

Radio Digest

★
January

15 Cents



Ethelyn Holt

Stars of the Five Stars Show

Jack Pearl



Roxy



Lew White



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☞ These two sweet harmony singers who “live in darkness” bring gladness into the hearts and homes of thousands of WLS listeners.

☞ Mac and Bob are presented each weekday morning at 9:15 by the Willard Tablet Company.

☞ This is just one of the many popular features heard over this station.

870 Kilocycles

WLS

50,000 Watts

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'Round-the-world reception guarantee . . . unparalleled tone fidelity . . . super-selectivity . . . true single dial control on all reception between 15 and 550 meters . . . no plug-in or tapped coils . . . the whole radio-wise world is talking of the sensational performance of this new SCOTT ALL-WAVE DELUXE!

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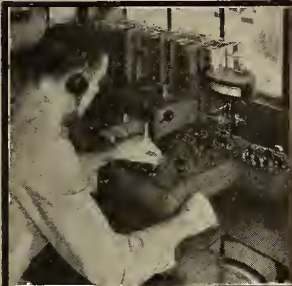
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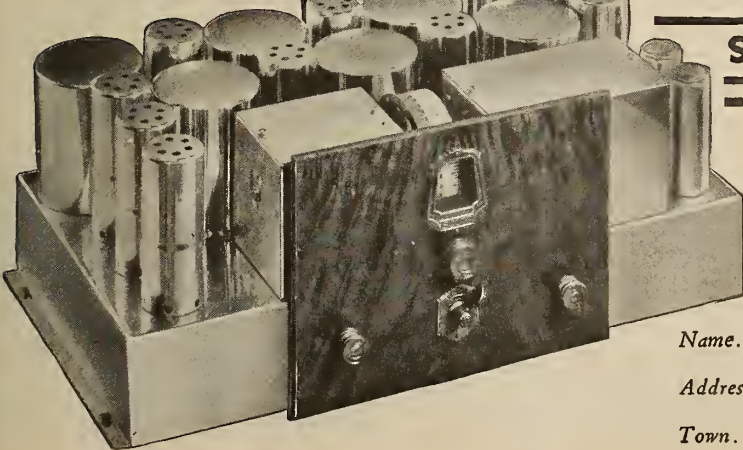
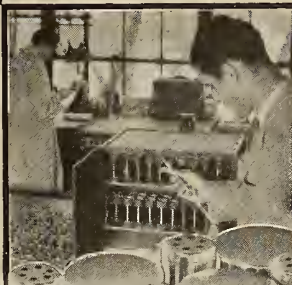
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Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

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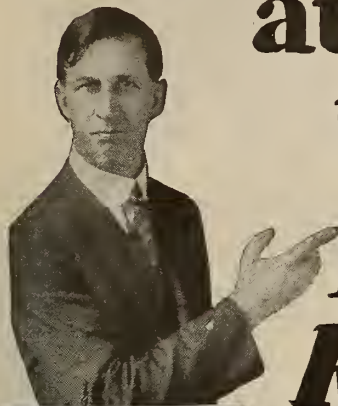
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**J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute Dept., 3AR3
Washington, D. C.**

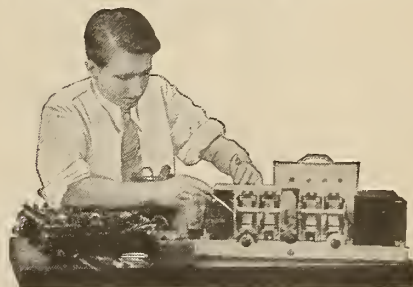
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Pioneer and World's Largest Home-Study Radio training organization devoted entirely to training men and young men for good jobs in the Radio industry. Our growth has paralleled Radio's growth. We occupy three hundred times as much floor space now as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



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TWISTS and TURNS

With Radio People and Programs

BY HAROLD P. BROWN

NEWSPAPER men are flocking more and more to the microphone. It may be an indication that a better understanding between newspapers and radio will result. Practically all newspaper men who have been on the air have made good with their listeners. Some have not only made good with their listeners but have made good with the exchequer, collecting handsomely from appreciative sponsors.

Floyd Gibbons, with the Hearst organization, has from the start commanded a very high salary for broadcasting as compared to what the average star reporter earns. He has also put tremendous energy into getting his material as well as putting it on the air. Heywood Broun who has been conducting a General Electric period over the NBC is of a far different type of newspaper man. Both men, so radically different in manner of speech, make friends easily. Both have been employed by the same sponsor. Both have increased their prestige enormously by their radio programs.

ANOTHER newspaper man of a sort radically different from either Gibbons or Broun has made good in a large way—and he is that master slogan-er, Walter Winchell. Winchell creates new words and expressions every day, and these words and expressions soon become part of the language. He was the first to use the word “whoopee” and to exploit the phrase “blessed event.” On the air he originated the call “Okay, Mr. and Mrs. America!” He lives at a killing pace. He finds out the news and publishes or broadcasts it before it happens. His so-called keyhole exploits have become legends and dramatized in

film. As these lines are written he is talking on the phone to a representative of RADIO DIGEST about his new program on the air. The night before he had fainted on the sidewalk, was taken home in a cab, revived, and returned to his all-night patrol of Broadway within an hour. A few months ago he told this writer that he was through with broadcasting because he could not keep up the pace of writing his column and doing two columns a week on the air. “Besides,” he said, “what’s the use if Uncle Sam takes half of it away for income tax. I couldn’t keep up the pace and live.” He went to California for a few weeks, returned, and now he is into his job almost as deeply as ever. He has surrounded himself with a sort of glamour that makes him a good air personality.

DEAN ARCHER’S educational talks, a series of which appeared in RADIO DIGEST a year ago, have interested several prospective sponsors, and why not? The Dean certainly has a large following, and he knows how to put human interest into his discussions about the law. He is constantly active, directing the Suffolk Law School in Boston, preparing lectures, sitting in conferences with lawyers, statesmen, industrialists, and still he has time to write law books, and for idle moments he writes history books for children. He broadcasts over 40 stations on an NBC-WJZ network every Saturday evening.

HAD a little chat with Rudy Vallee the other evening and he’s happy over the success of his personality shows which take the air every Thursday from the NBC Times Square studios, formerly the Amsterdam Roof Garden. The theatre is packed at every performance given for the radio audience. It seems a little strange to witness a show at this theatre where the visible audience always is secondary (and rightfully, of course) to the radio audience. About 800 people sit in the theatre. So far as the broadcast is concerned they are all part of the show, and the entire auditorium is only an extension of the air stage. Rudy, alert and agile, moves quickly here and there getting everybody in place and in order as he steps over the coils of cable leading to the microphones.



Heywood Broun

WINTER that is unbelievably bleak and cold has already settled down on the small trading hamlet of Hopedale on the far coast of Labrador. There are only thirteen English-speaking persons present. They are cut off from the rest of the world by vast expanse of ice and impassable terrain. Cut off? No, not entirely, for they are able to hear the voices of Radioland that whirl around the sphere through the long, long Arctic night.

A message recently received by the National Broadcasting Company for the Flying Hutchinsons states that these prisoners of the ice-locked North are at their community receiver listening to this Flying Family which came down to them from out of the sky in actual flesh and blood just before the harbor closed. The wireless message to New York was sent by the Rev. Perrett, head of the Hopedale Moravian Mission. Signing the message with the Rev. Perrett were the names of Mr. Cobb, the manager of the Hudson Bay Company trading post, and Mr. Stevenson, the operator of the Marconi wireless station. They all expressed great interest in the program. Even the Eskimos crowd around to hear the voices of the adventurers who were in Hopedale when the plane crashed in their vicinity.

Others in the far and impenetrable North are also listening to the sounds that come from radio stations where there are cities and roads and trains, and where there is music and gaiety. As usual the Westinghouse company is sending messages through its powerful stations to winter bound citizens who live buried in the woods and snow. Especially at Christmas time come the loved ones to the broadcasting stations to speak into the microphones or to have their messages read.

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Just Fix a Pix in the aerial terminal and increase the range and selectivity—permits knife-edge tuning—two million satisfied users. Once “Pix” is fixed you’re fixed for distant programs.

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Radio Art—Is a magazine that gives you information available from no other source.

Radio Art—Gives you intelligent reviews of new programs and other information relative to program production—from the writing of scripts until the “play” goes on the air.

Radio Art—Gives you the latest information about the artists and radio stations from Coast to Coast, as well as the behind-the-scenes people in Radioland about whom you seldom hear.

Radio Art—The magazine you can't afford to be without if you are interested in any way in Radio.

Radio Art—The magazine that is read by artists, station operators, radio writers, advertising and show people because it tells them twice each month the important and vital news about radio printed in this publication alone.

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Issued on the first and fifteenth of each month.*

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RADIO ART is issued semi-monthly—twenty-four times a year.



Baron Munchausen *Jack Pearl*

(Photo taken at sea bottom)

HERE you behold the remarkable under-water picture taken of the great Baron Munchausen at the time he was working the Atlantic ocean as a pirate. He has just stepped into the saloon of a Spanish galleon which has been resting on the bottom of the ocean for well-nigh a thousand years. The Munchausen boot rests on a solid gold taboret that had been the gift of Isabel to the captain of the ship. Note how closely the Baron closes his lips. That is to prevent the water leaking in while the picture was taken. He has remarkable capacity for holding his breath, but he nearly gave up after he lost his way walking back to the island from whence he had walked into the sea.

Blood will Tell

The Rise of a Tall Taler

By BARON MUNCHAUSEN

WE MUNCHAUSENS are a modest lot. But if you insist I shall endeavor to recall some biographical incidents that may be of interest to the readers of RADIO DIGEST. Contrary to the popular notion as to the place of my birth it happens that I first saw the light of day in little Old New York. It was in October, 1895, a snappy autumn day, although of course I did not get out much that first day, owing to the many calls by relatives and friends who seemed to take a great deal of interest in my arrival. I remember well, the exact day, as there was a large calendar advertising sewing machines pinned against the wall across from my bed. (My mother shared the bed with me.) And as I pulled myself up on the pillow my father was crossing out the date. It was the 29th day of October.

"That's a day you'll always remember, son," he said.

"Oh, yeah?" I said, and the old man fainted. Mother was asleep so I called the nurse and she poured some ice water in his face. I laughed, and then she fainted too, so I got out and drenched them both.

You will gather that I was indeed precocious, but it ruins that way in the Munchausen line and my father began showing me off to the neighbors. In a few days I was exchanging repartee with the best of them.

When I was one year old I was half way through Public School No. 62, which was about a mile from the house. My father had a very small bicycle made for me. I rigged up a piece of grocery string which I hung over the handle bars. It was one of my favorite tricks to tag on a kiddie car when I came to a hill and make the little dumb brats of two or three years old pull me up the hills.

On my second birthday I graduated from the De Witt Clinton high school with a perfect record. By this time my physique grew at an incredible rate. It was almost impossible to keep me decently clothed, for I would start from the house in the morning with a new suit, a size larger

than the one I had worn the day before, and by night it was ripped and abbreviated beyond further use. My father had to hire a special tailor to follow me around until it occurred to him to make my trousers, waist and other clothes of elastic.

I'll never forget my first employment. We Munchausen's were living under a different name at the time owing to the fact that my father was working a shell racket that he had invented. He would use a couple of peas and a Fleeceworth pearl in a quick shift under three oyster shells. You paid a dollar for your chance and if you were lucky at guessing you could have the "\$100 pearl," which really cost my father 100 for a dollar. Well they got to calling us the Pearls, and I was Jack, Jack Pearl.

MY FIRST job was with the Shapiro Publishing Company which at that time published everything. I had acquired such a passion for reading by the time I was three years old I could not wait for new books to be published—in fact I had read practically everything that was printed, and used to hang around Shapiros' waiting for things to come off the press. One day the manager offered me a job of reading all the manuscripts that came into the place. It was in this way that I picked up my Broadway acquaintances who waited my approval of all the songs that were going to be hits.

Although I had never been on the stage Gus Edwards begged me to take a job from him at \$1,200 a week. I turned it down. I turned it down cold. I said "Give me \$1,500 or I don't go, see?" And Gus said, "Gee, Jack, if I pay you \$1,500 I'll have to let Winchell, Eddie Buzzell, Georgie Jessel, Eddie Cantor, and maybe the Duncan Sisters go, you wouldn't do that to the Duncan Sisters, would you?" And I said to Gus, "That's your look-out, Gus. My price is still \$1,500 a week." And poor old Gus, with tears streaming down his face, turned and left me.

So I passed my time away at the

Shapiro's where they had raised me to \$2,500 a week just to look at scripts as they came in. I guess I haven't mentioned that I was the one who started them in the music publishing business. Before I went there they were doing an enormous business in publishing books of all kinds. I read in the paper about Marconi, which gave me an idea, and I went over to see Edison about making a radio tube which nobody had thought of up to that time. Well, Edison pattered around with my idea, and I got into other things and the next I knew DeForest had come out with his radio tube, so I washed my hands of it.

Because of my youth it was a little hard to get the attention of people for anything serious. However, by pretending that I was considerably older, I inveigled Herman Timberg to give me a part in his stage production, "School Days." It was the character of a boy with dime novel and Wild West ideas. I wowed them and put the show over as the biggest thing old Timberg ever had his name to. There used to be a line waiting to get in wherever I was playing that started the day before. One severely cold night stands out in my memory. The next morning found 1,743 persons waiting to get to the box office who had frozen stiff in their tracks.

This caused me to consider giving up the show business. But I was finally induced to join Danny Murphy who had established quite a rep as a German dialect comedian. Before we had been going long I was taking his place and the show immediately became a great success. I took it to London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome—everywhere it was the same—Jack Pearl, he kills them; they die from laughing.

It was while I was in Moscow that the Shuberts, who had been following me around from country to country, brought my contract for \$1,300,000 and I came back to America to star in their Winter Garden shows each year until 1930. It was there that I trained Harry Richman and made him what he is today. Ziegfeld was

(Continued on page 48)



Feodor Chaliapin, one of the rarely heard stars of the opera appearing on this remarkable Five Star Theatre program.

TO THE Five Star Theatre goes the palm for the supreme radio achievement of 1932—and that also means of all time—so far as broadcast entertainment is concerned.

No previous sponsor has presumed to cover the entire listener field so thoroughly and painstakingly. It is the final answer to the question of "What kind of an audience do you reach with that kind of a program?" It reaches every kind of an audience. From the sublime to the sublimely ridiculous the whole category of fun, amusement, soul stimulant and cultural development have been approached through an assortment of personalities and productions that are first magnitude stars for the five nights weekly on the two major networks over which this series is booked.

Maxwell House Showboat pioneered the way as a major production along the great variety avenue. Lucky Strike, now a little old fashioned, and a bit crude in the commercial aspects, also lent something to the idea with its police dramas and flashing changes via the Magic Carpet. The police dramas, in fact, precipitated the whole new popular trend toward radio drama. They



THEATRE OF THE AIR

brought out new technique in script writing and sound effects. It also happens that the creator of this technique, D. Thomas Curtin, has been engaged to write the thrillers that come on the Five Star Friday night climax of the five-day series. He is transcribing the

attractions of both a particular and general interest during a week's presentation.

For those interested in comedy, there are the Marx Brothers, on the air over a WJZ-NBC chain at 7:30 P. M. every Monday in a chapter of their latest non-sensical conception, the law firm of "Beagle, Shyster & Beagle."

Lovers of serious symphonic music have their turn Tuesday night in the programs of Josef Bonime and his 40-piece symphony orchestra, assembled from the ranks of the leading symphonic organizations of the world. Its soloists have included such dominant figures of the operatic world as Maria Jeritza, Feodor Chaliapin, and John Charles Thomas. These programs come from a Columbia network every Tuesday at 10 P. M.

The drama is represented in the



Maria Jeritza, former Metropolitan Opera star, one of the scheduled features.

Earl Derr Biggers' novel of the Chinese detective, Charlie Chan, into radio drama.

It is hard to imagine a taste that would not find something to its liking in at least one of the great variety of broadcasts included in the Five Star Theatre. Every evening from Monday to Friday it is on the air, every evening with a different style of diversion.

While other advertisers present a single program, hoping that it will gather an audience, the supporters of the Five Star Theatre have tried to make sure that every owner of a radio set will find



Ben Ames Williams, distinguished Saturday Evening Post story writer who appeared in person with dramatization of one of his stories.

Wednesday broadcasts. Short stories by leading American authors are dramatized and presented by a company of celebrated stage and radio players over a WJZ-NBC network at 7:30 P. M. every Wednesday. Each week, the author of the story of the evening steps before the microphone for a personal address.

Light music comes on Thursday evening in the light opera presentations under the direction of Milton Aborn. His company is heard from a Columbia network every Thursday at 10 P. M.

The week's series comes to an exciting conclusion every Friday evening with an episode from the engrossing and mysterious career of Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective of fiction. Impersonated by Walter Connolly, the Broadway star, Charlie Chan goes on the air over a WJZ-NBC network Fridays at 7:30 P. M.

From the moment of their first appearance at the WJZ headquarters, the Marx Brothers have been turning a studio into hilarious chaos on every one of their rehearsal days. These programs are their first radio appearances, but even a debut before the formidable microphones did not sober the prankish Marx spirits.

While Groucho was running through the very important first sketch, he noticed Arthur Sheekman, one of the authors of "Beagle, Shyster & Beagle," come into the room. In the midst of one of his speeches, the astonished ears of the men in the control room heard, "This goes for Art Sheekman—you whimpering bounder, you."



Groucho and Chico Marx who made their first bow to the radio audience on the first performance of the galaxy programs.

new example of the astounding amount of foolishness that has lain hidden in the law profession during all the cen-



Josef Bonime, who leads the symphony orchestra as one of the classical features over the CBS fork of the series.

turies before the Marx Brothers entered it.

A more sedate atmosphere, of course, accompanies the programs of Josef Bonime's Symphony orchestra. Mr. Bonime's name is a familiar one to radio listeners. Since the early days of symphonic radio broadcasts, the baton of this director has been guiding orchestras and smaller ensembles through programs. His latest orchestra, however, is the most imposing he has directed.

One of the rehearsal kibitzers who happened to have a pencil with him calculated that there were just about a million dollars worth of orchestral instru-

ments in the Bonime broadcasts. The estimate was surprisingly large, but it is approximately correct. For example, nearly every one of the violinists uses either a Stradivarius or Guarnerius instrument, with an average value of \$20,000.

The chair of the concertmaster in this orchestra is shared by Jacques Gordon and Michael Gusikoff, who formerly occupied the same position in, respectively, the Chicago and Philadelphia Symphony orchestras.

Probably no other radio program ever has been graced with such a set of literary notables as the Wednesday short story dramatizations are presenting. In the first three weeks, the authors were Rex Beach, Fannie Hurst and Sophie Kerr. It is announced that the programs will continue through the season with writers of the same standing.

The Milton Aborn light operas bring to culmination a project that has been begun several times. Mr. Aborn's long career in both grand opera and operetta staging made him an obvious choice as the director of a light opera radio program. Repeatedly he has begun work on such a program, but in every instance he has withdrawn because he felt that the works were not being presented in a manner that would do them justice. This time he has been given a free hand.

Mr. Aborn has assembled a company including Gladys Baxter and Vivian Hart, sopranos; Roy Cropper, tenor; Edward Nell, baritone; and William Philbrick and Hal Forde, comedians; H. Cooper Cliffe, James S. Murray, Eric Titus and Laura Ferguson. The versions of the light operas were prepared by Mr. Aborn himself, permitting of their presentation without the interruption of announcers. The orchestra conductor is Louis Kroll.

The programs began December 1 with "The Merry Widow" and continued through the month with "The
(Continued on page 47)



Sophie Kerr, another Five Star Theatre celebrity, introduced to the radio audience.

The broadcasts present Groucho Marx as Mr. Beagle of "Beagle, Shyster & Beagle," and Chico as his blundering assistant, Ravelli. Every week there is a

Nellie Revell Interviews

ROXY

HOWDY, folks, you remember me, don't you? Well, I sure am thrilled tonight. I have an old friend of mine, and yours, too, who is here with us tonight. While it has been my privilege to present on this program celebrities of various types, this is the first time I have ever presented a gangster . . . that is, a convicted gangster. Maybe I may have had some potential gangsters, but tonight I have a famous gang organizer and law-breaker. He's the type of gangster that steals into our hearts, kills dull care and breaks every law of precedent.

And, like Robin Hood, of legend, he is famed for his courage, courtesy and generosity . . . doing it all in the name of humanity. It was he who made gangs famous. I refer to Roxy, the greatest gang leader of all time. Roxy, you will recall, is the man who developed the motion picture theatre from the peep show to a presentation in a palace.

He is the originator of the luxurious type of music and stage presentation in moving picture theatres. He is the High Priest in the Cathedral of Entertainment. And Roxy is also a pioneer in radio. He was the first theatre director to interest himself in air entertainment . . . and the first to broadcast programs from the stage of a theatre. Roxy put his theatres on the air and thus on the map. And that's better than putting them on the market.

Roxy's first venture with the movies was in the Pennsylvania coal fields. The customers sat on funeral chairs borrowed from a friendly undertaker. (When there was a funeral, there was no show . . . and Roxy was the chief mourner.) Six years later, Roxy first came to New York to manage the Regent theatre and introduced innovations which revolutionized show business. In succession, he went to the Strand, Rialto, Rivoli, Capitol, and Roxy's theatres . . . winning great glories and establishing world fame for himself.

Roxy's present position is the biggest of his brilliant career. He is the absolute czar in charge of the entertainment that is to be presented in the two theatres in the gigantic Radio City development. A son of the soil of America,

HERE is a stenographic report of Nellie Revell's interview with S. F. "Roxy" Rothafel during the Radio Digest period over NBC-WEAF. Without overdoing the Question and Answer detail Miss Revell presents an excellent word sketch of the man who had most to do with shaping radio broadcasting into the show presentation it is today.

Roxy is a simple soul. He hates ostentation and loves to cut through to the fundamentals, the root of things. Coming from way out West where men are men and women are for them, he didn't select a high falutin' term to describe his group of artists and entertainers. Not Roxy. He fixed on a word that all Americans know and understand . . . Gang. And what a gang!

Mr. Rothafel has discovered and developed, possibly, more talent than any other movie impresario. Every orchestra leader who ever conducted in a Roxy theatre has become internationally known . . . and the members of Roxy's gangs have become stars.

And, please, may I present S. L. Rothafel . . . who in my humble opinion is the greatest showman in America!

ROXY—"Now, now, Nellie. Good evening, friends, I hope you haven't taken too seriously that effulgent in-press agents are never hampered by duction of Miss Revell's. You know, Nellie is a press agent and you know facts. But that opening part of the introduction kind of had me scared. I expected every minute to see a sheriff come in with a pair of handcuffs."

NELLIE—Well, the evening's still young—

ROXY—"But really, friends, you haven't any idea how glad I am to be back on the air. The late Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, eminent psychologist, once did me the honor of calling me a natural psychologist. It was back in 1914. I was then directing the Strand theatre on Broadway. One afternoon about 6:30, Prof. Munsterberg, a stranger to me, came into my back-stage office. He had come to the

theatre for the same reason that all people come—for amusement, rest and relaxation. He got what he came for and wanted to know how the wheels back stage, mental and emotional, went around. He talked for a long time, forgetting food, hours and appointments. He was interested in me, he explained, because he was studying in theory, the mass mind and mass emotions, the same problems I was working out unconsciously in the laboratory of the stage. People go to the theatre with nothing more definite in mind than that they want to be amused. They want to be entertained and emotionally awakened without being emotionally exhausted. They do not go to be uplifted, reformed or converted. That is the province of the lecture hall and the church, and not the theatre. American theatre-goers will not support mediocrity. They will not accept shoddiness. They will not be talked down to, they will not be uplifted. They are very much aware of themselves and their time and they demand entertainment as splendid as their time."

NELLIE—How did you get the nickname, Roxy?

ROXY—"I got that years ago while playing baseball. Rothafel was too long for my baseball pals, especially in the excitement of a game. One day I was rounding third base and started home. * * 'Slide Roxy, slide!' shouted the coach, and I've been Roxy ever since."

NELLIE—And sliding home ever since too. * * Are you superstitious?

ROXY—"Well, not exactly, but I like to begin my ventures on a Friday."

NELLIE—How about food? Any favorite dishes?

ROXY—"Hot dogs and hamburgers are my favorites."

NELLIE—How about sports? Do you get any time to play?

ROXY—"Yes, indeed. I play golf and hand ball whenever I can."

NELLIE—Married, of course.

ROXY—"Very happily married, thank you. And have been since 1909 when Rosa Freedman honored me by becoming Mrs. Roxy."

NELLIE—Any children?

ROXY—"Yes, a son, Arthur, aged



Roxy as he appears while being interviewed

21, and a daughter, Beta, now nearly two."

NELLIE—Your "Good night, pleasant dreams, God bless you" on the radio became a household expression. And I've heard any number of stories—all different—explaining its origin. What is the real story, Mr. Rothafel?

ROXY—"Well, Nellie, it was really an accident. I used it in my first broadcast from the Capitol theatre in 1924. I had prepared a fine sounding closing address to sign off the program. But when the time came to deliver, I couldn't recall a word of it—not a syllable. Of course, I couldn't stand there tongue-tied, so I said what I felt, 'Good night, pleasant dreams, God bless you.'

NELLIE—And coming from the heart you couldn't have said anything better. You know, folks, Roxy is the typical executive, a man of quick decisions. I asked him for an appointment. "Okay," he said, "I'll see you at 3 o'clock Thursday." He met me right on the second in the reception room of his elaborate offices, to escort me to his private sanctorium.

A huge oil painting of the late B. F. Keith, founder of vaudeville, looks down from the walls of his office. I paused before it in reflection.

"Well, Nellie," remarked Roxy,

"when I first knew you, I never expected that I would occupy the office of B. F. Keith."

"Why not?" I said, "you began where he left off."

Roxy does everything on a big scale and he has to have a lot of room in which to operate. That's why he is to conduct in Radio City the biggest amusement enterprise the world has ever known. Why, Roxy, just naturally has to produce and be where things are produced. He even selected as his birthplace, Minnesota, a place of wide open spaces where they produce wheat, the staff of life.

You know, folks, most men would be lucky if they got a monument after they're gone. But Roxy . . . well, his monuments are built while he's alive. If you don't think the Roxy influence is a factor in the life of the city, the nation and the world, it's because you don't get around much. Take a peek at the New York Telephone Directory, for instance. There are Roxy Coffee Shops and even a Roxy Doughnut Shoppe. There are Roxy barber shops, Roxy shoe shining parlors and, of course, Roxy restaurants and delicatessen stores galore. There are Roxy pants pressers and there is even a Roxy Button Works—everything, in fact, ex-

cept the Roxy Readymade Post Hole Co. And when you get in the neighborhood of the Sixth avenue side of Radio City where are located the Roxy theatres . . . just take a look at the signs you see on the shops and stores. The merchants and shopkeepers in that locality are certainly Roxy-minded.

Here's a splendid insight into the fine character of the man. Having been a Marine, his interest in the service and service men is sincere and heartfelt. He took his company entertainers to the government hospitals on frequent occasions. He noticed they had no radios and the thought occurred that the long hours of our unfortunates could be made less dreary if they had ear phones. So he went to Washington with his idea and told it to President Coolidge. The President listened and then made one of his characteristic long-winded speeches. (You know how colloquial Cal is.) "I like it," he said, and it wasn't long before earphones were installed in every veterans' hospital in America . . . and many parts of Canada. All of Roxy's dreams have a way of coming true, but this was one of the greatest of them all. It brought great joy to our war heroes, than whom there are no greater. Goodnight, Friends, I'll be NBC'ing you!



FRANK
BLACK

THE NEW NBC *Chief Director*

By EARLE FERRIS

Early in his career in the public eye Black realized that it was necessary to give the people what they wanted. From the time when he played the piano in a murky nickeloden at the age of eleven, Black has been studying audience reaction along with his music. The two have combined to make him the man who is now general musical director for the National Broadcasting Company.

Ever since he was a small boy, the unusual in music has interested him. They tell a rather amusing story about the time when he was musical director at Brunswick. A song plugger brought in a sheaf of songs to submit to him for possible recording use. Black looked them over and none of them fitted his needs. The song publisher's representative had a manuscript copy in his brief case and Black asked to see it.

"Oh, that's no good," said the song plugger, "some of the boys wrote it but they wrote 47 bars instead of the regular 32."

"Yes?" queried Black. "Leave it with me."

The publisher's man was reluctant. "Don't make a record of that thing," he pleaded. "I'd get bawled out by the boss. It isn't regular and it would be difficult to publish."

Black kept it. He liked it. He played it over for some singers. They liked it. The next time the publisher's man dropped in, Black let him hear it sung by Franklin Baur, played by three different bands. He had recorded it four times. The publisher was amazed. But the song sold almost a million copies. It was "Just a Memory" by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. If it had not appealed to Black as "something different," it would have wound up in a waste basket.

Black makes up his own mind. A sponsor for a program wanted a singer, so Black picked one. But the sponsor had been listening to claims of greatness made by a dozen agents. So he and his cohorts listened to 30 other singers. After he finished hearing

(Continued on page 47)

JUST a half an hour after we had heard Toscanini conduct the New York Philharmonic orchestra in Brahms' Third Symphony at Carnegie Hall, Frank Black and I were seated in the living room of his home in Sutton place, New York city.

Black, general musical director of the National Broadcasting Company, walked to a phonograph, placed a record on the turntable and started the machine. I heard the strains of an old jazz tune I recognized as "The Washboard Blues." The band which was playing it sounded hot. I was amazed.

When the record ended, Black said, "That's a record made by Red Nichols and his Five Pennies, a jazz band. And yet it is as great a work of art in its own field as the playing of the Brahms symphony this afternoon—because it is well done."

A bit unusual? Most real or psuedo-

intellectuals and highbrow music lovers who would orally express their appreciation of the classics would rarely think of mentioning a jazz band's work in the same breath. But Frank Black would. For he's the type of person who can appreciate musical art, no matter what its guise, no matter what its limitations without placing any on his own mental viewpoint. And that's also probably why Frank Black as an orchestra director has been chosen to direct orchestras on some of radio's greatest programs which might play either popular jazz or serious music of a difficult nature and why he is able to do a great job with both.

Black is a keen student of human appreciation. No prospective sponsor has to tell him that for every hundred people who will like dance music only ten will like something by Mozart. He knows and he speaks with authority.



Jean Noble

REMEMBER Helene Handin and Marcella Shields, the "Two Troupers" on NBC, New York? . . . And Marcella married . . . Helene went to California . . . She found this beautiful girl, Jean Noble, for a new partner on KFI . . . And let this be a warning to all men—

Sir, don't be mean
And intervene
Or come between
Our friend, Helene
And her friend, Jean.



Rosa Ponselle, American-born prima donna, and universal favorite of the Metropolitan Opera. She also is well known in Europe.

TODAY the high, semi-circular balconies of the Metropolitan Opera House embrace the country from New York to San Francisco. Tuxedo Park, Mo., and Newport, Ark., sit in the Golden Horseshoe. Metropolitan Opera has become the regular fare of the radio public throughout the land.

When the nation's leading opera company went on the air for the first time in its history on Christmas Day, 1931, over a nationwide network of the National Broadcasting Company, there was some question as to whether or not the plan would prove a success.

Today all doubt has been removed. After a year's experience, M. H. Ayles-

OPERA

By VANCE

worth, president of NBC, and the officials of the Metropolitan Opera Company, have enthusiastically commenced the second season of broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera House. During the coming winter regular Saturday afternoon programs, supplemented by holiday and special occasion broadcasts, will bring portions of every opera in the Metropolitan repertory to the radio audience.

Lily Pons's clear soprano, Lawrence Tibbett's brilliant performances, the mighty music of Wagner's "Ring," and the voices of Ponselle, Bori, Ljungberg, Kappel, Rethberg, Martinelli, Scotti, and de Luca in the world's greatest musical masterpieces, previously the fare of a few favored persons in the country's largest cities, are now available to all, just as much as the doings of Amos 'n' Andy, the songs of Rudy Vallee and Ed Wynn's stories about his horse.

Metropolitan opera came to the homelister, however, only after a long wait, filled with many disappointments for broadcasters who aspired to put the famous organization on the air. Great stars from the stage and moving pictures went into radio. Leading statesmen made regular use of the networks. Celebrated concert artists, and even members of the Metropolitan's own company, sang for the microphone. But officials of the company would not hear of the Metropolitan going on the air.

Successful operas were given from broadcasting studios. The Chicago Civic Opera Company, next in importance to the Metropolitan, inaugurated broadcasts from its stage, and continued them year after year. Still the Metropolitan refused to recognize the artistic capacity of the microphone.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, who has piloted the Metropolitan to its position at the top of the nation's operatic organizations and now is rounding out his 25th year as its general manager, and his assistant, Edward Ziegler, are cautious and conservative men. For years they questioned the technical perfection of radio. They were afraid that broadcasting would not do justice to the beauty of their music.

At last, however, O. B. Hanson, NBC manager of technical operation and en-

gineering, succeeded in removing their fears in this regard, and on Christmas afternoon, 1931, "Hansel and Gretel" was broadcast to the nation from the stage of the Metropolitan. The following week brought a series of Saturday afternoon broadcasts to continue throughout the season.

"Beautiful Christmas gift to music lovers of the world," telegraphed Nikolai Sokoloff, director of the Cleveland Orchestra, and musical critics and authorities throughout the country echoed his comment. Patrons who had held boxes in the opera house for years breathed a sigh of relief when they entered, and found no changes or alterations in their beloved opera house.

MANY boxholders had expected to see the auditorium littered with broadcasting equipment, the artists half hidden from the audience by microphones. Instead they found everything just as it had been before the broadcasts, for there is very little evidence in the auditorium that the performance is being heard beyond the walls of the opera house.

Two engineers and an announcer sit quietly in a box in one of the upper tiers, nothing but the earphones over their ears and a small black control box on a table in front of them to indicate that they are other than members of the matinee audience. Otherwise the box they occupy is furnished just like a score of other boxes in the same tier.

When the announcer is on the air he steps behind the engineers into the anteroom, which is separated from the box by a sound-proof glass door instead of the usual drapery. From this point of vantage, with his microphone out of sight of everyone in the auditorium, he watches the stage through the glass door and talks to the vast radio audience without danger of being overheard by adjacent box holders.

Two sets of microphones, hidden in either side of the footlights, and another microphone, unobtrusively suspended high above the orchestra and well out of line of vision, complete the broadcasting arrangements which Gerard Chatfield, technical art director of the radio company, and the man who put

at HOME

BABB

the first Chicago Civic Opera on the air; has worked out for the Metropolitan.

Despite the success of the first attempts, however, all was not clear sailing in regard to broadcasts from the Metropolitan. Time remained to tell how the radio audience would receive the operatic program, and what effect broadcasting would have within the Metropolitan Opera Company itself.

It was feared that attendance at the opera house might suffer; that when listeners found how perfectly they could hear the broadcast music in their homes they would not take the trouble to go to the opera; and that decreased attendance might cripple the company's finances to the point where the quality of its productions would be endangered.

"I do not share this fear," Paul D. Cravath, chairman of the board of directors of the opera company, declared, however. "I believe that interest in opera will be so stimulated by broadcasting that listeners will flock in such numbers to the opera house—where they can see as well as hear opera—that we will have to build a new and bigger opera house to hold them."

Cravath was right, and evidence began to accumulate with the first broadcast. The attendance at the Metropolitan on Christmas night, following the afternoon broadcast of "Hansel and Gretel," was greater than it had been on any Christmas night in years. Throughout the remainder of the Metropolitan's first season on the air, new faces were seen in the audience in ever increasing numbers.

Nor, at the end of the first season of broadcasting, was there any question as to how the radio audience would receive the Metropolitan Opera Company. Thousands of letters to the National Broadcasting Company and to the opera company testified to the enthusiasm with which vast audiences welcomed the very best in music.

Veteran opera lovers, whose residence away from the big cities kept them from enjoying their favorite artists; lonely housewives on the western plains, who had never had an opportunity to hear the works of the masters; and school children, eager to hear the music of the great composers whose

names they had learned; wrote to echo the Cleveland conductor's Christmas telegram.

Now, with the resumption of broadcasts for the second season, opera regularly is at the command of millions of Americans for the first time. An entirely new audience, heretofore unfamiliar with opera, lies within the reach of the radio speaker. Far from decreasing attendance at the opera house, those in authority at the Metropolitan and NBC feel that broadcasting may be the incentive to an operatic revival in the United States.

"I cannot help but feel that a new and wider interest in opera must be the outcome of our efforts," the NBC president, M. H. Aylesworth, said. "Radio may be the instrument of an operatic renaissance that will stimulate the building of more new and modern opera houses. Not only will New York and Chicago profit, but longer tours by the leading companies, with appearances in the local theatres throughout the country, seems a logical consequence of radio opera in the millions of American homes."

That this revival of interest created last year had more than a temporary effect was obvious from the opening of the new season this year. Instead of long rows of empty seats it was found on the morning of the opening day that only fifty of the 3,600 seats were left for last-minute purchasers.

For the first time since the days of Enrico Caruso a man was to have the leading role at an opening performance. The man was Lawrence Tibbett in the Verdi opera, "Simon Boccanegra."

Tibbett had received a great deal of radio publicity through his Firestone programs last year, and his new commercial programs are under way with the same sponsor again this year.

The first opera to be broadcast was "Lakme." Absence of Deems Taylor as commentator brought various reactions from the radio audience in the way of mail. Milton Cross, the announcer, presented a synopsis of the story of the opera.

On December 17, the first full-length opera was broadcast over the NBC-WJZ network. It was Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and consumed practically the en-



Lily Pons, French prima donna, whose artistic discovery made her popular not only as a singer but also as a romantic figure.

tire afternoon. The cast was as follows:
 Donna Anna.....Rosa Ponselle
 Don Giovanni.....Ezio Pinza, bass
 Don Pedro.....Leon Rothier, bass
 Octavio.....Tito Schipa, tenor
 Donna Elvira.....Maria Mueller, soprano
 Zerlina.....Editha Fleischer, soprano
 Leporello.....Tancredi Pasero, bass
 Masetto.....Louis d' Angelo, baritone

The opera, of course, was picked up in its entirety from the stage in the course of the regular presentation. Tullio Serafin conducted the orchestra.

With the manifested appreciation for this kind of music and radio entertainment broadcasters feel that the trend is distinctly on the up-bound, a condition that will effect a new kind of creative effort in American musical composition and art



Hall Johnson, choir leader, has expressive fingers. They seem to touch invisible threads attached to each individual voice in his chorus.



Lanny Ross, aboard the Maxwell House Showboat, with dainty Annette Hanshaw at his side.

By Miriam D. Light

BY THIS time you doubtless have acquired the Thursday night Maxwell House Showboat habit. It has been coming to you regularly at 9 o'clock EST. since the beginning of October over a WJZ network, keyed out of the NBC studios in New York. Showboat is one of the distinct radio hits of 1932. In fact it should go down in history as the first of a series of super-productions along the same line, culminating in the Five Star Theatre, which goes out five nights a week and uses both NBC and CBS.

On these two pages you see a few of the leading characters of this great radio production. There really are 60 in the cast. But this will give you an idea of who's who if you really have become a regular listener. And then there a lot of people who work on this program whose names and voices you never will hear. In fact there is one very clever and amiable young woman who acts a part, and her name is never mentioned because it would spoil the built-up illusion of the show if the fact of her part was known to the average listener. You would recognize her

name as the star in many another radio production if it were revealed to you here. But she is a good little trouper, and although she may make you cry, or make you laugh, her own personality is completely submerged. And there's a man who plays an unannounced part, and he also is an artist of distinction.

So the Showboat has many important things going on behind the scenes to make it a great production, and to make the names of those who are known to shine with even a greater lustre. The Showboat is in the hands of a very capable crew, and everybody connected with it is able, efficient and fully competent. A great deal of credit for its success should properly go to Edmund B. "Tiny" Ruffner, the production manager. "Tiny" is so small that most people come all the way up to the level of his Adam's apple. This Showboat is the biggest thing he ever tackled,

and he is giving it the best he has in him. It has to be good.

Lanny Ross, the hero, too is riding to fame and glory on the Showboat. It is giving him the opportunity he has long deserved, and to which he is entitled. Although he plays a character part, he still retains his own name of Lanny Ross. His sweetheart, the captain's niece, Betty Lou, is impersonated by Miss Audrey Marsh whom you see leaning over the rail there beside the captain. She has a fine voice for the part and Lanny does not find it hard to sing to her with a touch of sentiment. After all, if a fellow is going to sing love songs to a girl, even if it is only in play, she ought to have an appeal for him, and Audrey has it; not only for Lanny but for her listeners in the radio audience.

The cute little lass in the picture beside Lanny is Annette Hanshaw, "the

SHOW



Audrey Marsh and Charles Winninger, as "Betty Lou" and "Cap'n Henry." How quaint they look!



"Chloe! Chloe!" Can't you almost hear Jules Bledsoe calling that piteous cry—just as he sang it in that thrilling dramatic version you heard over the air from the Showboat?

BOAT

soubrette" of the Showboat show. She twinkles in a little spot almost by herself as the blues singer. She is well known at home and abroad in that capacity. And it's an absolute fact that the Prince of Wales has placed a standing order for every record on which she sings. Her records sell like hot cakes in England—and they are a little hot at that, if you mean some of those more recent ones.

Now you take Cap'n Henry—he's the one that makes them all walk the plank, but not like the old pirates did. It would be more to the point to say he is the one that makes them "tread the boards," because he is the boss of the show. A genial, lovable "Uncle Henry" to "Mary Lou." And he's just like that off stage, too. The part, as you doubtless know, is taken by that greatly admired veteran of the footlights, Charles Winninger—and don't you ever dare

leave out that "n" and call him "Win-niger." Let's call him Charley, everybody else does. Charley is one of those kind of persons the mayor or somebody is always appointing to do things for other people. Just now he is chairman of the stage division of the Citizens' Unemployment Relief Committee of New York. And his manager, Pete Mack, is chairman of the stage division of Long Island. And they are both putting on drives to fight back the despair that confronts so many unemployed—especially among the theatrical people—these dubious days.

It was Jules Bledsoe, the famous colored baritone, who started those amazing song-skits you hear on the Showboat program. His portrayal of the frantic negro in search of his lost Chloe—through "the smoke and flame" was sensational. That is one of the things that keeps the Showboat so fas-

cinating. To dramatize the songs, and act out the characters, gives a vividness to the impression that will last a lifetime. The listening audience sent in a hurricane of applause notes. Then came the dramatization of "Poor Pierrot" from "The Cat and the Fiddle." A sparkling gem in a brilliant setting. And in this particular program there was an especially dramatic climax at the finish where Mary Lou decides to stay on the boat with her foster mother rather than to go to New York with her real father.

There probably is no finer aggregation of colored singers than the Hall Johnson choir. Sometimes they come to the studio in plantation costumes to sing their plantation songs. Hall Johnson with alert gestures and sinuous fingers seems to electrify each singer to an ecstasy of vocal fervor.

Molasses 'n' January, portrayed by Pick Malone and Pat Padgett, are two of the funniest coon characters on the air, no foolin'. They were very successful in New York over WOR as Pick and Pat. It's hardly fair to compare them with any other blackface team, although the nearest semblance might be that of the Two Black Crows. Moran and Mack.

Don Voorhees and his orchestra, who supply the musical background, also

(Continued on page 31)

It's Always

NEW YEAR'S EVE

at

Lew White's Studio

By MARK QUEST

WANT a grand time some evening? Find somebody to take you up to Lew White's studio on Broadway, just above Times Square, where the lights are the brightest of anywhere in the world. Go into that marble hall, let Joe, the elevator boy, take you up to the top floor, and then angle across the hall to a little door that opens into Lew White's studio. And you'll be surprised!

Lew is a regular. He entertains handsomely and frequently. A mild, quiet-spoken, blondish type—just a little undersized, pleasant in manner and usually smiling. He's a great artist, one of the finest pipe organists in the world but it doesn't worry him much. He enjoys himself and the society of others.

There's an office at the left, as you enter, with flat-top desk, files, typewriter, secretary, and all the necessary appurtenances for business—just as though he were a regular business man—but his friends are never bothered about his business. If once you are inside the door to Lew White's studio you are a guest, and are being entertained. You may never even see the office, but just walk right around it to the reception room, which is off the foyer, and separated from the recital room by a window. You may lounge in a comfortable seat and see the musicians, an orchestra, or just Lew and a few singers playing for an audience that extends far across the country.

There are two pipe organs, and two consoles in this studio. If Lew wants a fellow artist to perform with him he has all the necessary accommodations for double pipe organ work.

Many of the most famous entertainers in the world have performed for camera and microphone in the Lew White

studios. All the "Organlogues" you have seen in the movie theatres have been made there. You may remember some of them, such as Harry Richman, Lew White and Norman Brokenshire in "I Love a Parade". Singin' Sam, Tasty Yeast Jesters, Street Singer, Sid Gary, the Four Eton Boys; and as these lines are written preparations are under way to make a "short" there with Sophie Tucker as the star.

Amusing incidents have happened that could fill a book in the telling. One of the most interesting occurred some time ago when Andy Sanella and a hot dance orchestra were playing, and Dick Robertson was singing for an NBC broadcast. There are windows that open onto a roof. Sometimes street noises come up from below when there is unusual clamor, although they are never loud enough to pass through the mike. In the midst of this program all heard the clang of fire engines. Soon there was a smell of smoke. It seeped into the studio beneath the door. There was a loud trample of boots in the hall and sound of axes smashing at walls. The smoke became so thick the artists had to put handkerchiefs over their faces. But the program was not interrupted, and none of the radio audience knew what was going on. As the program ended (with "Turn on the Heat", by curious coincidence) the firemen were already cutting through the wall to the organ chamber.

"Don't, please don't do that!" Lew pleaded with frantic alarm.

"There's a fire and the place is burning up," said the firemen.

They asked if he was insured. He was amply insured, but he could not bear to see his precious pipes mangled by fire axes. Fortunately the principal damage was confined to the adjoining

building, and the studio, which savors nightly of that gay holiday spirit of New Year's Eve, was saved from serious harm.

Recently quite a crowd of us went up there—the night Nellie Revell had Lew for her guest artist on the "Voice of RADIO DIGEST" program. We learned a lot about Lew none of us had ever known before. It took Nellie herself to make us all congenial and sociable—she has that way about her. So the fun was on before the program, during the program, and after she had said her usual "I'll NBCin' you."

Draped over the chairs and lounges in the reception room, and "reception" means where you get your sound reception from what goes on in the recital room were an assortment of entertainers and writers. Art Daly, the NBC production manager, gave us the signal that all was ready and there came Lew. He slid over on his bench and began fingering the keys. Dreamy, lazy music floated out of the console. Then we heard a familiar voice.

"Let's go into the conservatory." That was Nellie.

George Hicks, the announcer, answered her. Apparently Lew hadn't noticed he had visitors. He kept on playing to himself—and then suddenly he turned around. Well, it was all just as though they had not rehearsed it half a dozen times only an hour before.

"Where do you want to sit?" asked Lew, "in that arm chair or up here on the organ?"

"Guess I'll sit on the organist!" Nellie answered.

JEAN REINHARDT, the slim young black-eyed pianiste who had been whispering to Mike Porter, the columnist, in the back of the room giggled out loud.

But now we were listening to what Nellie had to say about Lew.

"You know, the world and his wife come into Lew's studio," she confided to the WEAF network audience. "They come to enjoy the music and to inspect the wonderful pipe organ—so they say—but they never leave without sampling everything in his ice box. Every night is New Year's night at Lew White's studio! And I was wondering if all these people here tonight really came up to listen to the broadcast or to partake of the waffles that Lew serves after the broadcast."

A little later on she gave us the low down on Lew's age. He was born in Philadelphia in 1900. His dad was a violin teacher, and he had a hobby of collecting antique instruments. Lew might have followed the violin if he hadn't have happened to grab up a valuable bow when he was a very small boy and given it a swish over a chair

back causing the fragile bit of wood to break into a million splinters, so that it was practically ruined like the One Hoss Shay.

"So that's how Lew became an organist," said Nellie. You can't treat a fine old bow like that and expect to become a good fiddle player, reasoned the elder White. Lew was deprived of his violin.

But before he got to the organ Lew mastered the piano. Studied in the Philadelphia Musical Academy. He started playing in a nickelodeon and made fast progress. There was a Methodist church near where he lived and often he would hear the organ playing as he went by. One day he mustered up his courage to ask the pastor if he could practice a little on the organ. Incidentally he had, in the meantime, continued up the ladder until he had a well-paying position as pianist at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel.

He was ashamed to let his fellow musicians think he was interested in a pipe organ for in those days pipe organs were associated with churches only. So, when the pastor had consented for him to use the organ in return for playing on special church occasions, he kept the matter to himself. He fell head over heels in love with this great instrument. One day he pulled out all stops and gave it the works. The sexton came running up from the basement all excited and wondering where all the melody was coming from. He told Lew he never had dreamed the organ could produce such volumes and abundance of sound.

That settled it. Lew was all hot for the organ from that time on and took up a course of special study at the University of Pennsylvania. In six months he was playing the most intricate of classical compositions. He yearned for one of the bigger and better organs. Came a day when he went to play at the Willard Hotel, in Washington, and he had to pass a theatre where one of the very latest organs had just been installed.

THE organist at the console did not seem to know what all the new gadgets were for—the *vox humana* and all that. Lew asked to take a try at it. The manager rushed down to see him and said that he must come to play the organ, regularly. Lew said he couldn't break his contract at the Willard. Then it was arranged that he would play at the theatre during off hours.

It was a heart breaking schedule that kept young Mr. White busy jumping back and forth for nine months between the Willard and the Metropolitan theatre. As a result of this experience he was made an amazing offer by the Stanley amusement company and that was how he got into the big money class.

A few of these facts are supplement-

LEW
WHITE



tary to those related by Miss Revell as we sat there listening to her. She told about his making records for the Brunswick company and finally how he became chief organist at the Roxy theatre in New York. He also has been made chief organist at Radio City.

"Lew White is five feet four," said Nellie, in conclusion, "weighs 150 pounds, has dark brown hair plastered back like my own, wears quiet clothes. While he has a keen sense of humor, he is serious, sympathetic and kind, highly sensitive and rather credulous. Has been on NBC for five years."

His sympathetic understanding has a great deal to do with his successful interpretation of musical moods through the organ. After the program had ended and a few of us were gathered in the conservatory while other members of the party were scattered over the place he sat down to play Ferde Grofé's "Knutie Rockne Suite". Ferde, himself, had gone up to the studio loft where the famous icebox of which Nellie had spoken had been opened for exploration.

In a moment all the gay chatter and singing had ceased. The guests crowded

(Continued on page 48)

INCREDIBLE

Rip!

By Richard Hyman

CAN you picture the Mayor of Scarsdale, N. Y., or Peoria, Illinois, wearing a crown, ordering troops about, collecting taxes, beheading subjects and appointing envoys, councillors and other dignitaries of state?

Robert L. (Believe-it-or-Not) Ripley, recently returned from an extensive trip to distant lands to gather material for his forthcoming National Broadcasting Company programs.

The little countries visited by

Ripley were the Vatican State, Goust, Tavolara, San Marino, Andorra, the Balearic Islands (Mallorca, Menorca, Ibiza), Corsica, Albania and Monaco, where the famous city of Monte Carlo is located.

The Vatican State, although one of the smallest independent states of the world is of course the best known, because for centuries it has been the sovereign residence of the Papal rulers of the world.

In these little monarchies and re-

publics, Ripley has uncovered amazing facts and believe-it-or-nots.

Let's hop aboard with Ripley and visit these places to discover to our amazement, believe-it-or-not, that:

The Vatican state is the smallest independent state of the world . . . it could be entirely gold plated with 100 ounces of gold . . . it has only one Negro citizen and one American born woman, the niece of a priest, employed in the Vatican . . . the only political refuge is a dog . . . street cleaners from Rome require passports on entering the Vatican gates for work . . . the Vatican has the smallest railroad in the world . . . It's 300 feet long.

Next we go to Goust, the second smallest state of the world situated in the lower Pyrenees to find to our amazement that:

There are but twelve houses in Goust . . . About twelve families in the entire state . . . the 70 citizens are governed by a council of elders . . . and 98 per cent of the residents live to be 100 years old or more . . .

Then we make our way to Tavolara and find that the island kingdom was created one day by King Charles Albert of Sardinia, who was drunk one day and deeded the land to a lobster fisherman.

Next we go to San Marino. The country is 32 square miles . . . elections are held in a church . . . only two coins have ever been minted, and they are still in use . . . Two pictures of American presidents hang in the Government house, but no one in San Marino knows why.

Let's skim through these other countries, where to our amazement we find that in Andorra the seat of government is in a remodelled stable . . . visitors are initiated by wearing the president's tri-cornered hat which was made in New York . . . and two men periodically travel to France and Spain for the country's mail.

In the Balearic Islands we find other strange facts. In Mallorca there is a tax on store signs . . . the military march is Wagner's "The Last Supper" . . . a night watchman announces his hours with a horn.

In Corfu married women encircle their heads with long braids of hair. In Yugoslavia a mysterious river originates from nowhere. The average man in Corsica is 7 feet tall . . . dead men are buried sitting on their horses held up by twigs.

In Monte Carlo no hymn is ever sung bearing a number less than 37 . . . this prevents gambling on hymn numbers . . . People who work in Monaco, including actors, are not allowed in the Casino.

And all that is true, as Ripley found out, believe-it-or-not.



Believe it or not this is Robert L. Ripley himself.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN of VERONA

By Anne Cooley

NOTHING like this has happened to us for a long, long time. Like most good things, it happened suddenly, and Nino Martini was signed by Columbia.

The moment his voice came flooding into our living rooms, he was welcome. Even addicts to popular music forgave his operatic intrusion upon the air-waves, for his voice held such a treasure of beauty and warmth that it quite made up for the usual diet of syncopation. And those of us who had complained bitterly we hadn't enough of Good Music, and treasured carefully the heavenly moments spent with Toscanini, the Philadelphia orchestra, Damrosch, Ernest Hutcheson and Howard Barlow, as oases in a drab desert, were entranced. We sat rigidly in our living rooms and planned to be rude to anybody who spoke while it went on.

We were further delighted to hear from Julius Seebach at Columbia that he would sing for us twice a week, each Tuesday and Thursday at 11:30 p. m., arias from an extensive repertoire of Italian, French, Spanish and English compositions. And Julius Seebach added, "Beyond a doubt Nino Martini has one of the most beautiful voices it has ever been my privilege to hear. Like the great Caruso, he does more than vocalize; he dominates the arias he sings."

Nino Martini was born in Verona, Italy, and his father was custodian of the legendary tomb of Shakespeare's immortal Romeo and Juliet. Nino Martini has "made fair advantage of his days—his years but young, but his experience old." The brilliant young Italian tenor, only twenty-eight years old, already counts outstanding successes in operatic and concert appearances in this country and abroad, numerous movie shorts, full length pictures, and radio performances, among the triumphs of his budding career.

The beautiful Campo Fiera, which houses the tomb of Romeo and Juliet, was his playground. As a small boy, sports were his love, and he excelled in them, star of the Verona rugby team, an expert gymnast, a crack bicyclist

and one of the town's best horsemen—by far the most headlong and reckless—for everything Nino did, he did fast.

He discovered that he had a voice himself, though it was not in Nino's carefree plans to embark upon a musical career. But when it became noticed, it was no longer his own voice, to raise high and full when he felt like it—it was everybody's voice, and he was urged to cultivate it for everybody. To study music was somewhat of a sacrifice to the lackadaisical Nino, for the life of a music student is one of culture and discipline. That rigorous discipline and self-denial still prevails today, for Nino is obliged to give up tobacco, wines—even ice cream and iced drinks, because he has found them slightly detrimental.

THE studious days began quite unexpectedly and firmly after he had received an audition from his compatriots, Giovanni Zenatello and Maria Gay, the teacher's wife. A native of Verona, Zenatello was a member of the La Scala Opera Company at the same time as Caruso. This same couple, beloved artists of the days when Hammerstein directed the Manhattan Opera, also were discoverers of Lily Pons and other Metropolitan stars.

The Zenatellos were immediately impressed with Nino's possibilities, and practically adopted him into their home as a son and an apprentice. He applied himself constantly from six in the morning, until his bedtime at 8 p. m. No more larks and harum-scarum days, but quiet, small happinesses belonged to Nino now. At the end of one year, he was allowed to sing at charity concerts in Verona, but it was only after three years that the Zenatellos pronounced him ready for an operatic debut.

He was introduced through the opera "Rigoletto," and his success may be judged by the fact that an eminent impresario was so affected upon hearing him sing, that he thrust into his hands the score of "I Puritani", and pleaded with young Martini to set to work immediately to learn that brilliant opera of Bellini, which the composer had dedicated to the immortal tenor Rubini.



Nino Martini

The impresario had a plan—a veritable "coup de theatre". Not since the great Rubini's death had "I Puritani" been sung in Italy in its original key, as there had been no tenors since his day capable of properly executing the stunning aria which attains D natural three successive times. Martini's success in it was overwhelming and led to a series of performances.

The run was interrupted solely for the reason that Martini had by a previous contract that called him to the Kursaal at Ostende, the famous watering place of Belgium, where only artists of the first rank are permitted to concertize. His first song there was answered by a thunder of applause, which continued half an hour. The audience insisted on an encore, by drum-taps of walking sticks and frantic cries of "Bis! Bis! Bravo! Bravo!" Martini scored at Ostende one of the greatest triumphs in years.

He returned to Italy, and sang for Toscanini at La Scala; but again recital contracts prevented him permanently joining the company. At a Paris recital he was heard by Jesse Lasky who signed him for performances in talking pictures.

In 1929, Martini was starred in five short pictures, filmed in the form of concert recitals. With his close friend, Maurice Chevalier, he was featured in "Paramount on Parade."

In August of 1930, Martini returned to Italy with his mentors, the Zenatellos, to prepare an extensive operatic rep-

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ANDREA

By HILDA COLE

IT IS GOING to be very hard to draw a picture of Andrea Marsh, but I may as well begin by saying she is a Honey, and she looks just like she sounds—her face has the same soft and dreamy quality as her voice. I bet a nickel (no more) that numerous dialers of the cynical variety, listening to the wistful delivery of love songs, wonder what kind of a girl she really is. Others, looking at her picture, have said a little sourly, "You can't tell me she's only seventeen."

However, I can offer no better proof than that Andrea does everything possible to shroud her youth in sophistication, and does not utterly succeed. The first time I ever laid eyes on her was at the Penn Grille, and I took particular notice of her, as did everyone else. She wore a black dress, with something that glittered on the shoulders, and she took her place in the front row of Ted Weems band as nonchalantly as Jimmy Walker, jiggling one foot irresistibly in time to the music. I thought at the time that something was going on behind that automatic, impersonal smile of hers, and I discovered later I was perfectly right. Andrea likes to watch people, and enjoys snatches of conversation. She wishes she were "O. O. McIntyre, or somebody."

I asked her how she likes college men. "I think it's cute, the way they dance," admitted Andrea, "but I think they're giddy." (Andrea adores to dance, but she hasn't time these days.)

"Giddy," I pondered, for I *adore* college men, and I saw no reason whatever why she shouldn't adore them too.

"I like older men best," said Andrea, "Of course not REALLY old men. Not over twenty-four."

I chuckled gently, and having passed the twenty mark myself I felt suddenly as if I had one foot in the grave.

"Andrea, what does your Ideal Man look like?"

"I don't know. I've never been in love."

I looked incredulous and slightly indignant.

"Really, no," she said, "I'd like to be in love. It's a little monotonous not getting excited about anybody. I never got out on dates now, or anything. I've

heard so much about being in love, I'd really like to know what it is." I was silent. "They say it's marvelous," she added serenely.

"Yes," I said simply, "but aren't there any qualifications for an Ideal Man?"

"Blond," said Andrea (she herself

WHEN a girl interviewer interviews a girl artist what do they talk about? Read 20-year-old Hilda Cole's interview here with Andrea Marsh, 17 years old, who sings that sweet "Rock-a-by Moon" song on the gingerale hour which Fred Allen glorifies of a Sunday night. It's on CBS.

is the materialization of brunette loveliness, with appealing, deep brown eyes). "And I'd have to hold him way above me. He'd have to be the boss, not me." (*Men, there is hope, there is hope for the race of man.*)

"Have you any ideas about people in love?" I questioned.

SHE looked doubtful, then suddenly inspired. "Well, I know a lot of people in love I think shouldn't be."

Andrea's mother who is her stand-by, and chauffeurs her everywhere in their Ford, "Skippy" (because, according to Andrea "it just misses hitting everything"), suddenly spoke up out of a Sphinx-like silence.

"I think I know you better than you know yourself, Andrea," she interrupted, and then turned to me, "She likes men to have a sense of humor. Andrea has one herself, and if people don't catch on to things, it irritates her."

There was a slight pause, during which Andrea buried her face in her fur collar, like an ostrich. Evidently, she wasn't enjoying the prosecution much.

"She likes babies, too," said Mrs. Marsh. Andrea did not deny this, "She likes to hug them when she sees them in carriages."

For some obscure reason, this reminded me of puppies. I asked her if she liked dogs.

"Wire-haired terriers," she said, "not Pekinese. I think they're terribly lazy."

"Tell me what you think of this business. Hasn't it disillusioned you?"

"Some," admitted Andrea. "You don't have many real friends, I mean, and these people who flatter you generally have something up their sleeve." "Beware the Greeks bearing gifts." (*And if this is a misquote, who cares?*)

Andrea likes clothes, especially hats and shoes. The hat she wore nearly flew me with jealousy.

"Do you have lots of things to wear?"

"Enough," said Andrea, firmly.

Andrea loves to ride horseback. She doesn't have time now. Apropos to my question of whether she'd had any amusing experiences, she said, "Well, I fell off a horse once, down South. Everybody seemed to think that was funny. I didn't."

All of a sudden, when she'd been asked how it felt at seventeen to be featured with Ted Weems at the Penn, and starred in the Canada Dry over Columbia network, she said, "I think it's thrilling, but it makes trouble. Music publishers think you're getting high hat just because you can't push their songs, and get down on your knees to them. I haven't much to do with the songs I sing, but they think that's an alibi, and they tell me I can't afford to be snooty. This makes me mad. Because if it's anything I hate, it's affected women that pretend to be what they aren't, and if there's anything that's poisonous, it's a big head in this business."

I asked her who her favorite singer is.

"Mildred Bailey," said Andrea, "and I don't care if she isn't on your network." (I am a rooster for CBS—and we both made a face at each other.)

In finality, I learned that Andrea has never studied music. It looks like Greek to her, or Chinese, or something. Her very pet dream is to design and build a log cabin in the mountains.

She consulted her watch and jumped up wild-eyed.

"I've got to be at work at six," she gasped, "and I've got to get dressed formally before then, so I must go."

And she vanished, like a slender apparition through the door.



Andrea Marsh

THIS IS ANDREA—the exquisite Andrea Marsh who sings so deliciously at those dreamy interludes and postludes of the Fred Allen gingeral divertissement on CBS of a Sunday night. Andrea is only seventeen but if you don't think she is sophisticated just ask her and see what she says.

BY HAL
TILLOTSON



These are the Carson Robison cowbillies who took London by storm: Bill Mitchell, Pearl Pickens, Carson Robison and John Mitchell.

COWBILLIES

NOW when Carson Robison and his Pioneers, consisting of himself, Miss Pearl Pickens, John Mitchell and Bill Mitchell, set out from the American shore to visit London, the main idea was that they were to make records—because the English people have a great fondness for the gramophone.

Well sir, they hadn't more than got off the boat and paid their first visit to the recording studios when a smart English booking agent landed on them like a mountain cat leaps on a spring calf, and he dragged them over to one of the swankiest spots in town—the Berkley Hotel.

"Now you go ahead and do your jolly old whoopee, or whatever it is, and let's see what happens," said the chap.

It was a right good piece of change the fellow offered so Carson said he guessed it would be all right and away they went!

Well, you should have seen those English swells sitting around at the tables. They pricked up their ears, haughty dames gawped over their lorgnettes, and soon one old lady joined in a live song and shouted right out, "Whoopee"! Others looked startled but they soon got over their surprise and joined in the fun. It turned into a riot of applause for Carson and the bunch.

The lords and the ladies and the dukes and all the gay dogs stormed around and wanted to be American hillbillies. They didn't know what hillbillies looked like, but they had a fair idea

about cowboys, so the Pioneers dressed up like cowboys and a visiting American who saw and heard them said they must be some sort of a combination—so he called them "Cowbillies".

They were the talk of London. They were hustled about from one show spot to another, and everywhere they went they seemed to strike popular fancy. People whistled their songs and echoed their colloquialisms. But they did not forsake the Berkley, where the smart set had been the first to recognize them. Recording companies would not let them rest and they broke precedent by going on the records for more than one con-

cern. In fact during the comparatively short time they were there they finished 67 records.

Besides that they appeared on programs at the British Broadcasting company four times. Here again precedent was broken. Programs over the BBC are set six weeks in advance and rarely is the schedule changed in that interim. Each of the four appearances meant a cancelled program in favor of the American "cowbillies."

THEY bewitched the younger set. Denis Conan Doyle, and Adrian Conan Doyle, sons of the late novelist, followed the Americans to their rooms and talked about the Wild West.

"And do you ever read that terrible stuff in the cheap novels and pulp magazines of the Wild West?" asked Adrian Conan Doyle of Robison one night.

"Certainly I read them," Robison replied, "why not?"

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say you do," Doyle replied. "I'm passionately fond of them."

They found mutual friends in such authors as H. Bedford Jones, McLeod and Will James and many other writers of Western life. The American magazines of Wild West stories have bigger vogue in England than they do in the United States.

Prince George and the Prince of Wales watched the Cowbillies perform
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Carson Robison, top hand of the London Cowbillies.

Chandu

the

MAGICIAN



Chandu

THE COLOR of far-away places, strange peoples—the color of rare and original characterization—the color of suspense, action, quick change—all contribute to the irresistible spell which the “Chandu” mystery drama casts over all who listen to it. And what a host of followers this thrilling story has won! The sponsors, Beech-Nut Packing Company, have been literally swamped with letters since the program first went on the air early this year—letters mounting into the hundreds of thousands.

King of Magic they call the clever Chandu, and as he extricates himself and the Regent family from the infernal plots of his enemies, he reveals far more than mere common sense. Gayne Whitman, in the title role, has made Chandu a living, breathing personality, a character of flesh and blood but—and here’s the secret of his fascination—a character with an occult sense. Mr. Whitman’s superb work largely explains why the listener *feels* as well as hears the “Chandu” story.

The Princess Nadji of Celeste Rush is another masterpiece of characterization. “Chandu” fans who remember this charming actress’ amusing roles in RKO moving picture comedies or her performance opposite Warner Baxter in “Romance of the Rio Grande” will be amazed at her versatility. It is a consummate test of acting ability for a “Westerner” to capture and interpret the weird mysticism of the far East as Miss Rush has done.

The presence of an American family in “Chandu” provides that essential of good drama—*contrast*. Margaret Macdonald, Robert Bixby and Betty Webb, who take the roles of the Regent mother and children, are old favorites in stage and radio circles. They make you live through their hair-raising escapes and mysterious maneuvers as the story moves from one adventurous episode to another.

To assure a proper atmosphere for “Chandu,” sound effects are continually

employed. How these effects are produced is very much of an old story, for the studio factotums responsible for them have not hidden their secrets. But some people may not know of the care which must be taken to prevent the new dynamic “mike” from catching sounds which have no place in a performance.

THE TALE is abroad that during the playing of one of Beech-Nut’s programs an explosion boomed in two different parts of the script when it should have occurred only once. Afterwards the sound effects man emphatically declared he had been responsible for but one explosion, which of course did not satisfy the program monitor who had perfectly good ears. Finally, one of the actors spoke up. Sure enough he had dropped a pin during that part of the script when no explosions were desired. A fine program ruined—all because of a dropped pin! But—maybe it is only fair to add that the pin in question was a rolling pin, due to provide the sound of a moving tractor during a later program.

While on the subject of sound effects, it will be a surprise to many to learn that Celeste Rush, mentioned above, is the person responsible for those shrill vocalizations of the famous Mickey Mouse. It’s a far cry from mimicry of human animal voices to the portrayal of an exotic Oriental siren, isn’t it?

As a successful commercial program on discs Chandu probably takes first place, judging from the amazing demand for the free magic tricks that are offered by the sponsor at the conclusion of each broadcast.

At least, listeners like it so well that thousands of them nightly take out pen and paper and write in to their station. Quite a novelty, Beech-Nut’s giving away these fascinating tricks—the multiplying billiard balls, the Hindu cones, Ching Ling Soo coin trick, and the rest! Grown-ups are as keen to get them as are the children.

Cowbillies

(Continued from page 24)

at the Derby Ball. The Marchioness of Salisbury complimented them and invited them to a private party at Londonderry House where the Duke and Duchess of York were the guests of honor. They appeared at private parties for Lady Barron, Lady Weigoll and Princess Obolinsky and others.

And it was while they were whooping their way around London in this gay fashion that a representative of the Barbasol company came across them, recognized their popularity and told Carson Robison to look him up as soon as he came back to America.

This resulted in the “cowbillies” going on the NBC network as the “Barbasol Roundup” via WEAf every Tuesday and Thursday evening at 7:30.

Cherokee Beauty

Lovely Lee Wiley is Proud of Her Indian Blood—Wins Success three Months from Day She Left Oklahoma

By George H. Corey

LAST autumn a girl from a little town in Oklahoma, visiting New York, was taken to the Central Park Casino. It was her first time inside a smart New York night club. She gazed with excitement at the couples whirling smoothly over the floor. On the orchestra platform Leo Reisman and his boys propelled the dancers with hushed notes of syncopation. The dim lights, the music and the soft autumn breeze had the effect of magic upon the girl from Oklahoma.

From childhood she had been singing and now she dreamed of herself as really a part of this setting. The dancers became dim and even the music was hardly audible as her mind carried her deeper into the realm of imagination. She was awakened from her dreaming with a start when her escort gently touched her arm and said, "Lee, I want you to meet my friend, Leo Reisman, the leader of the orchestra." He then introduced the girl to Reisman and added, "Lee, I want you to sing for Mr. Reisman tonight. I think he should hear you."

Was her face red! She tried to protest, but what started in her throat as words ended in stammered bits of nothing. She couldn't talk. Before she could collect herself she was poised alongside the big piano in the deserted porch wing of the Casino. Reisman ran his fingers over the dusty keys and broke into the melody of "My Man," playing in a low key.

In the quiet of the empty room her smooth, deep voice brought a new note of plaintiveness to the old song. A small group of listeners exchanged glances in silence as they communicated the feeling aroused within them by her voice. They seemed to forget they were listen-

ing to a singer. It was more like one telling a story—a story that came from the heart and was told in rhythm. Then came the end of the song and the listeners relaxed from the tenseness that had gripped them while the girl sang. Reisman sat motionless before the piano, his eyes focused upon her.

Two weeks later Lee Wiley made her first radio appearance on the Pond's program, singing choruses with Leo Reisman's orchestra. She continued in this part until this fall, when Leo gave her a more prominent position on the program.

Though it has been a long trek from her birthplace, Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, a former Indian defense outpost, to New York, Lee admits with a shrug of her shoulders that she made the jaunt quickly. Though she had sung for many years, beginning first in the village Sunday school at Fort Gibson and later in concerts in Tulsa and Muskogee, she had never thought of herself as a radio artist. She admits that no one was more surprised than Lee Wiley when she found herself singing over the air.

Miss Wiley half boastfully admits of being one fourth Cherokee Indian. The rest is just plain American. Coming from a family of teachers, both mother and father teaching in the Oklahoma State Normal College, Lee says she would probably have followed their footsteps if she hadn't developed as a singer.

Something Lee never learned in school was how to sing a ballad of love in that infectious style that makes her seem to feel very deeply the emotions suggested by the words. Maybe this came naturally to her, but the manner in which she projects the amorous vibrations of her voice through the

microphone is radio art in its most effective form.

This little girl who tells stories in song over the air lives alone in an apartment in the upper fifties in New York, close to the NBC Fifth Avenue studios. The whole apartment is decorated in pure white, touched here and there with bits of scarlet. At a tiny piano in one corner of her living room this pretty songster may often be seen for hours at a time writing her own musical compositions. "South in My Soul" is one of hers and now she is working on one to be known as "Anytime, Any Day, Anywhere." You will soon hear it on the air.

When not writing music or reading Lee's likely to be found cantering around the bridle path in Central Park. She has her own horse, and coming from the country where men are men and the women ride horses she is right at home on the back of her animal.

Lee's transformation from the modest little girl living in the upper fifties, to her studio personality, marks a contrast worthy of any legitimate stage actress. The care-free, laughing manner so characteristic of her away-from-the-microphone-personality is shed like a cloak the moment she approaches the broadcasting studio. Every external feature of the Cherokee songster becomes tense and every suggestion of the happy-hearted girl from Oklahoma vanishes.

An air of smouldering quiet comes over her. Her youthful face is transformed into sleek, Dietrich-like planes of tense whiteness. Her movements become slower and more deliberate, as she walks over the deep, sound absorbing carpets covering the studio floor. Her greeting to the boys in Leo Reisman's orchestra is strained and formal, as though she were behind a glass partition, as one of the boys put it. But they don't mind it, for they know it is only a part of that strange self she will soon project over the air to her ever invisible audience.

For this one hour each week, Lee abandons the dozens of colorful frocks in her wardrobe and dons what she calls her "Mike dress." Cape-like and of black velvet it drapes softly about her contrasting effectively with the firm whiteness of her face and neck.

The signal is given to stand by for the beginning of the broadcast. A hush comes over the studio and the orchestra players sit motionless, instruments poised for the first note of the program. Lee is standing close to her microphone, slightly huddled over a music stand. She seems to be riveted to the spot and from a side view gives the suggestion of a priest, in his black surplice, leaning over the pulpit.

The orchestra is nearing the end of its introduction, and the announcer is standing by. A soft, plaintive tone flows over the studio. Lee is singing.

If you ask Lee if she is nervous during the program she will reply with a shrug of her shoulders and an uplifted hand, from which dangles the torn shreds of a handkerchief, "One of these to a broadcast." Carelessly she will flick the torn bit of chiffon to the floor and slip quietly out of the studio.



Lee Wiley

LITTLE did her Cherokee grandmother in a remote part of Oklahoma ever dream that this exquisite young woman would some day charm the entire nation with her songs. It was only a few months ago that Lee Wiley journeyed to New York, obtained an audition, and went on the air as soloist for Ponds over an NBC-WEAF network.

The ARCTIC LISTENS

By MARGARET HASTINGS



An isolated trapper's cabin with the aerial hung from trees

"HELLO the North!" I wonder how many people who listen in realize just what this phrase means to their far Northern neighbors. Most people get a "kick" out of hearing their names announced over the radio, but the Northerner tunes in, hoping to hear his name, for a far different reason. To him, it means a message from loved ones, news from home.

I am familiar with the "new" North; the Slave and Mackenzie River valleys. I do not know the older part of the North, around Hudson's Bay as I have never lived there, but am sure that conditions are much the same in both these remote districts.

Until 1930, mail was brought by steamer in Summer, and by dog team in Winter, from two to six mails a year, depending on the location of the settlement. Now it is brought by a e r o p l a n e approximately once a month, but in the Fall, during the season of freeze-up, and in the Spring, during the season of break-up, several months elapse in which the only communication with the "outside," as we refer to civilization in the North is by radio.

Business communications and urgent personal messages are of course sent through the Government Wireless Stations, operated by the Royal Canadian Signals. They handle commercial business, connecting with land lines at Edmonton, Alta., and can assure the sender of delivery in any fort which boasts a station. This service has been a great factor in the

development of the Far North; but many of the smaller settlements which have no station and also the trappers out in the bush, rely on the broadcasting stations for all news. Even in the forts, everyone looks forward to Northern Broadcast Night as many personal messages, not important enough to warrant the expense of sending over the key may come through the courtesy of the stations which provide this feature.

During the periods of "break-up" and "freeze-up" this broadcast is particularly appreciated. As the rivers afford the only highways (planes using skis in Winter and pontoons in Summer; never wheels), any mode of travel is impossible at these times. They are periods of complete isolation. The aeroplanes penetrate farther and farther North as the rivers tighten in the Winter or as the ice clears in the Spring. Last year a mail plane from the "outside" landed at Fort Simpson the same day the ice stopped running, but anxious as they are to bring the mail, the fliers cannot leave until they receive word that there is a safe landing. This information is furnished by the Royal Canadian Signals Radiotelegraph Service, which for a very nominal charge will also supply any pilot with complete and accurate weather reports taken by trained observers.

Speculation as to whether or not reception will be good starts the day before the Northern Broadcast. If the Northern Lights are brilliant—quivering curtains of color shooting across the sky—the night preceding the broadcast, a feeling of depression prevails as this gorgeous display of lights generally is

an indication of very poor reception twenty four hours later; but if conditions seem favorable, any person possessing a radio set may expect friends to drop in to hear the broadcast.

Some excellent music is tuned in but it fails to compel the attention or hold the interest and the reason is apparent. It is nearly time for the Northern news. Everyone is expectantly waiting; watches are consulted frequently, and two or three sit at the table, pencils poised, ready to jot down messages as they come in. At last the announcement is made, and the first letter read is for Bill W. at Fort Liard. "Who is he, I don't think I know him," someone says. "Oh, of course you do: he is the policeman who went in last Summer." A message for Mr. L. at Great Bear Lake. "Oh be sure to get this; it's for Jim. He may not hear it, but we can take it down and send it on to him at the first opportunity." Another letter. "For you, Jack!" and all are elated at someone present being fortunate enough to receive a message.

So we listen eagerly, not prompted by curiosity but by interest and friendship. If the message contains good news, we rejoice; if it brings bad news, we grieve. All joys and sorrows are shared in the North. There are so few white people in all that vast area that we somehow feel like one big family, bound by ties which bring us much closer to each other, though separated by hundreds of miles, than friends would be "outside" in the hurry and competition of a busy world.

When the magic hour is over, we listen to music and perhaps dance to orchestras from big hotels. Who cares if the nearest theatre or any other place of amusement is over a thousand miles away with no railroad to bridge the distance? We can and do enjoy the splendid radio programs; music, lectures, stock and

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Royal Canadian Signals Radiotelegraph Station at Fort Simpson, N. W. T.



Arthur J. Daly

For ~ "INSTANTS"

By ARTHUR J. DALY

(NBC Production Manager)

IN THOSE halcyon days of not so very long ago when I was a student at college, I had the ill fortune to have a marked proclivity for tardiness. There was something in me which abhorred rushing into a classroom before things got started, even as nature abhors a vacuum. Just my luck then after a start like this, where minutes, even hours meant nothing, to come into radio which deals exclusively in time, and production work where minutes, and seconds, yea even instants are of the utmost importance.

But this is not a treatise on broadcasting nor an exploitation of the functions of a production director therein. However, I am going to try to give a few slants on studio personalities and how they work. And may I say right here that although the microphone has no eyes, it is a great little personality catcher. When the attention is focused entirely on the voice, the microphone senses and knows without having to see or be told just how poised the artist is, just how much warmth the actor is radiating, just how sincere is a laugh or a tear.

A thing which has always been of great interest to me, is the psychology behind a good show. To some artists and actors there is never any psychological feeling to be overcome—they are just naturally "mike-conscious." To them it is neither a bug-a-boo nor yet a thing to be spoken down to—it is simply the mechanical means of helping them to get their ideas or artistry across to a great number of people. Such artists have a genuine regard for the great power of old man "mike" but they never allow it to hide their own personalities. It goes without saying that these are the really successful ones in Radio.

But there are others, and their numbers are more legion, who somehow

never seem to get on intimate terms with a microphone. They are continually holding it at arms-length or treating it as though it represented a paid audience that was supposed to appreciate whatever was deemed to be said to it. And this is true of many people who have scored heavily in other mediums such as the stage and the concert field.

Not apropos of the aforesaid but an interesting slant on how the mike affects some great artists, was the first appearance of Rosa Ponselle on the air. She finished her opening number and had five minutes before her next aria. She went out to the corridor behind the studio. I happened to come by and told her how beautiful her song had been. She said "Yes, but look at me" and held out both hands. They were trembling with as much agitation as though she were a schoolgirl about to make a graduation speech.

On daily dramatic shows the psychological factor plays a very important part. The very fact that for a part of every day the players are leading the life of the characters they portray, sometimes makes the transition a difficult one. Perhaps something in their own lives goes wrong and puts them in a low mood. There are many times like this when a script would suffer in the playing were it not for a timely joke or pleasant word to break the tension before going on the air.

IN RADIO every night is a first night calling for the production of a new script. One has to be a trouper. There is no chance to let down.

Another factor affecting broadcasters psychologically is microphone position. Some cannot work if the microphone is an inch too high or too low for them. Some must be seated while they work, others must stand. In the old days there was no such thing as a "table-mike" and all were forced to stand. Since its innovation

several years back it has won increasing favor with broadcasters. Floyd Gibbons as the "Headline Hunter" was one of the first to make regular use of this type microphone and now many others regularly use it—Heywood Brown always does. Two women broadcasters, whose personalities are otherwise as apart as the poles, namely Nellie Revell and Gertrude Berg (Mollie Goldberg to you), also have this mutual preference. Both are extremely "mike-conscious" and seem to be able to get about any idea they want to across "dat old debbil mike." It is interesting to note that both of these women broadcasters write their own material and as a result both have a much more sensitive touch in handling it than as though they had come to it "cold."

In general people who come to radio from the vaudeville or the legitimate stage have a much harder time getting acclimated than those who have adopted it as a first means of reaching an audience. One factor that seems to defeat many of these players and singers is that they forget that to radio they are newcomers. They have established names in the older mediums and they are inclined to think that that will help to carry them along in radio. Unfortunately going at it from this viewpoint, many of them start at the top and work down, while real success in radio has to come to those who started simply and unostentatiously at the bottom.

The announcer plays an important though often underrated part in helping a show to click. The announcer sets the pitch of a show, and if he gets it off to a flying start with a well poised and punchy opening, the artists take the tempo and get into stride from the first word or the opening bar of music.

One of my favorite theories as to making a dramatic show register has to do with timing in the sense of the speed of playing. I have always felt that a radio show should be played

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Broadcasting from

The Editor's Chair

IN THIS issue of RADIO DIGEST you will read something about the Five Star Theatre of the Air. It really represents a milestone in radio broadcasting—the consummation of a great many efforts directed toward a higher level of radio entertainment.

Editorial attention is called to this feature because in a way it embodies ideas proposed in these columns something over a year ago, when it was suggested that a large block of time should be taken over by some single interest to produce a "magazine of the air" with diversified features as suggested by a magazine. Floyd Gibbons was proposed as the editor.

Although that idea contemplated the use of four or five hours for a single evening's schedule, with all kinds of special and general interest features the Five Star Theatre cuts the block into five parts and spreads it over the week and two networks. The allusion to the magazine was carried to the extent of having certain musical programs to serve as illustrations, comedy features for humor department, dramatized stories for short story fiction, and a serial story to continue from "issue to issue."

These things are to be found in this ambitious—the most ambitious and significant program development of the year. The humor section comes at the beginning of the week with the Marx Brothers; fiction comes of a Tuesday with dramatized stories by popular authors, and the authors themselves to make the introductions in person. Then comes the serial on Friday night with Charlie Chan. The Aborn operettas provide the beautiful pictures. It's all good entertainment. Whether or not it is best to spread the series over five instead of doing it all in one evening is a question for debate. There are arguments both ways. Certainly a crackerjack schedule comprised as the Five Star could be placed on a period from 8 or 8:30 to 10 or 11 in one evening on one network and very likely catch nearly everybody that listens at one time or another. The same might be said that at least one of the half hours during the week would be apt to snag practically every listener at least once. Perhaps the strongest argument on the part of the advertiser is the claim that the scattered program would probably get over a broader plug.

THERE has been some tall experimenting in handling the commercial announcements. Count Felix Von Luckner did an excellent job of it, when he told how the Germans had worked out a chemical process during the war to improve oil and then how this process had been put to use by the sponsor to produce a finer product here. In this regard the Five Star made another advance, which is worthy of notice because the use of the commercial salestalk has been the slowest part of program development to make progress. It is absurd to side with the extremists who insist that the sponsor need only be identified by his card. You have to give him a better break than that for his money.

The general crudeness of the advertising plug is due, no doubt, to the perfectly natural instinct of the advertising agent to use the best display methods he can get for space—whether it be time or white paper—at his command. The entertaining angle is something new and a little vague to him. But when it comes to the ballyhoo that's right up his alley and he gives it the benefit of the best traditions of advertising. He is somewhat like the stage star taking his first dip in the ether wave. He knows his own stuff in his own element. He resents anybody telling him that he has to consider different psychological factors. He says adver-

tising is advertising whether he uses air or ink.

Here is where the American Plan of Broadcasting must stand the brunt of attack from its enemies. Here is where Achilles la Radio had better twist his shin guards around to his heels for there

are plenty of people who know that vulnerable spot and are going to do their best to stick a knife in there.

Let's get together and cut out the crashing superlatives, the thundering challenge and loud whoops about ours being the "biggest" and the "greatest." Run through your mind some of those oft-repeated phrases that you have come to detest. In sheer spirit of revenge we'd like to spread them out here for you to point at with scorn. But if you named one, six or a hundred you'd be unfair because there are as many more just as bad. Radio entertainment is on the way up to higher levels, the commercial plug is dragging. Let's look at it from all sides, give the listener a chance to enjoy the program without dreading the barrage of extravagant self-praise; and then, as listeners, let's not be too intolerant of the man who puts up the cash. He's new at a game that is itself still very young. He doesn't want to hurt your feelings, but he very justly wants you to know he is there behind the program and he'd like you to look at his wares. Some day he'll find a clever way of showing them to you through your ears that will give you a thrill, just by the mere act of exhibition. He'll show you and you'll really like it, and you'll swear because of it you'll give him your patronage. Don't expect too much all at once of a twelve-year-old. Growth and Progress are on the air.

THE radio hecklers are already sitting on the steps at the Capitol in Washington, impatiently whetting their spears and twanging their bows while they demand that Congress shall again this year order another investigation of "radio in all its phases." Times are hard. Jobs are scarce. Radio is in demand. But you have to have something if you are going to ride along on the radio bandwagon. You have to have something besides a chisel and a yen for political potpie. Radio pays entertainers, business executives, writers, technicians, clerks, stenographers, page boys and elevator operators but it has nothing in itself for the sour mugs who hope to enrich themselves by wreck and plunder. The hecklers have lean ribs these days. They don't seem to fit anywhere, and pickin's are mighty poor. If they can put over a whopping big bureau to run the United States Broadcasting Department they will swim in the gravy. That's why they are sitting on the Capitol steps polishing their spears and twanging their bow strings—if they can only corral enough Congressmen!

LAST year it was Columbo and Crosby who were bari-toning at each other across the ether way from rival networks. This year it's Morton Downey and Donald Novis who will soon be tenoring together on the same NBC net and the same program. Everybody is asking why. Everybody is curious as to how it will work out. And that's just what the sponsors want—besides, maybe it isn't a bad idea after all to get a couple of rival tenors tripping over the same notes on the same microphone. And think of the talk it will make! Downey is already made, he'll have to hold his own against the comparatively new Mr. Novis who will be trying to out-sing Downey. And one of them, we know, has a non-cancelable contract for twenty weeks.

RAY BILL.



She Plays 1,000 ROLES

By HERBERT POLESIE

ORDINARILY one wouldn't think that teaching history to grammar school children was in itself much of a preparation for radio stardom, but for Rosaline Greene, dramatic star on two networks, it proved the ideal background for the part—or parts, we should say—she has come to play on the air.

This talented, pretty girl has always been an omnivorous reader, and book women to her have always been real, but she hardly guessed all through her school and college days her great knowledge of customs, wars and characters of history would help her in impersonating the glamorous ladies of history.

Rosaline Greene, has portrayed such a wide range of characters both real and fictional, that she can't remember the number. She once played several parts in six radio plays in the course of one week, and consequently doesn't feel it a bit odd to find herself talking to herself.

Of the great women of history, she has interpreted the characters of twenty-five for the radio audience, but when she is asked how she manages to do it, she merely shrugs her shoulders, and points to the long row of books of history and biography in her library.

If you manifest a deeper interest in her portrayals, however, she will describe some of the better known ladies' characteristics in detail. She will tell you Cleopatra's voice was high, clear and quick, that Lucrezia Borgia's utterances were as subtle as her poisons, that Marie de Medici spoke in an emotional and fiery manner, Catherine of Russia positively and almost masculine, and that if you would interpret Catherine of Aragon you must transport yourself into an ascetic, religious and convent-bred mood.

Moreover, these are only a few of

Rosaline Greene
has one true love
—she loves her
books.



the great ladies Rosaline has portrayed, and it is safe to say no woman lives or ever lived who is not susceptible to a vivid, realistic interpretation by this gifted girl. Joan of Arc, Nell Gwynn, Evangeline, DuBarry, Camille, Pompadour, Josephine, Elizabeth, Helen of Troy, Priscilla, Pocahontas, Marie Antoinette, La Valliere, Eloise, Mary, Queen of Scots, or Portia, they have all been studied closely and classified in Rosaline Greene's wide repertoire of the voice.

Rosaline Greene was trained in the hard school of the WGY pioneer troupe, famous back in the chaotic and adventurous DX days of radio, after she had worked her way through New York State College by dramatic parts on the radio.

She was part of the first efforts to cast for vocal types—something previously unheard of—and it was in the discovery that a certain type of voice was unmistakably associated with a dainty blonde or a glamorous brunette, and that, too, age, education, character, background and disposition became audible qualities, that the course of her radio career was directed. How well she has succeeded may best be shown by her winning the Radio World's Fair Award in 1926 for owning "the perfect radio voice."

Rosaline's latest starring vehicle, "The Luck of Joan Christopher," heard

thrice weekly over WOR, finds her in the character of an attractive, young girl from the Middle West abroad in New York in search of fame and fortune who becomes involved with a succession of men offering her aid but demanding a price for their assistance. The romance is from the pen of Val Lewton, well-known serial writer.

Showboat

(Continued from page 17)

play on the Ed Wynn program and have distinguished themselves on several of the leading programs over both chains. The Showboat is wired to 48 stations; from WIOD at Miami, Florida, to KOMO, Seattle, Washington.

The Showboat has particularly interested river residents who remember the original showboats when they flourished at their best. For example a letter was received recently from a fair listener in Memphis, Tenn. It was addressed to Charley Wunninger and said: "When you locked the wharf master at Friar's Point, Mississippi, in your office last Thursday night, in fancy I saw again the miserly, mean old fellow who ran that wharf thirty years ago, and remembered vividly my personal experiences with him."

This was quite a surprise to members of the community staff as the character was fictitious.

TUNEFUL TOPICS

By Rudy Vallee



THE SONGFELLOWS, who are among the first with the latest tunes from the Chicago studios of NBC-WJZ. Fridays 9:30 EST. (Left): Ray McDermott, John Ravencroft, Frances Bastow and George Howard.

I MIGHT just as well blindfold myself, reach into the hat, pick out a slip of paper, and talk about the first song written on the slip that I first pull out. This month's "Tuneful Topics," in my humble opinion, is really what gamblers call a toss-up; that is, each song is about as good as the other. As I have previously said so many times, I like nothing better than to be able to put on a legitimate "rave" about at least one of the songs which I list here monthly. Whether the boys are going dry, or just what is wrong, I am not going to attempt to say, but it does seem that it is difficult for them to write tunes like "You're Driving Me Crazy," "Goodnight Sweetheart" and "Let's Put Out the Lights And Go to Sleep." Not that these songs which I am listing this month are not good songs; in fact, several of them will unquestionably be your favorite song, and you may be quite indignant that I did not class your favorite tune as a great tune. Nevertheless, aside from my own personal hunch and feeling about them, I have the statistics of sheet copy sales, phonograph record sales, and general financial remuneration from them to the publishers themselves to back my statement that few, if any, of the songs will reach the two hundred thousand mark which today is a criterion for an outstanding hit.

ing Berlin, Inc., has implicit faith that the song will become very popular.

The story of the song, at least as it has been told to me, is that it is a Viennese composition originally, written by Egon Schubert and Werner Bachmann, and has been all the rage in Vienna. It was brought to America by Irving himself, and the subsequent American version was made by Joe Young and Con Conrad, both thoroughly capable of revising for American approval this type of composition.

The tune has an outstanding triplet formation with six quarter notes, each quarter ordinarily having one beat, to avoid six beats in a four beat measure, each three of the quarter notes is played as a triplet, which is to say the two pairs of three quarter notes being cramped in each measure so as not to exceed four beats. The odd effect of directing this odd type of phrasing is one which requires good timing on the part of the director, and the effect upon the listener is one of doubt as to whether all the notes will be played within the limits allotted to them. The effect, however, is fine in this particular composition, and is the outstanding characteristic of the tune.

By this time the mellow voice of Jack Fulton and many others has brought the composition to you, and as some of

you know we intend to use it for several weeks as our signing-off tune on the Fleischmann's Yeast Hour. We play it quite slowly, taking at least a minute to the chorus.

A LITTLE STREET WHERE OLD FRIENDS MEET. Gus Kahn and Harry Woods must have had a reunion when Harry was in Chicago last, with the result that from time to time we may look for many songs written by these two extremely gifted writers. Harry, of course, is still taking bows for his "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye," and Gus will always be taking a bow for a clever lyric here and there. This time the boys decided to write a very simple, what is popularly termed in the profession, "corny" type of song, nevertheless the type of song that most publishers feel properly worked on will eventually sell copies to the humble country masses who like this so called hill-billy, rustic type of melody and lyric.

Joe Morris is the publisher, which means that Archie Fletcher sensed the possibilities of the tune. While Archie would have liked to have put it out as a waltz, realizing the antipathy of most bands to the playing of waltzes, he found it necessary to make a new fox trot arrangement. Thus the tune is receiving considerable treatment at the hands of many of the best bands and singers, and bids fair to become a good seller for the firm of Joe Morris.

HERE IT IS MONDAY. Michael H. Cleary, at one time had aspirations to become an Army officer, and as a result he graduated from West Point with added fame as a great football player. This ambition he realized while at the Academy. Unquestionably he was one of the most popular fellows there, largely due to his ability to play piano and entertain the cadets during the monotonous evening hours. He would play and entertain them, with not only other people's songs, but songs of his own creation. As so often happens, the thing that was just a hobby with him then has now become his life's ambition and his life's work. Following his resignation from the Army he entered into the field of song-writing, determined to make a success of it.

Some of the songs from the "Third Little Show" came from his musical mind, among them "I'll Putcha Pitcha in the Paper," which is one of the wittiest and cleverest compositions of its type I have yet run across. I believe the melody of "Here It Is Monday" was his, though at first Mose Sigler, his lyrical collaborator, had a different idea for the song, something along the lines of "Brother Can You Spare a Dime," perhaps. But Frank Kelton, one of the directors of musical affairs for Shapiro Bernstein, believed that the college idea

should be worked into the melody, and the result is "Here It Is Monday And I've Still Got a Dollar," the whole idea being that the boy who is fortunate enough to have a dollar after a week-end of hilarity and visits to the girls' colleges and the big city, is the most popular man on the campus due to the fact that he is the campus banker, at least until the next check arrives.

The song is a cute one, with an odd type of melody and rhythm—a bit difficult to sing due to some of its construction—to my way of thinking a bit too clever for popular consumption by the masses. It is a song that one will hear a great deal over the air, which will help to increase Shapiro Bernstein's radio rating with the American Society, though even that may not mean much these days, as the society will not receive as much as it had hoped to receive from the many renditions of music by its member writers, and some of us are wondering just what is going to happen to the publishing houses and the writers with this last source of revenue turning out to be extremely inadequate. But "Here It Is Monday" is a good song, and Michael Cleary being a very capable and friendly sort of fellow, I hope the song does well for him.

HERE LIES LOVE. The dark horse of the picture, "The Big Broadcast," is the song which Bing Crosby sings shortly after his girl is supposed to have jilted him. It is a good opportunity for him to sing a sad and mournful type of thing, which would indicate he has been left sort of high and dry, and the song is "Here Lies Love." Like "Please," it was written by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger, two of the "last of the Mohicans" left on the Paramount movie lot to write songs for pictures. Leo Robin, especially, has been one of the few writers retained from the early gold rush days when Hollywood had all of our best song-writers writing for the talkies. Ralph Rainger is unknown to me; the name does not sound at all like a song-writer, and just what part he plays in the composition I do not know. I shall have to ask Larry Spier for information concerning Mr. Rainger.

Larry is the guiding hand of Famous Music, which firm publishes the songs you hear in most Paramount pictures.

With many numerous requests while on dance tours, "Here Lies Love" bids fair to exceed the popularity of its brother number, "Please;" even though "Please" is the hit and reprise song of

the picture, "Here Lies Love" seems to be extremely popular. We play it quite slowly, taking about a minute to the chorus.

TILL TOMORROW. "Till Tomorrow" is an obvious attempt on the part of the writers of "Goodnight Sweetheart," my good friends Jimmy Campbell and Reg Connolly, who are also the biggest song publishers in England and the Continent, for that matter, to attempt to achieve another "Goodnight Sweetheart." I believe Ray Noble, a young orchestra leader in London, is really responsible for the idea and skeleton of the "Goodnight Sweetheart" song, but that does not prevent



DORIS ROBBINS is heard from Chicago over the Columbia System. She's with the Ben Pollack orchestra at the Chez Paree; they call her "The Angel of the Air." You may remember her in "Whoopee."

Messrs. Campbell and Connolly from working with Whiteman's concert master and fine violinist in producing another "Goodnight Sweetheart." Jack Robbins has just returned from Europe; on the trip he took Matt Mallneck with him, believing that Matt has possibilities within him that merely need the proper atmosphere for expression and development. Robbins will probably be eternally grateful to Matt and Gus Kahn for giving him "I'm Thru With Love."

Matt Mallneck is unquestionably a clever fellow, and only time will tell whether Jack Robbins was wise in spending the amount of money and attention which he unquestionably did in taking him on an expensive European

trip. If I might humbly judge from the first song submitted, or the first song which was the result of a collaboration between Matt, Campbell and Connolly, called "Till Tomorrow," I would say that I was a trifle disappointed. I sincerely hope that among the three or four numbers written abroad that Robbins will have brought back one potential hit.

Jimmy Campbell has come back to America with Robbins and intends to make his residence here for some time. There is no one who knows the art of writing a song, selling a song, and its subsequent exploitation better than Jimmy Campbell, but even all this is of no avail if the song itself is not outstanding. "Till Tomorrow" so closely followed in rhythm and thought "Goodnight Sweetheart," that it is almost laughable, and the opening measure has the tonality of a third violin or a second alto saxophone part in an orchestra; that is to say it sounds much more like a harmony part than a melody. Still, it is these odd tonalities which sometimes grow on one until enthusiasm is engendered with the resultant enthusiasm for the composition itself.

In the end it will be you radio listeners of RADIO DIGEST and others who will make your own decision concerning the merits of this composition which was so laboriously written in London by an American brought there to help write it, and then brought back to America for publication. Naturally Whiteman was the first to introduce it as Matt saw that his old boss received one of the first orchestrations of it. We were privileged to follow Whiteman's premiere of it and with the efficient organization of Robbins Music, Inc., behind it, you will hear much of it in the next several months. We play it quite slowly.

FIT AS A FIDDLE. One does hear or see a great deal of Rocco Vocco who makes his headquarters at Leo Feists' elaborate publishing house at 50th Street and Broadway, but the fact that nearly every radio program has at least one Feist song would indicate that Rocco is picking some fine tunes.

Little Miss Peggy Healy, one of Whiteman's newest finds, who, incidentally is working here in Brooklyn with me at the Paramount this week, was, I guess, greatly responsible for the beginning popularity of one of the new Feist songs, "Fit as a Fiddle." She is a young lady who has a sort of indefinable something which seems to appeal

to a great many people. I was a great deal surprised to notice the crowd collecting in front of the bandstand whenever she sang a song during one of my recent visits to the Biltmore where I enjoyed Paul Whiteman's music. Her rendition of the song on the Fleischmann's Yeast Hour seemed to please many, and this week at the Paramount it is her best number.

Its "break" in the middle, i.e. the logical spot for the orchestra to stop playing and somebody to do something unusual, which is often "felt" to be necessary in the middle of many tunes, especially of the rhythmic type, in this particular case is a stereotyped "break," using the very popular phraseology which I first heard uttered by the "Old Topper," Ray Perkins, "With a hey nonny nonny, and a hot cha cha!" The phrase, as far as I am concerned, is rather sickening, but the avid enthusiasts and flaming youth singers of this type of composition, jump on the phrase with relish and it gives them a great delight in the rendition.

The song is one of the cute, light things which gives a peppy singer, especially the female pep singers of our dance orchestras, who have become all the vogue, a chance to really "go to town," as it were, and to finish in a wild blaze of glory. Messrs. Hoffman and Goodhart and Arthur Freed may take the bow for it, and it should be played very brightly.

YOU'RE CHARMING. The Santly brothers, of whom there were formerly three, with only two now remaining, are very happy in the thought of having a potential hit. I really believe that it is one of the best songs they have published in a long time. Distinctly odd in its construction it has the flavor of a typical Viennese or German type of waltz, especially the "Blue Danube" aroma. Jesse Crawford on his console at the New York Paramount will do a great deal toward "starting" the song, as he is very much pleased with the composition, and it is a peculiar thing the unusual power that Jesse exerts on many of us who are particularly interested in his rendition of any song.

Peculiarly enough, though the song has a continental flavor, it is strictly home-brew, American made—Joe Meyer and Roy Turk. I was sorry to hear of the split-up of the team of Turk and Ahlert; however, the parting of the ways was in a very friendly spirit, with each boy feeling that he preferred to free lance due to the unusual conditions of the business today.

Evidently when Roy Turk and Joe Meyer got together to write this tune, they had in mind an attempt to write a typical "Zwei Herten" composition, the tune which was so successful for its publishers, Harms, Inc. If that was

their ambition, they have certainly succeeded. The song is dotted with eighth notes, and it is a very fast moving type of waltz, which from one viewpoint would demand that the tune be played slowly in order to get all the words and notes in with ease; on the other hand, the old German and Viennese waltzes are best played extremely brightly. The latter was my preference on its rendition of Thursday last.

Being very partial to the 3/4 waltz rhythm, I was extremely happy to find one that would make our waltz spot following Dr. Lee's discourse a better and brighter spot, and I hope that the Santly boys' optimism with "Du Hertzig" is justified.

SUZANNE. Larry Spier of Famous Music is, in my humble opinion, one of the most alert thinkers in the long-suffering music profession. In fact, he is a very nervous person due to his tireless endeavors to keep his firm out on top, and he may always be depended on to have an unusual thought or scheme for any difficulty confronting the sale or development of sheet music. It was he who first thought of the idea of having five strategic "plugs" to "start" a song—two New York bands considered ace plugs, one in Chicago, one in Los Angeles, and the other in New Orleans or possibly the fifth in Chicago again.

Larry's enthusiasm and his earnestness and conviction in his beliefs is sometimes pathetically humorous, especially in his belief that many of us have passed up the opportunity to introduce and play hit songs by refusing to believe in his confidence in them. In the case of "Suzanne," he has positively assured me that it will be a hit, so it is up to you to justify his prediction.

As I said on my broadcast last Thursday, "Suzanne" is perhaps the most incongruous tune I have come across in a long time; with the French title "Suzanne," it has the locale of any young man in any country, especially a small town in the United States, considering himself a very fortunate young man in being able to take a little walk after dark with "Suzanne." There is nothing of the "oo la la!" French quality about the lyric whatsoever, or the melody for that matter, not that because of the choice of the name "Suzanne" the song should have a French atmosphere and locale, still it rather goes hand in hand. I like the song personally, though I think it is far from being an outstanding top-notch; still, I am more than willing to be proven wrong so that Larry will be able to say once again, "I told you so!"

We play it taking about 55 seconds for the chorus.

ALL AMERICAN GIRL. As just another proof of the fact that no

one can safely predict exactly what the public is going to like, is the fact that a simple popular tune called "All American Girl" has come forward to first place! Personally, I made a public apology on the Fleischmann Hour to Al Lewis for my lack of faith in the song when he first played it for me. In fact, he reminded me that it was over two years ago that he and Al Sherman played the tune for me when we held an afternoon session at my residence listening to the latest out-pourings from their musical talents. Among them they played this tune called "All American Girl."

The chorus went on to state that the young lady had a center at this college, and a guard at that college, and a quarter back at the other college, and as a result she was an all-American girl. Remembering that about a year previously, in collaboration with Messrs. Coon and Sanders, I had written a song called "She Loves Me Just The Same," with the identical thought. I felt that a comparison of the two songs, and the popularity of "She Loves Me Just The Same" would be a fair indication of the possible popularity of "All American Girl." Despite the fact that both the Coon-Sanders aggregation and my own Connecticut Yankees recorded and broadcast religiously and thoroughly "She Loves Me Just The Same," it was far from being an outstanding hit. Its melody was swiny and melodic, and I believe we all did a good job in rendering the song. I could only conclude then that any other song written along the same lines would possibly fare the same mediocre fate of "She Loves Me Just The Same." Feist publishes both.

As Al Sherman thumped out on a piano (the piano being always very unfair in its demonstration of the melodic values of a song) the melody of "All American Girl," I felt that it was an extremely shallow type of melody and I still think so! Imagine my surprise then when I find the song not only requested everywhere at dances, but climbing up to first place in the list of best sellers.

I am happy for Al Lewis, however, who has just taken on to himself a wife, that "All American Girl" will help furnish their new home. And, as always, bowing to the will of Mr. and Miss Public, I have broadcast and featured the song at dances ever since it has been brought to my attention that it is really a well-liked song. I hope that Al gets a dozen like it.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOW TUNES. I suppose I should conclude our "Tuneful Topics" with a discussion of some of the songs from some of the new shows. "GAY DIVORCE," which opened last week, featuring Fred Astair and Claire Luce
(Continued on page 48)

Marcella

"Hears
All
Tells
All"

HOW do you do, Lucille! If you are not too angry with Little Bird and me, perhaps you will enjoy the following short but interesting biography of Philip Duey. That spelling? It is correct, but Mr. Dewey (as he is better known) has long ago given up trying to convince people that that was the name bestowed on him by a Pennsylvania Dutch father, when that very popular baritone was born on a farm near Macy, Indiana, in 1902. (That makes him thirty-one. And one question answered.) Phil was the youngest of eleven children, and like his brothers and sisters, made a daily round trip to and from the Little Red Schoolhouse.

Duey, Sr., we learn, led the village band of fifteen pieces, and also had a musical group made up of the family, Phil and his sister playing at guitars, another sister at a bull fiddle, his mother plucking at the mandolin strings, and his father, leading the ensemble, at the fiddle. For six years, he worked his way through Indiana University, holding a full-time job, but managing to get his A. B. degree, in addition to earning the right to wear a Phi Beta Kappa key.

He won a fellowship at the Juillard Musical Foundation, in Chicago, which award eventually brought him to New York, at which time his mind was definitely made up to follow a singing career. He joined the cast of "Lady Do," and later, "Good News." It was while in the latter show that he was called to fill in, as a baritone, in a broadcasting quartet, and shortly afterward signed with the N.B.C., where he has been ever since. The handsome Phil married just after having graduated from the University, and is the father of two children—James Philip, who is six years old, and Barbara Nell, who is two. His severest critic, the proud father states, "is Jim. Any male voice on the air is 'Daddy' to him."

Mr. Duey is indeed very popular, and has been so busy singing with the Revelers, and on solo programs, that he has been able to return to his Indiana home but twice in five years. "Handsome" should be his middle name, from all reports we get of this young man—six feet tall, about 185 pounds, blue eyes, light wavy hair, and a grand personality.

AS STATED in a previous issue of RADIO DIGEST, many of our readers have questioned us regarding

fan clubs. We don't suppose there is a list of such clubs available, but we do appreciate hearing from any of the folks who happen to be interested in such clubs. Iva Wanklin, for one, has answered our plea, and we ask that you turn to page 37, VOL, where her letter appears in print.

SORRY Dorothy Clark—We are still working on your query regarding Donald Dowd. You'll hear from us soon.

MILTON J. CROSS, my dear R. D. King, is known as one of the few successful New Yorkers, who was born in New York. He attended DeWitt Clinton High School, and is considered one of the most prominent of the alumni of that school. Also took a course at the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. Though nominally a Presbyterian, he sang with the Paulist Choristers and toured the country with them. The nationality of his parents is not known, though we are inclined to favor your guess.

The Brahms Quartet, we regret to say, is no longer on the air, and the whereabouts of Elinor Markey Hughes is not known.

JEAN DeVAUX—"Believe it or not" (with apologies to Ripley) it has been utterly impossible for us to obtain the biography of Gene Austin, which we promised you. However, your request has not been forgotten, nor thrust aside, but is constantly before us, and we hope yet to please you. Toddles declares she won't give up. By the way, we wrote to you, but the letter was returned.

RUTHE FROST too—Toddles has not yet returned from Chicago, to where she journeyed to obtain the information you requested on Maurie Sherman and his orchestra. We'll surely have it next month.

HERE Y'AR', Clarence Campbell, Jr.—few facts, and you'll hear from us also: The cast of the Soconyland Sketches includes Isobel Winlocke—"Effie"; Kate McComb—"Aunt Hattie"; Arthur Allen—"Daniel Dickey"; and Parker Fennelly—"Hiram."

The people in the Goldberg Program are in New York, while the announcers are in Chicago. "Florence" is Adele Ronson; "Eugene"—Curtis Arnold; and "Abe Honick"—Martin

Wolsson. We expect soon to have a real story of this program, perhaps next month.

"PETER" and "MARY ANN" in the "Country Doctor"? Yes, Sara E. Worman, we'll tell you who they be: John Kane—"Peter"; Ruth Russell—"Mary Ann."

SHIRLEY KLEIN wrote to Miss S Revell for some information, and here is what she sends through this column: The birthday of John Fogarty—August 19; not married; do not have his home address, but he can always be reached at the NBC studios; started singing in vaudeville in 1925, and over the NBC-WEAF network in 1930; has two brothers and two sisters, whom we believe are in Montana; good photograph of John in the October issue of the DIGEST.

ALEX DRACHA wrote us a little complaint that he very seldom sees anything about Isham Jones in RADIO DIGEST. Well, Alex, did you miss the biography which just dropped into Little Bird's bag in time for the October issue? That also goes for Tom Hennion and Kay W. Better check back. . . . "S"—Did you, too, miss the write-up of "Judge Gordon," which appeared on page 16 of the same issue? . . . Mr. and Mrs. Melton also appeared in that number, Marie Thibeau. . . . KHJ got a fine play in that book, too, Lindsay MacHarrie also being present, F. M. Mason. . . . And, Tito Guizar, for whom Pauline Nininger and Kay W. were inquiring, was there, on page 19. That particular number seems to have included a number of requests!

PLEASE pardon our modesty, but we do think a lot of folks should know what some other folks think about us, and here is a paragraph from a letter which we pride: "I have been watching your department right along. I have never written you for information because I have always, so far, been able to get my information from headquarters. However, I have watched your department and have gleaned plenty from it. I have gone to headquarters, because I knew where to reach the people, but should I not know, I would ask you to find out. I have placed an implicit reliance upon your word in your announcements—and I want you to live up to it. I know what that means, for I have been a correspondent for a metropolitan newspaper, and a reporter on others." . . . Thank you, Mr. Billie Moore, we are most grateful to you for your kind words, and you bet we'll try to live up to your expectations.

SEE FEBRUARY R. D.

THE November issue was the first time I read your magazine, and really can't wait for the next copy. I read someone's request in that issue to publish pictures of George Hall, leader of the Hotel Taft Orchestra, and of Glenn Cross, the featured vocalist of that particular program. With the exception of Lanny Ross, Glenn Cross is my favorite of all radio stars. I simply cannot understand why he does not get more of a chance. One of my ambitions is to have a large singing record of Glenn Cross—I would play it all day long. Besides their pictures, I would like to see a picture of Fritzi White, another vocalist on the program. Then I would be content—almost.

Would you please send me a back copy of RADIO DIGEST, which contains information about Myrt & Marge, if there is such a copy? (December, 1931. No copies available).

I really think I am finished requesting now. Thank you.—Joyce F. Saulsbury, Ridgely, Maryland.

OH YOU MISS REVELL!

I RECEIVED the October and November issues of the RADIO DIGEST, and am more than pleased with them. I am glad I will have it every month and can see and read about some of the folks I have learned to love, like yourself (Nellie Revell) over the radio. When I hear you, and those I have learned to love, I feel as though I have known you all my life. To me the radio has been a great blessing.—Al Werdam, 59 Scofield Avenue, Glenbrook, Connecticut.

"GUESS WHO?"

IN this thriving and beautiful little city, there is one inhabitant who either terminates every Wednesday's engagement with a grand race with Father Time, in order to arrive home, triumphant, though inelegantly breathless, before the "Voice of Radio Digest" permeates the air-waves; or, who awaits the magic eleventh hour with ill-concealed impatience, during long programs, while crooners croon, drummers drum, and speakers speak.

Guess who? Right, the first time—yours truly. While it is true that I have listened-in to your (Nellie Revell) interesting and most entertaining quarter-hour on innumerable occasions, and am a died-in-the-wool radio fan, yet this is my very first fan letter to any artist. . . .

I am certainly delighted beyond words that RADIO DIGEST is back on the newsstands here. I could not get a copy for some time, and was I "boinin" up? (Apologies to Jimmy Durante). Do you think that on some future date you could run a story about Jack Pearl (page 7, Irene) the famous Baron, who so nonchalantly murders the King's English? Or, perhaps you might interview him some Wednesday evening.

With very best wishes for the continued success of RADIO DIGEST,—(Miss) Irene Nininger, 11 Mutchmor Road, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

THE ALL-STAR ORCHESTRA

IN your November issue, there was submitted an All-Star Orchestra which was all right, but which is open for improve-

Voice of the

ment, so I am mailing you a list of what I think you could call an All-Star Orchestra:

Pianos—Ramona Davies, Paul Whiteman's Orchestra.

Joe Anderson, Les Shepard Orchestra. Violins—Joe Venuti, C.B.S.

Sam Rabinowitz, Henry Theis Orchestra. Guitar—Eddie Lange, C.B.S.

Drums—Vic Burton, N.B.C.

Bass—Min Leibbrook, Eddie Duchin Orchestra.

1st Trumpet—Pete Noriegs, Casa Loma Orchestra.

2nd Trumpet—Keith Wilderson, WLW.

Trombone—George Troupe, Casa Loma Orchestra.

Sax Section—Frank Trumbauer, Own Orchestra.

Jimmie James, WLW.

Saxi Mansfield, Isham Jones.

Voices—Jane Froman, Chicago, NBC.

Red McKenzie, Paul Whiteman.

Connie Boswell, C.B.S.

Pat Harrigan, Marshall's Castlefarm Orchestra.

Conductor—Bernie Cummins.

—Charles Edwards, Hamilton, Ohio.

RAVES ABOUT W. O.

I JUST got my new issue of RADIO DIGEST. Now I'm going to tell you "sum-pin'." Remember 'way back in March RADIO DIGEST ran a letter in VOL from Mr. Eugene Walter Cain of Chillicothe,



Alice Remsen, lovable contralto, now of the WLW network

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're just two radio fans made one. So now just address me Mrs. Gene Cain (isn't that a nice name?). R. D. could mean Romance Delivery—eh, wot?

I had and have a Will Osborne fan club, which keeps me quite joyfully busy. My being busy with the club is nothing in comparison with how busy "Will" is. Folks write to me constantly trying to find out about him. He's one of the rare types found in radio or vaudeville. Rare, because he embodies the finest in music, character and personality. We who know him, know it is not "the break" in radio he's waiting for. He's waiting on Justice from cowardly concerns and individuals who use money to thwart him. We know whereof we speak. "Will" will not buy popularity. Once on the air, he'd show the world. Oh, yes, he isn't a crooner any more, you know, and that rich, clear baritone with its musical background and super-training is headed for operas. Ever since September, he's been vaudeville trouping, and from reports, making a huge success at it.

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

THANKS, MISS BOOSTER!

I ALWAYS buy the DIGEST whenever I can get it, but have not been able to get a copy since the Summer edition. The announcers gallery was wonderful. I also think a male beauty contest would be nice.

I think a lot of the announcers have wonderful voices. James Wallington is my favorite announcer—fell in love with his voice the first time I heard it. At what time does he announce? Could we not hear something about the announcers and stars of Fargo, North Dakota, and also of Bismarck? I think the DIGEST is a wonderful book, but not half large enough. Wishing you the best of luck—A Radio Digest Booster, Pine Falls, Manitoba.

"KING OF SAXOPHONIA"

I READ the RADIO DIGEST back in the days of Prosperity, when it was a nice and fat magazine, but lately the copies have been rather slim, so I guess it's time I had my say.

I have organized a Frankie Trumbauer "King of the Saxophone" Club, and would like to hear from all fans and saxophonists interested.

Frankie, formerly first saxophonist with Paul Whiteman, is now on tour with his own orchestra and has developed a large following.—Norman Hauge, 2901 Colfax Ave., No., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Listener

"SICK UNTO DEATH"

THE recent program on a Sunday evening, featuring three famous orchestras, Whiteman's, Ben Bernie's and Isham Jones, only served to strengthen my opinion and that of many others, that Isham Jones has the finest orchestra in the country, Ben's and Whiteman's trailing him. Why can't we hear him more often?

One *big* thing in his favor—he has the good taste not to foist upon us any of the horrible sob-sisters, the crooners—Heavens! Cannot we have some decent singing, instead of those abominable crooners—if the advertisers only realized how they are hurting their very advertising by giving the public crooning, when we are already sick unto death of their dying wails.

I am all for the RADIO DIGEST, but wish it would take a stand for better music. The public is hungering for better music.—Helen Stanley, Denver, Colorado.

ANOTHER G. L. CLUB

I CONSIDER RADIO DIGEST the finest radio magazine ever, and I particularly enjoy the V.O.L. pages. Therefore, I would appreciate it if you would inform your readers that I am organizing a fan club in honor of Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Anyone who is interested may write me at the address given below. Thanks so much for your cooperation—and best wishes for your continued success.—Iva Wanklin, 15488 Ward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

SLAPPED AGAIN, DOLLY!

FOR many months I have been a reader of your wonderful magazine, and now feel that I could not do without it, but wish it came more often, or was back to the size it once was. Want to join with several of the Ben Bernie fans—think it was very wrong of Dolly Dearborn to say what she did about him. Sincerely agree with Miss Hargus's letter in the October issue, and with Telza Smith Miller in the November issue; all but one thing, Telza, I think Pat Kennedy's voice is marvelous, so is Frankie Prince. Why say Pat quavers? That is what makes his voice so lovely. I, too, think Ben has many good soloists. Take Manny Creagor! Who can beat him singing novelty numbers?

As for the Ole' Maestro himself—I love his singing—his repeating titles and his chuckle. He wouldn't be the Ole' Maestro, if he did not do all those things. I think it's time we were seeing a picture of the entire orchestra.—Mrs. Glenna Riley, 149 S. Seventh Street, New Castle, Indiana.

PICKING THE ACES

GLAD to see in a recent issue of RADIO DIGEST a page devoted to the Colored Radio Stars, which, if you continue that page, should prove very interesting.

Here is my list for the All-Star Band:
1st Saxophone—Dick Stabil (Ben Bernie's Band)
2nd Saxophone—Carmen Lombardo
3rd Saxophone—Merle Johnson
Banjo-Guitar—Harry Reser
Drums—Sonny Greer (Duke Ellington's Band)
Bass Violin—Isham Jones
Bass Horn—Peter Greco
Trombone—Buddy Rogers
1st Violin—Eddie South
2nd Violin—Guy Lombardo
Piano—Joe Sanders
Hot Trumpet—Red Nichols
1st Trumpet—Liebert Lombardo
2nd Trumpet—Clyde McCoy
Leader—Cab Calloway

Vocalists—Cab Calloway, Carmen Lombardo, Joe Sanders, Sonny Greer, Buddy Rogers, Eddie South.

My congratulations to the one who started the idea about the Orchestra Gallery—it is a great idea!—Martin Driscoll, 266 Danforth Street, Portland, Maine.

ANOTHER "PAY-MORE" MOORE

I HAVE just finished reading this month's RADIO DIGEST (October) and it is wonderful after waiting so long for it. What would the radio fans do without it to tell us about our favorites and to give us VOL and "Tuneful Topics," which is written by Rudy Vallee, a man



Will Osborne—no longer a crooner, but a baritone for the opera

of great intelligence. I can't understand, Rudy speaks of everyone to the highest degree, and can't recall a time when he has criticized anyone. Sorry to say there are some critics who are very jealous and envious of him, only because he is young and popular. Could those same critics introduce most of the new songs? The writers select him of all others, knowing he is capable of doing them justice. Could any of his critics play the saxophone solo he played so beautifully some weeks ago? If one cannot do honors to these things oneself, why not seek out one's own talent and not criticize one's superior? It seems to me, and I am sure you will agree with me, that of all orchestras Rudy is the leader. If it were not so, he would not be chosen from all the hundreds of singers on the air, to introduce songs to popularize them. So, Rudy, you take the bow. I am taking the greatest interest in writing my thoughts. I hope "An Humble Opinion" will be in next month's issue; also Rudy with his Connecticut Yankes.

Good luck to the RADIO DIGEST, and long may we have the copy. (Larger chestra. It is the orchestra of Ted Fio-book, 25 cents.)—Ralph Moore, Richmond, Virginia.

TED, YOU'RE GOOD!

HAVING just read your VOL department for October, I want to add a word or two in favor of my favorite or-Rito at the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco. I have been reading RADIO DIGEST for many, many months, and the opinion seems to be that all the good orchestras are in the East. That idea is positively out. In my estimation Ted Fio-Rito has the most perfect orchestra in these United States. It needs no changes to compete with, and win first place from, any of the all-star orchestras that have been suggested. Ted himself is a "swell" pianist, his drummer is wonderful, to say nothing of the horns—the whole orchestra is "keen." Their arrangements, too, are perfect—and I think Ted does all his own arranging. He is the composer of many beautiful songs, among which are "Where The Lilies of the Valley Grow" and "Three On a Match." Aside from having such a grand orchestra, Ted Fio-Rito is a charming young chap, well liked by all who know him, and I think he deserves a great big hand. (I would love to start a fan club in his honor, if there are none, but don't know how to go about it. Will someone tell me?) Come on, you music lovers, listen to him over CBS on Saturday evenings, and see if I'm not right!

I think your magazine is fine, and have no complaints to make, but would like to suggest that, 1. you give us pictures and articles on the big orchestras, and 2. you tell us all about Mildred Bailey, who is the owner of the most entrancing voice on the air and is the least publicized artist in radio. I want to know, too, why you did not print any "come-back" to Clarence Whitehill's atrocious attack on popular singers.—Evelyn Coleman, 1400 Monterey Street, Bakersfield, California.



Dollo Sargent

BEAUTIFUL and talented organist of the Pacific Coast Studios of the National Broadcasting Company, who has established for herself an enviable host of radio friends and admirers through her ability to cajole the most thrilling notes from the many pipes of that mightiest of instruments.

WSM DEDICATES NEW STATION

*NBC Co-operated—Great Artists Heard
—Officials Present at “Opening”*

By George D. Hay

(The Solemn Old Judge)

PRESENTING a fast moving program depicting the high lights of its service, WSM, The National Life and Accident Insurance Company's new fifty thousand watt station and 878 foot tower (America's highest antenna) was officially dedicated to public service on Saturday night, November 12th and again one week later with a network program extended as a very unusual courtesy by The National Broadcasting Company. The second program was carried by NBC's associated stations on the red network.

Best wishes were extended to The Shield Station by many of NBC's outstanding artists who broadcast during the first hour and a quarter, beginning at 10 o'clock central standard time, from New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco. The network program shifted to the studios of WSM at 11:15, at which time Edwin W. Craig, vice-president of the company, in charge of radio activities, thanked the National Broadcasting Company and associated stations for their tributes, made a brief talk to the radio public, and presented "WSM On The Air!"

On November 12th, C. R. Clements, executive vice-president of The National Life and Accident Insurance Company, officially dedicated the new station.

C. A. Craig, chairman of the board of the National Life, in dedicating WSM when it first went on the air in 1925, said: "Recognizing its great value to our people—commercially, educationally, socially and religiously—and mindful of the wonderful service and splendid entertainment given, it shall be our earnest endeavor to conduct a station that will reflect credit on our community and uphold the highest standards of radio."

Among the guests at the opening of the new WSM were Harold A. LaFount, acting chairman of the Federal Radio Commission; George F. McClelland, Niles Trammel and Frank Mason, officials of the National Broadcasting Company, and I. R. Baker of RCA.

Guest artists were James Melton, internationally famous tenor and member of the Revelers Quartette, who began his radio career at WSM several years ago, and "Smiling Ed" McConnell, one of radio's greatest entertainers, and a former member of the WSM staff. Lambkin Kay, "The Little Colonel," director of WSB, The Atlanta Journal, who was present at the opening of WSM and was in charge of the arrangement of its first program which went on the air on October 5th, 1925, appeared as guest announcer on November 12th. In addition to Mr. Kay the

following staff announcers of WSM handled the microphones: Harry Stone, A. W. (Tiny) Stowe and George D. Hay (The Solemn Old Judge).

The network show on November 19th was opened at 10 o'clock by Don Bestor and his orchestra from New York. This was followed by an announcers' frolic. Then the scene shifted to Cleveland, from which point Gene and Glenn, well known comedy team played high jinks for a time. Then Ben Bernie, "The Old Maestro, Himself," assisted by "all of the lads," displayed their usual originality for a few moments. The Commodores, a quartette of male voices, came through with several delightful numbers to close the Chicago show.

Francis Craig and his orchestra, Nashville boys who started at WSM, were in high spirits when their turn came to do their bit which was broadcast from the NBC studios in Denver, Colorado. The scene shifted to San Francisco where "Numb and Dumb" put on a screamingly funny bit to be followed by Anson Weeks and his orchestra.

From the studios of WSM in Nashville at 11:15 the staff members (*see below*) put "WSM on the air"!—The opening was made by the WSM Male Chorus in a Stephen Foster medley.



Guests and members of WSM staff present at opening of new station. Seated, left to right: Marjorie Cooney, Madge West, Zena Jones, Margaret Ackerman, Christine Lamb, Emmeline Boyer Kinnebrew and Marguerite Shannon. Standing, left to right: Dean Upson, Tiny Stowe, Priestly Miller, Harry Stone, Lambdin Kay, Leslie Fox, I. R. Baker, Beasley Smith, James Melton, Deane Moore, Dad Pickard, Ed McConnell, George D. Hay (The Solemn Old Judge), George Nevins, Ovid Collins, Curt Poulton and Herald Goodman.

His "Weary River" Won Fame for Another

*Golden Voiced Tenor of KFVB
Revealed as Mystery Voice of Film*

COUNTLESS people saw Richard Barthelmess in the motion picture "WEARY RIVER" some few years ago. Countless were enthralled with the song bearing the same title. To all appearances, the golden notes flowed smoothly and beautifully from Mr. Barthelmess' throat.

In those days, as most of us now know, the identity of the one doubling in voice for actor or actress, was shrouded in a deep, dark mystery, so it is not surprising how few people know that none other than Johnny Murray, KFVB's dapper young tenor, and dynamic Master of Ceremonies on that Hollywood station's Sunday night Hi Jinks, doubled for the actor in the rendition of "Weary River."

Johnny Murray was one of the entertainers at the Cocoanut Grove when a friend mentioned to him the difficulty First National Studio was experiencing in locating a voice with the proper timbre to double for Barthelmess. Scores of male voices had been given auditions, but none proved satisfactory. He urged Murray to try for it. The latter, who in spite of his Celtic lineage, must have a strain of canny Scotch in him, wasn't

going to waste time by presenting himself—and his voice—in a haphazard fashion. He made detailed inquiries as to the kind of role the actor was portraying and what sort of selections the other candidates had offered. Fortified with this information, he sang for his auditors. Most likely, his inherent cautiousness warned him not to follow in the vocal paths of the other aspirants who apparently had wished to impress with difficult masterpieces. He sang a tender ballad, omitting vocal gymnastics, and was forthwith engaged. Not only that, he was proffered a contract. But Johnny Murray had a bird in the hand with his profitable Cocoanut engagement, and while the studio contract gave him a larger weekly remuneration, he saw a fly in the ointment—the contractual options. It was very plain that in a few months he could be dropped. So here again his shrewdness came to the fore. If the studio wanted him, they must want him sans option clauses. This was a rare concession, but since he remained with First National Studio for two and a half years, it need hardly be mentioned that the contract conformed to his demands.

Johnny Murray is a product of Brooklyn, born 28 years ago. He received his education there, and one summer worked in a stock broker's office.

It was while he was going to school that he learned to play the trumpet, which, by the way, is still his favorite instrument. Because of his love for it, he entered the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art in New York City, and in conjunction with this, studied voice and harmony. He had been enrolled about two years when he was engaged as a trumpet and vocal soloist on the mammoth steamship Leviathan, which gave him an opportunity to play and sing before many notables, and also to fulfill a long cherished dream—a visit to some of the important places on the continent.

Upon his return to the United States he made vocal reproductions and played featured roles in several musical comedies, one of which, "Good News," brought him to California—and later to the Cocoanut Grove.

During a lull in musical films, he turned his attention to radio, and today his voice (unidentified in the early days of musical screen productions) needs no tag.



BILL DAVIS and HIS COTTON BLOSSOMS—Specialists in the tunes that have won Broadway's heart—those hill-billy melodies, songs of the mountain and cotton fields folk. How the audience loves 'em, and their daily broadcasts over WBT, Charlotte, North Carolina.

WFAA—Dallas, Texas

YOUNG Texans are very precocious. An early morning program on Station WFAA, invites correspondence from children. The week's letters developed that writers only six-months old used excellent English and wrote in clear round hand. And little folks only two and a half years old were proficient in the use of the typewriter.

And an advertisement on Station WFAA indicates that a number of workers equivalent to about half the population of Texas is engaged in a single factory making a single product. Yet in Texas, the site of the factory is not reckoned as a particularly large town. The place is Waxahachie and the workers, bees.

Advertising on the popular Early Bird Orchestra Hour, with Jimmie Jefferies as Master of Ceremonies, frequently presents publicity for as many as six communities in Texas in the forty-five minute period. And the mail received comes commonly from not fewer than a dozen states of the South and Southwest.

District Audition for the Atwater Kent Foundation, held at Station WFAA for five states of the Southwest, besides Texas, which is rated as three states, presented eight young women and eight young men, champions of their respective states. The audience was asked to vote its choice. More than 4,000 pieces of mail were received, some of them large parcels containing as many as fifty votes, made out and signed separately. As listeners were asked not to vote unless they had heard the entire number, there would seem to be many thousands of listeners who held on through nearly two hours of singing.

Apparently it is the unusual that attracts the attention of the radio listeners. A survey taken recently in Dallas indicates that an amazingly large proportion of the listeners have their set going a large part of the time. The things to which they react most potently seem to be contests of physical prowess. Football games always draw immense numbers of inquiries for results. But wrestling matches and boxing contests, local or elsewhere, always keep many trunk lines busy seeking outcome. One of the contests recently that attracted many calls to ascertain the winner was the National Corn Husking Championship. And in many of the cases, as in that of the Huskers, contests and results were broadcast. All of which indicates that listeners need pencil and paper right at hand to put down the things they hear and would like to remember.

Teams of women, singing and chattering, appear to have a large following among radio listeners. Jean and Joan, a station feature at WFAA for some



CHARMING and petite, the Paxton sisters, Frances and Virginia, find a comparison of microphones both interesting and amusing when they paid a visit to the new high power transmitter of WBT, Charlotte, N. C., to see what makes their voices tick over the air.

Frances, at the left, cornered the justly famous lapel microphone while Virginia acquired control for the moment, of one of the prized relics of the Southern station—the very first radio microphone used by WBT back in the days when it was one of a few broadcasters in the world. The limitations of the telephone mouthpiece as a radio mike were realized—and from that realization was developed the carbon affair that Virginia finds so amusing.

time, was taken off to allow the sisters to go away on a little vacation. Scores, or more, letters from "fans" demanded their return. Elise, Ruth and Jane, the Vitz Sisters, have a stunt, simple but diverting, that has been offered on WFAA for several months. It is afternoon presentation. Recently, the sisters had to devote more than the usual attention to school work, for they are still undergraduates, and a couple of program periods passed without them. And was there a squawk? Letter-writers, in many instances, expressed themselves as if they had been denied a personal right

to have the sisters for the accustomed time. Evidently stars must have fixed orbits, none of the meteor or comet stuff!

Ewen Hail, lyric and operatic tenor, for some time a popular performer for Station WFAA is now a featured performer on the Big Amusement circuits. He is a matinee idol and society favorite and even in his home town he has 'em in the aisles. And he's still so young!

Karl Lambertz, whose forebears, far away back, were Wagner's fellow-countrymen, is assistant to Orchestra Director Alexander Keese, at Station WFAA.



JEAN BOUTON

A Southerner—St. Petersburg, Florida, at present appearing on the road with Harry Tighe in "High 'N Low." Sings new and modern songs in the new and modern way. Has been heard over WHN, New York—Now in Florida.

Pacific Coast Echoes

By W. L. Gleeson

KMPC, the Beverly Hills, California station, and the home of the original Beverly Hill Billies, has conceived another new and novel program presentation. Zeke Craddock has organized a new brand of entertainers employing for their medium of music "57 varieties" of popular orchestral instruments, interpreted by Zeke and his City Fellers. Each City Feller plays an endless variety of instruments. Zeke "tried out" his City Feller, idea one night, and received such a tremendous mail response that the "try-out" resulted in establishing one of the popular radio programs in Los Angeles.

Right from the heart of Gotham, recently, came two recording discs to prove reception of an early-morning KSL test program. Jessie Alberta Weaver, who lives in the heart of

New York City, was the rabid DX Fan who went to all the trouble of recording the station's 50,000 watt test. KSL has a signal strength at night in California as strong as local stations.

Slowly but surely, from under the wreckage of political hopes, emerge many old friends of the air, snowed under in the late blizzard of gab. Among the favorites to be welcomed back home, will be the Midweek Jubilee, from the studios of KOL, Seattle, with the regular routine of sense, nonsense, music and song. Ken Stuart will master all available ceremonies and the twenty-one KOL Jubileers, while Ken Niles' Little brother Wen, Frank Anderson, Hill and Dale, Billie Lowe and others will aid in the festivities. "O'okay" Seattle!

Elsbeth Frellesen, NBC comedi-

enne, made her radio debut singing old-fashioned, sentimental ballads to her guitar. She still prefers the "call-ballads" of the Appalachian mountains—descendants of the English ballads—to other forms of music, and insists that negro spirituals, instead of being a spontaneous development of the negro's musical taste, are his interpretation of the Appalachian ballads.

For melodies "that satisfy," there are several local KHJ programs well worth turning to during the day. The Home Sweet Home Concert, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.; Three Shades of Blue, 11:00 to 11:45 a. m.; "Reveries," directed by Leigh Harline, 6:30 to 7:00 p. m.; and "Musical Cameo," conducted by Gino Severi, 7:00 to 7:15 p. m., are decided "High Spots" of the day's galaxy of fine programs.

According to Ted Rogers, KDYL Announcer, Hollywood is beginning to pull itself out of the depression. Have you noticed how many movie queens are discarding last year's husbands, he pointed out to us.

Fourteen airplanes—lost in a heavy fog, with their only hope pinned on their chances of landing safely on a field without lights, hidden in the thick darkness below them! Instantly radio reached out a swift hand and met this situation.

KFSD, San Diego, came to the rescue. The Lucky Strike Dance Hour was being broadcast, when suddenly listeners within a radius of many miles heard the music fade into the background while an announcer's voice tensely told them a brief story of fellow beings in peril and how they could help:

"It is requested that everyone everywhere who can reach Camp Kearny within an hour, drive out there immediately and place the lights of their cars on the Landing Field, to assist these fliers in reaching the ground. This is a very serious emergency, so please, if in any way possible, get out to Camp Kearny and take directions from the officers on duty there. Do not go on the field, but throw your lights on it for the benefit of the safe landing of the fliers."

Two thousand, five hundred automobiles, instantly responded to the great call. Are they listening these days? This is splendid proof that they are.

The Don Lee Television Station W6XAO announces a new schedule of television broadcasts embracing transmissions on three different wavelengths. The regular evening schedule of W6XAO, inaugurated last year, of from six to seven P. M. daily, except Sunday, on a frequency of 44,500 kilocycles, or $6\frac{3}{4}$ meters; was augmented last week with broadcasts on 49,300 kilocycles, or 6 meters, and on 66,750 kilocycles.

WNAC, Boston, Mass.

A HOBBY for mathematics led Jack Sanden Atwood, Yankee network announcer of the Saturday Columbia Broadcasting System Boston Variety Hour, to study electrical engineering when he entered Maine University, then a mere accident guided him into the radio field three years and he liked it so well that he remained.

It was while he was in college that Atwood got his first taste of radio. Station WLBZ at that time was operated from Dover, Me., and Bangor was a remote control point on many broadcasts. On one occasion the announcer failed to report for duty and the owner of the station telephoned to Atwood requesting that he fill in. After that he announced dance programs from Bangor three nights weekly.

Then it was decided to remove the station from Dover to Bangor, and Atwood in his spare time did a large part of the wiring for the new studios.

About two years ago when the decision was made to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the writing of the "Stein Song," then exceedingly popular, he communicated with the Columbia Broadcasting System and suggested that the event be broadcast over a national hook-up. His suggestion was approved and he turned his attention to directing the arrangements, and on the night of the celebration he not only monitored the program but served as master of ceremonies.

Last June he visited Boston and WNAC where he took an audition on Friday and began announcing the following Sunday.

In high school at Bangor, young Atwood organized and directed a band of 100 members. He is a member of the honorary musical society of the University of Maine and while a student served as president of the Kappa Sigma chapter.



WICC, Bridgeport

THE complete schedule for a series of educational broadcasts relating to domestic affairs has been published by Leon F. Whitney, director of the Family Affairs Institute of New Haven, Conn., under whose auspices the broadcasts are being given. The Rev. George Reid Andrews opened the series with a discussion on "Should the Family Be Saved," followed by Leon F. Whitney, director of the organization speaking on "What's Wrong With Marriage, and Why?" The latter part of the program will be devoted to the answering of questions on the



ALABAMA MINSTRELS OF WGY

On the top row, reading left to right, you see Walter Melber and Matthew Mahoney; in the center is James Hill; and on the bottom row, again left to right, Hank Miller and Eugene O'Haire.

subject requested by the audience. The series of talks will include discussions on marriage, education, religion, children, budgets and other subjects in relation to the family as a whole; as well as specific topics on heredity, inheritance, marriage, racial prejudices, child-training, and citizenship.

A new Sunday afternoon popular feature, "The Rhythm Ride" which features Fred Esposito and his Radio Orchestra, is presenting another WICC favorite, the Mountain Melodeers, who have been favorites with WICC audiences since their inaugural broadcast on WICC over a year ago. At present they are heard on Saturday evenings at 8:15 p. m. Dorothy Taylor, radio personality, Dorothy O'Brien, popular pianist, and Don Ragonese, the singing guitarist, who were heard on the initial program of the "Rhythm Ride" are again heard in solo parts on this program. With Fred Esposito in the driver's seat, the orchestra offers novelty and modern dance tunes.

KFRC, San Francisco

SINGER of comedy and ballad songs for six years with Jimmy Joy's orchestra during far wanderings over the country, Andy Andrews, musical comedian has decided to stay put for a while and has joined the staff at KFRC where his humorous songs have begun to form a welcome part of the Blue Monday Jamboree and other programs. Andy got his fill of travel in those six years before referred to, and having been, as he puts it, "married to the same girl for quite a number of years," began to have visions of a home.

A University of Nebraska youth, Andy joined station KFAB at Lincoln in that state, when it was founded in 1923. His fame as a singer soon spread, and the engagement with Joy followed. Though primarily a comedy and ballad singer, Andy wields a wicked fist—or whatever one uses as a composer. Modest to the point of secrecy about his songs he admits, at least, to the authorship of "There Goes a Horse."



Cally Holden

KFOX, Long Beach, Cal.

TH**ERE** is a new star shining in the constellation of dance orchestras these days and KFOX is serving as the medium through which listeners are able to glimpse its beauty. Cally Holden and his Orchestra might well be classified astronomically in the musical world as a planet.

Cally Holden himself is not new to radio, having been at the head of a Collegiate Band not long ago, over FKWB, but his present orchestra, organized, managed and directed by himself, is new to listeners and is distinguishing itself as one of the finest orchestras heard over the Pacific Coast ether waves.

Descending from a musical family and having a father who sang with a number of well known opera companies, should be reason enough for Cally now being engaged in the musical profession. However, contrary to family tradition, Cally completed a course in the University of Washington, in economics and entered the business world selling insurance. After a few years as district manager for a large insurance company, Cally tired of business and welcomed an opportunity to embark upon a musical career.

Playing the piano, the trombone and singing to earn money was not a new thing for Holden. Much of his college tuition was earned playing with orchestras. When business life was preying upon his patience, a friend suggested that he accept an engagement with an orchestra playing the Pantages circuit. Consequently he had an extended engagement with Ray West's Orchestra on tour and later played in the Fox West Coast Theatres, acting as arranger as well as trombone soloist.

After playing with several outstanding musical organizations, among them The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra during the Festival of 1931, and direct-

ing Cally Holden's Collegiate Band for KFVB, Cally began to execute long contemplated plans for an orchestra of his own, conducted in an unusual manner.

It was Cally's desire to have a musical organization of carefully chosen men, picked for their moral as well as their musical fitness. During his engagements with orchestras in and about Los Angeles, Holden had been constantly on the look out for men of the calibre he had in mind and the late summer of 1931 found him rehearsing fourteen men, each of whom was an accomplished musician with engagements with some of the country's foremost orchestras to his credit.

The orchestra is organized as a corporation and each man shares alike in the earnings of the company. Cally Holden as leader, receives no more for his work than does any other member, and in addition he acts as business manager for the organization whose members are required to save a certain amount of their earnings which are pooled and invested. The plan of organization is an attractive one to men of calibre and it behooves each player to find contentment with his lot.

Cally Holden is particularly fitted to be at the head of such an orchestra. Possessing a keen business intelligence and a thorough knowledge of music and its application to each instrument in his orchestra, coupled with rare understanding of human psychology, he has welded his fourteen men into an orchestra that produces a rhythm and blend that captivates scores of listeners with each broadcast. In addition to the fourteen

musicians, the organization embraces a male trio of young lads Holden discovered with a Southern California High School musical group.

WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.

WITH the famous negro conductor and composer, Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett, as its nucleus, WHAM has organized and is presenting under Stromberg-Carlson patronage a choir of mixed voices unique among commercial programs of the East.

The modest young musician has been shattering precedents and dissolving barriers of social prejudice since 1924 when he was guest of the city of Niagara Falls in a Music Festival and gained the distinction of being the first colored man to stand at the head of a gigantic chorus and conduct interpretations of his own works.

In 1930 news and editorial columns of American newspapers carried increasingly frequent news from far off lands describing the triumphant progress of Dr. Dett and his choir from the Hampton Institute of Virginia through the concert halls of nations which had previously been unfamiliar with the wealth of soul stirring music evolved from the recreational and religious activities of the American Negro.

The choir landed in England, and the Lord Mayor of Plymouth donned his resplendent robes of office to receive them at the docks. Prime Minister MacDonald and his daughter Ishbel received Dr. Dett and his forty choristers at tea.



American Choir, heard regularly over WHAM, Rochester, New York, under direction of Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett

Meet The "Little Colonel"

By Jack Snow

L. B. WILSON owns a boiler factory and a radio station! The half dozen people in the United States who are still prejudiced against radio will nod their heads in approval and say the combination is most appropriate. But L. B. Wilson, general manager and president of WCKY in Covington, Kentucky, is also



L. B. Wilson

vice-president of one of the Kentucky's largest banking institutions, owns and manages all the theatres in Covington, recently promoted interstate commerce by reorganizing the operation of the Cincinnati-Covington bridge over the Ohio River, is a civic leader and is generally looked upon as the biggest man in Northern Kentucky, although he lacks one inch of being five feet tall!

He is one general manager of a large radio station who refuses to follow precedent and cannot be classified as a musician, an artist or a writer. He is primarily a business man. Years of experience in the show world have taught him the wisdom of applying sound business principles to showmanship and the equal wisdom of applying good showmanship to business. The exchange works either way—at least it has in the case of L. B. Wilson and WCKY.

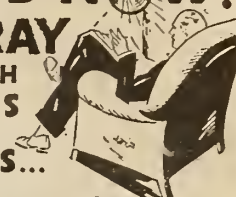
It was in November of 1931 that L. B. Wilson assumed the duties of general manager in addition to the passive role of President of WCKY. Let us review WCKY'S history before that memorable month of November last year. The Covington station was organized in 1929 when WSAI in Cincinnati was reduced in power and placed on a part time schedule. Covington business men saw an opportunity to secure a radio station for their city. They went to L. B. Wilson as the likeliest man in Northern Kentucky to finance so expensive a venture. In September

of 1929 WCKY went on the air as an affiliated station of the National Broadcasting Company operating on 1490 kilocycles with a power rating of 5,000 watts. L. B. was content to listen in occasionally and pay a weekly visit to the station. In those days radio wasn't the big business that it is now, and L. B. was occupied with his theatres, banks and various other interests. To a critical listener things were happening at WCKY. The station was not making the progress it should have made with all its opportunities. Something was wrong. Mismanagement? Perhaps, and WCKY was content to go along in something of a rut, nothing to distinguish it from hundreds of other stations. It made thousands of listener-friends for itself but accomplished little in the way of outstanding progress.

Then L. B. stepped in and took the managerial reins in his own hands. That was in November last year. Result—WCKY operated full time, 17 hours daily, instead of its former time sharing arrangement. The Mabley and Carew Company in the great Carew Tower in Cincinnati, and one of the city's largest department stores, bought the background announcements of WCKY. WCKY became the Mabley and Carew Station. Studios are planned in the Carew Tower. WCKY trebled the number of commercial NBC programs it carried. WCKY carried every available sustaining program of the Red and Blue networks. When Paul White-man came to Cincinnati on his RKO tour he chose the WCKY studios and facilities to broadcast his first two Pontiac Chieftain programs over a nationwide network of the National Broadcasting Company. When the Ziegfeld Follies played Cincinnati, Harry Richman, Hal Leroy, Mitzi Mayfair, Gladys Glad, Jack Pearl and the entire Follies cast trouped over to WCKY to meet L. B. and broadcast a half hour's hilarious program. When Earl Carroll's Vanities appeared in Cincinnati Rudy Vallee and Everett Marshall confined their broadcasting to WCKY where they each appeared for a radio interview. And now, the crowning success of L. B.'s managerial genius!

This is the point where L. B. called upon his showmanship to combine with his strategy as a business man. The South is the cradle of American Music, of that L. B. was convinced by the number of popular songs that are written about the South and coal black mammals and such subjects. Then there are the negro spirituals and the Stephen Foster ballads—more evidence of the South's legitimate claim as the home

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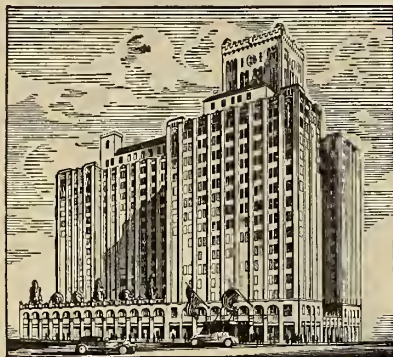
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of American Music. Now L. B. reasoned that the South had never been represented on the air with a regular program originating in one of its own stations and broadcast by a national chain. Very well, WCKY was across the river in Kentucky—far enough south to rightfully claim recognition as a southern station. With this idea in his mind L. B. set out for New York and the 711 Fifth Avenue air castle of the National Broadcasting Company. There was an interview and dinner engagements with Merlin H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company. When L. B. returned to Covington he brought back with him permission to broadcast a program to be known as "Southern Symphonies," over the National Broadcasting Company. The program was to originate every week in the studios of WCKY.

The next step was to build the program. L. B. already had a good idea as to how this would be done. He called upon his old friend Theodore Hahn, Jr., one of the few men of real musical genius in the middle west, and the result is "Theodore Hahn, Jr., and His WCKY Orchestra in Southern Symphonies," every Friday night 11:15 to midnight EST over stations of the National Broadcasting Company. The program is remarkably diversified, fresh and hauntingly reminiscent of the South—a skillful piece of showmanship. Already it is immensely popular with its nationwide radio audience and has received the plaudits of NBC's highest officials.

As we write this L. B. Wilson has been active manager of WCKY less than a year. Yet WCKY is virtually a new station and a vastly finer station than it has ever been before.

Arctic Listens

(Continued from page 28)

news bulletins, and other features. It keeps us in touch with the world as well as giving unlimited pleasure. Before the advent of radio in the North, news was old before there was a whisper of it. In 1914, when war was declared, Harry McGurran, the postman, started immediately from Fort McMurray, the northern terminal of the railroad, on a special trip to take the news to the Arctic. He travelled 1300 miles in a small open boat until stopped by running ice; then had to camp and wait for the Mackenzie River to tighten (almost two months), and completed the trip, nearly four hundred miles more, by dog team. It was Christmas time when the people in the farthest outposts learned there was a war, and some of the trappers who were in the bush did not hear of it until the next Summer. And the suspense for those

at home after loved ones had responded to the call and made the long trek out to civilization to give their services to the country. No chance of news for many dreary and anxious months. But now—daily bulletins, news from all parts of the world. Is it any wonder that broadcasting means so much to Northerners? One never listens in with a "taken for granted" attitude in this corner of the globe; it is always with a full consciousness of appreciation.

The Indians have not taken to the radio so well. They like to listen to it, but few of them have bought sets. They seem to prefer the phonograph; perhaps because it is more simple to operate and they get better results with it, or perhaps for other reasons. They do not quite understand the principle of radio and stand a little in awe of it. Some of the Caribou Eater tribe of Indians from the east end of Great Slave Lake came into Resolution a few years ago, and a man in the settlement invited them to hear his new radio set. The music pleased them and they were amazed when told from what a great distance it was coming and how it was reproduced, but they could not fully comprehend it. They got the impression that the set could pick up anything from any place and bring it in at the will of the man who controlled the dials.

The following Winter, while making a patrol, the Police discovered some of this band of Indians making a brew. It was of course emptied and the offenders dealt with. Ordinarily, the Police make only one patrol a Winter to this section of the country, but it so happened that their work took them out that way again a few weeks later. They again found a brew being made and disposed of it. After they had left, the Indians thought it would be perfectly safe to start another brew and proceeded to do so. But business once more took the Police to that same area within a short time, and the Indians were surprised at their brew making again. They did not know what to make of it—three patrols within a few months; it was unheard of. Suddenly the old Chief remembered the radio set at Resolution, and that band of Indians is convinced to this day that the owner of the set listened in and heard them discussing the brew and reported the matter to the Police. They are afraid to attempt any more brews.

Broadcasting may have taken the joy out of their lives, but it brings all that is best, and otherwise unattainable, to our homes. A radio set is the one and only luxury in many a trapper's isolated cabin. Dry cells have to be used as there is no way available of recharging wet batteries, so each year it means work, trans-

porting a supply of dry cells from the settlement at which he procures his outfit to his trap line, but he is repaid by the pleasure he derives from this source during the long dark Winter, and he can judge by watching the trend of the market if it will pay him to leave his trap line during the trapping season to dispose of his furs at the nearest post, or whether it is more advisable to wait until Spring to take in his total catch.

Northerners are beginning to consider a radio set not only a wonderful luxury but also a necessity. Being able to receive the broadcast, the voice of civilization, is insurance against stagnation of mind and depression of spirit; it dispels the loneliness even from the farthest frontier.



Five Star Theatre

(Continued from page 9)

Student Prince," "Naughty Marietta," "The Chocolate Soldier," and "Blue Paradise." During January and February Mr. Aborn will present "The Pink Lady," "The Red Mill," "Mlle. Modiste," "The Prince of Pilsen," and "New Moon."

For the Friday evening Mystery drama, Charlie Chan was chosen as the most popular of the detectives now extant in fiction and motion pictures. A dramatic serialization of Earl Derr Biggers' novel of the adventures of the bland Chinese detective has been prepared by D. Thomas Curtin, who has been one of the most successful writers of radio mystery dramas.

The Five Star Theatre, which has the combined support of the Standard Oil Companies of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Louisiana, and the Colonial Beacon Oil Company, is an experiment which probably will become a landmark in radio presentation ideas. There will be none with a greater variety of subject until the day arrives when acrobats can become radio stars.



For Instants

(Continued from page 29)

about 25 to 50 percent slower than the same thing would be played on the stage. I base this theory on two things—first that it makes it easier for the listener in to follow and secondly that it gives them a chance to mentally fill in the gaps with the indicated action. I think that Amos N'Andy showed great showmanship in the deliberate manner of their playing and that this one factor almost as much as any other gave them the enormous audience that the quality of their sketches deserved. In direct opposition to this theory, I feel that monologues or dialogues which

amount to monologues in their content, should be played with celerity and brightness.

I promised when I started that this would not be a treatise on the duties of a production director. However, I think it will be of interest to know that among other things, he is responsible for setting rehearsals, casting, balancing the orchestra, making the artists comfortable, timing the music, checking sound effects and making sure they register in proper volume, directing the actors and actresses so as to get the desired effect, getting a glass of water for a singer or a speaker, often playing a part oneself, and lastly seeing that the show itself goes smoothly and effectively. So, we of production work in radio can rightly be said to be on the firing line where we are called upon to be anything from a Major Domo to a Good Man Friday just "for instants."



Chief Director

(Continued from page 12)

them all, he asked Black what to do. Black chose the singer he had originally recommended and the singer was given three different contract renewals by the sponsor later on.

For a musician, he is almost imper- turbable. His arrangements are very

difficult, yet he will write a score for a 60-piece orchestra while he is talking on the phone, carrying on a conversation with several people or while he is dictating letters. It was he who first made the Revelers sing parts that were originally written for saxophones. He liked the idea and so he adapted other instrumental parts for voices. Some of the endings on Reveler songs give the rising bell-like effect of a vibraphone.

Unlike most conductors or composers, Black never displays the so-called "artistic temperament." He refuses to worry. He refuses to become excited. As a newspaperman I would say that had he gone into that field, Black would have made a great city editor. You can imagine him picking up the phone and hearing a reporter tell him that there had been an earthquake. But you can no more imagine Black becoming ruffled over the news than you can imagine a great city editor getting rattled.

As a hobby, Black collects bronzes, and like most collectors, he gets a great deal of enjoyment out of finding rare things in strange places. A huge cloisonne figure of a Buddhist monk now graces his home. Originally he saw it at a prohibitive price in an antique store. Then later, in another store. He followed it into nine stores and finally bought it—when it was being used as a decoration in a department store. Another trophy is the bronze medallion



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made to honor the late aviator, Floyd Bennett. Original oil paintings and etchings grace the walls of his studio.

His wife is Mrs. Adelaide Black. She is not a professional. She is not a musician; and because she is not, Black values her reactions highly.

Frank Black has a keen sense of humor. He likes to laugh. And he gets a lot of laughs out of his work. One reason is that he doesn't take himself seriously. He is a difficult person to deceive and can silence an egomaniac with a glance which in itself is a difficult feat.

The last thing you ever find out about Black is that he has written a score of original compositions. He doesn't talk much about them. Yet they vary from the popular song to an overture. His genius lies in being able to understand all phases of music, from Beethoven to Berlin and from Gershwin to Gounod.

Young Gentleman

(Continued from page 21)

ertoire. While in Italy he sang at the two great theatres of Milan, the Teatro Puccini and the Teatro del Popolo. Returning to America, he made his debut with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, singing with Josephine Lucchese and John Charles Thomas in "Rigoletto." So thunderous was the ovation given Martini's rendition of the aria "La Donna e Mobile" that he was forced to break a precedent of long standing and interrupt the performance of the opera with an encore. When next he appeared with the same company, singing "The Pearl Fishers", the program bore in large letters the inscription, "No Encores Allowed!"

Despite his youth and operatic and concert experiences, Martini is not a newcomer to radio. He was heard in occasional concerts over the WABC-Columbia network in 1929 and 1931. Now, however, he will be heard regularly.

He stands at least four feet from the microphone . . . his feet wide apart . . . his hands clasped in front of him . . . he looks as if he were on the operatic stage—not in a broadcasting studio . . . He flashes a broad smile when his selection is ended.

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New Year's Eve

(Continued from page 19)

around the console. This was Lew's theme song, the one that you hear on the NBC "Night Song" every Saturday night and at other times. Such feeling, such tenderness—it seemed to have a special message. Then Grofé, the composer, the genial friend, came into the room with a quiet rapture in his face.

"Lew, play that again, will you? It's—well, it's—go on and play it, Lew." There were tears welling over the composer's eyelids.

When the last note had faded away he said to the writer. "Only I can understand how really well Lew White interprets it. I wrote it originally as a love song to my wife." He was thinking of her at home with their infant daughter, and of the little two year old son who had fallen, skinned a knee and suffered an infection. A doctor had just lanced the injury, and reported that danger was past.

The tender mood soon passed and we all were merry again, including Ferde Grofé, with whom you may have become better acquainted in the December RADIO DIGEST.

Nelly and her friend Sally, went home at midnight; but many of the others remained for dancing and music until early hours—and of course Lew served the waffles with the aid of two dusky retainers.

Suddenly our host pulled little Miss Welcome Lewis away from the crowd and disappeared through some draperies.

"Here, what's going on?" somebody shouted.

"Come and see," answered Lew. We followed and found ourselves on a stone floor in a forest of pipes and tubes. Here was the many fluted throat of Lew White's organ. It was like squeezing through a tight growth of trees in a woodland. And this organ master had himself directed the placement of every part and parcel of this great instrument.

Blood Will Tell

(Continued from page 7)

biting his nails off trying to think of some way he could induce me to headline his Follies show. I'm really too soft hearted and it was only after he had worked on my sympathy that I consented to headline the Follies.

Well, that in the main is the story of my life up to the time I decided to reveal my true identity over the Magic Carpet, the greatest program of the world, as Baron Munchausen. Sometimes I suspect there are some

among my listeners who have doubts as to the veracity of my remarkable adventures. But I have Charley with me to back me up with the facts. What more can I do? Must I broadcast a notary and make affidavits?

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 34)

and Luella Gear, has music and lyrics by Cole Porter, who always seems to get an odd, bizarre twist to his compositions. There are several songs from the show, but outstanding seems to be "Night and Day," which we are going to feature this Thursday, and which I am told is an unusually good song with a very long chorus (forty-eight measure). A superficial rendition of it at the piano failed to disclose much beauty, but possibly the arrangement for the orchestra will show me what it has that seems to charm everyone who hears it. There is also another song called "After You." Both of these tunes are typical show tunes, which expresses my feeling, I think, in the matter.

The revised Schwab and DeSylva show, which was originally "Humpty Dumpty," featuring Ethel Merman, Jack Haley and Jack Whiting, now called "TAKE A CHANCE," a musical comedy with a plot, and evidently a smash success in its revision, has two songs, one of which is evidently a pep song for Ethel Merman, "Rise 'n' Shine," which seems to be just one of those things which the bands will all play brightly, quartettes sing, and which will pep your spirits up while you listen to it, but I doubt if it will turn out to be a song that all the country will whistle and love. Peculiarly enough there is another song in the show called "Turn Out The Light"; it is published by the same firm that publishes Herman Hupfield's "Let's Put Out The Light And Go To Sleep." There is no plagiarism in this case as "Turn Out The Light" was written out on the Coast, while "Let's Put Out The Light And Go To Sleep" was written here in the East. As if this were not enough, Miller Music is publishing a song called "And So To Bed!" All of this strikes me as rather funny, as it does seem that the minute one hit song is written there must be many others very much like it. However, the successful song is "Let's Put Out The Light And Go To Sleep," and all others, unless really fine songs, will mean very little or nothing to the public at large.

I have several other songs, especially two or three English tunes just brought back by Jimmy Campbell from London, about which he is putting on the usual eloquent praise, but I think that until they are published I will leave them for a later discussion.

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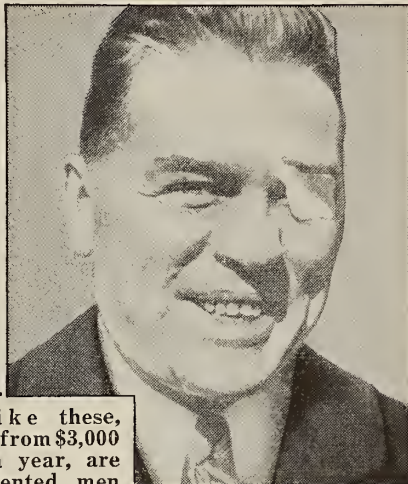
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