McLaughlin family that Tommy at the age of three had a repertoire of three songs which he did surprisingly well for one so young. The favorite was, "You Got To Quit Kickin' My Dog Around." The others were: "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and "When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy."

Tommy's mischief manifested itself early as he attended the parochial school in Los Angeles. His older brothers in graduating from the same school had carried away the coveted prize for elocution. Tommy had a reputation to sustain. They couldn't resist giving him the prize when he chose for his rendition "Guilty," which starts off "Yes, I'm guilty. . . ."

Then there is the time that Tommy, still very young, borrowed the family car without the formality of paternal permission. The car went much faster than he intended it should, and he found himself at school with a ticket in his pocket. Came time for his appearance in juvenile court and the necessity of obtaining leave from his classes. He had to hurry to keep his appointment with the judge, and borrowed a car to get there. By the time he arrived he had two tickets to dispose of. By liberal use of his glib Irish tongue he escaped punishment in both cases.

His early acquisition of a baritone voice earned him a billing at KFI, Los Angeles, as "The World's Youngest Baritone." He studied baritone, attending concerts wherever possible and by the use of records of eminent singers. At fifteen he sang at the Pacific Coast Radio Show for his first professional

appearance. His selection was "Toreador." He was a sensation.

The family moved to Detroit in 1926, and he therefore enrolled at University of Detroit. The students presented a show, staged and directed by John Harwood and Max Scheck, of Broadway, in which Tommy had an outstanding part.

Thereafter, he renewed radio connections and not only sang but did some announcing at both WMBC and WJR. He studied for a short period with Irene Bonstelle, known to many stars of stage and screen as "Bonny."

A serious illness interrupted his work, and after a great struggle in which he finally regained his health, he came to New York to search for a suitable teacher. He found one in William Whitney, who suggested that he take a complete course at the New England Conservatory. Tommy assented, and his profession was determined then and there. While a student, he gave many concerts, sang for both President Coolidge and President Hoover, and made a tour of New England Colleges.

Having completed his course, Tommy sang with Vincent Lopez in New York and accompanied him on tour. Returning, he joined Major Bowes at the Capitol Theatre. After an appearance at Roxy's, he learned of the sudden death of his favorite brother, and returned to Detroit to sing his Requiem. This was naturally a disheartening experience, for he had idolized this older brother since childhood. Returning to New York he busied himself with musical studies.

A short time ago, Jim Doan became his manager and obtained for him an audition at Columbia Broadcasting System, WABC. He made good and is now featured in "Threads of Happiness" each Tuesday night.

Tommy McLaughlin is grey-eyed, good looking and, girls, he's a bachelor.

# TUNEFUL TOPICS

By Rudy Vallee

**B**ROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME. It has not been my good fortune yet to be able to see "Americana." This is Mr. McEvoy's, (in conjunction with the Shubert Brothers) third and most successful attempt at producing a musical revue. His first two "Americanas", even after the pulmotor of other money and complete revision were applied, did not seem to survive, but this one has a good chance of surviving, at least for a short run, and let us hope, longer!

This is due in no small measure to the staging in the second half of the show, with a masterful scene around a more masterful song, BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME, by Messrs. E. Y. Harburg and Jay Gorney. It is a composition which at first would seem to be out of place in these times, and I would have doubted that anyone would dare sing it. However, this is only another case that proves the time-worn statement that one cannot predict absolutely what Mr. and Miss Public will "go for".

In these days of millions of unemployed actually "standing in line begging for bread," it would seem almost a sacrilege to write a song about it, and then to sing it in a revue where people sit in comfortable seats, in most cases after having enjoyed a delicious repast, warm, snug, and completely relaxed, when out on the streets, not so many blocks from the theatre, there is actually a bread line, with none of its individuals singing a song about their condition.

I understand that Rex Weber, who sings it in the show, is a ventriloquist in other parts of the performance, and an excellent one. This is his first real break in a revue, having been in vaudeville all his life. It reads like the usual burlesque type of story, where the vaudevillian family realizes his life's dream. They say that Mr. Weber makes the most of it. He steps out of the breadline and sings a song which tells of the glorious things he did in the past, building a railroad and a tower, and his services in France, and now he is like the poor maniac in the insane asylum, who imagines he is Rockefeller, more than content with a paltry ten cent piece.

The melody fits the thought as though it were tailored to it, as I imagine it was. Yours truly has had

the audacity to record the song; I listened to our Columbia record of it last night, and although I felt I was stepping a bit out of character, the recording company feels that I have done justice to the recording; let us hope so.

The number is published by Harms, and should be played majestically and yet brightly.

**MAORI.** Here is a tune that is a keen delight to play and discuss. Another one of those tunes that has lasted down the years, proving it must have something. It was written by Harold Creamer and William Tyers, both colored, who wrote it as a tango back in 1915-1916. The tune is about a dusky maiden named Maori, from the tropical isles, and it has all the atmosphere of its name and locale. Why they wrote it as a tango I do not know, because as a tango it is a most uninteresting and colorless composition; and by the same token just why Edward Wittstein, an orchestra leader in New Haven, Connecticut, who has supplied the Yale proms with his own thirty-piece orchestra for the last twenty-odd years, as well as furnishing fine dance music for most of the country clubs and exclusive girls' and boys' schools of New England for that same period of time, should have felt the urge to change MAORI so completely, yet keeping its original idea, is a mystery. Nevertheless he did rewrite the composition, stretched it out and made it almost twice as long, and a composition which, to my way of thinking, is grand dance music.

While Mrs. Vallee and I were enjoying Buddy Rogers' music at the Pennsylvania Grill, Buddy played a tune which, according to Fay, was one that Gus Arnheim, of the Coconut Grove in California, always played when holding dance contests, as he so often used to do at tea dances for the young folks of Hollywood. Fay was in ecstasies about this piece, written by Joe Gold, formerly of Lopez' band, a tune called "Egyptian Shimmy." It is very much on the same order of MAORI, building like a maelstrom, chromatic, up, up, up in tempo and volume, repeating, repeating, using the same idea as the "Bolero."

Remembering MAORI as it used

to be played in New Haven by bands that had learned it from Wittstein, I immediately told Fay that on our next broadcast I would program a tune which would put "Egyptian Shimmy" to shame. Cliff Burwell and I immediately got busy and arranged Wittstein's tune in a way to bring it out in all its value. We seem to have succeeded, judging from the many complimentary letters received after its first two presentations. Perhaps the greatest compliment of all is Mrs. Vallee's honest criticism that it is the best thing she has heard of its type, although my enemies will be sure to say that she is "stooging" me. Tune in and judge for yourself some time if you catch us playing it.

Mills Music, Inc., has the old tango copy as originally written, and of late it has been recorded by several bands in Marimba style and tango style. I predict that eventually our idea, based on that of Wittstein's revision, will make it a dance tune that dance lovers will come to know and like.

**HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN.** I'm reminded of those smart alecks along Tin Pan Alley and Broadway; the type that Mr. Winchell referred to, when he said "He pats you on the back while feeling for a spot to plant the knife," that type of person that seems so anxious for everything to come to an end, the type of person who seems to be unhappy that anything unusually successful should continue, but thinks it is a foreordained conclusion that what goes up must come down quickly. I often wonder how that person feels about the continued success of Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Toscanini, Miss Sophie Tucker, Al Jolson, John McCormack, Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman, and many others who have gone on through the last eight or ten years, still in the big money and doing excellently.

Such a person had Mr. Irving Berlin already in the class of has-beens because Mr. Berlin has either not really so desired, or, possibly due to lack of concentration, has not had any terrific outstanding hits in the past year or so. His "Face The Music" score was excellent, though nothing in it could have been called a real popular hit. Here he comes along with not only one smash hit, but two! SAY IT ISN'T SO we discussed in last month's column. It has exceeded their fondest expectations, and I must admit that it even surprised me, as I predicted at the time of being asked for my opinion by the publishers, that owing to its unhappy strain and what seemed unusual range at the time, that it might be played and sung a great deal, but that few sheet copies would be pur-

chased. It has been the best seller Berlin has had in a long time, even outselling "Lullaby of the Leaves!" Which goes to show how easily, as the columnists would say, "Your humble scribe" can be wrong!

HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN is unquestionably, aside from its musical value, a lovely poem. Certainly Berlin was touched by the Muse in writing this one. A study of the lyrics convinces one that Berlin is a poet, and this time the beauty of his poetry is equal to that of any of the poetry I studied in college! The melodic counterpart is one of his best. That the song has attained the popularity it has reached in this short time is not to be wondered at.

There are those who will point out that he did himself harm by writing the two songs at the same time—that they buck each other. Personally I fail to see this viewpoint, as to my way of thinking, if people enjoy two songs, they will purchase both, unless of course they should be so limited that the cost of both would be impossible.

Surely by this time every reader of RADIO DIGEST has heard the song, and there is no need of a further "rave" on my part. Its construction is nearly all whole notes and quarter notes. We play it quite brightly as I believe it suffers if played too slowly. Berlin, Inc., are the publishers.

**P**LEASE. I have no knowledge as to who selected the songs for "The Big Broadcast," but I rather suspect that Mr. Crosby himself had something to say about the songs he would sing. At least, PLEASE, seems to be the type of number he would be smart enough to select as a song worthy of a reprise in a good spot in the "Big Broadcast." It is a dandy song, having no particular mission in musical life, and no particular thought in its chorus, except the usual plea on the part of the male lover to reassure him that he is loved as well as loving.

Two gentlemen on the Paramount writing staff, Mr. Ranger and Mr. Robin are the composers. I can picture Leo Robin in his little cell-like room on the Paramount music lot in a building devoted to the arranging and writing of music and songs, which building was erected when Paramount musical features were in their hey day. Robin evidently has something to have been retained by this big corporation so long, and he and Mr. Ranger have done an excellent job in the writing of PLEASE.

The song is well introduced in the picture, with Crosby leaning on a piano, putting on his coat to go out even as he sings the chorus. The nonchalance of his manner takes

## Rudy Vallee



away any awkwardness that might otherwise have been there as he introduces the song. Eddie Lang, his famous guitarist, who accompanied him to the Coast, sits, back to the camera, playing the guitar as only he can play it, and lending the inspiration to Mr. Crosby for the proper rendition of the number. Its reprise at the end of the picture does not hurt any, and I found myself, along with others of the audience, humming it as we left the theatre.

It is a chopped-up thing, going from a high B down to a low B. Quite uniquely, in our recording of it last week on a new Columbia record, our own guitarist was unable to be with us, and Mr. Lang recorded it with us, which probably made him feel very much at home.

We play the number about one minute to the chorus, and it is published by Famous Music, Inc.

**I'LL NEVER HAVE TO DREAM AGAIN.** A waltz by Mr. Isham Jones and Charles Newman. Mr.

Newman, whom I had the pleasure of meeting yesterday, appears to be a very genial Chicagoan, quite unlike the typical songwriter, and yet a fellow who has demonstrated an unusual ability to write lyrics; at least, I assume that he did the lyrical job, as Mr. Jones has always been best melodically speaking.

Here is a waltz of the chopped-up type of melody, which is sure to be popular in the public ballrooms, which seems to be about the only place where waltzes are played these days. Why the bands that play in our elite type of places, the exclusive roofs and grills of New York, feel that the public would not enjoy dancing to a waltz is more than I can imagine. Some of our best receptive applause was after the playing of waltzes at the Penn Grill. Personally I know that music in 3/4 time is extremely popular with all ages and types of people, and I am always looking for the finer type of waltz. This is a good one, with the usual story, though it is really told in excellent

fashion, a summary of the story being that if the lover could wake up and find his fair one's arms entwined around him, and her kisses on his lips, he would not have to continue a dreamer. Feists are the lucky publishers, and I think the song should be played as a slow waltz.

**UNDERNEATH THE HARLEM MOON.** DeSilva, Brown and Henderson are the proud publishers of UNDERNEATH THE HARLEM MOON. I understand that one of the finest renditions of this number is that of George Olsen's very lovely wife, Ethel Shutta. I have not heard her rendition myself, but enough people have commented to me on her outstanding performance of this particular song, and there must be something really fine about the way she does it.

Several weeks ago we had a young colored lady on our program, and if time had permitted, she would have sung UNDERNEATH THE HARLEM MOON. That was my first opportunity to hear this much talked of song; I have also heard a very fine record by the capable Calloway, in which he hi-de-hi's and ho-de-ho's all over the place! It seems to me that that type of song would be especially adapted to his type of performance. Although I have done "Minnie the Moocher" myself, and according to some people fairly creditably, I sometimes feel that I am a bit out of character singing such a number unless it is of the soothing type. My recollection of UNDERNEATH THE HARLEM MOON is that it is a stimulating coon-shouting type of song, best fitted to the great Calloway, so unless enough requests come for yours truly to do it, I will leave it to a young man whose work in that direction is unparalleled. To my way of thinking it should be done in typical stomp blues manner. Not too brightly and not too slowly, but in a steady four beat rhythm. Such a chorus usually takes about fifty seconds of one minute.

I am a little alarmed at the craze for negro songs and the negro style which seems to be sweeping the country. While I believe the style is refreshingly different and extremely full of life, yet I would like to feel that the happy medium is always to be preferred, even in appreciation of popular songs. As a program balancer, I believe that the show type of music, the comic popular type of music, the beautiful and serious type of popular music, combined with the coon-shouting type, should all be blended in equal proportions. However, no one can lead the public to water, and the public will decide what it wants. At the present time it cer-

tainly indicates a decided liking for the styles of Louis Armstrong, the Boswell Sisters, Mr. Calloway, Mildred Bailey, and others, who are unquestionably influenced by the resonant, lazy, dreamy, yet exhilarating and exultant style which seems to be typical of the negro.

**I'LL FOLLOW YOU.** One of the better popular songs of the month from the pens of Messrs. Turk and Ahlert, who evidently have been freelancing as all the publishers seem to have something written by these two boys. I was rather surprised to find them writing with other writers; that is cause for wonderment, and perhaps some misgivings, as it is always fine to see a team turning out hit material and always writing together. I was very surprised and somewhat unhappy to see the team of Ager and Yellen break up. I really believe that when two men each with a flair for songwriting get together, they should, unless they fail to produce anything outstanding, remain together. Two boys from Park Avenue, who have written such excellent operetta music, and only lately the music for the great Chevalier picture, "Love Me Tonight," Messrs. Rodgers and Hart, are another successful team.

However, I believe Roy Turk and Fred Ahlert will always write the most of their music together, as they have shown over their past record the ability to get something really good.

While I'LL FOLLOW YOU lyric seems to be patterned on another song which was a terrific hit, "If I Had You," in its vow to cross the desert or over the snowcapped Himalayas, its melody, which I believe is written by Ahlert, is one which comes back hauntingly to the mind. Its intervals are spaced in such a way as to make the beginning of the melody the attractive part of the composition. With the Robbins organization behind it, you can't help but hear considerable of it. We play it quite slowly, taking about one minute to the chorus, and it is published by Jack Robbins, Inc.

**LANGUAGE OF LOVE.** More and more and day by day are music publishers beginning to realize that their tremendous organizations in the days when sheet music and records were big sellers, must go. I say this with profound regret as those were the real days of the music profession, when copies sold into the millions, and records into many millions! Then it was that Feist, Berlin, and all the big houses had an organization which read like the roster of the Crane Co., or the Eastman Kodak Co., with big representatives in every

city, staffs of some two or three hundred employees; a weekly cost of such an organization used to run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now it would appear with the new radio set-up that a small office and a small staff are quite as satisfactory. That brings such small publishers as Phil Kornheiser, who directed the big firm of Feist for so many years, almost on a par with the big firms which were.

Phil was one of the shrewdist pickers of songs that ever directed the affairs of Leo Feist, Inc. I will be extremely happy when he secures that much needed and much to be desired hit, because since his incorporation with his own firm he has had many fine songs, though no outstanding hit.

Now he has "THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE" an excellent song, the melody quite reminiscent of "O Mr. Dooley." Enric Madriguera, of whom I have spoken in conjunction with "Adios," and who seems to have teamed himself up with a New England Yankee, peculiarly enough, one George Brown, who has unquestionably lyric writing ability—this same Enric Madriguera has written a melody that is really fine. Whether or not he realizes that his opening strain is just a slight bit like "O Mr. Dooley's" opening is unimportant. He has carried out the song from the first to the 32nd measure in expert fashion. And George Brown, in an attempt to give me a novelty song along the lines of "Let's Do It," has given me a lyric which, though typical and music in the style of a travelogue, is a dandy.

Mr. Kornheiser was doubtful whether the song as constructed would please orchestra leaders, and is having revised, with a bit more of romance thrown in. He has a feeling that lyrics such as "From Zanzibar, to Panama, to old New York" are a bit too much like a Cook's tour listing. What I suggest is that he keep it at least as a second chorus, because I personally enjoy a song that is not over-romantic, and I believe the boys have done an excellent job of the thing. At least, when I reprised it last week on the Fleischmann's Yeast Hour, everybody in the studio, and your humble servant included, found the melody haunting, and haunting and haunting me for days afterward. I know Phil would be happily surprised to see the song attain hit proportions, and I think he will get that hit yet.

We play LANGUAGE OF LOVE quite slowly, yet not too slowly.

**MY RIVER HOME.** Last Monday I had my first demonstration of one of his own compositions



by one of Tin Pan Alley's oldest, greatest, and most respected songwriters, Joe Young. With the same Young Lady who collaborated with him in the writing of "Lullaby of the Leaves," Joe has written a new song called MY RIVER HOME.

Seated in Irving Berlin's private office, near his famous piano with the shifting keyboard, which gives him the various keys by a mere twist of a handle, Max Winslow, Irving Berlin's mentor and guide in his early struggles, on my left, and several other executives of the Berlin firm on my right, Dave Dreyer at the piano, himself composer of "Back In Your Own Backyard," "Songs For Sale," and many other tunes, I listened to the newest Berlin catalogue. Irving himself dropped in to listen to some of the songs as he had just returned from Europe, and of course is keenly interested in the doings of his firm. There is an air of happiness about Irving which unquestionably has come from his two recent smash hits, "Say It Isn't So" and "How Deep Is The Ocean."

But the surprise for me was the unique demonstration, vocally speaking, by Joe Young. I had always thought of Joe Young as strictly a writer, an executive of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, and, as I have said many times before in these pages, the Samuel Johnson of the noon time Kaffe Kloches at Lindy's, but I had never thought of him quite in the light of a vocalist. He possesses what probably 15 years ago was called a typical Broadway type of voice, a vibrato style of singing, persuasive movements of the body (which heighten the rhythmic value of the song) all of those things so typical of the average demonstration of a popular song by the true dyed-in-the-wool denizens of Broadway's song sections.

Joe stood at the piano, and sang the songs with all the gusto at his command. Broadway songwriters have an uncomfortable way of fixing their eyes on their prospective listener or victim, which usually, at the end of the rendition of the song, leaves said listener very embarrassed as the triumphant air of complete conquest and of work well done, which is expressed in their complete make-up makes it very difficult for one to render other than a satisfactory opinion of the song. I suppose that is rather akin to the gesture that Holson makes at the end of one of his great building effects, when he stamps his left foot forward, with both hands outstretched, somewhat in the manner of the acrobats at the finish of one of their unusually skillful performances. The act seems to say, "There, now, give me that ap-

plause!"

Joe has so much volume the walls shook, and it was necessary at times for Max Winslow to restrain his robust vocalization. But one thing I must say, Joe certainly knows how to "sell" his songs, and even if "My River Home" has no value in itself, Joe would have made me believe that it had.

Both Bernice Petkere, with whom he wrote "Lullaby of the Leaves," and Joe himself, have tried to incorporate in this song some of the idea of the same construction of "Lullaby of the Leaves." My humble opinion is that the song, while not another "Lullaby of the Leaves," will be a very popular one, with those who are constantly looking for something a little bit different, something out of the ordinary. The story is the same as in "Lullaby of the Leaves"—the Southern boy or girl in the big town up North, sighing for the shores of the Mississippi, where the steamers, the darkies, the cotton, the light through the pines, all seem to be calling the straying one home. It is a mighty good song and I sincerely hope that Joe's terrific vocal efforts on that afternoon, and I suppose on succeeding afternoons for all those who likewise must be convinced of the merits of his song, will not have been in vain. We would play the song quite slowly.

**I'M SURE OF EVERYTHING BUT YOU and AH BUT I'VE LEARNED.** This evening on our Fleischmann program we have a spot of two excellent songs, I'M SURE OF EVERYTHING BUT YOU, and AH BUT I'VE LEARNED. The former is by Charles O'Flynn, George Meyer and Pete Wendling, and it should be a hit on the strength of the writers' names alone. Wendling has been writing songs for ages; in fact, one always thinks of Wendling when he thinks of Walter Donaldson, as they have both been writing hit songs for some time.

With O'Flynn Wendling wrote "Swingin' In A Hammock," which to me is one of their outstanding contributions. George Meyer is one of the pillars of Tin Pan Alley, and the boys have a very unusual song.

Unquestionably they have been influenced by the terrific success of Harry Woods' "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye," only this time the dog and the cat are comparable to the clock on the shelf in the middle of the "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye" song. This same dog and cat in this case "don't know where they're at, they're yearning for your company, and the cat bow-wows, and the little dog meows, without you Pet they're all upset the same as me." A com-

parison of the middle parts of these two songs would show that the boys realize the value of these homely similes to bring home to the listener just the feelings and atmosphere of everyone concerned at the moment.

The song, musically, is a dandy, very rhythmic, and one that the Lombardos will seize upon and play with glee, and as I look it over now, the phrase, "There's welcome on the doorway, and 'Home Sweet Home' upon the wall," I am more than ever convinced that the boys have accepted Harry Woods' method of expression as one that must inevitably lead to success in this type of song. Keit Engle are the publishers, and what with "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye" a Keit Engle song, this looks as though it might be a really good follow-up, though I doubt whether it will achieve the outstanding heights of its predecessor. Rarely does a junior type of song reach the same step of success that the pioneer inevitably does.

A song built to order for Mr. Crosby! I am trying to recall whom I first heard do it, and I believe it was Bing, though just how he could have done it is more than I can fathom, as I have not heard him on the air, nor has anyone for that matter, as he has been out on the Coast making that excellent picture, "The Big Broadcast." Somehow, however, as I humbly sing the song, I feel that I am treading on hallowed ground, and that a song of it's type really belongs to Bing. At least I am sure he will do more than justice to it when he gets to it.

There is little to say about it except that it has a haunting type of melody, and an unusual type of phrase which is reprised enough times throughout the length of the song to bring it home to the listener.

DeSylva, Brown and Henderson are publishing it, and we play both of these tunes at about one minute to the chorus.

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# The Editor's Chair

CHRISTMAS holidays and Christmas music soon will be flooding the earth with peace and good will toward all. For some the radio will bring a sense of comfort, cheer, and a feeling that it's not such a wicked old world after all. To others it will bring memories of days that have gone, never to return again, broken families, distant loved ones, and an overwhelming sense of loneliness. For these Radio Digest suggests a plan by which radio may be used to link the distant hearthstones. Let the separated families consult the Christmas programs of certain of the chain stations. Then, by previous correspondence or telegrams, plan for all to listen to the same program at the same time. The voices and music over the air will bridge the gap, thoughts may commune, and some little compensation may thus be gained for the miles of distance that stretch between.

IT MAY seem a little late to discuss elements of the recent presidential campaign, but it is worth while to note that never before have the issues been so thoroughly placed before the voters en masse. Some professed to be bored by the flow of oratory, but those who know will tell you that the greatest radio audiences of the year were the ones who listened to the speeches by the presidential candidates. It is hard to tell, however, whether the average listener was greatly influenced by what he heard; whether he was swayed more by the thought of beer, or economic problems. Judging from the demonstrations in the theatres which showed sound pictures of the candidates making their campaign talks it would seem that beer raised the loudest clamor. Just as the experienced broadcasters have often pointed out, the radio listener is not greatly interested in deep and perplexing problems. He wants, in the main, to be entertained. And that is why there seems to be such a divergence of opinion as to how radio can be utilized to carry on educational features.

CAPTAIN PETER B. ECKERSLEY, former chief engineer of the British Broadcasting Company, in an interview with an American newspaper man upon his return from a trip around the world studying broadcasting in all countries, declared: "I have become an enthusiastic convert to the American idea, which as nearly approaches the ideal as I have encountered in my travels. I do not hesitate to say that the American programs are the most amusing, most varied, most interesting, the most diverting and the most educational of all. While the rest of the world has been practically at a standstill, America with characteristic foresight and action has pushed ahead, building up here, tearing down there, until they have achieved an approach to perfection which is a revelation and an inspiration."

For those who have endeavored to make a political football of the educational phases of radio Captain Eckersley's comment is an effective answer. Sad satirical writers have elaborated on the superiority of the English system of broadcasting; others who use the networks when they can get a chance have waxed oratorical over the pitiful state of affairs in which "American broadcasting has gone to weeds." Oh that they could scissor out just 15 per cent of the ninety-six available wave-lengths allotted to this country with

which to set up a bureau in Washington and use those wave-lengths to carry education pure and simple into every home!

No doubt many of those who advocate this plan are really sincere and think it feasible, but they are largely in the hands of schemers who really know that,

as an engineering feat, the plans they contemplate are impossible. They should know, as a psychological fact, you cannot purvey education in the schoolroom academic manner over the radio. Captain Eckersley is right when he says:

"I don't think you can teach people over the radio that twice one is two or that twice two is four. It simply doesn't work; they don't take it. I think the service only to be intrinsically educative. People want to hear something new, I believe."

Professional educators, unless they are familiar with the business of broadcast entertainment, should as a rule serve radio mainly as consultant experts, not as administrators. *The broadcaster himself must go through a certain curriculum of training to know how to sell his program to the listener.* He must know the art of appeal that holds the dial in the home on the spot he has created.

For example one of the most successful organizations to engage in the educational phase of broadcasting is the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, which for one line of achievement recently inaugurated a series of Saturday night programs under the general head "The Economic World Today." The program comes from 8:30 to 9:30—the very best period of the day—and goes to 45 stations over the NBC-WEAF hook-up. This organization has assisted in many other programs over both the major networks. "Great Moments in History" and "Roses and Drums," the former on NBC and the latter CBS are dramatized incidents of history and both have commercial sponsors. These programs hold young and old alike in the interest they create, and there is satisfaction on the part of the listener in knowing that the incident is based on fact. "The March of Time," is dramatization of current history over the Columbia network. These are worthy examples of what can be done in extending education by radio.

JUST twelve years ago, KDKA the first regular broadcasting station in the world sent out its first program. A recent survey by R. G. Dun & Co. shows that today approximately \$1,800,000,000 is invested in the radio industry in the United States. This investment is divided as follows: \$150,000,000 in radio manufacture; \$25,000,000 in broadcasting facilities; \$25,000,000 in commercial radio stations, and \$1,600,000,000 in receiving sets. Frank Arnold, in his book, "Broadcasting Advertising" estimates that the total amount of money paid out for sets during the twelve years of broadcasting has been \$3,500,000,000. The gross receipts for American broadcasting stations last year was \$77,758,048. The revenues of the two major companies rose from \$10,252,497 in the year 1928 to \$37,517,383 in 1931.

In a recent report on broadcasting published in "The Index" of the The New York Trust Company this statement is made:

"No other industry in the history of the United States has developed so rapidly as the radio broadcasting industry. . . . Few realized, twelve years ago, the tremendous possibilities of broadcasting or the enormous market that would develop for receiving sets, the manufacture of which has necessitated the employment of millions of dollars and thousands of men."

And it's still an infant industry.

RAY BILL.



### *Audrey Marsh*

**T**HIS charming young singer is the latest radio sweetheart of Lanny Ross on the Maxwell House Showboat. The program is one of the most elaborately staged variety shows of the year, and is typical of the modern trend. Miss Marsh replaced Mabel Jackson who was on the program for the first few presentations. Miss Marsh has been identified with broadcasting several seasons.

### WHO COULD PAY IT?

I HAVE a stack of RADIO DIGESTS on my radio. It is my radio library. I have a sign up over them reading: "No RADIO DIGESTS Loaned to No One No Time No How." It is my radio library and reference book. I want the September number. How can I get one? (*Sept. and Oct. were combined.*)

Here is something else: First, let me tell you that I have been in printing and publishing for forty-two years. Instead of cutting down the size and the price, could you not maintain the old standard by increasing the price? Personally, I would prefer to pay fifty cents per copy, and have it as it was. Sometime back it was thirty-five cents, then twenty-five cents, and when you cut to fifteen cents you cut the size. I would not have minded that so much, if you had cut off Rudy Vallee, but he still has his grin in every issue. I suppose you must do that for the benefit of the kitchen mechanics. Of course, you know better than I do where you are selling your magazine. But, still, I cannot help but feel that you will develop just the constituency that your paper calls for. However, I get it because you have a lot of valuable information, outside of the hams.

Personally, I am interested in people like Rubinoff and his violin, Irma Glen and her organ, and people like that. Even enjoy some of the jazz hounds.

Read this letter again, tell me about the September issue, and think over the rest. I have had practical experience enough to authorize me to talk, and I believe that your magazine can go over with an increased price. Of course, you have cut down to fifteen cents now, and that makes it worse. The price should have been increased before the cut in size was made.

Thanks for that picture of Irma Glen in October. I must coax her for one of them. And give some Rubinoff.—Billie Moore, 10 Second St., South, St. Charles, Illinois.

### "LISTEN GRAHAM!"

THE October issue of RADIO DIGEST especially interests me because it contains in "Voice of the Listener" compliments to my great favorite, Graham McNamee. Here's another hand for a full-page picture of him.

We hear so many beautiful organ recitals over the air, would like to see pictures of organists at the consoles. Art Brown at the console of the mighty Wurlitzer organ at the Byrd Theatre, Richmond, Virginia, is called the premier organist of the South, a protégé of Lew White. He plays brilliantly. Would be more than pleased to see a picture of him at his console.—Mrs. A. H. Scott, Vinita, Va.

### SOON AS POSSIBLE

HAVE read RADIO DIGEST for two years. Do not think it is as good as it was—it is so much smaller and we miss some of the things that were in it—but, it is okeh for fifteen cents.

Have wondered for a long time if you would not publish a good picture of the Seth Parker neighbors. Think it is one of the best thirty-minutes on the air. Was glad to find a good picture of Richard

# Voice of the

Maxwell, the "John" of the skit, in a recent number. Keep right on now, until we have the Captain, Lafe, George, Fred, etc.

Would also like to see a picture of Cheerio of the National Broadcasting Company. (*That's impossible.*) Perhaps you could tell us where to get the pictures, if you cannot publish them.—Mrs. I. A. Pratt, Sand Creek, Michigan.

### HOW ABOUT IT, WDEL?

I HAVE been a reader of RADIO DIGEST for nearly a year, and enjoy it very much. It is a great magazine.

I am a radio fan and am interested in listening to the many programs that come over the air nightly. This is my greatest pleasure. I tune in all the big programs, and many of the smaller ones coming from stations not on the network, many of which at times put on mighty fine programs.

For the past two months I have been listening every week to a new voice on the air, coming from station WDEL—El. Thompson, singing numbers from the various New York shows. To my way of thinking, this fellow has a great radio personality and I would say is a "find." Your magazine tells us a great deal about the big station artists—how about telling us something about Mr. Thompson.—P. H., 599 Broadway, Everett Mass.

### CHEERY MESSAGE

I HAVE just finished October's RADIO DIGEST and it was fine—all of it, but I particularly liked Tuneful Topics and V. O. L. My favorite artist is Rudy Vallee. No matter how many new and good artists come on the air, I can still say I enjoy Rudy as much, or more. I also like Jack Turner, and would like to see a picture of him, as well as a story; also Julia and Frank Crummit, Gene and Glen, Pie Plant Pete, Tony Wons, John Fogarty, Vaughn DeLeath, Myrt and Marge, Lucky Strike's (Tuesday) program, and most of the orchestras.

I enjoy my radio very much; also RADIO DIGEST.—Mrs. Fred Crans, Middletown, New York.

### HERE 'TIS, "SPARKS"

I HAVE been reading your magazine since April, 1931, and this is the second time that I am writing to the VOL department. The first letter which I wrote in May, 1931, you never answered. Probably you couldn't read the writing. Anyway, I'll try again.

When you reduced the size and price of your magazine and printed it in brown ink, we became discouraged and thought it was going on the "rocks." The pictures were "awful"—the paper worse.

About that time another radio magazine came out on the stands, the price of

which was only ten cents, and much better than your magazine. Everybody in our family decided to get the new one instead of your magazine. The DIGEST went out—the new came in. But, one day I brought home the October number of RADIO DIGEST—and were we surprised to see such a change in your book!! Well, you know the answer. The new magazine went out—and the DIGEST came back, with its new white paper, black ink and better pictures. In other words, a wonderful magazine.

We hope you continue to keep OUT of your magazine the following articles: "Blue Ribbon Selections," "Chain Calendar Features," and such articles that you had on beauty and household hints. And, why do you want space for such articles as Gleason L. Archer's? These articles are not for any good radio magazine such as yours.

I know a lot of radio fans would like to see an illustrated write-up on the two "Stebbins Boys" and the "Goldbergs." How about them?

I hope the future numbers of RADIO DIGEST will be like the October, 1932, edition.—"SPARKS", Medford, Massachusetts.

### JOHN ROCK BLUSHES

HAVE just read your "write-up" about Lawrence Tibbett, and it is one of the finest things to appear in the columns of the DIGEST. To us who are readers there are a lot of things appearing in print that are poor reading—the subjects themselves are poor material. It is difficult to make an interesting column about one who is of himself uninteresting.

Now, the write-up about Tibbett is well done—the subject had a lot of background. There is a lot of popularity connected with Mr. Tibbett, and you, Mr. Rock, have done a darned good job of it. You have given us something real and definite about a real and definite personality. It has not been just a word play with you.

There is another person who is almost constantly on the air over the Columbia network, and of whom I wish you might write. This party is none other than Vincent Sorey, violinist. Perhaps he has been written up heretofore, but not to my knowledge. Vincent Sorey is one of the real artists of the violin world, quiet and retiring, and never willing to talk about himself. He has a musical background that is extensive and interesting. Ask him about his early life, the early training in Turin, Italy, the Travelling in Argentine, etc. If you are not already acquainted with this young artist, you will enjoy meeting him. If you can get him to talk, you will be intensely interested. I hope I haven't intruded with this letter.—Marion R. Powers, Stevenson Building, Fort Madison, Iowa.

# Listener

## THAT FACULTY LIST!

I READ with interest Miss Peggy Moore's high school faculty. I agree with Miss Moore on her all-star faculty, except for three persons. For principal, instead of Kate Smith, Jack Benny; for singing instructors, the Four Mills Brothers, and for mathematic instructor, Jack Pearl (so he could tell of his experiences, instead of making us get our geometry). She could keep Buddy Rogers for janitor, or something.

Why not have an article on the Wiener Minstrels? I have a date with them every Monday night.—Bob Gannon, 1709 N. Main, Fremont, Nebraska.

## ANOTHER QUARTER CUSTOMER

HAVING to wait so long for this month's (October) RADIO DIGEST which I thought would never come, certainly did disgust me. However, the situation was eased somewhat when it finally arrived and I saw some of the interesting features it contained. I do wish you would decide to send out the magazine on the first of the month, instead of the fifteenth, or later.

I am another who would like to see the return of the larger issue, and would be willing to pay for the bigger size. Due to the reduction, some of the best features have been omitted, including Nellie Revell's "Gabalogue."

This letter isn't meant to be all criticism; I want to compliment you on the splendid articles "Okay America," "Can A Wife Help a Man Make A Career," "Good Morning Judge," "Letters to the Artist." The pictures also demand special mention.

Here's hoping you will comply with the requests for a larger DIGEST, and please the readers.—I. Mary Staley, Frederick, Maryland.

## HERE Y'ARE, JEAN!

FOUR Detroit girls and yours truly thank you for the handsome picture you published of Gene Austin in the October issue of your magazine.

But, since you obliged us in printing our letter, why did you not print it in full? You did not overlook the merited praise we gave your magazine and we are deeply hurt that you should have left out our comments on our beloved Gene Austin, who is, to our minds, His Majesty, King of them All. We believe our favorite to be entitled to due recognition the way Rudy and others get it. Scads of people feel as we do.

True, we were fortunate to get a hearing even after three years of writing to RADIO DIGEST, but we would have preferred not seeing our letter printed at all, rather than have it so abbreviated.

Although he is unaware of it, Gene Austin has sold many copies of DIGEST

for you, believe it or not. While we considered the magazine a source of real enjoyment, hopes of reading about Gene has kept us keenly interested.

This, as is, will never be printed, that much we know. But, you promised us a write-up on Mr. Austin, and you will keep faith with us, please, will you not? —Jean DeVaux, Hartford, Connecticut (formerly of Detroit).

## EAST GOES WEST TOO

PERHAPS you Easterners don't know that the people on the West Coast are alive and very much interested in radio. Here's a little tip: we are still kicking and feel as important as anyone.

Yesterday I read my first copy of RADIO DIGEST, and don't mind admitting that it extremely disappointed me. You say that I have no complaints coming because I've only read one?—Well, I don't agree with you. Here's the trouble: There were pages and pages about artists from the Eastern sections, but I almost had to use a magnifying glass to find out about any of the Westerners. Way back in the book were a few short notes—two columns. Did I see red?—You bet!

Surely, what is in the book is very interesting—it should be to those in the East, but where do the Westerners get off, especially those of the Pacific Coast? Why not divide your book, taking artists from each section so as to please everybody? Of course, there were some that I had heard about—Rudy Vallee, for instance, but I have heard and seen so much of him that I have to look at a picture twice before his face disappears, and the one on the paper is clear. He actually pops from behind books and pages at all times. He is a nice person, alright, but why not give some of that advertising to Western artists?

We do have some good announcers, crooners, musicians, and the rest. From the Don Lee station, there is the Happy-Go-Lucky "gang"; Al Pearce, Mack, the fellow who sings on the records "Big Rock Candy Mountains"; Norman Neilson; Charley Carter, California's Maurice Chevalier; Cecil Wright, Walter Kelsie, a master violinist, Hommy Harris, Edna O'Keefe, whom you mentioned and gave us a picture of, and several others.

From Seattle, KJR, those best known are: Al Schuss; Chet Cathers, who rivals Phil Harris; Grant Merrill; Homer Sweetman; Casey Jones; Elmore Vincent; and Thomas F. Smith; Vic Meyers, orchestra leader, and by the way, Democratic nominee for Lieutenant Governor plays almost nightly over KOMO. He is a man of very interesting character and would make a good interview. One of the best of orchestra singers was with him until a few months ago. His name is Billy Ullman, and he is still in Seattle. Ken Stuart and Ivan Ditmars are two

very important members of KOL, Seattle. Pardon me, but I forgot to mention Abe Rashman (or something like that) and his talking violin, of KJR. They are plenty good enough for anybody's magazine. Dick Sharp, sports announcer, who has broadcast from KNA, Seattle, is one of the best ever.

Here is hoping to see a Western Section in RADIO DIGEST soon.—A Miss Washington.

## THE MIKE TEAM

FOR the past eight months, we, the members of the All-American Stars Club, organized in Birmingham, have tried to place the eleven best-suited orchestras in an All-American Orchestra Team. We are not going to sign our final opinion until December 31st, at midnight. Anyone, who sends a letter in with All-American first and second teams, will be an associate member of our club.

At the present we submit the following as in letters we have received from over the states.

We are going to receive at least three letters from each state.

May we have your vote?

Right End—Ted Weems.

Right Tackle—Isham Jones.

Right Guard—Vincent Lopez.

Center—George Olsen.

Left Guard—Ben Bernie.

Left Tackle—Wayne King.

Left End—Clyde McCoy.

Quarterback—Ozzie Nelson.

Left Half—Guy Lombardo.

Right Half—Ted Lewis.

Fullback—Paul Whiteman (Captain).

Managers—The Walters O'Keefe and Winchell.

Coach—Eddie Cantor.

Trainer—Rudy Vallee\*.

\*Due to the fact that Vallee received many votes for many positions on the team, but not enough to credit him with any one position.

Ted Weems and McCoy were a cinch at end because of their broadcast on Magic Carpet of Lucky Strike program on Derby Day in Kentucky.

We will help the VOL and RADIO DIGEST in any way we might.

Anyone wishing to change this before December 31st, 1932, drop in your two elevens. Before one gets credit, he will have to write a first eleven, and a second eleven.

Rules: 1. Position on first team is two points; 2. Position on second team is one point; 3. Points are divided if more than one are placed on first or second position; 4. Don't place any man on team unless he proves satisfactory for that position.

The RADIO DIGEST will receive the final of this a week after December 31, 1932.—Blondy Rawlinson, Secretary, 3917-40th Avenue North, Birmingham, Alabama.

HAVE been a steady listener to your programs, and a reader of RADIO DIGEST for ages. Needless to say that I enjoy both. Will you please try to get pictures and life sketches of Frank Knight and George Hartrick in R. D.? Mr. Hartrick, I think, is one of N. B. C.'s ace announcers. Have been watching my DIGEST for information concerning both, but so far, have searched in vain.—Edytha Burnett, 1219 Colburn St., Toledo, O.

# Marcella

"Hears  
All  
Tells  
All"

**W**ELL! Of all things! Why! Who ever would have thought of that? This is Marcella speaking, and not knowing just how to take the unexpected and very happy news which her Little Bird just carried in to her. Of course, one can't scold a bird for promoting a "match" which evidently is just what Toddles has done, although, until now, we had no idea that our Little Bird was also playing the role of Cupid. And just to show you that we are not "spoofing" about the affair, we are going to let you read for yourself a few paragraphs from a letter which just arrived.

"I just got my new issue of R. D. Now I'm going to tell you 'sumpin'. Remember, 'way back in March R. D. that VOL. ran a letter from Mr. Eugene Walter Cain of Chillicothe, Ohio? Well, I was one to answer that letter. As a result, I am Mrs. Eugene Walter Cain today. Grandest man in all the wide world. Too handsome for words, and oh, so good. We are just two radio fans made one; so just address me now Mrs. Gene Cain (isn't that a nice name). R. D. could mean Romance Delivery!

"Again THANKS for RADIO DIGEST and all it means to the happiest couple in all this world!!!"—Betty Cain, 635 Stibbs Street, Wooster, Ohio."

Little Bird, we believe is as happy as that couple appears to be, and we fear we will get little work from her this afternoon.

Well, dear Mr. and Mrs. Cain, we extend to you here our sincerest congratulations, and best wishes for many years of happiness together. And, of course, a big cheer for Toddles, for she did do some good through her messages!

Cora Snyder of Curwensville, Pennsylvania, has asked us where she can locate the McCravey Brothers on her dial. Sorry, Cora, but the McCravey Brothers are not now on the air, and it is not known when they might return. They will probably surprise us sometime soon. You are right, Mary Livingstone is the wife of Jack Benny.

Hello again Bob (from Minneapolis)! Here is something about Al Sheehan: He is WCCO's most popular announcer (of course you knew that, or at least you guessed it). He is thirty, single, has blue eyes, light wavy hair, and we understand, looks well on the stage, as he is an excellent master of ceremonies, and therefore, makes

many personal appearances. Famous—for his vocabulary and his ability to handle difficult situations with a great deal of tact. Hobbies—writing poetry, and astronomy, with the stars a little in the lead. By the way, better keep your ears tuned for Walter Winchell; expect him back on the air this month—with a beauty lotion company too.

To all those who have been inquiring about Charlie Reinhart's orchestra: Our latest information is that he is located in Milwaukee, but at present is not broadcasting. We are advised they hope eventually to get a break on the air.



Pat Binford

Here is the honorable Pat Binford, of radio station WRVA, for whose picture we have had numerous requests. Wonder if Pat realizes his most likable voice has made him so popular, and that this picture is going

to make happy many of his ardent listeners.

We had a double page story, and a good photograph, of Vaughn De Leath in the November, 1931, issue of RADIO DIGEST, Melody Circle Fan, and hope you will be able to secure a copy, because we are sure you will enjoy reading about her.

Dear Mabel Newcomb: Is not the following what you have been patiently waiting for? The characters in the Sunday at Seth Parker's program include:

- Phillips H. Lord.....Seth Parker
- Sophia M. Lord.....Lizzy Peters
- Effie Palmer.....Mother Parker
- Bennett Kilpack.....Cefus Peters
- Raymond Hunter.....Capt. Bang
- Gertrude Forster.....Mrs. Hooper
- Richard Maxwell.....John
- Norman Price.....Fred
- Edward Wolters.....A Neighbor
- Mary Merker.....Jane
- Muriel Wilson.....A Neighbor
- Polly Robertson.....Musica! Arranger

### To That N. U. Sorority

**D**EAR Members of A Sorority at Northwestern University: We want to express here our thanks for your kind words about RADIO DIGEST. We believe Bob White is worthy of

your praise and admiration, as he is still a very young man—twenty-nine years of age. As an item of interest, he played one hundred and twenty-eight different characters in "Rin-Tin-Tin." And if you have been ardent listeners to that program, you have also heard Mrs. White, "Betty," who plays child parts on the same program. She must have great fun playing with her own two sons too, Bob White, the third, age three and one-half; and "Skippy" White, age one and one-half. Bob (Sr.) is five feet, eight and one-quarter inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds; Mrs. Bob is four feet, eleven inches, and weighs eighty-nine pounds. Mr. White, who, by the way, has the distinction of being the only American to play "Raleigh" in the English war play "Journey's End" although there were sixteen companies on the road, was born in Philadelphia. He attended Penn Charter School and University of Pennsylvania, went into the theatre ten years ago—stock, production and road shows, and married during the run of the road show "Three Wise Fools." He is now producing and writing two dramatic programs "Brown Stone Front" and "Si and Mirandi" for Standard Oil Company.

At last!!! Betty Jeanne C., Bob, and others, you will find on this page some interesting facts about Thomas Dunning Rishworth. Thomas, known to all children listeners of station KSTP as Uncle Tom, has developed the largest birthday club for children in the history of radio. Uncle Tom has had extensive parties for children



Thos. Dunning Rishworth

too, inviting them not only to visit him at the studios while presenting his broadcast, but also asking them to sing, dance, and what-not. Thomas Rishworth also conducted the program entitled "The King's English" over the same network. He is tall, has dark hair and eyes, is twenty-five years old, being one of the youngest men on the KSTP staff, and is unmarried, so far we now know. He is English and prides himself on everything English. From the University of Minnesota, where he received his training in dramatics, he started as an announcer. He distinguished himself as a playwright, while at the University, when he received second prize in a national play writing contest in which David Belasco was one of the judges; a burlesque called "Radio Reforms."

## May and Peter

(Continued from page 15)

have been domestic partners as well as professional ones; while Dr. Minor enjoys the distinction of being a minister who is regarded as "one of the family" by the couple he joined together.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. de Rose dare not sing about parting, for as sure as static, the next day the mail man will be offering his protest along with hundreds of others he delivers from folks all over the country.

I could not help but think that May and Peter had unofficially become Radio's Romance Department—and were taking their job seriously, as evidenced by all this activity on Sunday.

Though the audience really dictates their programs, I learned that May is responsible for the continuity, and the unique way of presenting them in rhyme.

And upon Peter falls the job of keeping up their huge library of songs, over 10,000 in all; as well as constantly composing new numbers. And it was plain to see that next to May, the piano is Peter de Rose's grand passion. He plays entirely by ear, though possessing a thorough musical background, having studied abroad for several years. I was told that he comes of a family of ten musicians, and is of Italian parentage, though born in New York.

While May, I discovered, has written quite a few of the lyrics of her husband's melodies, and in addition, dashes off ukulele arrangements of popular songs for some twenty-five publishers; and instructs a large class in the art of ukulele playing. Trying to get students to carry on with the uke after the easy preliminary lessons, and discover for themselves its possibilities as a real musical instrument, she considers her only "tough" job.

May learned to play the piano when she was but four years of age. She also is a born New Yorker, but has spent much time studying abroad, and would probably be playing the piano exclusively today instead of being the foremost exponent of the ukulele, if it were not that a department store refused to exchange musical instruments, and she had to keep the "uke" which had been given to her as a Christmas present.

Miss Breen's spirit of not letting anything get the best of her made her learn to play the then despised instrument, which is today perhaps her most prized possession, for it has brought her love, fame, and fortune.

After tricking the Ukulele Lady and her pianist husband into having

a picture made by the barrel of tan mail—I felt I had done quite enough for one Sunday afternoon . . . and slipped out the door quietly as the Sweethearts became absorbed in a new melody at the piano. . . .

## Grofé in the Sun

(Continued from page 7)

could put it down without much thinking about it.

He brought cider and cigars. And went on with his work and soon it was finished. He stepped to the piano, put the music before him and rambled over the keys. Then he rolled up the script and gave it to the boy who rushed away with it.

"What happens next to that particular bit?" I asked.

"It goes to the extractor, who probably will spend the rest of the night on it," replied mine host.

We talked about border days before the World War when he played in small amusement halls haunted by the soldiers who were camped along the line. Then how he had been impressed with the grandeur of the Grand Canyon. These were impressionistic days for him. Finally he came to California, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The flu had driven him from the former place, but in San Francisco flu masks were the vogue where people had to dance.

There he played in the Portola Louvre, the only place open at the time. People wore their flu masks even to dance. Paul Whiteman was in the Fairmont Hotel. Grofé had picked up some tricks from the Dixie Jazz band records and enlarged upon them. It was amusing, much more amusing than it had been playing trombone in the Tom Ince rube band at Los Angeles. There were saxophones in this new jazz idea, and that was a chance for trick arrangements. Just as it seemed that Grofé and Whiteman were going to make their first acquaintance Whiteman was taken down with nervous prostration. But Whiteman had heard the Grofé trick playing and he did not forget. Later they were in Los Angeles and Whiteman sent for him. Whiteman was playing at the Hotel Alexandria and Grofé at Roma Cafe.

"I can use you very well as a pianist," said Paul.

"Thanks, how much is there in it?" asked Mr. Grofé.

"The most I can offer you is \$60 a week."

"My price is \$75," Grofé replied.

"I'll have to see my manager," Paul answered. Later they compromised on \$70 a week and that was the beginning of a long period of association. It started during Christmas

week in Los Angeles in 1919. They made an incidental business of playing around at the homes of the famous movie stars. The first tune played under the new alliance was "Dardanella." Saturday nights Grofé played extra in a symphonic orchestra.

There was a very critical period when Ferde Grofé might have turned into a fancy chicken farmer just before the great and sudden rush to fame of the Whiteman orchestra at the Palais D'Or in New York. Grofé, Buster Johnson and Gus Miller were planning to go to Atlantic City from the West under telegraph instruction from Whiteman. They did not care to go, and worked out a scheme to remain in California. At last they hit on the idea and possibilities of a chicken ranch. It would be something more dependable than the uncertainties of musical engagements. They had it all figured out how, Grofé still believes, they could have made a fortune. But then Paul arrived in town and sent them on their way to Atlantic City and they went to work in the Ambassador Hotel. From Atlantic City they went to New York and played at the Palais D'Or where Grofé kept working out the jazz arrangements which were played from his penciled scripts.

It was not until 1923 that Ferde Grofé's name began to be known as the Whiteman arranger. Then it appeared on the phonograph records in conjunction with the name of Paul Whiteman.

This information is all very much condensed from the conversation we enjoyed that evening at the Grofé home. There was no boasting, and only persistent and pointed questions brought out the main facts gleaned here. Not that the maestro was shy, he merely did not think of himself. He was fluent enough about incidents that amused him and such expressions as "we had more darned fun" at one place or another during those early days.

At times, as we sat there, he would go in to see Mrs. Grofé who had retired with their four-weeks-old infant, Anne Carlin. There also is a junior who is two years old. Just now, besides a great deal of routine orchestration Ferde Grofé, is working on two new suites, one of which will be called "Tabloid." and another "Rip Van Winkle." Recently he was appointed official Composer of Radio City in New York.

With the opening date for Radio City close at hand Roxy sent for Ferde Grofé and had him appointed as official composer and arranger for this greatest of all show centers in the world. As these lines are written Mr. Grofé is just stepping into his new job.



Thelma  
Kessler

RECENTLY selected as WLW'S staff soprano from a group of more than twenty-five of the country's leading radio and stage sopranos, Miss Kessler is considered foremost among America's younger lyric sopranos. Schooled for the opera stage, she made her radio debut two and a half years ago—while still eighteen years old—over an NBC coast-to-coast network. Four months after arriving in New York, Miss Kessler was awarded the Juillard Fellowship, in which institution she studied for the following three years.



# Take an IRISHMAN named SHEEHAN

By Elmer W. Peterson

**T**HE Midwest, unfortunate in its modesty, doesn't speak any too often.

When it does speak, it speaks well.

When Al Sheehan, vocabulary specialist at WCCO in Minneapolis, was sixteen, he filled half the pages of a high school annual with poetry. He wrote it easily, naturally, and no one objected.

That was, well—say, fifteen years ago.

Today, the music of words still lingers in this genial, fun-loving young Irishman. The only difference is that he has a different medium for expression.

He walked into WCCO five years ago and asked for an audition. They gave him one, and the next day he was on the payroll.

Words, you must admit, come easier to some people than to others. They have always had an important place in the life of Al Sheehan. Someone, somewhere, taught the Irish how to talk. Al has been, in succession, newspaperman, actor, salesman, radio announcer.

The words have always been there.

In the last analysis, the public, the radio public, will vote for a voice that can interpret words; a voice that has life and laughter in it. There are voices that are smooth, like thin syrup. There are voices that are perfect in their inflection: too good to be true. But the public, at heart, is human, and wants a voice to be natural.

Welcome, Mr. Sheehan.

**F**ORTUNATELY, they take their radio programs seriously in Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and the Dakotas. There isn't diversion at every turn of the road, especially during the winter months. And the Scandinavian population is by no means the least, in numbers or importance.

Drop in at the corner store in the small towns and they will tell you that Al Sheehan has learned to talk Swedish. Don't ask if it is good Swedish. Be satisfied that it is uproariously funny. Mix an Irish lilt and a Swedish nasal and you've got something.

It started when Oscar Danielson, who used to be a sausage maker, and before that a street singer in Stockholm, Sweden, assembled an orchestra and let the public discover that he was a born showman.

Al Sheehan announcing.

The first night there was a slip. The announcer signed off as "Al Sheehan—son."

The second night Al Sheehan announced the musical numbers—in Swedish.

The third night the public wanted to know: "Is Al Sheehanson a Swede?"

Since then the public has learned a lot about Al Sheehan(son).

Not long ago a remarkable trio went on the air, singing a Swedish song. Shoulder to shoulder stood El Brendel, movie comedian, Al Sheehan(son), and Oscar Danielson. Oscar did the singing. Brendel and Sheehan contributed the volume.

Sheehan is a personable young man, who, when the stock market was booming, sold securities by virtue of Irish

blarney. He had almost quit writing poetry when he joined WCCO. Now he's at it again.

He is an amateur astronomer, can tell you a lot about the heavens. He is single, has light, curly hair and blue eyes, and looks well on a stage.

**H**E is prodigiously happy when talking. When the Knights Templar held their international convention in Minneapolis last summer, he talked into a microphone for three hours without stopping, describing a parade that lasted that long. He reminds you of a pianist, lazily improvising. They give him personal appearances in Minneapolis theatres now and then, to hear an Irishman talk, and he's perfectly at home announcing.



Al Sheehan, They Say, Surely Kissed the Blarney Stone.

# Frank Watanabe and the



The Honorable Archie himself—none other than Reginald Sharland.

**W**HAT are the men behind the characters of Frank Watanabe and The Honorable Archie like, (KNX, Hollywood)? Are they as interesting as they sound?

Eddie Holden, the creator of Frank, the Japanese Houseboy, was born in San Francisco not so many years ago, attending school there, majoring in astronomy while at College. He comes from a long line of musicians and artistic people. His father, E. J. Holden, left the Santa Clara University, where he was studying for the Priesthood, and entered the dramatic field, teaching elocution. From this he drifted very naturally into the theatrical business and as a producer won a niche for himself in the early days in San Francisco, achieving his first success as Bill Sykes in "Oliver Twist." He numbered among his close friends and associates the great Theodore Roberts and John Drew. Mr. Holden met Eddie's mother in his first production, where she was a member of the company, but after their marriage Mrs. Holden retired to private life.

**W**HIMSICAL, with a keen sense of humor, Eddie Holden is very reticent and rather shy. It is most difficult to make him talk about himself, but he waxes most enthusiastic about Frank Watanabe and will talk for four hours on that subject. Eddie is tall and dark, with twinkling blue eyes and a deep cleft in his chin, denoting a

## Honorable Archie

great deal of mischief that lurks just around the corner of his sunny disposition. He confesses to being a great admirer of Lincoln, very fond of biographies of all kinds, a lover of good music and regular attendant at operas and symphonies, and does he like John McCormick, or does he like John McCormick! He is an ardent baseball fan and, whenever the opportunity permits, plays golf.

Young ladies, attention: Eddie Holden's first requirement of girls is that they be attractive and intelligent. Then they may be blond, brunette, or red head, he really doesn't care.

Eddie Holden served in the Navy during the World War. He did, he says, see some water—they permitted him to come across to the Ferry Building in San Francisco. Not being able to get overseas just about broke Eddie's heart as he was set on seeing the rumpus at first hand.

Eddie spent a number of years in the business world, traveling up and down the Pacific Coast for a commercial house. He was also engaged in the business of artistic window displays and stage settings which he and his partner designed and installed. At one time his firm created replicas of some of California's famous resorts for one of the larger exclusive stores in San Francisco, actually cutting and hauling down for their window display some trees from Muir Woods, and "local color" from each of the other resorts depicted.

The character of "Frank Watanabe" was created by Eddie while he was still attending grammar school, and during all

his life he has appeared constantly before school gatherings, club luncheons, private theatricals, etc., in this portrayal. His first radio appearance was made at KFRC in 1923 and since that time he has made a host of friends in San Francisco and in Los Angeles.

Of Eddie's several other character portrayals, he likes Scudder best, feeling very much at home and at ease with that since Eddie's grandparents came from "Down East," Scudder's home.

In addition to his radio activities, Eddie Holden finds time to write short stories, and has from time to time conducted columns for newspapers, one syndicated article entitled "The Japanese Reporter."

Eddie's profession has enabled him to meet a host of most interesting personalities and he numbers among his close friends several Swedish sea captains whom he always visits on their arrival at San Pedro, and many, many Japanese people. Eddie is often the only American invited to exclusive Japanese affairs. Through these friendships with people of all nationalities, Eddie has come to know a great deal about foreign foods, and he says he thoroughly enjoys the Japanese foods, which are prepared to please the eye as well as to tempt the appetite.

In a most enthusiastic and sympathetic manner, Eddie Holden speaks of Frank Watanabe, whose character he would like everyone of his audience to understand. Frank



"Frank Watanabe" is Eddie Holden, writer of this popular radio act and chief actor in it.

is supposed to be a young man of about twenty-five, who was born in Japan but has come to America—having been here about eight years—to “get famous and learn American ways and enjoy the sunshine from the Statue of Liberty night and day.” Frank was educated in the schools of Japan and is an inveterate reader and student, a typical Oriental, given to mimicry, extremely loyal, honest and faithful to his employer whom he adores. Frank hopes some day to get married and “have an enlarged family” and says that he hopes it will be preferably to a Japanese girl, but that as he has a broad-minded stomach and mind, he eats anything—also is very fond of children. Like a trusting child, he believes in everything and cannot understand that everyone is not good, believing that no one would hurt him. Anyone he meets one day is his chosen and bosom friend the next.

**R**EGINALD SHARLAND, a distinguished and reserved English gentleman, is a product of the London stage, having played in all the important West End London theatres for a good many years, in drama, musical comedy and revue. He has the distinction of having played two command performances before His Majesty King George of England, one in the London Hippodrome and one in The Palladium.

Mr. Sharland was the first vocalist to appear with Paul Whiteman's Band in England, singing the song which introduced Whiteman to the London audience. He has played Shakespeare, and has appeared in practically all of the



Now that's what we call pulchritude—the girl on the couch of course. She's a peach, but not from Georgia and her name is Dorothy Lamour, featured soloist for Herbie Kay and his orchestra who broadcasts from WLW in Cincinnati.

Gilbert & Sullivan operas. He toured Australia and New Zealand and then made his first visit to America for the Shuberts, accepting a role in one of their Broadway presentations.

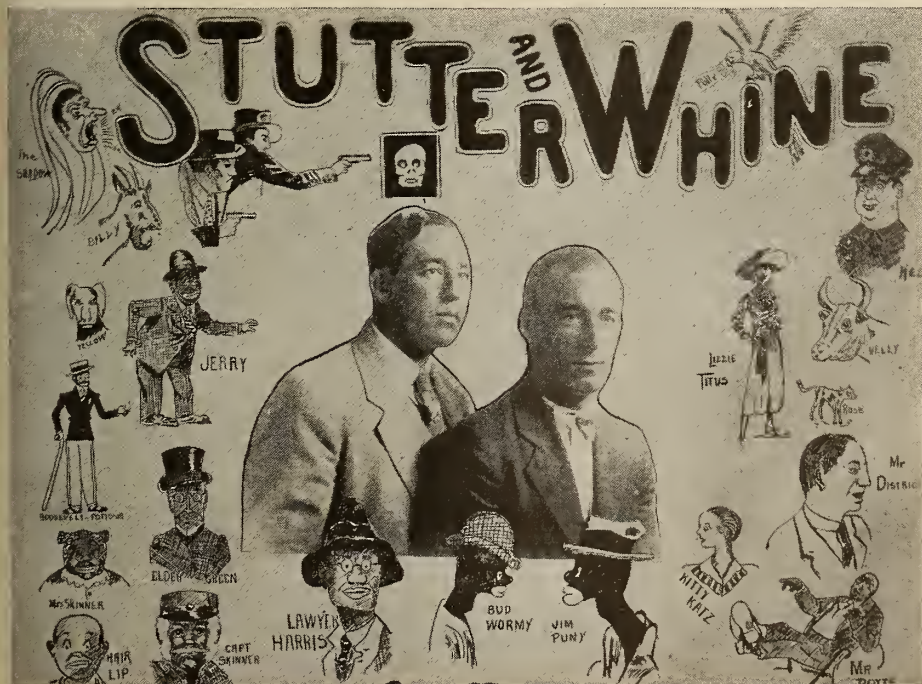
Since making his home in Hollywood, Mr. Sharland has appeared in a number of talking pictures, opposite Gloria Swanson, Constance and Joan Bennett, Betty Compson and Sally O'Neill. His

many radio activities have rather pushed the pictures into the background, but soon Mr. Sharland hopes to reappear on the silver screen.

During the war, Mr. Sharland served with the Durham Light Infantry, finishing up with rank of Brigade Major.

In portraying the character of The Honorable Archie, Mr. Sharland endeavors to show him as a human being, not as the spurious character so often palmed off on the American theatre-going public. Archie is dignified, quiet, reserved, with a huge capacity for affection but a horror of displaying emotion, whimsical and humorous, but very shy under his veneer of sophistication.

Reginald Sharland thinks California the sportsman's paradise, and this after having travelled around the world and visiting some of the earth's most fascinating places. Like most Englishmen, Mr. Sharland is a thorough sportsman, playing tennis, polo and cricket, and riding every day if at all possible. A member of the famous “Thespids,” Reginald Sharland, C. Aubrey Smith, Anthony Bushell and Basil Rathbone, friends of many years' standing, formed a sort of reunion of the London club, and play cricket under the banner of The Hollywood Cricket Club, on the campus of U. C. L. A., attracting a great deal of attention and much favorable comment. The famous “Snowy” Baker, close friend of Sharland's, introduced him to polo here.



Stutter and Whine, versatile writers and radiactors at WGH, Newport News, Va. They portray all of the characters shown in the picture. Stutter is Bob V. Drake and Whine is Jimmie Scribner.

# The Pickard Family comes back



The Pickard Family in action. There's Dad on the left, with something that makes music in his hand. Charlie is strumming away at the guitar and Ruth is drawing a mean bow, while Ma does her stuff at the organ.

“**W**HOOP 'em up, Cindy, the chicken's in the bread pan pickin' out dough!”

The Pickard Family, nationally known radio artists, have returned to their first radio love, WSM, the broadcasting service of the National Life and Accident Insurance Company in Nashville, to present a series of typical Tennessee Mountaineer programs. Dad, Mother, Ruth, Charlie and Little Ann are featured on the new 50,000 watt station of WSM at 6:45 o'clock Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. They also are on the Grand Ol' Op'ry of WSM every Saturday night.

During the past few years, the Pickards have appeared on many national broadcasts, including General Motors, Interwoven Stockings, Billiken Shoes, Lucky Strike, the National Farm and Home Hour, Socony Sketches and many others. They divided their time between New York and Chicago. From the time they started with the National Broadcasting Company, the Pickard

Family has presented a sustaining program once each week, which was carried on a national hookup. As a consequence their radio friends number in the millions.

Specializing in the homespun tunes of the South's countryside, Dad and his family have touched a warm spot in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. America, to say nothing of the youngsters who are always delighted with Dad's yarns. They have two homes, one in Nashville and one in the country about twenty miles away at Ashland City.



## Alvino Rey of KGO

“**E**STRELLITA”—the lazy throb of a steel guitar—moonlit nights in old Spain—Alvino Rey!

Can you picture a gay young troubador, with a gallant air, and black flashing eyes? You can? Well, you're wrong. Alvino Rey, sans microphone and guitar, becomes Alvin McBurnie, a tall blond Scotchman.

The pseudo-senor was born July 1,

1908, in San Francisco, and was educated in the east. He ranks among the pioneers of radio, having begun at the technical end by building an experimental station when just a child. He was only ten years old when he received his first station operator license, and soon acquired all commercial licenses that were granted.

During high school years, he studied electrical engineering. It was not until 1927 that he turned seriously toward the entertainment field. Then followed a more complete study of guitar, banjo, and other string instruments.

Alvino played with Phil Spitalny's orchestra at Hotel Pennsylvania in New York from 1928 to 1930, and then took the westward trail after a ten year absence from his native State. Shortly after his return to San Francisco, he became affiliated with NBC's KGO as featured guitarist.

Alvino is thoroughly air-minded, his chief interest next to radio being flying. He is a licensed pilot, and expects to own his own plane in the near future.

## WHAZ, Troy, N. Y., on the Air a Decade

THE pioneer college radio broadcasting station, radiophone WHAZ at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N. Y., celebrated its tenth anniversary "on the air" recently with a series of fifteen programs of varied character during the evening hours from 6 p. m. to midnight. The entertaining artists included some of the pioneer broadcasters. Among these were Irv Gordon and his Domino Club Orchestra, which furnished the first program from this station September 10, 1922, and has been heard regularly throughout these ten years as probably the oldest radio orchestra still in existence. Likewise the Campus Serenaders, composed of students of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute under the direction of A. Olin Niles for almost a decade, celebrated its tenth anniversary this Autumn. Although the personnel of this orchestra changes with every graduation and many of its hundred or more members who during the course of years have played saxophone, trumpet, piano or drums for radio listeners are now sedate alumni engaged in technical professions, the orchestra goes on like Tennyson's brook.

Many who have since become famous in broadcasting were first heard from this earliest college station in Troy. Former Governor Alfred E. Smith, who has stirred millions with his familiar voice on the air, was first introduced to the "raddio" in the Fall campaign of 1922 in the studio of WHAZ by Rutherford Hayner, program director, who has continued in that capacity throughout the entire decade as probably the announcer longest in continuous service from any single station in the country.

Another who had his earliest experience in this studio is Little Jack Little, that youthful veteran at the piano known to all radio chains, who whispered his songs into the WHAZ "mike" years ago. T. H. Barritt, who first introduced the musical saw in broadcasting, had an early try at the larger audience here. Several accomplished singers now in national radio, in concert, on the stage or even at Hollywood overcame microphone fright in the attractive and acoustically correct WHAZ studio. And there are a legion of others, all pioneer radio volunteers who gained their early experience in the Rensselaer Tech broadcasts.



## Stages Underground Audition on Train

ERSKINE BUTTERFIELD, the young composer-accompanist for Jacques Belser, tenor, (on WINS, New York, every Monday morning at 11:30),

was riding the Hudson tubes train to his home in Newark.

He was thinking about the problem Belser had presented to him: where to find an outstanding guitarist for their WINS radio act? Then he saw another colored boy at the other end of the car carrying a guitar case.

"A guitarist in the tubes is worth a dozen in the open where they can get away from you," Erskine thought, so he made the acquaintance of the other chap, told him about Belser's radio program and induced him to unleash the guitar and provide some music for the passengers who were Newark-bound at that late hour.

"And how that boy can play the guitar!" Butterfield says of his discovery.

"I got him to play for Belser the next day and there never was any question about him being just the man we had been looking for. He'll give listeners in an earful."

The new guitarist is Walter Cornick, professional musician, now playing with one of the famous orchestras, a master not only of the guitar but the banjo, with that distinctive sense of rhythm and harmony so characteristic of the Negro race.

In honor of his three colored instrumentalists, Butterfield and Walter Bishop, pianists, and Cornick, Belser hereafter calls his new act "Jacques Belser and His Three Spades." They are heard on WINS every Monday at 11:30 a. m., in an entertaining program of popular music.



## Is Harrison Holliway the Oldest Announcer?

HARRISON HOLLIWAY at the present time can lay claim to being the oldest announcer—and he is only 31 years old. He is manager of station KFRC in San Francisco, and has been since 1924. But he has had his finger in the radio pie since as far back as 1911, when he built his first receiving set out of a crystal detector, a loose couple and a fixed condenser.

In 1919 he built his first transmitter, with the call letters 6BN, which he still retains. It was in November of 1920 that he talked over his station and was heard way up in Vancouver, Washington, setting what was claimed at that time as a long distance wireless telephone record.

It was about that time that KDKA at Pittsburgh made its official bow on the air as the world's first commercial broadcasting station. The original KDKA announcer has long since left the radio announcing picture, while Holliway has remained very much in it during all these years.

Yes, Mr. Ripley, Holliway identified himself with the first commercial station in San Francisco—KSL, 1922.

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# Bob White

By Louise Dix

**B**OB WHITE'S first job was that of selling the "Standard Dictionary of Facts" from door to door. He worked five days, couldn't sell a single fact, and tried to return the sample volume to the company for the \$13 he had paid for it. They bought it back, however, for \$5 as "used" merchandise. Hardly a breathtaking example of salesmanship.

And yet this same Bob White recently sold two radio programs in one week to John D., "Brownstone Front," the "street scene" of radio, for the metropolitan areas, and "Si and Mirandy," fashioned after the characters in Opper's famous cartoon, "Maude the Mule," for the rural districts. Bob plays a character in each of these scripts—both of which he writes and produces.

In the Household Program of "Musical Memories," of which Bob is co-producer with Andres Selkirk, he does the part of "Mr. Listener." He also writes, produces and acts in "Mahdi's Magic Circle," a program for youngsters.

As Dr. Petrie in Sax Rohmer's "Fu Manchu" mystery stories, Bob is the only American born member of the cast. His English accent is so perfect that he was the sole American to qualify for the role of Raleigh in "Journey's End."

As an original member of the cast of the "Rin-Tin-Tin" thrillers, Bob has missed only three shows and has played nearly 150 different characters. One week he portrays a Civil War veteran, the next week a 14-year old boy—and does them with astounding authenticity.

Although a veteran of the boards, Bob confesses to only one superstition. "I'm fearfully superstitious of playing thirteen shows in one day—or one year," he says.

Bob has had a busy life and he is moving ahead fast. He began the new year with new business. Radio Program Service came into being, with Bob and Andres Selkirk as partners. They sell a swell program to Household Finance Corporation—which finances new business—the program does, not the company). Life and new business move slowly . . . Oh yes, our hero continues to act in "Rin Tin Tin" thrillers, which began on NBC two years before. By this time Bob has played a different character every Thursday night for over one hundred weeks. Spring of '32, Radio Program Service sells another program, "Lone Reporter." On CBS for eight weeks. Otherwise, business is

tough. Eddie Guest joins Household program.

Bob is the only actor-author in Chicago who produces his own shows!

▼ ▼ ▼

John Wardle of  
WNAC

**J**OHAN WARDLE, better known to the New England radio audience by the title of "Ted" of "Ted and His Gang," one of the popular features of station WNAC in Boston, owes his start and large measure of his success in radio to a practice of taking advantage of spare moments.

With a few spare moments on his hands one day two years ago Ted, as he is called at the studio, strolled into WNAC to watch the broadcasting. The longer he gazed through the glass panel doors from the reception room, the more he became convinced that he could become an announcer.

"How does one break into this radio game?" was his abrupt query made to Roy Harlow, then manager of the station.

When Mr. Harlow replied, "Well, that's it, it is simply a matter of breaking in," Ted grasped what he interpreted as an opportunity, and exclaimed, "Fine, I'll break in right now."

Although the conversation had been brief, Manager Harlow was impressed, and agreed to give Wardle an audition. He passed the test and was assigned to station WEAN in Providence. After a month in the Rhode Island city he was called to WNAC in Boston.

He studied music, voice training, and elocution at the Boston College of Liberal Arts. His chief hobby is traveling, although he also has a fondness for radio, dogs, and automobiles. His vacation last summer was spent on a 10,000 mile trip to Alaska. He took his departure 10 minutes after closing a program on the air, and returned just 10 minutes before he scheduled to open a program three weeks later.

▼ ▼ ▼

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# Pacific Coast Echoes

By W. L. Gleeson

**T**HE National Radio & Television School of Los Angeles has installed its own broadcasting studio. The inaugural program was broadcast October 27th, over station KNX of Hollywood. Freeman Lang, well-known transcription maker, gave the program his magnetic personality as master of ceremonies and introduced the music and talent of the evening. Naylor Rogers, manager of KNX, was heard during the ceremonies.

There is a group of NBC artists heard regularly every Wednesday evening 8:30 to 9:00 that you listeners of the West should turn your attention to. This program is one of the outstanding ones at present; easy to listen to and provide a much-needed diversion these evenings.

A little girl in love with the great outdoors is Merle Matthews, production director of KFRC in San Francisco. She's happiest when astride a horse in the mountain wilderness, armed with a rifle almost as big as herself, after the elusive deer or with a rod whipping the trout streams of California. She's made hunting expeditions to the almost inaccessible Iron Peak Ranger Station in Northern California's Hill country—Some Diane!

Presenting the haunting and exquisite "Isle of Golden Dreams" feature with its organ, vibra harp and steel-guitar combination, from 9:30 to 10:00 p. m.; KOIN, Portland, still maintains its mighty following.

Leaving the West for a moment—the "Great Moments In History" broadcast, October 23rd, over KDYL, impressed this writer very much. It was the dramatization of the Fall of the Alamo. "I am a Texan," and maybe that accounts for my liking this particular program.

Music of the beloved Victor Herbert, interspersed with operatic airs, featured the Inglewood Park Concert at Los Angeles with the famous Gino Severi, who was the baton wielder. Everyone attending was thrilled by the masterful rendering of the compositions of America's glorious composer.

Ardis Long, with KFOX three years ago, has returned to the staff and has taken up the all encompassing position required of general staff girls at KFOX. The recent loss of "The Three Girls," Rolly Wray, Pauline and Christine Stafford, who left the station to begin a vaudeville tour, billed as the "Lamb Sisters," robbed the station of much of its female pulchritude. However, since Ardis Long's return, KFOX is able to uphold its reputation for staff

beauties. Ardis is a tall blonde, with just that right grace and poise that goes with a smile that charms.

Team Mates, with Mary Wood as soprano; Irving Kennedy as tenor present a truly enjoyable half hour's program over the NBC Orange Network every Wednesday evening. They are ably assisted by the Snowdrift Quartet consisting of Gilbert Chick and David Bell, tenors; Joseph Tissier, baritone; Armand Girard, basso; Mynard Jones, pianist and director. Also heard on the program is the entrancing guitar soloist performances of Sam Moore. Meredith Willson is the unassuming but dexterous orchestra director.

The Air Edition of the Rocky Mountain News, heard nightly from 10:00 to 10:15 p. m. over KOA, Denver, Colorado, is a unique feature used to impart world occurrences to station dialers.

The radio audience's desire to see its microphone favorites "in the flesh" has prompted KFRC to book most of its performers on barnstorming tours over the weekends.


Miss Beatrice Hagen, sensational 15 year old Los Angeles school girl, who made such a hit with her soprano voice, continues her rise to stardom.

What does a radio singer warble when he sings for his own amusement? Armand Girard, NBC, Orange Network, basso, likes "Caro Mio Ben" better than any other single melody in his repertoire. Tom Mitchell, the melody man, prefers "Because." Irving Kennedy sings "Moon of My Delight" in his morning bath, and Gwynfi Jones, "Mighty Lak a Rose." Harold Peary lifts his baritone in "All Alone" whenever he is asked to select a song, and Captain Bill Royle admits that the ditty he really enjoys singing is "The Bird in a Gilded Cage"—preferably under a running shower so his wife can't hear it and protest.

John P. Medbury, gagster and master of ceremonies, MJB Demi Tasse Revue, KGO, Monday, 7:00 to 7:30 P. M., was heard as guest star on the regular Raymond Paige "California Melodies" presentation, 9:00 to 9:30 P. M., over the CBS network. Medbury should be on the air at least three times weekly.

Eva Gruninger, NBC contralto, who was the soloist at the inaugural ceremonies which dedicated San Francisco's War Memorial Opera House and Veterans Building, participated in the first opera to be heard from there—"La Tosca," on October 15th, and also sang Maddalena in "Rigoletto," October 20th, and Martha in "Faust" on October 27.

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## Denny's Debutantes

(Continued from page 10)

It was like a cool zephyr after a sand-storm. The surprising response which followed on the heels of this broadcast led to another series of national hook-ups. In a few weeks Denny was persuaded to come to the states where he has made jazz history in New York, Boston, Washington and other great cities as well as over the air. Wherever Denny plays today, society jumps to its feet. At the Waldorf-Astoria where Denny has been a steady feature all year long, he has become a household word. Today there is hardly a person in the country who has not heard of Jack Denny. But very few people know that Denny had to wait a long, long time until he struck home. Such is the story of one who battled fate for a musical ideal.

But it paid. Whereas the scramble for refined music has caught other orchestras flat-footed, Denny was ready for the new era. The dawn of American jazz was breaking and he was not to be caught napping. Denny had stayed up too long waiting for the sunrise.

Denny had every advantage on his side when the storm broke. His early musical background was classical and complete. What is more, he wrote his own orchestrations and was satisfied with only one result. . . . perfection. Just as in the world of the theater, Elmer Rice, Marc Connelly and George F. Kaufman hit the top as playwright-directors, Denny rose because he knew how to weave a musical theme around a violin or saxophone and at the same time was enough of a musician to bring out the best in his band. His personality is of the happy type which can find itself at home in any land and with any group. Time and time again he has been known to be approached by figures high in society and politics while playing at some fashionable hotel. His latest achievement, "The Jack Denny Debutantes" is a natural outgrowth of his intimate and widespread society contacts. The social set in New York, Washington and Boston have taken him to their hearts like a long-lost brother which in truth he is. A long lost musical wanderer looking for a spot where he might be accepted as an insider. Today he has that. Not only this country but any of the capital cities of the European nations would like nothing better than a few seasons of Denny music. But the Denny-zens of the Waldorf refuse to let him go.

When he returned from the vaudeville tour covering Baltimore, Washington and other big cities, he opened on October 29th at the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. This event was like old home week for Denny in New York.

## Words of Advice

(Continued from page 25)

there's no harm in following in the footsteps of some leader whom you admire.

Finally, let me say that when you are playing professionally, keep it always in mind that the public is your employer, and must be pleased. It is the public who pays their dollars into the hands of the man who pays you, and the better your music, the greater your pay.

Take part of every week's pay and put it aside to pay for special arrangements and publicity. No matter how rearing you are by nature, you will have to step into the spotlight sooner or later, and a well-directed publicity campaign may smooth your road to fame. Like any other business, you must advertise. And if you are the type who is an artist rather than a business man, hire a good business manager on a percentage basis. Not only can he secure engagements for you, but he will also take a great deal of routine work off your shoulders, enabling you to devote more of your time to your music.

For this reason, if for no other, a leader must not shun the personal appearance, even though modesty may lead you to prefer staying as much out of the public eye as possible. It is part of ones job as an orchestra conductor to go where people congregate to listen to music—and to watch their reactions. Just as a doctor who wishes to succeed in his profession must continually study, in order to keep abreast of development so must the orchestra leader. Merely looking over the new songs as they are issued is not enough. The leader who wishes to serve the public the type of musical fare they crave requires statistics on the popular reaction to various tempos under varying conditions.

When an orchestra leader is analysing popular taste, he has to do more than merely figure the amount of applause which follows each selection. He has to watch with an eagle eye, to see what tunes and what methods of playing them bring the most people to their feet with the irresistible urge to dance. More—he must watch the expression on people's faces, to see just how good a time they are having, and whether their animation increases when he plays.

There is a lot more to a popular dance broadcast than meets the eye. The next time you hear that some orchestra leader gets five thousand dollars a week for two or three fifteen minute

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(This is the second of a series of articles by Peter Van Steden. Another, comparing radio orchestras with those which appear in person, will appear next month.)

programs, don't look at him enviously as you murmur "Pretty soft!" He's probably working eighteen or twenty hours a day to earn it. Yes—and sometimes twenty-four!

## Donald Novis

(Continued from page 23)

The long voyage finally ended at St. Johns, New Brunswick, but the trip was not yet over. We went ashore and Father took us sightseeing in a strange land. There was my brother Edward, who was five years older than myself and Harold, who was three years my senior.

We boarded a strange looking train. It looked gigantic to me and Mother often reminded me that I cried when the hissing engine roared into the station and we clambered into the day coach.

Our ride was over after hours of travel.

Chapleau, a small town in the wild mining country of northern Ontario, was our destination. It looked pretty drab to Mother, I know, and she used to tell us she didn't know how she ever could adjust herself to the rigorous climate and the rough life.

The town boasted some 500 souls, mostly miners and lumberjacks, but it was really an important outpost in the vast Canadian mining and lumber country.

Father soon set himself up in business and did a rushing trade. On Sundays he sang in the Chapleau church choir and on the long winter nights entertained the citizenry of the snow-bound settlement with the songs of old Wales and far-away England.

My impressions of those cold nights are still deeply etched in memory. Father sang in a low-ceilinged, log hall to the bearded, rough miners and wood choppers. As his clear, strong baritone rang out in the smoky, rafted room, the silence was profound. When he had finished pandemonium would break loose. If the song happened to be sentimental, the quality of his voice and the manner in which he sang his song was so appealing, that many a homesick laborer would be seen to brush away with a horny hand a stray tear or two.

In such surroundings I began to grow up. One night Father lifted me to the platform in the smoky room and in my boyish soprano I sang a song of old England. I kept looking at Father and I could see that he was pleased, although the tears streamed down his kindly face.

One day an Episcopal clergyman came to our house from far-off California. He heard Father sing and told him that if he ever wanted a singing position in his church he could have it.



A few months later Father decided to accept the offer. He wrote to the man in Pasadena. A cordial letter urged him to go and we packed up our belongings. It was the third great jaunt of my career. First there was the voyage across the Atlantic, then the trans-Canadian ride to Chapleau and now this even longer journey to the romantic West and my first visit to the country that was to become my very own!

The years fled. Father established a comfortable business in Pasadena. Mother became interested in her concert piano work and my sister, Mary, born soon after our arrival, studied voice. My brother Edward was also interested in singing and Father was always singing in church choirs and for special occasions.

We all grew like potato sprouts. I was a normal, healthy youngster, interested in school sports. Baseball was my first love and at Thomas Jefferson grade school I was always playing baseball.

When I got to Pasadena High School I played basketball and football with great enthusiasm and energy and some ability. I decided then and there that I would be an athlete and finally an athletic director.

Then I went to Junior College at Pasadena and later attended Whittier College at Whittier. I played well enough, and I guess if I had finished school, I might have made a name for myself on the gridiron and on the basketball floor.

But something happened. One day at home Father heard me singing in the bath tub.

He talked sternly. I must study, he said. I had a voice that was too good to be thrown away, he argued, and he didn't intend that I should do otherwise than develop it.

What was I to do?

I wanted to be a teacher of physical education. I loved athletics and all that goes with it.

But I heeded Father's advice. I'm glad now that I did. He died unexpectedly at Hastings, England, this fall during a visit to the place of his birth. Mother also left us six months ago, and it was her secret ambition that I should become a successful concert singer.

I studied voice eight years with Allen Ray Carpenter, mastered some French, German and Italian and have fulfilled, in some measure, my Father's hopes.

In 1927 I won the California Atwater Kent Radio Auditions, but missed out in the national finals. The next year, 1928, I was more successful and carried away the \$5,000 prize. That was a thrill!

The rest is history. I made something of a reputation on the Coast with the Coconut Grove Orchestra, appeared in numerous radio programs and sang in the pictures.

When I received my chance to come East to sing for the NBC in New York somehow I couldn't resist. And I'm not sorry that I came. Everyone has been wonderful!

## Mildred Bailey

(Continued from page 22)

Fame is like that. Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, as Pope said, and deeper, deeper drinks are craved. Fame is like a narcotic, enslaving those who yearn for it.

Yet the little girl I talked to that winter night, I myself, a hundred others who read this will not heed. Nor should they. Because they have been inoculated deeply with the toxin of stardust. They must climb the ladder or die in the attempt. They cannot be otherwise.

The little girl with the golden eyes had come from Kansas. Back home they had listened in open-mouthed wonder as she sang in the church choir, at high school class day, over the local station. Fame, fortune, glory waited her in New York. She would find Broadway paved with gold. She came. And found it paved with spikes and sharp splintered glass.

She hadn't come to ask me whether she should give up her ambitions and

go back home to school. She had come to ask me whether she should remain in New York, continue to haunt hopelessly the offices of radio impresarios, or should she try a smaller town, some local station for a build up that would lead more deviously to New York. She didn't ask me the first question, because she had put one foot on the ladder to stardom, and she wouldn't stop until she reached the top.

I told her to keep on trying in New York. Because I could look into her wide, young eyes and know she would get there someday. She would have to go on. She was that kind of a person.

I gave her this advice. Forget everything in the world, money, friends, parents, sweetheart. Cleave only to this image of success before you. It may be a mirage; it may be Heaven. Let every thought, every action, every dream you have center on this and this alone. Don't be swerved by love or even happiness. Let your mind be single-track. Think, eat, sleep, live only for success. Let not one thought pass through your mind that isn't tied up with this great goal you set before you.

Be courageous, ambitious, determined. Unsparring of yourself. Believe in yourself. Know you will succeed, and all the world will know it. Make your job a twenty-four hour task. Before you move your little finger, or brush a stray lock of hair from your forehead, stop



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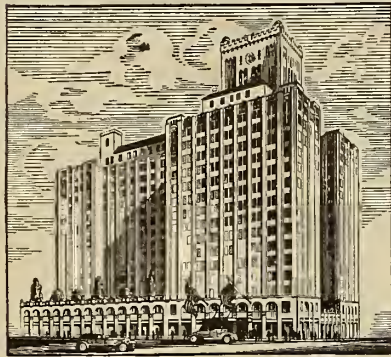
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and think how it will further the one thing you live for—success on the air.

Plan, plot, campaign day and night for success. On the road uphill never pass around a stone or walk over it. Turn it up and see what's underneath. Put it out of your way and then proceed, soberly, deliberately, calculatingly.

Stars have told me success was the reward of talent. Maybe it is. But you never know whether you really have talent or just think you have. If you have you'll reach the top. If you haven't you have a good chance to reach it anyway by plain homegrown, dogged, plodding persistence.

After all the man who tried to sell lozenges might have a wife and a couple of hungry babies home. Most rackets are tough. The kid who wanted soccer suits had come all the way from the end of Brooklyn, stood waiting an hour, all for the sake of his team. The song plugger didn't have an overcoat.

Forty minutes later I stepped out on the street. A bitter, menacing wind whipped up Fifth Avenue. Instinctively I pulled my fur collar closer. It would snow before morning.

As I waited for a taxi I noticed her. Perhaps it was the shock of seeing her thin little shoulders so obviously shivering under the poor coat, beside the show window of a French shop, rich with sequins, sables, ermine and velvet. Perhaps my attention was attracted by the way she kept hovering close to me, shyly fingering the roll of music in her hands, tearing tiny crumbs of the paper from the corner nervously. Perhaps it was the color of her golden brown eyes, all the more beautiful because they were wide and hurt and afraid. She couldn't have been more than seventeen. By the light from the show window I could see the child's eyes were fixed on me.

Just as the taxi shouldered to the curb, she seemed to marshal her courage like a diver at the end of a high board. She came up to me.

"Miss Bailey, I know I haven't got any right to ask it. But—but it would mean so much if I could talk to you. Oh, just for a minute—"

I was glad the taxi was warm. She sat on the edge of the seat, squirming the music roll around in her hands. She had a small, thin face, peaked from cold and hunger. Her child's mouth hadn't smiled in a long time. There was something in her eyes that made me think of a little street waif staring in at a show window crowded with extravagant Christmas toys.

"I guess people are always bothering you," she began. "It's selfish and inconsiderate of them. But, somehow, it's a matter of life and death with me. New York is a strange place. Out in a jungle, or adrift at sea in a storm, a man will risk his life to save a stranger whose only kinship is a human tie. Yet on Broadway men saunter gaily into

night clubs, spend—oh, more money than I've ever seen in all my life at one time—and outside, a beggar's life could be saved by a dollar. People in New York seem to live in close-shuttered universes. You can't reach their hearts."

I knew exactly what she meant. It has only been a few short years since I came from Spokane and found Broadway hostile, cold and hard as the steel framework on its newest skyscraper. Starving paupers, surfeited plutocrats brushed against each other along this street of heartache and hilarity, raptures and requiems. Yet no spark of human kinship reached across the no man's land between them.

The girl had come to ask my advice. I gave it to her. And now I'm passing it on to others. It wasn't what she wanted to hear perhaps. It is compounded of cheer and bitterness, delight and disappointment—my message to young people who stand at the bottom of the slippery steeple of radio success, determined to scale the heights or toboggan down to oblivion.

My advice in one word is—Don't. If you can find happiness along the pleasant meadows of life, as a wife, as a mother, as a man who works at a plain, workaday job without raising his head to be blinded by the sun, you're much better off. The apple Eve ate on the Tree of Knowledge was the Apple of Ambition. And it isn't all sweet. If you can be satisfied with bread and butter, don't envy the gods their ambrosia. Because you may pay for it with your happiness and find it turns to ashes in your mouth. If the normal chance for happiness is one chance out of two, then the normal chance for happiness, if you seek stardom, is one chance in two thousand for only one out of a thousand reaches the top.

In the veins of some people there burns an insatiable urge to be great, to do great things, whether it is singing, writing, painting, play acting. They are like Icarus who built wings, tried to fly as high as the sun. The wax in his wings melted and Icarus was dashed to death on the rocks below. Those who can walk satisfied along the ground, without yearning for the sun, are more fortunate. The head that wears the crown lies uneasy, they say. It is true whether the crown is one of royalty, fame, art or success.

The ache for achievement is not an unmitigated blessing. There is a fairy story of a fisherman who found a genii in the sea. He asked the genii to give him the power of the lord. After a few months he returned, recaptured the magic spirit, asked this time for the authority of a duke. Again and again he returned, never satisfied, begged to be made a king, then an emperor, then a pope! At last the genii became disgusted and changed him back again to a fisherman.



# Want to earn BIG MONEY IN BROADCASTING? This FREE Book tells you how

DO you want to earn more money than you ever thought possible before? Do you want to get into Broadcasting—the most fascinating, glamorous, highly paid work in the world? Do you want fame—your name on the tongue of millions? If you do, then send at once for this free book, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," which tells how anyone with talent can train for a big pay Broadcasting job.

## Broadcasting Needs New Talent

Can you sing? Can you describe things? Have you a good radio voice? Can you write plays and sketches for Broadcasting? If you can, then you are the exact kind of person Broadcasting Stations and advertisers are looking for—if you are trained in Broadcasting technique.

For Broadcasting is growing so fast that no one can predict how gigantic this new industry will be in another year. Only four years ago no more than four million dollars were spent on the air—last year advertisers alone spent more than \$35,000,000, or 9 times as many millions. Then add to this the millions spent by Broadcasting Stations and you can see that this new industry is growing so fast that the demand for talented and trained men and women far exceeds the supply.

## Your Opportunity Now

Many more millions will be spent next year—more men and women will be employed at big pay. Why not be one of them—why not get your share of the millions that will be spent? You can if you have talent and train for the job you want.

Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how you can turn your hidden talents into fame and fortune. For if you have a good speaking voice, can act, sing, direct, write or think up ideas for Broadcasting, you too,

may qualify for a big paying job before the microphone.

But remember that training is necessary. Talent alone is not enough. Many stage and concert stars failed dismally when confronted with the microphone. Why? Simply because they did not know Broadcasting technique. And at the same time others, unknown before, suddenly jumped into radio popularity—because they were completely and thoroughly trained for the microphone.

## How to Train

Broadcasters and radio stations haven't the time to train you. And that is just why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcaster—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Radio. Through this remarkable Course, you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time—entirely without giving up your present position or making a single sacrifice of any kind—and acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos and Andys, Graham McNamees, Olive Palmers, and Floyd Gibbonses and their future earnings will be enormous.

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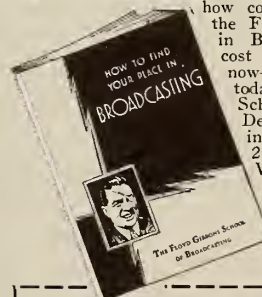
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