

Night Clubs by RUDY VALLEE

Radio Digest

February

25
★
CENTS

Elicia Doré
WMCA-N.Y.

"That Old Gang of Mine" by ROXY

Miss Adams tells you how to procure
your own solar horoscope—FREE



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FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A



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Radio Digest

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

February, 1931

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BERNARDINE FLYNN... This is the face that launched a thousand—locomotives. In other words, the charming leading lady of Empire Builders, whose chugchugging from Chicago NBC heralds thrilling drama.



ADELE VASA... Too late, you can't have her any more, no matter how much you like her looks. Paul Green, night manager of Columbia studios has the sweet soprano under contract. Perhaps 'twill be a Radio wedding.



ANNABELLE JACKSON is musical to her fingertips... even makes the leucups perform melodiously when she hostesses it in Cleveland. Oh yes, her pay check reads, "WTAM... for services as concert pianist."



DOLORES CASSI-NELLI... A dark-haired Latin beauty who started her education in a Chicago convent, graduated to the silver screen and received her "Ph.D." in Being Charming as an NBC songstress.

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Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

LIKE a gleaming jewel in a changing light Radio programs scintillate and glow with new colors according to the evolution of new ideas and demands of public taste. There is a bit of the best from all forms of amusement—music, drama, literature, news, sports and positive cultural training from the primary to the higher forms of education. The light rests a moment on the move of educators to compel broadcasters to appropriate a definite proportion of the time on the air to education. Broadcasters are not so keen about making it compulsory as they are about the methods to be used to present the educational program. The broadcaster insists that a certain amount of showmanship must go with the program or there will be no one to hear it. The educators think that showmanship is unnecessary and supplementary devices would interfere with the fundamental practices of instruction. Important developments may be expected in 1931.

THIS old world needs more laughs and less grouching and grumbling. There is too much of morbid reading; too much prison pallor on the screen; too much



moron catering and sex debauchery. Let's turn the page and get a laugh, turn the dial for a half-hour of chuckles. And for what better could you ask than old Brad Browne and his dear little Nit Wits of the Columbia system. They take the old world by the nose and shake the care wrinkles off his jowls. Marcella in this issue gives you a pleasant little sketch of Brad Browne. Next month we are going to entertain you with one of the skits which Brad says he

thinks is one of the funniest they have ever produced. Don't miss it.

Did you subscribe to RADIO DIGEST before the new \$3 rate went into effect? For those who have not already been so advised by our circulation department please be assured that your subscription as it stood on our books up to January 1, 1931, will be extended to comply with the \$3 rate.

Incidentally we are very happy to announce that subscriptions are coming in from all sections of the country in amazing volume. We are indebted to the many broadcasting stations that have commended our magazine to their listeners. Thanks, gentlemen of the air!

Almost everybody wants a log in RADIO DIGEST. The votes were overwhelming. A Chain Calendar and Official Wavelength list will be published here in March. Next thing we know there'll be a big demand for fiction again. Wonder how many readers like Radio drama continuities? Suggestions are always welcome.

ISHBEL MACDONALD, daughter of the Labor Prime Minister of England, is a chip off the old block and particularly interested in the rank and file of humanity. At the time we were in the ferment of activity to relieve the unemployment situation in America Miss MacDonal stood up before a Columbia microphone in London and gave us her views as to the right way and wrong way of doing things to help "the underdog." She thinks the world is too prone to dose its social headaches with aspirin instead of determining the cause of the trouble and curing it. She speaks a vigorous message straight from the shoulder. And she wants to know if Americans aren't wasting precious time on useless social work, are we getting anywhere with constructive methods? What about it? You may have heard her talk, whether you did or not you will be interested in reviewing it in the March RADIO DIGEST.



Have you noticed the improved quality of the Amos 'n' Andy feature? There's a reason. Miss Peggy Hull, who is one of the most competent astrologers in America, has 'scoped both of the boys from the exact hour that they were born. Now that the Sun of Arc and the Stars of Kleig have moved out of the Aspect—but let Peggy tell you all about it—in that tight-packed March issue.

Tin Pan Alley—imagine what David Ewen can do with a subject like that! He's done it. You will get it in the March issue.

JOHN P. MEDBURY, "Master Without Ceremony," whose humorous contributions are read in almost every household in the land, will be represented in our March RADIO DIGEST. From all indications this number will stand out as the greatest smile cracker yet published. Bright and sparkling but not frothy. You will find information of great interest available in no other form. You will find words of wisdom by some of the best minds. But in and out will be woven a ripple of clean fun to make you glad you have joined our merry party.



Premier Mussolini's broadcast to America was precisely in line with the "Radio Can Kill War" policy suggested by a RADIO DIGEST editorial. . . . WOC, Davenport, has requested privilege of rebroadcasting the RADIO DIGEST mystery play, *Step on the Stair*, which was the first serial thriller ever broadcast. The story was especially written for RADIO DIGEST by Robert J. Casey, famous journalist and novelist. . . . Ted Lewis, the high hatted tragedian of jazz, is said to have been paid \$5,000 for one performance at WMCA, New York.

Broadcasters In Every State

WIN HONORS

Contest Nominations From Listeners

Pour In To Acclaim Favorite Stations

THEY'RE off on the last two laps! Nominations are pouring in. From east and west, north and south, enthusiastic supporters are rallying to tell the world about the stations they consider the best in their states. For weeks interest in the contest has been gaining momentum and now, with the half-way mark passed, and the end in sight, each mail brings in votes. In many states at this stage of the game the race is neck and neck.

There is a fine spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm for favorite stations on the part of thousands of listeners as exemplified in the letters received by the contest editor in every mail. Just read this one from Miss Frances Cherry, of Wayne, Nebraska:

"WJAG at Norfolk is the home of the Printer's Devil. It is WJAG which has such a big Radio family. It is WJAG which has an 'Everything's All Right Club'. It is WJAG which gives a list each day of babies born into its family. WJAG does not have a Tom, Dick and Harry, but it does have a Karl, Ted and Harry. WJAG has a singer, 'Tim' Howard Stark who won the honor of being in the first five boy singers in the recent state Atwater Kent Contest. WJAG has a good girl's trio, the Harmony Trio. WJAG has a wonderful mixed quartette."

These are merely a few of the reasons why Miss Cherry is rooting for WJAG. She concludes: "I could rave on for pages and pages about WJAG but why, when it speaks for itself."

Do you listen regularly to the broadcasts of a favorite station? Do you think its programs are the best produced for your entertainment in your state? If you do give your station

a break. Nominate it for the state championship. Do your bit to aid your station to win the honor of being declared the most popular in the state.

Many of the stations are being nominated not only because of their pleasing programs but because their announcers are popular with the station's listeners. "I wish to nominate station WEBC at Superior as the best Radio station in Wisconsin," declares Miss Eda Melland, of Yellow Lake, Wisconsin. "This is a good, live station, with fine programs and a staff of very good announcers. Without good announcers a station can not hope to gain much popularity."

Miss Madlyn Patton, of Philadelphia, Pa., also pays tribute to the announcers. She nominates WPEN as the first station in Pennsylvania. "First of all," she writes, "I nominate WPEN because our favorite Diamond Meritum winner holds sway the first thing in the morning. The Mystery announcer starts the day and then it's just good, clean fun the rest of the day. The announcers of WPEN are wonderful boys, everyone of them."

If you have not as yet nominated your favorite stations don't delay, but get on the band wagon now. Turn to the rules on page 100 and study them. There are

ways of obtaining bonus votes that will loom large in the final count. Whoopee! We're coming down the home stretch and we'll cross the line at midnight, April 20th. Get those nominations in and then cast the votes that may make your favorite stations the honored ones in your state. Remember that there are four stations to be chosen from each state. Beautiful medallions as shown above will be awarded—one for each winner.



NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, *Radio Digest*,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state).....

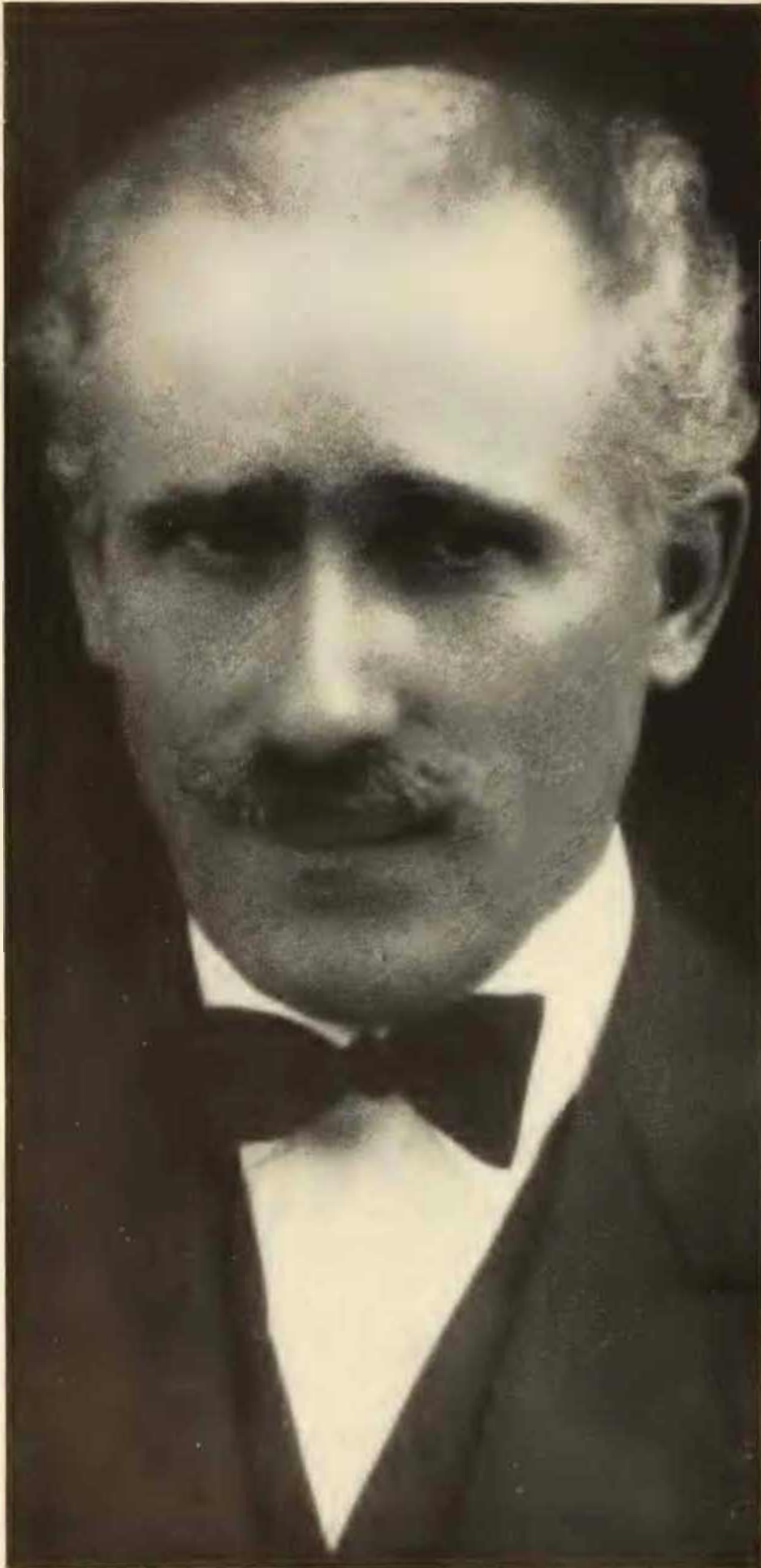
First (call letters).....City.....
Second (call letters).....City.....
Third (call letters).....City.....
Fourth (call letters).....City.....
Signed.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Number 5 COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, *Radio Digest*,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters).....City.....
Second (call letters).....City.....
Third (call letters).....City.....
Fourth (call letters).....City.....
Signed.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



Arturo Toscanini

This portrait, posed three years ago, is considered the best likeness of the famous maestro, one of whose eccentricities is his unwillingness to appear before a camera.

Intimate Glimpses of Arturo Toscanini

Philharmonic Conductor Has Memorized Thousands of Scores—A Despot Who Flies into a Rage at Slight Errors, but Still is Sincerely Loved by His Men

By DAVID EWEN

HE WOULD have attained greatness in any field of endeavor which requires the commanding of men. For Toscanini was born to be a commander. Had he chosen to be the general of an army or the ruler of a nation there can be no doubt that he would have attained that same eminence that he now possesses as the conductor of a symphony orchestra. No one can understand what it is that makes his men obey him so meekly—his men, least of all. In his presence they feel a strange electricity radiating from him; they are humbled by the flash of his brilliant eyes, and by that soft, tired smile of his which is their only reward when, after hours of rehearsing, they play well.

Toscanini rules his men with iron despotism—and yet, very strange to say, they love and worship him. I myself have seen his orchestra slave under him in Bayreuth, during the recent Bayreuth Festival, for ten hours, and yet after this arduous rehearsal one of the fiddlers—wet with perspiration and tired to the point of exhaustion—said to me: "What a man he is! If I could only play under him forever, I would be the happiest of men!"

WHAT strange magic does this leader exert over his men? It is the magic of giving his men a mysterious insight into the music they are performing, an insight such as they have never before had. It is the magic of a simple personality who loves his music with such a passion that his love is contagiously spread to all who work under him. It is the magic of a man who is an artist to his finger tips—and the magic of an artist who is also a great man.

An incident which I witnessed three years ago, will perhaps serve to illustrate most aptly what this magic that Toscanini uses over his men really is. One afternoon during rehearsal, after putting the finishing touches to his rendition of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, the orchestra, inspired by the insight into the music he had given them, rose and cheered him for several minutes. While the cheers persisted, Toscanini looked obviously uncomfortable and tried by frantic gestures to curb their enthusiasm. When the tumult had died down he rebuked them very gently, and tears were glittering in the eyes that so often blaze with anger.

"You see, men," he explained softly, "it isn't me—it's Beethoven!"

TOSCANINI was a great conductor from his earliest days. At first he floundered about in the 'cello section of the La Scala Opera House, in Italy, but then, during the illness of the conductor, he stepped from the 'cello section to the conductor's podium and rehearsed the scheduled opera—from memory. He has remained on the conductor's stand ever since—startling his audiences with performances which were unparalleled even for La Scala; startling the audiences by introducing into the opera-bill such foreign names as Wagner and Mozart, and to the concert-programs such barbarian names as Beethoven and Schubert; startling the audiences by forbidding them to come late or to whisper during performances. He startled his orchestra and singers by his scrupulous insistence upon perfection, by his inde-

fatigable energies which constantly drove them to work harder and harder. He startled his management by the tremendous increase in the number of rehearsals and, consequently, in the expenses. And one and all they relented to his iron will. An entire revolution had come over the La Scala Opera House with its new, young conductor!

Toscanini was born with a very grave defect, especially grave for a conductor. He was near-sighted, so near-sighted in fact that he could not possibly see a score unless it were leaning against his nose. But, as though in divine repentance, the Gods have given Toscanini a memory that is almost phenomenal. That memory is one of the many causes for awe among Toscanini-worshippers. Everyone knows that Toscanini knows by heart some ninety operas, the entire classical repertoire from Bach to the most modern of modern composers and about a thousand other little odds-and-ends. Everyone knows with what rapidity he can memorize a new score. Two years ago he performed Ernest Schelling's *Impressions of An Artist's Life*. The score reached his hands on Sunday and the next morning he came to Carnegie Hall and rehearsed the whole work minutely from memory. He remembered every single note and every single instrument in that long and intricate score! The composer, who played his piano part from notes, looked at this man with gaping wonder. Toscanini's wife tells us that when he gets a new score, he goes to bed, huddles within

(Continued on page 108)



Night Clubs of NEW YORK



Texas Guinan, called "Queen of the Night Clubs" who once made the greeting cry of "Hello, Sucker!" her watchword.



THE night clubs of New York City of the present day are almost a lost art compared to what they were not so many years back. Therefore a discussion of them necessitates a background of former night clubs.

My first speaking acquaintance with night clubs, cabarets, and supper clubs, began in March, 1922. A great, rural state like Maine, with only a few big cities, which, in contrast to New York, could hardly be termed wealthy, knows little or nothing about night life which, to many New Yorkers, seems a natural and even tame part of city life. Most of the important cities of Maine have at best nothing but large public dance halls and exclusive clubs and hotels at which private affairs may be given.

The rise of the night club, or supper club, such as New Yorkers know it, seems to have been actuated by the desire of certain famous individuals to own their own room with their own orchestra, and to serve either food or liquor for those guests who were willing to pay well for the privilege of isolation from the ordinary habitues of public dance halls or hotel grills.

I know little or nothing about the places of the past decade such as Rector's and Delmonico's, the places where Sophie Tucker, Ted Lewis, and so many other stars became famous or were made famous, but my starting point is a good one,



inasmuch as the Palais Royale achieved, to my mind, perfection in night clubs. Certainly it was one of the most delightful places to spend an evening for an individual who sought diversion, the finest in dance music, good food, and a beautiful atmosphere. Previous to my first arrival in New York at Easter vacation in 1922, I had heard a great deal of the famous young maestro who had come from the

West with his orchestra to take New York by storm and who found himself ensconced as a national hero in the beautiful Palais Royale in New York City. The loveliness of its fountain and its acoustically perfect room seemed almost like a dream. Easter vacation afforded me an opportunity for my first visit to New York, and one of the places I resolved to visit was the Palais Royale. I shall never forget the wonderful evening I spent there; Whiteman's band was at its best. Although I went alone I did not feel out of place, and the beauty and charm of everything about it affected me most profoundly. I had some very fine lobster to eat; whether or not liquor was sold surreptitiously I do not know, but I do recollect that it was one of the most perfect evenings of my life.

Later, when a freshman at Yale, I often frequented the Palais Royale with a very charming young lady, and enjoyed it more than ever, as I was then able to dance to the inspiring music of the Whiteman band. The room had been remodeled and was

A Picture of The Gay White Way

By RUDY VALLEE

more enchanting than ever. Joseph Urban, I was told, had made a study of it and every point of beauty in the ceiling and architecture was arranged acoustically.

In the same Fall of 1922, accompanied by some members of the Yale Band, I visited several night clubs on the eve of the Yale-Princeton game at Princeton. At that time the "Boardwalk" was very popularly acclaimed on account of its excellent revues and superior orchestra. There was also the "Moulin Rouge," but the "Boardwalk" was one place which attracted all of us and which we enjoyed tremendously.

The couvert of most of the clubs at that time approximated four or five dollars. If I recollect rightly, the "Palais Royale" asked four dollars, and no one seemed to object to paying it. Prohibition had been more or less enforced for over four years, and yet the "Palais Royale" and the "Boardwalk" and similar Broadway places enjoyed a huge success.

There were the clubs on the outskirts, such as the Pelham Heath Inn and the Westchester Parkway places, but these I would not call typical night clubs; they were, as the name implies, *roadhouses*, to which one motored for dancing and dining. Rather, in my mind, does "night club" signify a club either on Broadway or in the heart of New York itself, with a floor show, a master of ceremonies, various types of acts with professional entertainers and a chorus of girls.

Down through the years 1923-1924-1925, there also came into existence the smarter type of club, often termed the supper club, such as the Club Royal. Then, too, followed the vogue of the attractive tea dances at the Plaza, the

Villa Venice, the Lorraine Grill, and many other places where J. W. McKee, Joseph C. Smith, Ray Miller, Eddie Davis, Larry Siry, Art Hickman, and many others enticed the feet of New Yorkers to dance. Art Hickman attained great popularity during his short lived run in New York; I have often wondered why he did not stay and achieve the same success that Whiteman did, as he was even a little in advance of Whiteman as a forerunner in smart syncopation. In fact it was through his Victor records that Whiteman flooded the entire world with his new idea of dance music.

I would have been very happy indeed had I been able to dance at these various places to the music of their respective orchestras, for there was an atmosphere and air about everything in those days that seems to have disappeared today. The change has been gradual; whether this alteration is due to prohibition, financial conditions, or merely to the differences in fads and tastes I do not claim to know. It would not seem to me to be economic depression, because I believe people will always spend money to entertain themselves and will usually find the necessary amount to go out when they so desire.



Above—A detail of the wall decoration of the now defunct "Heigh-Ho Club" of Don Dickerman. This was the scene of Rudy Vallee's first triumph as a baton wielder.

Below—Plenty of pep and enthusiasm when the Crooning Tenor entertains for New Yorkers at the Villa Vallee—an unusual picture of the author, never before published.



The type of entertainment in the more decorous night club—Moss and Fontanne, ballroom dancers of the Club Lido, who are now on a month's leave in order to appear before the English King and Queen.



Unquestionably the enormous increase in the number, prominence, and daring of speakeasies in the past four or five years have been mainly responsible for the downfall of night clubs and supper clubs as a paying proposition. When one reflects that there are over fifty thousand speakeasies in New York City alone, (over fifty mind you!) then, and only then, can we arrive at a clear conception of exactly what competition opposes the maintenance of an attractive but dry night or supper club. Membership clubs, like the St. Regis Roof and Grill encounter little trouble. They are established by the most exclusive of New York's society and are assured of a financial standing before they even begin the season; in fact, they do not welcome outsiders and are strictly formal, for they realize that that is an effective way of excluding undesirables. Of course, they are not averse to showing a profit, but they advertise only in the smart magazines and are solely interested in securing the right people as patrons.

Places like the Club Richman, the Montmartre, the Lido, El Patio, and many others (not to forget the place at which it is my pleasure to appear nightly, the Villa Vallee), are admittedly dry clubs where it is necessary to bring

your own liquor if you wish to drink. They are obliged to face a proposition extremely difficult of solution—that of adequately appealing to their guests without serving intoxicants.

FROM my observations of middle class and elite society both here and abroad, of society in general, or may I even say human beings in general, there is little or no animation and *hilarious enjoyment* unless there is a stimulant. Please notice carefully that I say "*hilarious enjoyment*," i.e. that New Year's Eve fervour which reminds one of a madhouse. Personally I am happiest where the excitement is moderately restrained, where one enjoys oneself in a reasonably quiet way, with conversation, dancing, good food, and refreshments at intermission. With the proper escort and the proper crowd I believe an evening may be very enjoyable this way, but there are people who seem to feel that unless there is over-loud laughter, an excess of back-slapping, hopping about, breaking of various eating utensils—in short, genuinely riotous pandemonium, then the party is

not a success.

I admit that to attain this state of ribald excitement at a party, liquor is a necessary adjunct. I have watched many parties which commenced as respectably enjoyable become white heat orgies. The casual factor is nearly always the contents of a bottle poorly concealed under the table, or the latent effects of potent drinks recently imbibed. I have seen too much of this not to be brought to a realization of the fact that liquor can make people forget their worries, cares and normal selves, and to make them become, as it were, "Mr. Hydes" for the moment; some of the most meek, humble and quiet people have become transformed after a few drinks into the loudest, coarsest and most unreasonable persons imaginable; and it does seem that there are many people who enjoy this sort of an evening. My inevitable contact with such situations has led me to realize that whatever one may think, morally, ethically or legally, about drinking, there should at least be one universally accepted rule; everyone with any innate sense of decency ought

to restrict his own share of liquor to that amount which he is *positive* he can drink without results that will render him a figure of annoyance, disgust or ridicule.

If one enters any quiet, refined club such as those I have mentioned, one will observe that even though everyone has brought his own liquor, and is drinking, the atmosphere is somehow kept quiet and respectable; but go into almost any speakeasy where there is a piano, a group of Hawaiians, two or three negroes around a piano, or even a dance orchestra as some of them have, and there you will find quite a different atmosphere. There are loud peals of laughter and many hectically gay groups. In the midst of it all one finds several parties eating, and eating delicious food at that! And that is where the speakeasy seems to surpass a respectable night club. To the speakeasy the young man takes his girl and begins the evening with the realization of one thing, and that is this—that he pays only for what he gets. The covert seems always to have antagonized certain people, but it is simply a means of paying for the band and entertainment. It is like a ticket to the show. A club featuring entertainment absolutely must have some means of paying for it; the profits on food and beverages like ginger ale are not enough. The young man who takes a girl to a speakeasy is steeped in an atmosphere of smoke and bad air all evening, as most of them are too small to accommodate the crowds they attract; then the young man is astonished that he invariably wakes up with a "hangover" the next morning! Besides, he doesn't save anything by going there. His guar-

antee concerning the quality of the liquor obtained



Above and right—Don Dickerman, "the most strait-laced night club proprietor in the world", attired in pirate costume to carry out the spirit of his unique Greenwich Village Rendezvous, "The Pirate's Den", where no liquor is served. Mr. Dickerman is also an artist and the black and white decorations for this article are from his clever pen.

there is no better than the assurances of a regular bootlegger, and the prices charged for it are, in most cases, so exorbitant that before the end of the evening he has spent as much as he would have if he had gone to a night club.

AS I have remarked before, the food in most speakeasies is of a very high order; the proprietors have sense enough to realize that with good food and good liquor, such as it is, the combination is almost unbeatable! But it is certainly not a matter of economy for the people who go there. They go willing to pay any bill presented them. There is a certain camaraderie in a speakeasy—the thrill of gaining admittance by a password, giving your card, or whispering through a little interviewer, being hastily let in and hearing the door slammed behind you—everyone locked together, as it were, with the very slight fear of arrest and the Black Maria hanging over everyone! In other words, the thrill of doing wrong is enhanced by the spirit of comradeship with a group of people whom you know and like, in most cases. Misery (or shall I say the thrill of scowflawing?) loves company.

Of course, too, a great many people like to drink for the sheer joy of drinking, and a speakeasy affords them an opportunity to do so. It also provides reasonably pleasant surroundings with others who want to drink and eat good food at the same time. The places that are combinations of speakeasies and supper clubs resemble both in some respects. I doubt whether these are numerous, and those in active operation constantly court the danger of a raid unless they are well protected. The

easiest way for an enterprising prohibition administrator to secure publicity is to raid a famous place, whether or not liquor is actually sold there. Everyone knows that in every place where people gather there is some drinking of liquor that the guests bring themselves. This furnishes sufficient grounds for the raid itself, as the proprietor of any place is supposed not only to warn his guest against bringing or drinking intoxicating liquors, but to refuse to furnish accessories.

There are the clubs in Harlem. Some do not welcome whites but cater strictly to their own colored group. It is not wise to attempt to enter these. Places such as the Cotton Club or Small's Paradise, especially the latter, furnish a great deal of entertainment for the out of town thrill seeker.

The Cotton Club is a respectable club with a most wonderful revue, beautifully staged with a line of very attractive colored girls. On Sunday nights various celebrities of the theatrical world are there and are always called upon to do something. Duke Ellington's band, one of the finest in the country, perhaps the finest, rhythmically speaking, holds forth and no one could resist dancing to it.

Small's is the place for the country relative you would like to shock. I am not going to attempt to describe just what goes on. Suffice to say that white men dancing with colored girls and vice versa, with singing waiters and a general atmosphere of ribaldry and fun makes Small's a most unusual place.

Down on the other end of Man-

hattan is Greenwich Village, with all of its odd and quaint places. Towering among all these odd places are the four that Don Dickerman himself created, devised, designed and built. I was very pleased to assist him materially in the building of the Daffydil Club. His other clubs, the Pirate's Den, which is ten years old, the Blue Horse, and the County Fair, are the most unique places of their kind. Dickerman is a specialist in artistic diversion and only he could create the type of place that he has there.

Dickerman is perhaps the most strait-laced night club owner and proprietor in the world; his clubs are all scrupulously clean in food, entertainment, music, and general atmosphere. He, more than anyone else, realizes just what the absolutely dry and refined night club is up against, as his places do a good business but are hardly worth the effort to keep them going. The Daffydil Club, which closed two weeks ago, was my own Sunday night hobby. It has been my pleasure to invite as many celebrities as I know and meet in the various theatrical fields down Sunday night, when we had a sort of amateur theatrical night with everybody doing a turn. Like the Cotton Club, it

(Continued on page 97)



Acrobatic dancers are features in the gayer clubs



The beautiful Central Park Casino (below), favored by the Four Hundred, presents a strange contrast to the usual down-in-a-cellar or over-a-garage club



*Atop Mount Vesu-
vius Travelers
Knew The Beloved
Miketeer By His
Voice Alone!*

*He Cried for
Joy At His
Welcome
Home Party*

HELLO, everybody. It's good to be where I can say that to you again. I'm so happy to be home again I can't find appropriate words with which to express myself.

If you should ask me what I missed the most since I've been away I believe I would have to say it was "mike" and that old "gang" of mine. It's a great old world in which we live and I've been seeing a great many of its highly publicized "sights" but, do you know, the greatest sight of all was the one I saw from the deck of the steamship which brought me back to the United States. No, it wasn't the Statue of Liberty in the New York Harbor. It was a thrill to see the lady through the rain that night, but the thrill of thrills came after we passed her, and the little terrier-like tugs were nosing the liner into position alongside the pier.

Someone, I think it was Jacques Benjamin, my assistant who accompanied me on the vacation, said, "Look at that crowd on the pier." I ran to the deck rail as though pulled by a magnet, sensing that somewhere in the assembled throng there might be a friend or two who had braved the weather to speak a cheery word of greeting to this returning voyager. A friend or two, did I say?

The pier end took on the appearance of a misplaced stage-setting. That is, the carnival-like atmosphere prevailing thereon seemed misplaced to me. Surely, I thought, a steamship pier is no place in which to hold a fiesta. Tiny flags were being waved frantically by a hundred hands. Above the din of the noisy whistles I heard my nickname being shouted. Then, above the heads of the crowd on the pier, I saw a banner carrying this message, "Welcome Home, Roxy."

I don't remember much that happened after that. Honestly, I don't. I couldn't see anything clearly. I tried to brush the water out of my eyes. It wasn't rain

That Old

By
ROXY



The newest picture of Roxy (S. L. Rothafel) — taken aboard ship.

get away from his or her work had made the trip to the pier. Some were still in make-up. In their anxiety to be present when the ship came in they had rushed directly from the stage to a taxi. That's my idea of loyalty and, bless their hearts, they know I'm a sentimentalist. Sometimes I think they like to see me give way to my emotions. But I don't mind. I saw drops of moisture sliding pell-mell down many a grease-painted face. And I knew they weren't raintops, either.

No matter what the philosophers tell you, I believe when all is said and done, it's sentiment that makes the whole world akin.

My vacation? Oh, it was one of these things, you know, when a fellow has been everlastingly at his job for so long that he believes he should "get away from it all." And that's a funny thing. If you have an idea that taking a vacation is going to get you away from it all I'm afraid you're going to be awfully disappointed. At least, that was my experience.

Of course, I had a wonderful time. But as I look back over my journeyings I find the high spots have to do with people, rather than the sights I so often went out of my way to visit.

These was that trip up to the crater edge of Mount Vesuvius. Ben and I made the ride up in the cable-car fairly trembling with excitement over the prospect of seeing the cone of the great volcano. In fact, the tourists in our car all seemed to be looking forward to witnessing an eruption, which, perhaps luckily for us, did not take place.

Clambering out on the rim we looked over the scene and waited forty-five minutes for something to happen.

But nothing did happen and Ben turned to me and said, "I don't think much of this show."

Now, rushing about Europe trying to see everything worthwhile is rather trying at best and having spent three quarters of an hour waiting for a famous volcano to do its stuff seemed like a terribly

which was interfering with my vision. I was crying for sheer joy and I didn't care who saw me.

The "gang" was there. Out there on the pier, in the rain. That old gang of mine! What a home-coming it was. Every employee of the theatre who could

Gang of Mine

Roxy had been abroad for three months in the summer and fall. Most informally I dropped in to see him in his library-office over the Roxy Theatre. It was my intention to tell the genial gentleman how glad the Radio fans were to have him back at the microphone again, but somehow everything was reversed and I found myself listening to Roxy as he told me how happy he was to be home again. My half hour with him was not in the nature of an interview. It was a happy-go-lucky discussion of his vacation, highlighted with Roxy's anecdotes of seemingly trivial happenings—incidents which go to make life so worth the living to this lover of life.

I wish you might all meet and know Roxy. He, in turn, wishes that he might personally meet and know every one of you, too. He's that sort of a man. Perhaps I may be able to paint a word picture of the lovable, enthusiastic, sympathetic Roxy if I let him talk to you—using, as best I can remember, the words and phrases he used when chatting with me. I'll try.

Doty Hobart

long time. I guess we expected too much. Anyway, Ben's remark seemed quite appropriate and I seconded it immediately with, "It's a complete bust."

A strange voice beside me said, "You're right, Roxy."

Turning, I faced one of the gentlemen in the party of tourists. "How did you know me?" I asked.

"I recognized your voice," he replied. Then, as he saw the puzzled expression on my face, he laughed. "Good Heavens, man, I've been hearing that voice on my loud speaker in my home in Battle Creek, Michigan, for several years now. I knew I couldn't be mistaken." And with that he introduced himself and the other members of the party. Various sections of the United States were represented by the little group standing on the rim of Mount Vesuvius. And what do you think we talked about? The "gang". Each and every one had some question to ask about Gladys Rice, Wee Willie Robyn, "Mickey" McKee, Frank Moulan and all their other favorites.

There you are. In trying to "get away from it all" and keep my identity a secret while sight-seeing I had stumbled right into a real homey gabfest that lasted until the cable-car deposited the entire party at the foot of the mountain. I think "a good time was had by all." I know I had a marvelous time telling those Radio friends from the States about the "gang".

But I did get away from "mike". Not

once did I get within twenty feet of a microphone while abroad. The closest I came to one was in Vienna. Ben and I attended a performance of Franz Lehar's operetta, *Das Land des Lachelns*, given in the Theatre Am Wien. From my seat in one of the stage boxes I spotted the microphone and learned that the operetta was being broadcast. It was a rather cheerful sight to see friend "mike" on the job and again my thoughts flew across the Atlantic to the "gang".

THE performance was a gala affair. On learning that I was to be present Franz Lehar conducted as only he can conduct his own work. The tenor, Richard Tauber, a great favorite in Vienna, was recalled innumerable times after his singing of *Dein Ist Mein Ganzes Herz*. Bows alone were not sufficient. Three times he was forced to repeat the song. The first repetition was sung directly to Franz Lehar, in the pit. Then Tauber embarrassed me by standing beneath the box in which I was sitting to sing, with appropriately changed words, *Dein Ist Mein Ganzes Herz*, to me! The third time he told the audience in song that it was all of his heart.

I'm sorry now that I didn't give more attention to European broadcasting, but as I have already told you, I went on a vacation to get away from it all.

Oh, yes, I did hear about an amusing program which is broadcast every noon

from a restaurant in Copenhagen, Denmark. As I understand it this restaurant has an exceptionally fine orchestra and, ostensibly for the sake of the music, a luncheon concert is put on the air. Now it seems that this restaurant is a great meeting place for out-of-towners who are in Copenhagen for the day and while the government, which controls Denmark's Radio activities, prohibits the broadcasting of personal messages, these transient visitors have found a way to circumvent this rule. As the orchestra plays, the guests in the restaurant leave their tables and file past the microphone, stopping before the instrument to emit either a laugh, a cough, a sneeze or some other throaty signal by which wives, husbands or relatives sitting at home before the loudspeaker may identify them. The gentleman who told me this story insists that it is a very jolly affair.

Well, I have seen the Blue Danube. Perhaps this famous river may, at times, live up to its name but when I looked from my hotel window in Budapest in search of its lauded color it was about that of very good coffee.

A friend of mine sent word that he had made a luncheon engagement for Thursday, at which I was to meet a Princess. The message was delivered to me on Monday but I wasn't the least bit interested in Princesses on Monday and as the week continued my interest did not, I am ashamed to say, increase.

Poor Ben! How he must have enjoyed that stay in Budapest. He tried to cheer me up but I simply refused to get happy. Did you ever see a person who thought he was having a perfectly splendid time being miserable? If you have, then you know how to sympathize with Ben for I know I must have been the pest of Budapest those three days.



Gladys Rice, a favorite since the early days of the "gang".

You could never guess what brought me around to semblance of my normal self. It was a Gypsy band.

Thursday morning as I sat propped up in bed the door opened and in walked eleven Gypsies, each carrying a musical instrument. Now I don't advise any doctor to prescribe eleven Gypsies as being the ideal dose of medicine needed for an ordinary case of sickness but I always shall believe that the manager of the hotel, who was responsible for the appearance of the musicians in my room, decided that I needed drastic treatment.

And what do you think they started to play? Yes, you are absolutely right—*The Blue Danube Waltz!*

At the sound of the first strains I rebelled and my shouts had the desired effect of bringing that selection to a sudden and untimely finish. I begged them to play anything but that. And play they did. Wonderfully. Gloriously.

Wild strains of their folk tunes rang out in my room and, in spite of my determination to stay sick, I found myself well again. Literally, the magic of music had put me on my feet again.

Yes, I kept the luncheon appointment and met the Princess.

QUEER, isn't it the idea we have of Royalty? My own idea, up to then, had been that a Princess was one of these stand-offish persons before whom mere human beings like you and me must bow very low and, did Her Highness permit it, kiss her hand.

Perhaps some Princesses are like that but not this one. Of course, when I was introduced to the lady I bowed. But not very low. She didn't look a bit as though she wanted to see me hump my

head on the floor. And she didn't offer me her hand to kiss.

What a regular fellow she was. We talked about music, dogs, golf and motion pictures, even as you and I. I told her about my family and she told me of her own life and of her husband, who is not a Prince at all, but a railway executive in Hungary. Of course I told her all about the "gang."

And that's the way it was during my entire vacation. The people I met meant so much more to me than the sights I went so far to see.

When we were in Berlin I dragged Ben out on a window-shopping expedition. From Unter den Linden we journeyed along Friedrich Strasse as happy as two kids on a lark. Here we could mingle with the crowds and no one would be liable to recognize us. Pasted on the window of a little restaurant I spied a bill of fare and paused to read it. The one item which commanded my attention was "sausages and mashed potatoes" and I must confess, after having lived on the best of the land at the various hotels, I actually craved sausages and mashed potatoes. I never remember wanting anything quite as badly before as I did a meal of sausages and mashed potatoes. And, furthermore, I didn't see how anyone could desire anything else that was on the bill of fare, so I insisted that Ben must also have sausages and mashed potatoes.

The place was fairly well filled and, as we were unable to obtain a table by ourselves, we sat with a very dignified be-whiskered gentleman who had just ordered his dinner.

Now, it is difficult for me to eat at the same table with a person and not strike up some sort of a conversation,

and it wasn't long before the gentleman and I were chatting. Then came an exchange of cards. The one I received was large and as expressive of dignity as was the gentleman himself. It seems he was a retired Obermeister from a little town not far away. I watched him as he read the cards we handed him.

VERY graciously the Obermeister stated that it was a great honor to meet "Herr Rothafel" and "Herr Benjamin." And what do you suppose we talked about? Believe it or not, the principal subject was "beer". We learned that the water which goes into the making of beer is responsible for its grading, which is why, according to the good Obermeister, all beer is not of the same quality. It all depends on which part of Germany the beer is made.

And for once I actually was able to "get away from it all." I'm sure he'd never heard of Roxy and how I did enjoy my "sausages and mashed potatoes" as I listened to his dissertation on brewing. He was a great old scout but I'm glad I don't have to wear the Obermeister's whiskers.

Speaking of whiskers reminds me of what happened as the steamer reached Quarantine on its way into the New York Harbor.

Early in the evening I had gone to the Radio operator's quarters and listened to the program being broadcast from the studio of the Roxy Theatre. It was "gang" night and Milton J. Cross was in charge. Familiar voices singing familiar songs! In my mind's eye I could picture the studio in its nook high above the stage and the realization swept over me that I was really and truly back. Then



The original gang, when Roxy first went on the air. Left to right; top, Eugene Ormandy, Melaine Dowd, Dr. Billy Axt, Mme. Elsa Stralia, Louise Schearer, Frederick Jaegel, Yascha Bunchuk, Bruce Benjamin; seated, Carl Scheutze, Nada Reisenberg, Edna Baldwin, Roxy, Betsy Ayres, Evelyn Herbert, Editha Fleischer.



I heard Milt say, "Welcome home, Roxy. We know you are listening in somewhere down the bay. Welcome home." I was home!

That was the start of a series of thrills and from then on they came thick and fast.

At Quarantine reporters boarded the ship. As the ship moved toward the North River I talked with them and at the same time tried to pull into my very soul as much of the picture of the approaching New York skyline as I possibly could. I wonder what I told those gentlemen of the press? I have no recollection of saying anything.

Then, all at once one of the boys pressed forward.

SAY, Roxy, we've just discovered a violinist who came over on this ship with you. He's a steerage passenger and has just learned that you are aboard. He wants to meet you. Hey! Come on, you! Here's Roxy if you want to see him."

A poorly dressed figure shuffled forward, a violin case under his arm, his face glorified with a set of whiskers which outdid the Obermeister's. A pair of sharp eyes peered at me beneath an old slouch hat.

Those eyes belonged to but one person in the world and I knew that person.

The next minute I had gathered the violinist into my arms in a bearlike hug that must have driven the wind out of the man's lungs. They tell me I was shouting at the top of my voice. "Take 'em off, Erno. I know you!"

It was Erno Rapee. This orchestra conductor who has been with me so many years had obtained permission to board the ship at Quarantine and in an effort to give me a real surprise had disguised

Here's what you'll see when television comes—the Roxy Ballet. And on page 35 is another treat for your eyes—Patricia Bowman.

himself. But Erno couldn't disguise his eyes.

Then came the meeting of the "gang" at the pier. It's ten years now since the original "gang" made its first broadcast. There have been a lot of changes in personnel since then and many additions. It's wonderful though how a "gang" member respects his or her membership. They may leave for other work but when they are in town they never fail to drop into the studio on the night of a broadcast.

Just the other night as Harry Breuer was playing a xylophone solo I spied "Mickey" McKee, whose birdlike whistle was so familiar to the "gang" fans a few years ago, on the far side of the studio. "Mickey" is located in New Orleans now but during a recent visit to New York she had popped in unexpectedly to see the "gang." A fairly quiet reception in honor of her return was in progress but I caught her eye and motioned for her to leave the group and come over to the mike. Then I whispered to her, "Whistle the chorus of this number with Harry." The selection was *The Wedding Of The Birds* and without any hesitation "Mickey" whistled an obligato accompaniment. After the number was over I thanked Mickey for her impromptu bit and told the audience what had happened.

But that's the way with the "gang." They're loyal. Once a member, always a member. And I just can't help telling the listeners-in how proud I am of each

and every member. If I can't be dignified (and who wants to be?) I can get sentimental. And if ever a man had some-

thing over which he can be sincerely sentimental I am that man over that old "gang" of mine.

... Yes, I know I'm watching the clock. The schedule here on my desk tells me that I am due at a "mike" rehearsal in five minutes. And mike is an exacting master. He demands punctuality from his subjects. In more ways than one—"what he says, goes." But I have learned that he'll work hard for you, too, if you treat him as a friend when making your contact with the great listening-in public. The reward for gaining "mike's" good will is both spiritual and practical. Of course you have to be sincere and dead on the level with him. You can't just use "mike" for a good thing. He's too wise. He has a way of going straight to the hearts of the people and if you don't succeed in touching those hearts genuinely, the fault is yours, not "mike's." He delivers your messages just as you give them to him.

HE'S helped me in so many, many ways that when I begin to check up on what he has meant to me I am convinced that he probably has been the most valued and indispensable friend in my long career.

Oh, yes. Before I rush away I'll let you in on a little secret. I'm planning to take the "gang" on the road for a concert tour. And Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink has promised to accompany us. What do you know about that? Yes, she's one of the most loyal members of the "gang", bless her heart. But I must sign off or I'll get in Dutch.

"Goodbye, and God bless you."

How It Feels to in a **Crashing**

By

Lowell Thomas

*Description of His Most Thrilling
Experience—when he was Almost
Broiled Alive in a Blazing Plane*

I ALWAYS had an idea that I would do a lot of traveling, and I often wondered when and where my big thrill would come. My travels haven't ended yet, so perhaps my most exciting experience hasn't happened yet.

My greatest thrill up to now did not happen in forbidden Afghanistan, or the frozen North or far-off India, as one might imagine. It came quite unexpectedly in romantic Spain in the form of an airplane crash.

Tied for second place are adventures and unusual experiences that began as far back as I can remember. Fourteen men were shot down before my eyes in the riots in the mining section of Cripple Creek, Colo., when I was eleven. A year later I saw some strikers bomb a train, blowing the cars to atoms and hurling their occupants in all directions. How many were killed I don't recall.

Then there were thrilling adventures in Alaska—far above the Arctic Circle, and the battles on the Allied fronts from the North Sea to Persia during the World War. Still etched indelibly on my memory are the historic conflicts in the Arabian Desert between Colonel T. E. Lawrence's wild Arab army and the hostile Turks. It will be a long time before I will forget a night back in 1919 when I was caught in the line of machine gun bullets fired by a group of German revolutionists in the streets of Berlin during the revolution that gripped the Central Powers following the signing of the Armistice. I was wounded, but not seriously.

One of the great thrills of my life was the telling of my illustrated adventure tale of Lawrence and Field Marshal Viscount Allenby to more than a million people, among them the crowned heads of six countries.

Having addressed visible audiences in all parts of the world for many years, I felt something of a thrill the day executives of the Literary Digest summoned me to the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York City for an audition for the rôle of their "Radio voice." For it meant that for the first time in my life I was to address an unseen audience, that no one would be present while I was talking. It was a most unusual sensation.

Each day brings me a new thrill—the thrill of preparing and presenting my nightly broadcast of "Topics in brief—the news behind the news." There is that same excitement, that same battle against time that one encounters each day in "beating the deadline" on a newspaper.

But the airplane crash in the south of Spain still holds first place. It was my narrowest escape from death.

IN 1926 my wife and I decided to go on a flying tour of Europe for the purpose of studying aviation and for pleasure. We spent seven months of continual flying over virtually every mile of Europe's new airways, covering more than 25,000 miles in every type of plane used on the Continent. It was the longest pas-



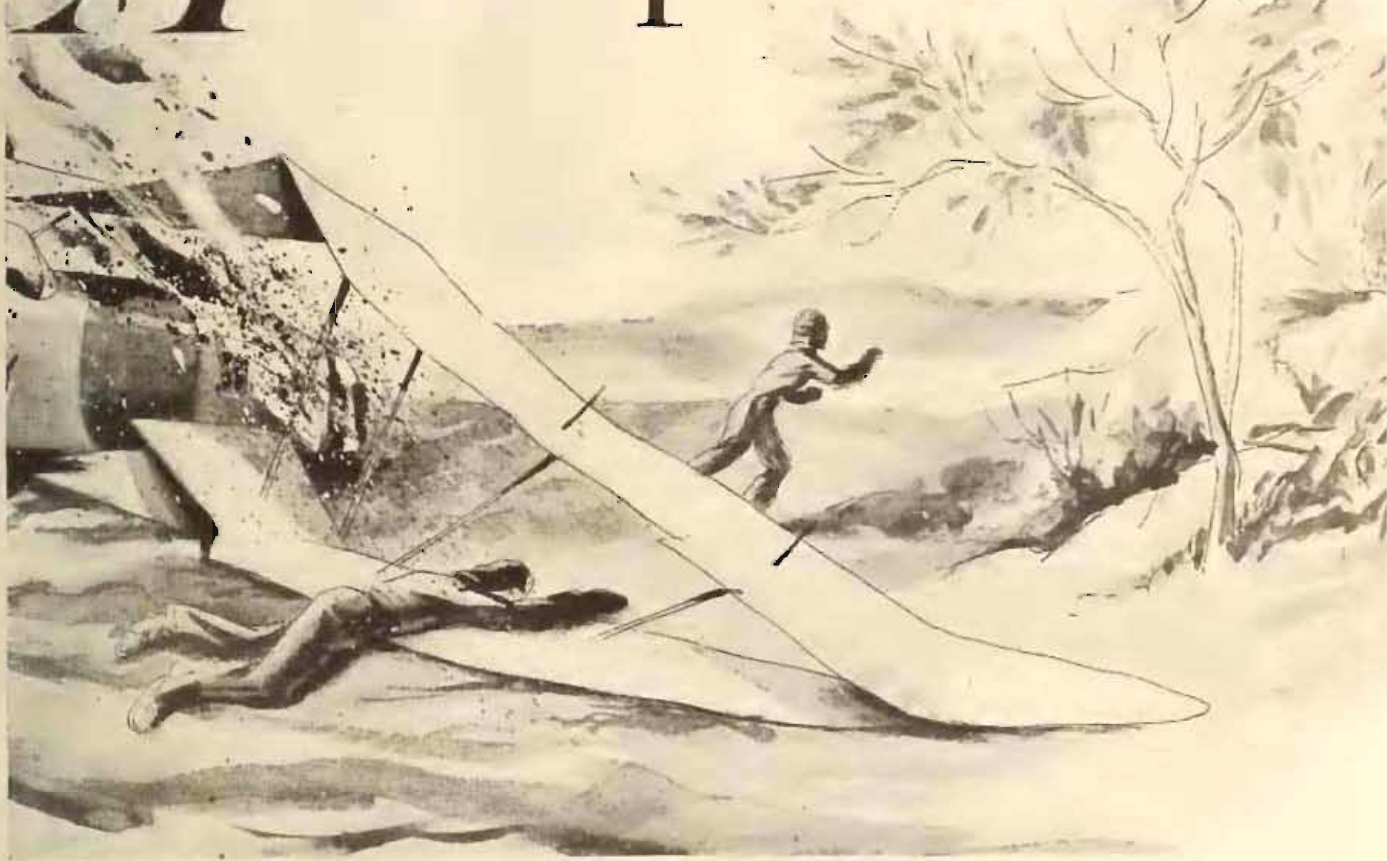
senger air journey up to that time.

From London to Asia Minor and back, from Paris to Poland, from the Balkans to Manchuria and from Moscow to Spain, we flew through every type of weather with only one mishap—a nose-dive into a lonely Spanish valley on a flight from Paris to North Africa. Mrs. Thomas was my constant companion on these flights. It is a curious coincidence that the only trip she did not make was the flight on which the crash occurred.

Having just flown over Russia, to Finland and then to Berlin, my wife and I sat down one day to discuss our next destination. We had seen enough of Germany for the time being and were in a mood for adventure. Civilized countries begin to get on one's nerves after awhile, and we had knocked about in the outlands long enough to like them best. As usual we ended by growing weary of hotel bell-boys, automats, limousines and movies, and experienced a craving for the barren wastes of Waziristan, the kampongs of Malaya or the even

FALL Three Hundred Feet

Airplane



As the plane crashed to earth it burst into flames. We all dived head first over the tattered fuselage. Never in my life had I moved with such speed

wild tundra plains of the Far North.

"Well, where shall we go?" my wife asked, travel literature in a pile before us.

A study of the library of air-route folders we had collected on our travels revealed that there was a regular and apparently quite satisfactory and comfortable sky service between Paris and Morocco. Morocco, it is true, is no upper Amazon or inner New Guinea; but still, Africa is Africa. So to Paris to take an Africa-bound plane.

OVER the river Elbe, a large forest, a fine chateau, a great plain, a small river—the Ober, and a few factories and we were at Hanover, our first stop. From there to Cologne for another brief pause, and thence to Le Bourget Field.

I was for setting off immediately for Morocco, but Mrs. Thomas would have none of it. It was quite true that we were on a flying tour of Europe. There was, however, one thing we had neglected; shopping. Mrs. Thomas impressed this

upon me. Here we already had been in Europe nearly seven months and she had not bought a single new frock or hat. It was all right to fly from Paris to Morocco, as we had planned, but now that we were back in Paris she was not going to hop right off again on the next plane. In fact, she was going to stay in Paris at her own sweet leisure.

"You fly to Morocco," she said. "while I flit about Paris."

And so it was that I started out alone on an aerial voyage, the itinerary of which was to be Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Perpignan, Barcelona, Alicante, Malaga, Gibraltar, Tangier, Rabat, Casablanca, Fez, and return. That was the way the tour was intended, but it turned out somewhat differently. Because of her shopping tour of Paris my wife missed two forced landings, the second of which was the crash.

At Le Bourget Field I climbed into a Bleriot-Spad. It seemed like a toy in

comparison with the big ships of the air in which we had flown for so many thousands of miles lately. Into the air we winged our way and were off on the first leg of our journey. Over miles of beautiful country with trim fields, graceful hills, towns nestled in valleys, lakes and chateaux we flew to Lyons. From there we continued on our way without mishap, making stops at Marseilles, Perpignan, Barcelona and Alicante for mail.

AT ALICANTE, in the south of Spain, we changed planes. After he had made a few adjustments, the pilot, Paul Noailhat, a mechanic from Perpignan, and I hopped into the plane and were off. We had traveled only a short distance and were about to fly over the jagged Sierra Nevada Mountains when something went wrong with the motor. It began to miss and knock and make weird noises, but despite this the pilot kept on

for several minutes until he sighted a flat stretch of desert. We circled round and round until Noailhat decided it was a fairly safe place to land, then came down.

As soon as we came to a stop, the pilot hopped out, pulled off a mask he had been wearing, his fur-lined boots and flying suit, and struck out in search of some habitation in order to telephone back to Alicante for a relief plane. Under a broiling sun, with dozens of Spanish peasants looking with wonder at us and the plane, the mechanic and I waited for the pilot for more than two hours. When finally he returned he brought us the news that he had found a telephone and that a relief plane ought to arrive shortly.

The three of us stretched out in the shade of the lower wing for another half-hour to get what relief we could from the furnace-like heat. While we were watching the antics of the Spanish peasants, who frankly regarded us as freaks, we heard the hum of the engine of the relief plane. A moment later we saw it circling in the cloudless sky—a mere glistening speck a mile above us.

Seizing a pile of faggots he had gathered, Noailhat held them under the engine, opened a valve and soaked them with gasoline. Then he ran into the middle of the level space where we had landed, touched a match to them and sent up a column of smoke as a signal to let the other pilot know the direction of the wind and where to land.

The second plane made a perfect landing. Out of it hopped the chief of pilots from Alicante and an expert mechanic. Instead of trying to repair our ship, they immediately switched the mail and all our baggage into their plane, the idea being that we could push on without delay while they could repair our disabled motor and then fly back to Alicante in our plane.

In fifteen minutes the five of us had transferred the mail, and Noailhat, the mechanic from Perpignan and I were in the second ship ready to take off. Our

Waving adios to the chief of pilots and his mechanic, we went roaring across the desert. We had come down on a fairly level stretch of twenty or thirty acres, but just beyond were big boulders, stumpy olive trees and a mule. We roared nearer and nearer the trees, and it looked as though we were going to pick up the mule and take him along with us on our jaunt through the air. The plane gave no sign of leaving



Shopping in Paris was more thrilling to Mrs. Thomas than my tale of escape.

the ground, although we were running with the throttle wide open. It looked as though we were headed for a smash, the sort that Captain Rene Fonck had with his trans-Atlantic ship at Roosevelt Field. But Noailhat throttled down and switched off just in time.

Noailhat swung the plane around and taxied back to the other plane where he held a consultation with his chief from Alicante. Our pilot insisted that he had used every ounce of power in the engine. The chief then turned to the Perpignan mechanic who was sitting in the rear cockpit with me, and asked him if he was bound for Africa on company service and whether it would make any difference if he got out and waited a few days. Then he told him to get out and lighten the load.

But just as my fellow-sardine was throwing his leg over the cockpit the chief changed his mind, told him to crawl back, and ordered Noailhat to take a longer run this time. He said we ought to be able to get more speed with a longer run and thus manage to get into the air. If we could, it would be all right, he said. If we failed, the mechanic could get out and fly to Fez a few days later.

So once more we went roaring over the bumpy field. This time we seemed to have better luck. Two-thirds of the way across the flat towards the olive trees she bounced into the air and started to climb. My companion from Perpignan smiled and heaved a sigh of relief, because he was anxious to get on to Fez and

had no desire to be marooned in the Sierra Nevada.

A second or so later we were about

three hundred feet above the olive trees, but she was not climbing as she ought to. Then we started to veer to the right. There was something in the way we were turning that made me feel instinctively that all was not well. In turning in the air a pilot always banks over, tipping the plane either in one direction or the other. This is one of the elemental rules of traveling in three dimensions.

But we were turning flat and losing flying speed. We got around and were facing in the opposite direction when, in what seemed like a split second, she nosed down.

The sensation of an impending crash is almost indescribable. For a second you dangle helplessly in the air; then there is a rush of wind in your ears and it seems as though the earth is leaping up at you.

As we started to plunge downward I glanced at the French mechanic sitting facing me. His eyes were wide with terror. His shrill screams penetrated the roar in my ears. Perhaps I screamed, too.

Then the crash came. From blazing sunlight we suddenly had dived into a world of blackness, caused not by unconsciousness but by a shower of earth that erupted over us and the plane like a volcano.

AS THE plane crashed to earth it burst into flames. The pilot yelled, the mechanic yelled and, for all I know, I yelled. Apparently the same thought flashed into the minds of all three of us—that the plane was in flames and that we would be cooked alive.

The pilot and the mechanic, although gravely injured, dived head first over the tattered fuselage at the same time I did. Never in my life, except that night in Berlin when the machine gun started spitting at me, had I moved with such speed.

Scrambling to my feet I staggered a



Mrs. Thomas greeting her husband at the flying field.

faces by now were as red as fire from the blazing sun to which we had been exposed since early morning.

few yards to get clear of the plane, expecting the gasoline tanks to explode at any minute. The pilot and mechanic lay inert where they had fallen, groaning and crying.

For the shortest time I paused to look at what had been an airplane not long before. The engine was still making curious, unearthly noises like the death-gasps of some monster. Gasoline was pouring from the tanks in cataracts. Fortunately it did not explode. This was due, no doubt, to the pilot's instinctive act of switching off his ignition the moment the plane began to nose down. He knew what to do; it was not his first crash.

THE plane was a mass of tangled wreckage. The shock had smashed the tail assembly and broken the fuselage as though it were only a slick being broken over one's knee. The wings were crushed and twisted. The under carriage and wheels had been flattened out like pancakes. The mail and baggage compartments, shaped like torpedoes, and suspended from the lower wing, had been smashed to bits and the Moroccan mails were scattered all around the scene. The propeller had vanished into nowhere—all except a small piece which I later retrieved as a souvenir. Every part of the mail plane was wrecked—except the two cockpits.

After a quick glance at the wrecked plane I ran to Noailhat first because he had been sitting in the front cockpit right behind the engine, and I imagined that he might be in far worse shape than the Perpignan mechanic. Noailhat was holding his head. I pulled the mask off his face and saw a tremendous bulge on his forehead. He was clutching his chest as though he might be injured internally.

After hauling the pilot out of range of the gasoline tanks in case they might explode, I turned to the mechanic who had blood streaming down his face. I dragged him some distance from the burning plane.

It was several minutes before the other two airmen whom we had left on the

ground when we started and the crowd of Spaniards arrived at the scene of the crash. They had been about a quarter of a mile away. At first the country folk stood around, wide-eyed, apparently too frightened to offer any help. They acted as though it were all part of some weird show they had come to see.

Our throats were choked with dirt and sand that had shot up over us. I tried to get the peasants to go for water, but they all stood around shouting to each other but doing nothing. The chief of pilots from Alicante and his mechanic,

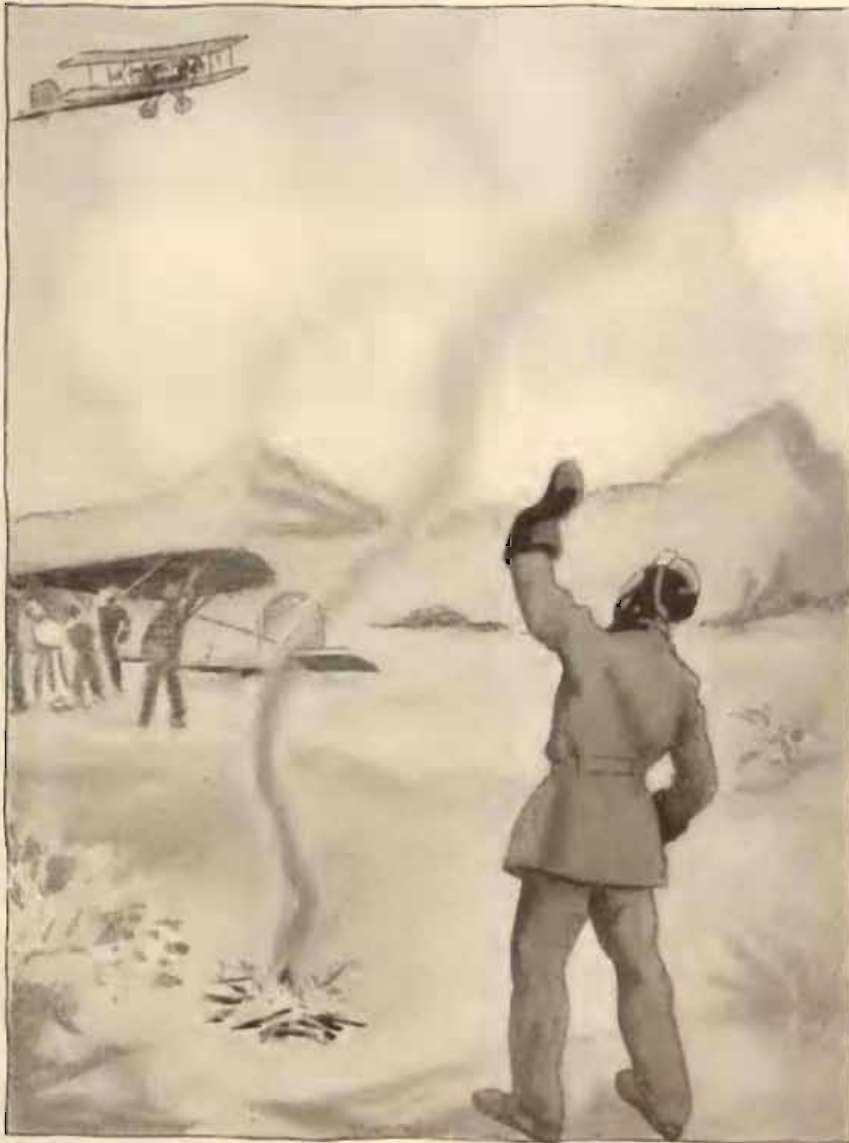
For the first five minutes or so after the crash I felt no effects from it whatever except that I was covered with a layer of dirt from head to foot. Apparently none of my bones was broken and I was not cut. I had been too busy vainly trying to do something for my less fortunate companions, to think of anything else. But now that the crowd had gathered around and the other two airmen had gone off in search of water, things began to swim before my eyes and I crumpled up a bit. My heart was pounding like a trip-hammer, and aches and pains were springing up all over my body.

Despite these bruises and aches, I felt a curious glow of exhilaration. I was hilarious and wanted to laugh, to laugh in that idiotic way I had on another occasion, when a dose of gas knocked me out on the Italian Front during the World War. And when I looked at the plane and saw how completely wrecked it was, I wanted to do a Highland Fling for joy. It seemed too good to be true that any of us could have been in that smash-up and climbed out of that crumpled-up pile of wood and metal alive.

PROVIDENCE certainly had smiled benignly on us, for our escape was about as miraculous as any escape could be. Our smash was of the kind that had snuffed out the lights for so many airmen ever since man first learned to fly. When you go into a nose-dive at 300 feet above the earth, there is no chance in the world of straightening out your plane, and in nine cases out of ten you are in for it.

The Alicante mechanic, with his big bandanna handkerchief tied over his head like an Arab sheik, arrived in a little while carrying an earthen jug full of water. We poured some of it down the throat of the wounded mechanic, who had become unconscious. Then a motherly Spanish peasant woman moistened her apron and held it against his throbbing forehead and washed off the blood that covered his face.

(Continued on page 10.)



The drifting smoke from a pile of blazing faggots gave wind direction to the other pilot, landing to rescue us.

however, started off on the dead run.

As each minute passed, the injured mechanic, who had been sitting in the rear cockpit with his knees interlocked in mine, grew weaker and weaker and his face began to puff up. Both eyes were swollen completely shut. As the gasoline had emptied out on the sand by then and the danger of an explosion had been removed, I stretched him out in the shade of one of the smashed wings.

Tony Cabooch (Chester Gruber) is putting the mazuma away—and how! Here he is below, being handed a velvet-lined contract by Sponsor President August Busch. And Phil Dewey, right, the tenor Adonis who sets feminine hearts a-flutter, puts 57% of his money into stocks and bonds—good ones, recommended by an investment service.



Preparing for

By EVANS E. PLUMMER

OH FOR the life of a Radio star! Why? Well, it's this way. If figures don't lie—and the statistician isn't a prevaricator—I have it doped out this way:

That Radio stars save 60 per cent of what they make. Play that on your mid-get receiver and worry not over the declining days of those who amuse you via the loud speaker. I know because I asked them. And the answers also showed that the savings are split in this fashion:

Buying homes, 16.6 per cent of income; other real estate, 1.64 per cent; insurance, 7.5 per cent; annuities (this British habit hasn't become popular here yet), 0.4 per cent; other savings not itemized, 8.4 per cent.

Not being an expert trust officer or budget designer, I really can't say whether the above spread is just the way it should be. But as a financially irresponsible magazine writer who has to depend on his poor wife to guard and guide his editorial revenues, I find myself really unable to choose strong enough words to express my amazement at such thrift and providence.

When assigned to the nose-y title of this yarn, "What Do They Do with Their Money?", I began to get worried over the advancing ages of some of the air's best wisecrackers and what was to become of them. However, after taking such a sock on the button as this 60% savings news, I have stopped my anguish. Radio stars are taking care of the future. I see very plainly that I will have to tread the primrose (?) path toward becoming a luminary of the ether, that is, I'll have to if ever

I am to achieve a lifelong ambition of having the president of the bank (that now tolerates me) snap into it every time I enter or leave his polished brass stronghold and humbly shout across the marble to me, "How'd'ya do Mr. Plummer," or "Come again, Mr. Plummer," as the case may be.

Well, the averages are very interesting. Still, I have a catty idea that the figures some of the airshots gave me are ideals rather than facts. In other words, they gave me the kind of a budget they were TRYING to keep, rather than the one they really WERE keeping. Even so, their intentions are good. Good intentions—hmm, what is that proverb about good intentions? Well, never mind about that right now.

BUT back to the monetary battle. Now, after saving 60 per cent of their money, how do you suppose the big mail-pullers toss away the remaining 48.8 per cent of their coin? What's that? You say 60 and 48.8 per cent equals 108.8 per cent which is 8.8 per cent more than the average income? Yes, I know, but that is the way the average figured out, so I suppose some of the boys have incomes or something they haven't told Deke Aylesworth or Bill Paley about. Probably holding out on them—or the wife.

Anyway, clothes take 7.7 per cent; rent (for the non-home buyers), 12.6 per

cent; food, 15 per cent; transportation, 3.2 per cent; recreation, 1 per cent (so you see they are so hard at work they don't have time to spend anything); extension of education, 2 per cent; church and charities, 7.4 per cent.

Another interruption, sorry. You and Rosie O'Grady know that no soprano or contralto can get along with only 7.7 per cent of her income spent on clothes. You are right. The ladies were a little careless about giving me detailed information. The figures are averaged from answers

to questions put to married and single males who sparkle in the ether. The ladies, while they admitted they like nice figures and work hard to get and keep them, plus the awesome info that they spend a "terrible" lot on clothes, waves and facials, refused to get personal and name definite per cents spent hither and thither, here and yon, on this and that.

And get a living room full of this: I told you I was worried about the futures of the crooners, announcers, balladeers, radactresses and batoneers. I was so worried that I asked them what they thought the "popularity life" of a Radio star was, and what the same was for an air principal not starred. Guesses on the star life ran from two to ten years and averaged 4.25 years. Guesses on the principal's span of working years varied from "for-

The Three Bakers, below, are so smart they might be called the three wise men—Baker Pratt, is putting it away with a P, Baker Sherman is Socking it in the bank with an S, and Baker Rudolph is Repeating their tactics with an R. And Mary Hopple, left, took out voice insurance and is saving dimes besides.



that *Rainy Day*

ever as long as satisfactory" down to five years. Two-thirds of the stars gave the first answer, or words to that effect. The other third's guesses in years gave a mean of 8.6 years.

Now pupils, let us do a little problem. If an airshot makes between \$10,000 and \$100,000 (a number do better than that) a year, or an average, say, of \$50,000, how much will he or she have salted away by the time the Radio critics begin to talk about how good he or she "was once"? Let's call the star's life 6.5 years. Then 6.5 times 60% times \$50,000 equals the answer, or \$195,000. Now during the 6½ years the interest, say 5%, on the money as it is saved, will raise the total in that period, even without compounding, to \$225,000.

So with a tear in his or her eye, the star resigns from the mike with a scant quarter-million to keep the wolf away from the door, to the tune of over eleven thousand wolf-chasers each year in interest earned, not touching the principle. Hmm—I must start saving some of these days!

Just think—one million, two million, three million—and say, I almost forgot to tell you all of the financial remarks I heard when I interviewed the bigtimers. The opening to this paragraph reminded me of one pair who are said to be sweeping up all the loose change not glued down under cigar counters. Yes, I mean Amos 'n' Andy, or Freeman F. Gosden and Charlie J. Correll.

"We'd have to spend hours over our files," A & A told me, "to give you an itemized budget, but anyway, here is the

plan. We try to live modestly and both of us spend a great deal of time at home, as you know.

"We try to save as much as we can, and fortunately for us, we believe we started our plan of saving properly. Our savings are distributed over government bonds, common stocks, insurance, annuities and trust funds. All investments are endorsed by one of the largest banks in Chicago, which bank is our advisor, and all are made in reliable companies who are the leaders in their respective fields."

Now for the wisdom and consultation of the Three Doctors—pardon me—the

WHAT DO THEY DO WITH THEIR MONEY?—

They Bank 60 per cent of their Income, they say, because they Think the Average Working Life of a Radio headliner is only Eight and a Half Years!

Three Bakers of CBS who have been tickling you since the first of the year, but have kept grin wrinkles on the faces of Chicagoans for half a dozen years. How about it, Baker Rans Sherman?

"Life is short. Get it while you can. And put it in the sock!" quoth Baker Sherman meaningly, for Sherman a year and a half ago happened to have his money in the wrong bank—the one I borrowed from—and it crashed, of course.

"What do I spend for clothes? Very little," he added. "Maybe seven per cent, which includes a fur coat for the wife."

"In several years, if necessary," kidded Baker Pratt, "I can go back to 'plumbing'. I lived before the advent of Radio and can do so again if the bubble ever bursts—which I hope it doesn't."

And Baker Rudolph simply answered, "My plans for a 'rainy day'? Holding onto it while I get it."

"Pratt, in his jovial dumbness," Rans Sherman spoke for the trio of funsters, "spoke of his days of plumbing ere Radio took him to its bosom. Joe Rudolph has always been a musician and can depend on that, and I always have been in the insurance business, so I guess I can go back to that in a big way, I guess.

"Is broadcasting a safe business? Will it last? To the first question I answer: It's safer than a helluva lot of other businesses Pratt and I have seen go up in smoke. To the second: Radio is one of the soundest and promises to be one of the longest lasting businesses ever developed. If it goes sour on us, we can always, as a unit, go vaudeville for at least a year, and the dough (not speaking as a baker) would be excellent.

"However, we all three are socking it away. Personally, I keep myself so tied up with mortgages, and keep buying good securities on time, that my best friend couldn't borrow five bucks from me. I never have that much to spare!! It is my own ambition to take my wife and family (of one) to Europe and travel for a few

years before we get so aged and wobbly we won't be able to enjoy Paris or climb the Alps. You'll find that of those artists in Radio today that were on the stage yesterday, many will continue their lax, easy come, easy go ways, but then they never could realize that there might be a rainy day in their lives."

Cryptically replying to my questions, the clever author and actor of Sunday at Seth Parker's and Uncle Abe and David—Phillips H. Lord—showed the exact average of sixty per cent going into savings. Of this, buying a home takes 20 per cent of Lord's income, stocks take ten per cent, insurance ten per cent, and other savings total twenty per cent.

"I believe," Lord said, "that the preparation for a 'rainy day' is all important, because if it is not prepared for, it always hangs over one like a gloomy fog."

Here's what another comedian—or perhaps I should say philosopher—believes about saving. You know him—Tony Cabooch of Anheuser-Busch, whose right name is Chester Gruber.

"You ask me, what I do with my money? Well, I've provided my family with a nice cozy bungalow furnished to a king's taste, bought ample insurance, and expect to offer my daughter Florence (recently graduated from high school) a college education.

"By applying the gifts that God has so kindly blessed me with, I am receiving a princely compensation for my Radio work, and, you bet, I am getting a real kick out of life by helping my less fortunate brothers and sisters. Charity has always been my middle name, for I had many a hard knock in boyhood and know just how it is.

"After all, I would rather help someone else than amass more material things than I really need. One of the most enjoyable pieces of work I ever did was broadcasting for the St. Louis Star Clothing Relief Fund last Christmas to get clothing, shoes, food and fuel for the poor.

"Retire? Why I never expect to quit. When a man retires he doesn't live any more! The inspiration and cheer that I get from my fan mail keeps me in condition physically and mentally, and you

can tell the world that "Tony Cabooch" will keep 'pooshing 'em up' as long as they make Radios—and when a fellow receives over 3,000 letters in one day, well, would you quit?"

No sir, Mr. Gruber, I certainly would not quit, especially if I was paid \$1,500 a week, no sir!

If your set pulls in the 50,000-watters, especially WENR, you know Mike and Herman, the Irish-German giggle squad represented out of the studio as Arthur Wellington and Jimmie Murray. One of the few budget reports I didn't tabulate was theirs. Upon adding up Mike's I found he was spending 265 per cent of his income and that Herman was doing Mike

reported to be the highest paid in the business. How about it Jessica?

"I don't own a home and am not contemplating buying one soon. My present circumstances are more conducive to 'chasing rainbows'. I think I am not exaggerating when I tell you that fifty per cent of my salary goes into study, which I consider excellent investment toward better work and fresh performances constantly.

"Stocks? That's a painful subject at the present, but I'm an optimist and am spending more money now than ever before.

"Clothes for studio and personal appearances are a big item. I dress for my Radio audience always, just as if they could see me, and I always take extreme care to look my best. I believe in insurance—especially for women, for they never have a man's point of view about money.

"But the best investment is *health and hard work*. Everything else takes care of itself—with, of course, slight exceptions."

Which statement proves that the ladies, bless them, have a lot of expenses we males don't have to worry about. Here's Mary Charles, of CBS. Let's ask her what she does with her money.

"I save mine," Mary answered. "I even have a small coin bank at home and keep it

near my telephone so that I can drop in an occasional nickel. It helps to pay the telephone bill. I also have a checking and savings account, that works this way. I save my pennies, but am inclined to spend large sums without thinking. You know—pennywise and dollar foolish."

AFTER looking over Jessica Dragonette's and Mary Charles' budget schemes, I decided to keep them out of the "averaging". It would look bad for the thrift of the airshots. But Mary Hopple has a plan. Here it is, in her own words:—"For a year or more I've been saving dimes. I don't know how much I have saved in that time, but it has come to this: If I ever let a dime go out of my hand, I'm sure I'd have to be unconscious. If ten cents have to be



Mr. and Mrs.—Jo and Vi of Graybar fame,—are friends although (or maybe because) they're not married to each other. Here they are—Jack Smart and Jane Houston—counting their chickens. Sometimes they count 'em before they're hatched, too.

about one hundred per cent better. Not being so good at higher mathematics, I couldn't reach those figures.

However, Mike replied seriously, "When a man has reached my age, the thought uppermost in his mind is 'What is to become of me in my old age?'. The answer is to save your money, and you won't have to depend on charity or relatives—so little Arthur is saving, but, at the same time, giving a little."

And his partner, Herman, said, "Every now and then Herman buys an umbrella for the 'rainy day', and he already has quite a jardiniere full of them—if his friends haven't borrowed them and forgot to return them."

Enough of the comedians, philosophers and males. What about the lovely ladies? Let's ask Jessica Dragonette, prima donna of the NBC Cities Service Concert, and

spent, it will be two nickels, not a dime."

But she doesn't know how much she has saved in silver, for she admits that as a business woman she will fall down to the bottom of the list. Who then, Mary Hopple, induced you to take out *voice insurance*? That's a whole lot more business-like than some of these stars admit to being. * But maybe the insurance agent was just a good persuader.

Now, for "Mr. and Mrs." of the air, who don't happen to be that out of the studio. I mean Graybar's skit on CBS in which "Joe" is Jack Smart and "Vi" is Jane Houston.

"My husband," said Jane, "not Joe, takes care of my finances, I being the usual feminine dumbbell when it comes to business. He invests in preferred stocks mostly and a good deal of it is in Westchester real estate. My one and only—positively my final appearance—on the financial stage was when my hubby was away from the city during the Florida boom. I decided to augment the family coffers, and before my friends stopped me from making further payments, I dropped two thousand in cold cash, so now I'm cured. Am not a savings bank hoarder, because it's too easy to get it out. It has to be tied up real good to keep me from spending it."

"Your answer to my money problem," replied Jack Smart, "was put on the air under the masquerade of Joe's troubles last December. If you remember, Joe Green got reformed of poker because he lost his shirt. There was a lot of truth behind that fiction. But if I was thrifty, what would I do with the lucre? I don't know what I'd put it in because bonds and real estate are just names to me, but I'm not worried about that because I never have any money to spare anyway."

Poor fellow! He'll have to learn the trick from Amos 'n' Andy. But how about the Crumit's—Frank and Julia (Sanderson)—of CBS and NBC?

Quoth Julia, "Would save my money, or I think I would, if the fashions didn't change so often. So instead of stocks, I put my cash in (buying) stockings, and instead of bonds and banks, it goes into perfumes, powders, paints and pins." While her life and Radio partner, Frank, said, "I save for about a week after every new year. Why? Oh, just to buy beer when it comes back. Seriously, however, the income outgoes into various things—bonds, real estate, savings and insurance. Of course, I don't worry about my checks when Julia can meet the mail man first."

ONE more family—the Smiths. By the time this article appears in print I hear rumors that the "Smith Family" of WENR will possibly have gone chain. The family is a big one, but its dad and author, Harry Lawrence, has a different slant on "rainy days". After explaining that he is unmarried, let's hear him philosophize:

"Thrif't's a habit like cigars or pee-

wee golf. Nurse it till it becomes a habit and it's practically painless. A pocketbook with a double chin is the richest kind of upholstery against socks of a 'crool' world.

"I'm no authority on saving. By accident I once saved, but the bank's blonde cashier got another job, and I haven't saved a nickel since. Save your pennies until you have a dollar and then go out and spend the dollar. There are no pockets in shrouds, as Conan Doyle used not to say. The road to the hereafter carries passengers but no freight. Why save it and have the agony of leaving it here? Who's going to simonize your tombstone with tears because you've left them a thousand or two in your will?"

"Save for your old age? Heh, heh, I'm leffing. You can't eat caviar with china grinders. You can't see Ziegfeld's cuticle cuties with glass eyes. You can't make whoopee on crutches. Spend it now and have a lot of fun along with making the country prosper."

After listening to Lawrence, I'm inclined to elect him to the post of chief advertising copywriter and propagandist for the "Buy It Now—Give Men Work" campaign. But here's a fellow who won't let you forget about the moist days in the future—Phil Dewey, NBC vocalist. What does a tenor do with his money?

Well, Dewey puts about 7 per cent into real estate, 57 per cent into stocks and bonds, and 5 per cent into insurance; a total of 69 per cent of his income. The rest of his budget shows: education, 4 per cent; recreation, 3 per cent; clothes, 4 per cent; rent, 6 per cent; food, 5 per cent; transportation, 4 per cent, and charities, 5 per cent.

MY plan, endorsed by an investment service, may never make a rich man of me," said Dewey, "but at least I won't die in the poorhouse. A bank president some months ago said to me, 'What a splendid opportunity you have for building up a solid estate and a steady income for yourself and family. Why, when I was your age, my salary was —.' He didn't consider that when I reach his age, my singing days will be *finis*. However, he was right in that I have a chance to build up a variety of investments for that inevitable 'rainy day', and that is what I am doing—building an income."

Another minstrel of old-time songs, folk and hill, is Bradley Kincaid of WLW, WLS and NBC. Kincaid shows about 60 per cent savings and replied to me thus:

"Being of Scotch ancestry, I am a great believer in the principle of saving—building an estate. No one is fair to himself or those dependent upon him, who spends all he makes. The more he makes, the more he can spend—and should save. Plenty of insurance is in my estimation a mighty good investment, but I have all I can carry,—agents not wanted.

Now let's look over a few announcers. Here's Jean Paul King, of the Chicago

NBC staff, and an up-and-comer or I'm no prophet. Said he:

"I'm saving my money for a home—an English cottage which I'm going to have one of these days. I know one can't last forever. Some of these days I want to retire and when, or if, I do, I want to try to write the 'great American novel'. Radio is a young man's business—we all grow old—so I save."

HERE'S a voice you know—Bill (W. G.) Hay, the chap who starts and ends Pepsodent's Amos 'n' Andy skit six nights a week over three different chains of NBC stations. Having known Bill for years on end, way back from the time he began trilling the world and his r's from Hastings, Nebr., I know he's not rolling in wealth. Several eastern newspapers reported he was cut in on the fabulous A&A income, one paper even saying he drew a third. He doesn't. In fact he gets not one red cent from Pepsodent, A&A or NBC. Hear his reply:

"The report on my income is vastly exaggerated. I use my money to pay my bills so that I can look my creditors in the face. Of course, I expect Mrs. Hay to outlive me, so I carry plenty of insurance. I said *plenty*, and that means that solicitors need not apply.

"I don't own an automobile, but do try to contribute my share to the charities. What is a Radio star's 'life'? Just as long as he can shine and scintillate."

But don't worry about Wayne King. There's a lad who has it all "figgered" out. You see, King is a business man as well as a baton waver. He was handed a C. P. A. certificate by Valparaiso University, and before playing the notes, he used to count and add them. The only chance Wayne has of going broke is possibly in having made a mistake in his arithmetic. No C. P. A.'s ever do that.

Who could be more appropriate to conclude this message of thrift than Lowell Thomas, the Literary Digest newscaster, who has a habit himself of ending his nightly mike appearances with a "punch line" or trick story? Thomas, America's most interesting lecturer, world famous adventurer and story finder, usually takes the vast fortunes he has earned and throws them back into the next uncertain but alluring exploration.

The game is exciting but costly. Sometimes the returns are good; sometimes not nearly equal to the investment. But listen to the globe trotter himself tell you:

"I hope to keep rambling along until I go for my last trek to explore the Far Country whence no traveler ever returns. In the meantime I'm trying to sock it away. But I've tried that before—and I'm a rank duffer at saving.

"As for the 'life' of a Radio star, I haven't the remotest idea, but I like to think they all ought to be at their best when they are between sixty and eighty like Chauncey Depew, Voltaire, and hosts of others who are famous in history."

You Can Believe It or

says Robert L. (Rip) Ripley

BELIEVE it or not, RADIO is not a new word. The word was pronounced and defined RADIO nearly two thousand years ago. The word goes back into the archives of ancient history and is to be found in the Talmud, the literal translation reading: "Radio . . . a voice that goes from one end of the world to the other".

The ancients' prophecy has come true with the Radio now reaching far out to the end of the world, entertaining and enlightening millions of persons of the two hemispheres.

To me the Radio is a most important medium for reaching the followers of the "Believe It or Not" drawings; a vital factor in imparting a wealth of interesting information brought down from the shelf of time and history.

Radio audiences today demand accuracy and reality of their performers. So in gathering material for the "Believe It or Not" programs, I have had to wander to the far ends of the earth in a relentless search for oddities of an unbelievable nature. My travels have already taken me through seventy-nine differ-

ent countries, and there are still many foreign lands to be conquered.

Crashing through to the remote corners of the two hemispheres, my wanderings have brought me face to face with the Ever-Standing Men of Benares, the Human Inch Worms, the Hindu Faquir who held his hand aloft for fourteen years until birds built a nest in his palm; the Moroccan emperor, Moulai, who had 83 brothers, 124 sisters, 2,000 wives, and 888 children; nail-men whose nails grow until they pierce their palms; and sky-facers, who hold their faces rigidly upwards until unable to bend them back.

GETTING off the main highways of Greece, we find the "City of No Women", a city of 7,000 where no woman has ever set foot; we find the city in which the people have been wearing mourning for 600 years in memory of one man, and the town of 25,000 people confined in a single house. And then some bystander reminds us that there is a curious Greek custom decrecing that

men shall wear skirts and women trousers. And we have some material for a "Believe It or Not" broadcast.

Among the South Sea Islands we learn of Queen Vaekhuha, the Cleopatra and Helen of Troy of her country rolled into one, who evidently believed in trial marriages. The South Pacific queen married no less than 400 husbands. Some one relates the story of the Sultan of the Malevidians, the only person in his kingdom privileged to become obese, any other subject growing fat risking immediate execution.

In Switzerland we find that there really was a Swiss Navy, one of the oldest of navies, which navigated on the lakes covering three frontiers, and that there are yet several retired Swiss admirals. As a



Mulai Ismail (Emperor of Morocco) was the father of 888 children.

**I SAW THIS SADHU AT THE DASASHWAMEDH GHAT.
HE SITS LOOKING STEADILY AT THE BLAZING SUN
FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET — without blinking his eyes.
HIS LEGS HAVE WITHERED AWAY FROM INACTIVITY —
BUT HIS EYES SEEMED NORMAL.**

RIP'



Famous Cartoonist Tells How He Collects "Queeriosities" For The Radio Audience

(Written especially for Radio Digest)

I TRAVELED through seventy-nine different countries . . .

I SAW the city of 7,000 where no woman has ever set foot

I PRESENTED to the Radio audience the female Floyd Gibbons, who talks $8\frac{1}{2}$ words per second, without stuttering

I SAW the nail-men whose nails grow through their palms

I PROVED that Washington was not first president of the United States

I RECEIVED a 47-word message with an address . . . on the back of a two cent stamp

Not!

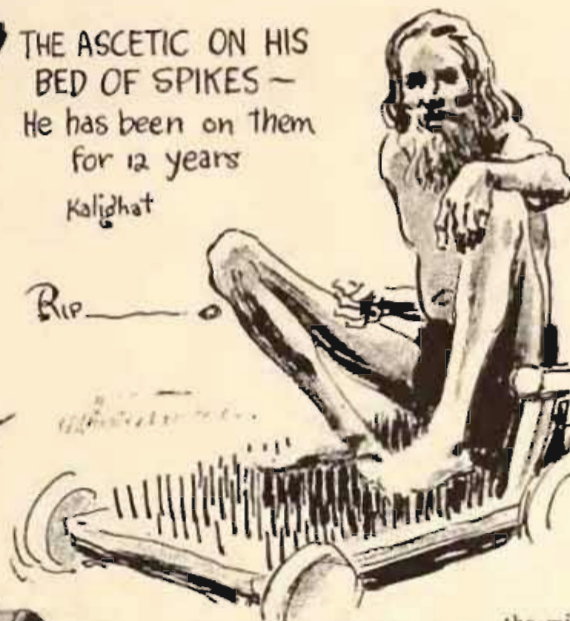
THE ASCETIC ON HIS
BED OF SPIKES —
He has been on them
for 12 years
Kalighat



further disillusionment, I find that I will have to explode the story of William Tell through the microphone, because we discover that there were never any apple trees in the state where Tell lived.

Up through sunny France to its great metropolis we find that the original name for Paris was Mudlands, so they called the French "Frogs". More air-chatter for the weekly broadcasts on "Believe It or Not".

BY DELVING into the facts of history I have been able to gather queeriosities for Radio fans. And some of the real facts of history tell us that Columbus never set foot on North or South America; his name was not Columbus but Colon; he was a Spaniard and not an Italian, and never wrote a word of Italian in his life so far as records and his diary are concerned. Turning a few pages we find that the Declaration of Independence was not signed on July 4th; that



All over the world Robert L. Ripley pulled out his pencil, rested on the nearest trunk and drew "queeriosities."

John Hancock was not the author; that Massachusetts is not a state, and that there are only 44 states in the Union.

ONE of the pet American illusions was shattered over the air only after long research—that Washington was not the first President of the United States. The traditional story may be all right but John Hanson, of Maryland, was the first President. Although there had been meetings of the Continental

Congress from 1774 on, it was not until 1781, when Maryland signed the Articles of Confederation that a union of all the original thirteen states became an actuality. John Hanson, who signed for Maryland, was then elected President of the United States in the Congress assembled in 1781. George Washington himself addressed Haason as "President of the United States" in reply to the latter's message of thanks upon the occasion of the victory of Yorktown.

When I told a Radio audience some time ago that baked beans did not originate in New England, that they had baked beans in Egypt thousands of years ago, that King Tut-Ankh-Amen issued his admonition to his priests forbidding them to eat baked beans under pain of death, it seemed that the entire population of Boston and environs swarmed down on me angrily, besieging me with rebuking letters, demanding proof. And once again the truth is far stranger than fiction. The same sort of thing happened when I went on the air and stated that

John Paul Jones was not an American citizen, that his name was not Jones and that he never commanded an American ship. The lull in a storm of indignant letters came only after adequate proof had been sent out.

Of the interesting personalities presented on the "Believe It or Not" Hour, Cygna Conly, only rival of Floyd Gibbons, exponent of rapidity in speech, brought down the house. She spoke at the phenomenal rate of 8 and 1/2 words a second, reading Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in 32 seconds.

ZARO AGHA.

the 156-year-old Turk, whom I discovered several years ago in my travels, was brought before the microphone and with wild gestures in the affirmative showed no signs of Radio fright.

Fan mail arrives at the "Believe It or Not" office at the rate of 2500 letters a day and more than one million letters, from every nook and corner of the two hemispheres, arrived during the past year.

They came in batches and alone—from newspapers carrying the "Believe It or Not" drawings, from Radio fans, from the diamond mines of South Africa, from the jungle fastnesses of Brazil, from all the great cities of the world, from towns, villages and hamlets. They poured in from lonely squatters and settlers in the remote corners of the earth, from the European countries, the Far East, the lands of the South Seas, and from the length and breadth of the United States.

Mail arrived from towns of almost unbelievable names and addressed in all sorts of ways. A letter postmarked Santa Claus, Indiana, slipped through the mail one cold December morning and almost broke up the equilibrium of the office, while others with the stamp of Hell, Norway, and Darn, Ohio, received their share of comment.

Recently a Radio fan sent in a 47-word message with an address, all written on the back of a two-cent stamp. It came through the mail from San Francisco to New York in regular order, without an envelope. This is the smallest letter I have ever received.

The Radio letters that arrive every day come from people in all walks of life. Early morning strap-hangers and commuters as well as retired business men write in. Government officials, politicians, and business executives as well as the laboring man send in letters.

Most of the mail is inspired by questions of a "Believe It or Not" nature, aroused by the declaration each week of oddities and strange phenomena over the air. They send in their queries, thousands arriving every week. Simple little puzzles and conundrums receive much attention.

(Continued on page 102)

Is a Comedian Funny

MRS. FRED STONE

WHAT'S Fred Stone like at home?

On the stage he is a bubbling, irresistible boy, full of pranks and acrobatic tricks. A flash of his smile and the audience succumbs. From coast to coast, in small hick towns as well as sophisticated, blasé Broadway, he enjoys magical popularity.

Comedians have a reputation for being tragedians at their own firesidé. Morose. Temperamental and bad tempered. Their gayety and laughter is a mask for the world. Their wives and children know a different story.

But five minutes with Mrs. Fred Stone dispels this legend so far as her famous husband is concerned. Fred Stone is a happy, warm-hearted man on and off the stage, in and out of the calcium's radiant glare. He is adored by his wife and children just as much as he is by his audiences.

When Mrs. Stone speaks of her husband, there is an affectionate look in her eyes. The look of a woman who not only deeply loves her husband, but is deeply loved in return. She does not say it in so many words, but it is evident that she feels she is married to one of the finest and kindest men in the world and that her marriage is a fairy tale come true—the kind in which the Prince and Princess marry "and live happily ever after."

Certainly the hand of Destiny was in their meeting. Both of them grew up in Denver. She, as Allene Crater, was the daughter of one of the most prominent business men in town. She knew nothing of Fred Stone, born in a log cabin on the outskirts of Denver. Each traveled a different path in life—but both

had their eyes on the theatrical firmament from their earliest childhood.

Then, when Fred Stone was starring with Dave Montgomery in *The Wizard of Oz*, it so happened that he had considerable trouble with the part of the leading woman. He had to engage, in

Opinion of

mind, and a nimble sense of humor. She is modern and progressive in her ideas, but yet she has an old-fashioned view of marriage. She possesses a high sense of responsibility toward her nuptial vows. She has never hesitated to place her husband and children before any other inter-



Carol Stone, the youngest of the three daughters, is at home with her mother.

succession, seven young women. The director offered the part twice to Allene Crater and she refused it. The third time she accepted it, and when she stepped into the show as the eighth leading woman, she little dreamed that the shuttle of fate was flying fast, weaving a glittering fabric of her life.

When Fred Stone learned her name, he immediately remembered her as the pretty blonde girl who used to drive a pony cart in Denver. They talked about home and the old ranch life. That night he invited her out and it wasn't long before they found that they thought and felt about each other in very much the same way.

Certainly if Fred Stone had traveled the world round, he could not have chosen a more ideal mate. Mrs. Stone is a charming, cultured woman, with a tolerant

est in life, even when it meant curtailment of her career.

One can readily believe her, therefore, when she quietly states that there has rarely been a word of dispute or altercation in their home. That her husband and she are just as eager to be together as they were in the first year of their marriage.

"Fred Stone is an intrinsically generous man," she said when discussing the reasons for their marital harmony. "It is especially true where money matters are concerned. There is nothing so humiliating for a woman as to have her husband dole out money to her in bits. To ques-

to His WIFE?

Reveals Her Frank

Famous Actor-Husband

In an Interview with LILLIAN G. GENN

tion her as to what she did with the last dollar and what she expects to do with the next one. I consider Fred Stone generous not because he writes a big check. But because he never questions me about it. "He never interferes in the management of the house. He realizes that that is my little world and I know best how

inventive ability that he exhibits in his plays is just as facile off the stage. He's always thinking of things to do. He's never quiet. If he isn't absorbed in something definite, he becomes restless. That's why he always has a dozen hobbies in which he's interested."

Sometimes these hobbies prove to be expensive propositions for the family purse. For example, at one time Fred Stone was imbued with the idea of raising polo ponies. He bought 2300 acres of



Mrs. Fred Stone says that in all her years of marriage, she has never known a bored moment.

land, a whole carload of Texas mares, and a stable of full-blooded Arabians. This came to grief, through misplaced confidence, and the next thing that engaged his mind was a tree nursery. He wanted to plant a forest of pine trees and let them grow on his 2300 acres of land. He ordered five thousand trees and for once in his life nearly bored his family to tears by quoting tree catalogs. Long before it was necessary, he hired a man to dig five thousand holes where he wanted the trees planted.

"Naturally, after weeks of talk," related Mrs. Stone, "we were agog to see these five thousand trees, and we all lined up on the ranch to await their arrival. You can imagine how shocked we were to see someone bring in only a bundle of little switches."

Mr. Stone likes sports of any kind, and he enjoys going on hunting and fishing trips, usually with Rex Beach, his brother-in-law. When he returns he has great tales of adventures with which to regale his family. At one time he chartered a boat for the coast of Greenland and he brought back enough bear skins for every room of the house.

DURING these trips Mrs. Stone goes to the country or the seashore with the girls. Whereas other wives might harbor a grievance at being left alone, Mrs. Stone encourages her husband to take these jaunts. She believes it is refreshing for his mind and spirit to be able to go off with other men and forget the routine of life.

"I don't think any husband and wife should see each other every day of the year," she said. "Each should have a brief vacation to enjoy alone and when they return, to tell each other their experiences. Constant association can frequently smother a marriage to death."

Fred Stone was keenly disappointed that he didn't have three sons instead of three daughters. He had planned a wild and woolly ranch life for them. But today he thanks whatever gods there be



to run it. Similarly, I never try to dictate to him or to control him. He may discuss the pros and cons of a problem with me, but the decision rests with him. Consequently, we each live our lives without getting in each other's way.

"Fred has an easy-going disposition and is really lots of fun. The children adore being with him. There is always something doing when he's around. In all the years I've been married to him, I've never had a chance to become bored. The great

The "Stepping Stones"—left to right, the head of the family, Paula, Mrs. Stone and Dorothy. Since the comedian's serious airplane accident, some member of this feminine trio is always by his side, to pamper and lavish care on him. No wonder he's glad, now, that all his children insisted on being members of the softer, more loving sex!

that he has three daughters. He's petted and lavished with care by them. They even baby him. Since he met with his airplane accident he has never been alone. At present he's on the road with *Ripples*, and since Mrs. Stone is at home with the youngest daughter, Dorothy and Paula take turns in staying with him. Neither will ever leave him alone.

He's brought his girls up, however, as though they were sons. From their earliest days, they were taught to ride and to swim. Out on the ranch they were rough Tomboys and wore boys' clothes. But once they were in the home, they changed to frilly dresses, assumed their manners, and became ladies. With such daughters, Fred Stone is satisfied all around.

He has always loved to play make-believe with the girls. At one time, at the instigation of Douglas Fairbanks, they all became Knights of the Round Table. Mr. Stone was King Arthur and Mrs. Stone was Queen Guinevere. They addressed each other in old English and wrote their letters on parchment. While Mr. Stone was on the road, the children held "the forte" for him. When he returned home, his knights, together with the neighbor's children, prepared to give him a royal welcome. The expensive French dining-room was turned into a gloomy banquet hall, lighted by candles in beer bottles. With swords held aloft in their hands, the knights sang the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Fred Stone, as King Arthur, entered with solemn dignity. He was arrayed in pajamas and a high top hat. On his feet were huge rubber boots. There was a rubber dagger in his belt and his chest was bedecked with medals.

The knights did not giggle at this sight, but the Queen had a strange muffled expression on her face. When called upon for a speech, she could only issue strange sounds.

THIS, of course, was long ago, but there is always a game of some kind going on in the Stone menage. Their world of make-believe does not end with the falling of the stage curtain. They live in it all the time.

Fred Stone has never scolded or disciplined the children. He may try to reason with them; but he usually prefers to let Mrs. Stone handle the job. They have always been given everything they want, therefore, if Mrs. Stone refuses them anything, they know there must be a good reason for it.

They all make it a point to be

together at dinner hour. Conversation is always kept general and light. No problems are discussed. No arguing or bickering is permitted.

"Many people," Mrs. Stone told me, "bring their worries and grievances to the table. Every meal is a scene of sad discord. But our family has made it an unwritten law never to discuss anything disagreeable at the table. The result is that our dinner hour together is the big occasion in the day. I know that I will always look back to those hours as the most delightful ones in my life."

MR. STONE had not wanted Dorothy to go on the stage. She was a frail creature and he thought that the life would be too hard for her. But from the time she could walk, she danced.

As a baby, she traveled with her parents on the road. Mrs. Stone would place her

on a high chair in her dressing-room, pin up her golden curls, and give her the make-up box to play with. She adored experimenting with grease paint on her face. As she grew older, she would stand in the wings and watch her parents play. After the performance she would ply them with questions.

One day, when she was eight years old, she put on a red shirt, a pair of trousers, an old pair of shoes and blackened two front teeth. She came into the breakfast room, where her father was eating, and gave an imitation of him. There were tears in Fred Stone's eyes as he watched his tiny daughter. He knew then that he could not deprive her of a stage career and from that day on he took her in hand and gave her the best that his years of experience had to offer.

Everyone knows how Dorothy took Broadway by storm on the day of her debut. She is now a star in her own right and while she has received dazzling offers to head her own company, she will not consider anything that will part her from her Dad. However, with Paula, the second daughter in the cast, and Carol, the youngest, impatiently awaiting her turn, it is inevitable that Dorothy will have to go on her way alone.

The three girls are very good chums. Mrs. Stone is very proud of that. For she would rather they would quarrel with anyone else, if necessary, than with each other. Dorothy and Paula have many beaux, but they are never so delighted as when they can persuade their Dad to get into a dress suit and take them out.

"**F**RED isn't interested in social life," Mrs. Stone said. "He likes to entertain a few friends in his own home, or spend his leisure outdoors. When we're in New York, he enjoys going to see the other shows. But that's all. He's a man with simple tastes and he leads a very simple life. He doesn't care for anything ostentatious in his home. He dislikes formal, elaborate meals. Our menus are always plain, but wholesome ones."

Another thing he dislikes is to shop. The very thought of going into a dry goods store, terrifies him. Once in, he would rather purchase anything the salesman offered, than gainsay him. That's why anybody can sell him anything. He would like to buy a dozen suits, all the same material and color, and let them do for a year. But Mrs. Stone wisely begs to go with him.

(Continued on page 100)



"Fred Stone loves to see the feminine members of his family well-dressed and pays bills without a murmur"—what a husband to have!

Front Centre For Radio Drama

Putting The Spotlight on Vernon Radcliffe, Who'd Rather Starve in Dramatics Than Feast in Business

By Harriet Menken

MANY people I meet turn deaf ears, not to mention dials, to Radio drama, so that being a flag waver in this field necessitates a crusading spirit. I think this negative reaction has two fundamental causes. The first is the nature and environment of the particular individuals I contact in this dizzy medium we call living. They are sophisticated New Yorkers who, with a shrug of the shoulder, an incredulous lift of the eyebrow, know that after the last liqueur has been quaffed, they may bend their footsteps to the legitimate theatre at their door. And so Radio drama is for them a boring or non-existent factor. And even when they become Radio-wise I think the theatre of the air will only become an accessory for these individuals.

I do not hold with the little clan of serious Radio thinkers whose enthusiasm peoples all corners of the earth with success for Radio drama. In large cities we do not need to resort to the air for Shakespeare and Shaw, for Barry and O'Neill. But no one who has not read the millions of letters from fans or traveled through the breadth of the countryside knows what

good Radio drama means to the people who dwell on sunlit hills, in quiet dales, in torrid tropics, in desert spaces, in leafy forests, in struggling hamlets, in mining towns, and Main Streets where their only Juliets and Camilles must come to them from the theatre of the air where the populace may listen to their drama while sewing buttons on baby's dress or smoking their evening pipes, without fee, at the turn of the dial.

The other reason for the attitude of

thumbs down on Radio drama is, I think, the lack of knowledge possessed by cocktail-drinking, jazz-loving New Yorkers of what is really on the air. Radio is a new art and much of its drama is unspeakably poor, perhaps even a mite worse than the weak sisters in plays the legitimate stage gives us. Most plays, books, and movies fall below our desires, and the same may be said of the infant, Radio drama, but it has this advantage, that it is an infant and not too young to learn.

While there are several dramatic hours on the air worthy of mention, the outstanding figure today, I think, in this field is Vernon Radcliffe. Mr. Radcliffe

has given you two hours: *The Radio Guild* on Friday afternoons at WJZ, in New York, and the network of the National Broadcasting Company, and the *Shakespeare Hour*, Sunday nights, also over the National Broadcasting Company Chain.

He has given you in the *Radio Guild* such plays as: *The Climbers*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *The*

Romantic Age, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *An Ideal Husband*, *Michael and His Lost Angel*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Sea Woman's Cloak*, *Mr. Pin Passes By*, *The Green Goddess*, *Hedda Gabler*, *The Doll's House*, and dozens of others; such playwrights as Ibsen, A. A. Milne, Oscar Wilde, Pinero, Clyde Fitch, Dunsany, and St. John Ervine. In his *Shakespeare* program you've heard *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *The Tempest*, *Twelfth Night*, *Hamlet*, *Richard III*, and *The Merchant*



Vernon Radcliffe, power behind the scenes of *The Radio Guild*.

of *Venice*. Whoever you are reading this article and almost wherever you are, you may tune in twice this week and hear theatre at its best.

For Mr. Radcliffe gives it to you that way. When I've attended rehearsals I've watched him direct with a certain spiritual, rarified quality—a trace of idealism—a spark of life—a hint of romance, that makes his theatre of the air glowing and alive, and gives other directors on Broadway and off something to emulate.

Vernon Radcliffe is tall, with aquiline features, a sensitive face and a smile that illumines an otherwise serious mien. He was born in Brooklyn in 1889 where, at Adelphi Academy, when only fifteen, he was chosen to play E. H. Sothern's rôle in the senior class play, and he continued his theatrical proclivities at Arherst College, where he became president of the Dramatic Association. On leaving college Mr. Radcliffe took a Broadway engagement as an actor in *Life*, a Brady production. Belasco subsequently offered the young aspirant a rôle, but the war thundered along and he joined the Signal Corps. When peace was declared, Mr. Radcliffe entered his lucrative period financially. He went in the advertising business and became successful, but the theatre beckoned, and when the Neighborhood Playhouse offered him a rôle he couldn't resist. Then began a period in which the now other director decided to

(Continued on page 96)



HARRIET MENKEN, Author of this article, is an outstanding figure in the New York Radio world. She conducts a weekly Theatre Column at Station WOR, and is on the staff of the *Evening World*. Haunts the studios, has interviewed almost any Radio star you can name.

Radio Rallies Nation to

BETTER TIMES

*Rich and Poor Answer Call to Fight
Hosts of Fear—Millions for Defense*

LATELY America has witnessed a rebound of her invincible war time spirit. The Enemy has been put to rout mainly by the aid of the most powerful weapon the world has even known.

We were invaded. The silent hosts of Fear swept over the land from city to city. Markets retreated to the trenches. No markets, no production. No production, no work. No work, no pay. No pay—destitution, eviction, hunger and the End.

Into the night of this tragic scene crawled the Red Worms of Russia spreading their poison slime of hate and conflict.

Brave men and brave women picked up the faltering banners. Rich men and poor men stood shoulder to shoulder and bent to the fray. Employers pledged to keep their payrolls intact. Many launched vast new enterprises to give

employment to additional thousands. Workers tithed their wages for months to come to share their earnings with those who had no work. "Buy now" became a battle cry to sweep the lines of merchandise into action.

And what was the greatest weapon in the hands of the righteous?

Radio. It knocked at every door, put courage in every heart, filled the war chest with ammunition and turned the breadlines into wagelines.

The Emergency Aid Committee organized the country with quotas to be raised. Broadcast time was volunteered right and left to sound the call "to arms". The largest cities were the ones toward which the unemployed flocked. New York was asked to raise \$8,000,000.

Almost at the first call came an answer from the aged philanthropist, John D. Rockefeller and his son John D., Jr.

They turned over a check for \$1,000,000 cold cash. Then other large donations were received. The women were asked to raise \$500,000. Women of wealth and personally untouched by the pressure of the times gave freely not only of their money but of their own personal efforts.

In the final drive Mrs. Vincent Astor stepped to the NBC microphone and spoke as follows:

By MRS.
VINCENT ASTOR

IT IS a privilege for me to speak in behalf of the wonderful undertaking of the Emergency Employment Committee, particularly from the point of view of the thousands of women and children whose husbands, long out of jobs for no fault of their own, today have some reason for smiling in the face of the widespread economic depression.

To those of us who have

been following the daily papers, there is a tendency to think of the situation in terms of unemployed men. We forget, perhaps, that the hardest battle against poverty, under present conditions, is being fought by the women in the homes made destitute by the inability of the breadwinners to get work.

It is not difficult to imagine what these women are up against. While their men go out each morning to search for work, the mothers must sit at home, caring for babies and small children, nursing the rapidly diminishing stock of food which stands between them and starvation, placating the demands of the landlord for the long overdue rent.

But even more serious than the physical needs is the mental strain which they must suffer. While their men at least have the activity involved in their search for work, these mothers spend hours of the day in feverish anticipation of the news the night will bring. Will John or Jim, when he returns in the evening, report that he has a job? Or will he come into the impoverished home with the same despondent look on his face which can mean only one thing—another fruitless search?

Put yourself in such a woman's place. Isn't there the possibility that you, like her, might gradually tend to place the fault for undernourished, ill-clothed children upon your husband, rather than upon the economic situation that has made him jobless for many months in spite of himself?

Put yourself in the husband's place. After tramping the streets day after day, without success, you'd hardly feel like returning nights to a home where your appearance would mean repetition of a story of discouragement and hopelessness—where all you could see would be the faces of your children and wife growing more wan each day for lack of food. Empty stomachs, heatless rooms, illness, despondency—these are the facts you would face. It is in the undermining of the family morale, as much as in the physical want, that the tragedy of unemployment lies. It is in the struggle against both that thousands of dependent women today are bearing the greatest burden.

There is another person who cannot be disregarded in this present unemploy-



Mrs. Vincent Astor, who appealed to Radio audience for aid to the unemployed in New York area.

Radio helped turn the breadlines into wuelines at the paymaster's window. Scene on New York streets is typical of entire country.

ment situation—the woman who herself is the breadwinner for her family. She may be a widow whose dependents are children—or she may be the oldest daughter of a family whose male head has been temporarily or permanently disabled. Whatever her relationship may be, she is the breadwinner in her own right for individuals dependent upon her. She too has been caught in the unemployment situation, and has lost her job. Unless she gets one, not only herself but her dependents must suffer, and many are already suffering.

Fifty years ago a condition similar to the present would not have affected this woman breadwinner, because she had not yet won the privilege, as a woman, of earning a salary. She has been given that privilege in more recent years. Hundreds like her have been thrown out of work during the last twelve months. Continuing to carry the burden of caring for themselves and their families, they have been unable to find jobs. Both they and their dependents are suffering accordingly.

What is being done for women by the Emergency Employment Committee? First of all, through the generosity of some 50,000 citizens of New York City, more than \$6,000,000 has been contributed to date toward the \$8,000,000 fund sought by the Committee to provide heads of families with jobs during the winter months. More than 20,000 heads of families, including men and women, have been given jobs for three days a week at wages that will ensure an income sufficient to meet the necessities of life. This number, combined with their women and children dependents, makes a total of approximately 100,000 persons, men, women and children, who are being given relief at the present time.

The men are working in the parks of the five boroughs, on the public docks, and in non-profit making institutions. They are cleaning away unsightly debris, improving park paths, repairing walks, painting fences and rails, and doing other jobs for which the budgets of the Sanitation Commission of New York City do not provide, or those of the various churches and hospitals will not allow. The men are paid \$5 a day for a three-day week. The fifteen dollars they receive weekly is enough to give their families the minimum food and heat.

These men are not receiving "charity",

but are working their way. They are sober, industrious individuals who, in the present unfortunate situation, do not want alms but only an opportunity to earn honestly enough money to tide them and their families over the cruel winter months when unemployment is most serious. In creating jobs for these men, and paying them for the work they do out of the fund now being sought, the Emergency Employment Committee is providing directly for the relief of thousands of women and children.

I appeal particularly for support of the Emergency Employment Committee's effort for \$8,000,000 in behalf of the women and children who will be benefited by the provision of jobs for their husbands and fathers—in behalf of the mothers who see their children becoming undernourished and ill for lack of food, warm clothes and heat—in behalf of the children who, at a time when they should be receiving wholesome food essential to their growth and childhood happiness, are hungry and cold.

* * *

Mrs. Astor's talk was eminently successful for the money poured in immediately after. In about three days New York had passed the \$8,000,000 quota and the sum reached \$8,250,000 from that

momentum. Both of the two great chain systems gave \$100,000 each in time to the drive. Following is the statement of the National Broadcasting Company to RADIO DIGEST:

IF THE time on the air which the National Broadcasting Company and its vast network of associated stations have donated to agencies seeking to relieve the distress of the unemployed had been sold commercially the total would be almost \$100,000, NBC officials estimate. Talks by men and women who spoke under the auspices of President Hoover's Emergency Employment Committee, the Women's Emergency Aid Committee and the Salvation Army Committee which was responsible for the game between the Army and Navy football teams have been heard in broadcasts which were presented gratis by NBC. Manufacturers of Philco batteries paid

the Salvation Army committee a huge sum for the privilege of sponsoring this broadcast.

"The roster of speakers who have been heard in these efforts to alleviate the lot of the unemployed includes the names of people who are nationally prominent. Ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, Owen D. Young, Seward Prosser, Arthur H. Lehman, Colonel Arthur Woods, Thomas W. Lamont, His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Grantland Rice, George Gordon Battle, Lady Baldwin, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Gerard Swope and numerous others have spoken.

* * *

Similarly the Columbia Broadcasting System reports as follows:

"**B**BROADCASTING time worth approximately \$100,000 has been contributed to the cause of unemployment relief by WABC and associated stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System during the last two months, it is revealed by a survey of this voluntary service just completed.

"A total of nearly ten hours of Columbia's most valuable periods on the air, ranging in installments from the three and a half hours devoted to the coast-to-coast broadcast of the Army-Navy football game for the Citizens' Committee of the Salvation Army to five-minute periods used by local relief agencies, has been donated by the system to help the unemployed since the national drive to better conditions started.

"Men and women of national prominence have been enabled to voice appeals for aid for the cause through the cooperation of Columbia, among them Secretary of War Huxley, Secretary of the Navy Adams, former Governor Alfred E. Smith, Mrs. August Belmont, Senator Dwight W. Morrow and many others."

* * *

In Chicago practically all stations contributed liberally with time and talent. One of the first reports received by RADIO DIGEST was from WLS, the Prairie Farmer station. It reads as follows:

"**A** CHARITY Radio circus and barn dance for the relief of Chicago's unemployed was staged by WLS, the *Prairie Farmer* station to an overflow crowd, at the International Livestock Show amphitheater, in Chicago's stockyard district.

"Because a Radio station like WLS serves not only the rural people, but the city folks as well, *Prairie Farmer* has launched this type of benefit show to relieve a metropolitan situation," stated Edgar L. Bill, director of WLS. "In past years with certain critical periods of suffering among the people of the mid-west, WLS has turned its facilities entirely to the task of securing help from those individuals more fortunate.

"A total of more than \$365,000 has been raised by this station during such work. This has been turned to the relief not only of such national emergencies as the Mississippi flood, but also to local conditions."

Seats for more than 15,000 spectators were available in the giant amphitheater. An admission charge of 25 cents was made, all the proceeds going to charity.

Beginning at eight o'clock the parade of talent before the audience and the WLS microphones brought some twelve staff acts, a male octet, two quartets, two old-time dance bands, a girls' trio, and a brass band. Among the popular Radio stars appearing during the entertainment were Hiram and Henry, comedy songsters; the Maple City Four quartet, Rube Tronson and cowboy fiddlers, Arkansas Woodchopper, yodler; Renfro Valley Boys, instrumental duo; Doc Hopkins, old-time ballad singer; the Cumberland Ridge Runners, fiddle band; the Little German Band, Hal O'Halloran, barn dance announcer; Swift Rangers, Ralph Emerson, organist; John Brown, pianist; Steve Cisler, chief announcer; Marching Men, male octet; Charley Stookey, farm program announcer; the Chicagoettes, girls' trio; and Eddie Allan, harmonica player.

In the center of the big arena a stand was erected for the broadcasting. Decorated with shocks of corn, bales of hay, and farm machinery it lent atmosphere to the barn dance setting. This stand was flanked on either side by two large wooden dance floors where eight picked couples performed the old square dances. A loud speaker system was hooked up to carry the music and talk to every spectator.

* * *

Our Chicago correspondent investigated the leading stations in that city and found that all were on the firing line. Radio Station WENR contributed both cash and time. It delivered \$7,000 in cash to the relief of unemployed and time equivalent to \$5,400, making a total of \$12,400. The Daily News station, WMAQ, in a series of 15 day and night programs contributed time rated at \$12,000. Stations WIBO, WGN, WBBM, KYW with others have put the total well over \$100,000.

In Detroit Mr. B. G. Clare writes as follows:

"**M**ORE than \$22,500 worth of broadcast time has been donated by the five Detroit Radio broadcast stations in the interests of aiding unemployment, it has been revealed by a close check.

"Station WMBC, owned and operated by the Michigan Broadcasting Company, leads the field with approximately \$15,000 worth of time donated during the past 18 months. Relief of unemployment was the aim and ideal of the late "Jerry" Buckley, whose nightly broadcasts and political comments are said to have caused his

death at the hands of unknown gunmen. The WMBC fund is known as the Jerry Buckley memorial, presided over by Mayor Frank Murphy and two prominent Detroit business men. According to Reg Clark, station manager, approximately \$10,000 in cash has been received up to the Christmas holidays, and more than \$20,000 worth of food and clothing sent in to aid the cause.

"WJR, the Goodwill station of Detroit, during the past few weeks has donated about eight hours of time on the air, at a value of \$700 per hour. A midnight broadcast was given on Wednesday, December 17th, with an appeal for funds to be directed to the station. More than \$2,100 was pledged by the listeners. Altogether, close to \$2,500 has been contributed by followers of WJR."

* * *

One of the most optimistic responses to the RADIO DIGEST's line of inquiries came from E. H. Gammons, vice-president of the Northwestern Broadcasting Co., WCCO, Minneapolis. He writes:

"**W**E ARE very happy to say that as yet it has been unnecessary for WCCO to make any particular appeal for relief for the unemployed, for the conditions in Minneapolis are probably the best of any point in the country as far as unemployment and actual poverty are concerned. Our Community Fund drive, which takes care of all charities here, went over its mark this fall by more than \$150,000. Business is good out here and we aren't crying."

* * *

Reports from WGAR, WJAY, WTAM and WHK, Cleveland, and WLW-WSAI, Cincinnati, indicate that this and other Ohio city broadcasting stations have been on the alert and actively engaged in forressing that sector.

The same may be said of the St. Louis area where Harry L. Ford says that all stations are contributing time and talent as well as cash. Tony Cabooch, who is heard nationally, from KMOX, has not only been broadcasting but driving around the city picking up bundles for the poor. One thousand KWK listeners were marshalled to provide assistance to one thousand needy persons—that was a real Radio army.

On the Pacific Coast our Dr. Ralph L. Power says that broadcasting has raised about \$100,000 for the unemployed. He reports that conditions are apparently not so severe as in the East. All stations from Seattle to San Diego, however, are either donating time or have offered their services.

Thus the greatest weapon for peace or for war has gone through the first test of its power fulfilling all and more than the fondest expectations of its friends. Radio is "doing its bit".



MISS LE GALLIENNE is the director and founder of the Civic Repertory theatre in New York City and frequently she is heard in notable dramatic broadcasts over the chain systems. You may remember her best as Nora in "The Doll's House" over NBC.

Eva Le Gallienne



Patricia Bowman

ON another page in this Radio Digest you will read about Roxy and His Gang. Patricia Bowman (right) is one of the members of his gang who will fare much better when you see what you hear. She is the premier danseuse and Roxy often calls her to the mike for a bow or a song.

Mary Smith

THERE'S a name for you! But there's only ONE Mary Smith like this Mary on the dramatic staff at WLW, Cincinnati. Wait until you see her on your televisacle. She's getting ready to make her bow visually over the air in the very near future, so just be a little patient.



Blue Monday

CHECK and triple checkers for Al (Silas Solomon) Pearce as he shoves William (Prof. Hamburg) Wright into a corner during the Blue Monday Jamboree at KFRC, San Francisco. And there's Pedro (Eugene Hawes), Lord Bilgewater (Monroe Upton) and Edna O'Keefe with two double dark blue shadows, Tommy (Lem) Monroe and Arnold (Lafe) McGuire, for color effect.



Margaret Kappler

YOU just have to, that is, you really do have to hand it to old WEO of Ohio State U. for being the true collegiate broadcaster. And the drama—the Scarlet Mask series, we mean—it's excruciating and everything. Peggy, you know, Margaret Kappler, is the sweetheart and the boys all rave about her. Here she is as Violet Shadrowe.

Russell Pratt

RUSSELL PRATT besides being a Radio comedian of the first rank is also a very popular story-teller to the little Topsy-Turvians of WMAQ, Chicago. Wonder what he's explaining to little Beth and Jim?



David W. Guiom

WHEN he sat down to the piano, threw his high-heeled boots under the saddle, and cocked back his big Stet—nobody laughed. They knew Dave Guiom could ride them keys from rhapsodies to ragtime like nobody's business. You hear him frequent on the NBC range—he's a real cowboy.





YOU can't keep a good man cooped up in opera. So they took Mr. Tibbett and made a Rogue out of him in the singing pictures—and now he has traveled a step farther, with mike, to become one of the Radio clan over the NBC—and how the ladies love him!

Lawrence Tibbett



Anna Kaskas

EVERY time she sings this fair-haired Lithuanian lady of WTIC, Hartford, Conn., scores a new triumph. She left a successful concert career in Europe to win America. She has been featured a number of times over the Columbia system—have you heard her?

Richard Gordon

QUICK Watson—here he is, Sherlock Holmes in person. You who have heard his voice over the NBC during the series of Sherlock Holmes adventures have doubtless wondered many times about the personal appearance of the famous sleuth—here he is!



Lorraine, Erma and Thelma Ashley

YOU may know these three charming sisters as Sally, Irene and Mary at WGN Chicago. Once they were known as the Prairie Daisies at WLS. They are admirably suited for trio singing and playing—and they write and take part in moving pictures too.

Romeo Greene

YOU hear this full blooded Tuscarora Indian regularly over the CBS on the Carborundum program. His name comes from an ancestor known as Green Blanket because when he came to trade furs at Fort Niagara he always chose a green blanket for compensation.



The Mikado

WHEN KHJ at Los Angeles presented "The Mikado" recently they selected costumes to make the artists feel the parts they represented. They appear here—Kenneth Niles, as "Nanki Poo"; Gogo Delys, as "Yum Yum" and Lindsay MacHarris, as "Ko Ko".



Martha, Connie and
Vet Boswell

THESE three sisters are highlights in the Pacific Vagabonds, on the NBC Pacific network. They sing in sparkling tempo and have acquired an audience that manifests itself through the mail enthusiastically.

Sandy MacTavish

THIS bewhiskered gentleman of the heatherland is one of the most popular features of WCHI, Chicago. Sandy MacTavish has the real burr that denotes a broadcasting Scotchman.





Thora
Martens

ONE of the Western stations has thrown a challenge to all the other broadcasting stations, claiming it has the best looking as well as the best sound producing feminine artists in America. In Chicago WENR answers the challenge with Thora Martens, their Heavenly Blues singer, as a starter in the contest.



NOT many great manufacturers are fortunate enough to have their wives get out and boost their products. E. H. Maytag of the Maytag company is the exception. Mrs. Maytag graciously steps up to the microphone and tells lady listeners as one woman to another how to make a pleasure out of wash day.

Mrs. E. H. Maytag



Ne'er Do Well

ALL up and down the Pacific Coast tens of thousands of listeners have been asking for the identity of the singer known as the Ne'er Do Well of KROW, Oakland, Calif. He slips into a little private studio, does his stuff all by himself and comes back. Who is he? Ladies and gentlemen, we take great pleasure in presenting to you Mr. Frank Anderson, known to Radioland heretofore only as the Ne'er Do Well. You'll read more about him in the article on the opposite page.

UNMASKING

The Ne'er Do Well

The Mystery Man of KROW! Who Is He? Where Does He Come From and What is His Name? He is—but Read the Story

By HELEN SPAULDING

LEARN how to be the life of the party in ten lessons. Be Popular!—so read the alluring advertisements, but—

The "Ne'er Do Well," that mysterious young gentleman of Radio Station KROW, Oakland, California—that lazy sentimentalist and soothing crooner, never had a music lesson in his life, and yet he's flashed across the Radio world of the Pacific Coast in a most astonishing manner. In less than a year and a half before the microphone he is probably one of the most popular of the young individual Radio entertainers.

He croons, he soothes, he sentimentalizes and all but hypnotizes his auditors. He plays many programs of his own compositions! He fingers the keys softly while he talks consolingly to someone in trouble, or sends a cheery birthday greeting, or maybe bucks up someone that's written him while blue and down-hearted, and then, when his listeners are in just the right mood, he trails off into another of those tunefully caressing melodies and, well—he's just about saved the day for at least a couple of folks and sent several thousand others off, feeling right with the world.

The "Ne'er Do Well" is probably one of the most mysterious of Radio stars. No one knows his name. He comes and goes quietly to the studio, chats a bit, smiles cheerily in a way that sends little fluttering thrills up and down the spines of the girls in the office—for he is young and "awfully good looking" they say. Then he goes into the studio, and locks the door!

The locked studio—deep shadows and all snuggled up intimately with "Mike" and there you have the setting for the "Ne'er Do Well." When he plays and croons it's alone—not a soul in the room—that's understood around the studio.

The "Ne'er Do Well" first heard about do, re, me, when he was in the sixth grade in the schools of Minneapolis, Minn., his

home town. The things that could be done with music intrigued him at once.

"It took me three weeks to pick out a tune on the piano," he said. "I nearly drove the family wild, but I finally got it. Then Dad and Mother took a hand and helped me out with other tunes. You see, my folks were musical. Mother used to sing in choirs and Dad played for country dances. Sometimes he was the whole orchestra. He could pound out some pretty good music on the fiddle, accordion or piano. After I learned that

A CHALLENGE!

TURN to page 67 and take a good look at the pulchritude that adorns KROW in Oakland.

It is an open challenge, and no stations are barred. RADIO DIGEST will be glad to receive the answers to the challenge and publish them

first tune, picking out music came easier and I soon began to play quite a bit. Then they put on programs at church and school entertainments and discovered I could carry a tune pretty well, so sometimes I'd be on for a song, and sometimes I'd be perched up on a couple of big

books, so I could reach as high as the keys, and I would play some little ditty!"

In the meantime—to go on with the career of this amazing young fellow—time passed, to use a trite phrase—and we find that he's completed a year at prep school and is ready for a business career. Just about then the Panama Pacific Exposition was being held in San Francisco, so the "Ne'er Do Well" went West and captured second prize in the National Typing Contest, doing something like 132 words per minute. He also cornered a job and did court reporting, stenographic work and became private secretary to quite an important personage.

"When the War broke out I enlisted," he said, "to go to France for big adventure. Somebody found out I could do some fancy typing, so I was assigned to duty with the General Army Headquarters in San Francisco."

Someone else found out he could sing, and night after night he (you see he was not known as the "Ne'er Do Well" in those days) was sent to theatres in a radius of several hundred miles to sing. He made a great appeal, this good-looking youngster in his soldier uniform, and he sang his audiences into a high patriotic pitch. Thus he did double duty.

BUT they couldn't let me go across," he adds shamefacedly about his War career.

Until a year and a half ago the "Ne'er Do Well" had never been in a Radio station. He didn't even own a Radio. One night a friend asked him to pinch-hit on a program. The "Ne'er Do Well" demurred. The idea of playing before the microphone and to an unseen audience appalled him. He was persuaded, however, and, to tell it in his own words—

"It really wasn't so bad. I just forgot there was an audience. I sort of lose myself when I play anyway. It was really

(Continued on page 101)

STRIKES—*Lucky* of B. A. Rolfe

*THE MAN Who's Been Havin' His Ups
and Havin' His Downs—From Mil-
lionaire Down to Rock Bottom And Up
Again To Successful Orchestra Leader*

YOU know Benjamin Albert Rolfe as a jolly, amiable fellow who doesn't worry about counting his calories and who does a mighty good job of directing a most unusual jazz orchestra.

But if you haven't heard his story from beginning to end it will amaze you to know how many different kinds of pies the adventurous "B. A." has had those celebrated short, pudgy little fingers in. And what he still dreams of doing.

It reads like a Horatio Alger story. Let's begin at the beginning and not put the cart before the horse. Picture "B. A." himself, sitting back with the inevitable cigar in his mouth. (Of course, it really *should* be a Lucky Strike!)

And picture him looking very much like a beaming Santa Claus ready to shower the world with a particularly happy present. No matter how busy he gets he seldom loses that Kris Kringle beam. His story should be told as he told it—with his head back and a reminiscing look in his eyes. He began:

"I was born in Brasher Falls, N. Y. in 1879. That makes me fifty-one, you see. Not so young. Not so young! Oh, well. You don't have much sense till you're fifty, anyway. Especially sense as to the value of money, which I have had much of and lost. Maybe I'll learn from now on."

THAT musingly. Then:

"My father was Albert Benjamin Rolfe—my name reversed if you'll notice—and he was a musician too. So was mother. I was educated between high school in my home town and a Catholic convent. I am not a Catholic, however.

"My school days were very much broken up by the fact that I was one of those pesky little nuisances known as a child prodigy. Believe it or not, but I was only six when I gave my first concert on an alto horn before I was large enough for a



In 1885, at six years of age, little Benjamin Arthur Rolfe was alto horn player in his father's band.

cornet—it was in Chippewa Falls, Wis.

"It is strange that the outstanding memory of that eventful night at the skating rink where I made my debut is that on the table beside me were hot gas lights.

"I was just short enough to get the full

benefit of the heat and I felt as though I were scorching. Music came so naturally to me, however, that I had the usual childish lack of self-consciousness and might as well have been tooting my horn in the parlor back in Brasher Falls so far as stage fright was concerned."

Here Rolfe stopped, and smiled:

"Father had the skating rink orchestra. At six and a half I was the alto horn player in Rolfe's Independent Band. I must have looked like the band mascot. It was father's organization too. I played with the band three years.

"Then father decided to yank me around the country. He was then leader of the band and orchestra with John Sparks Circus. Ah, those were the days! Imagine how that would delight the heart of a small boy. And those were the days when circus trouping was circus trouping.

"WE TOURED the Pennsylvania mining towns among other places. Such adventure. Life! Sometimes even yet I get homesick for the smells of the circus and life in the tents and big rickety wagons.

"In 1891, at the age of 11, father took me to England with Hardie and Von Lear's Frontier Drama. I gave concerts in Europe too. The frontier show made a big hit in England because it was a novelty.

"The only other thing England had seen at all like it was Buffalo Bill. The show carried an Indian Band of eighteen as a special novelty. I remember that they could make more noise than a white band of fifty. Father got along fine with the Indians. He is an honorary member of the Mohawk tribe today.

"After we had played in England a year the folks decided little 'B. A.' could do with a little more schooling. So they brought me back to Brasher Falls."

and Unlucky

By Alma Sioux
Scarberry

Rolfe stopped and shook his head solemnly: "Do you know I actually believe I might still be in Brasher Falls if I hadn't hated wading in snow so much. Most kids like it. But I despised the snow and cold! I got the idea that there wouldn't be so much wading to do in New York, so I left the parental roof.

"However, it took me three years to make it all the way. I started through the medium of the Lowville, N. Y. Silver Cornet Band. Later I moved sixty-seven miles nearer, playing the cornet in the Majestic Theatre orchestra in Utica. By the time I reached Gotham in 1903, the land of my dreams, I was of age.

"WHEN I arrived I had little trouble getting work: I can't weave you the elaborate tale of starving in a garret. I went right into vaudeville with *Ye Colonial Septet*. The act ran eleven years, although I wasn't in it that long. It made plenty royalties for me, however.

"Jesse Lasky, (now a famous movie producer) and I went into partnership at this point in my career. We put out vaudeville acts. Some of our presentations bore such high-sounding titles as *Pianophiends*, *The Stunning Grenadiers*, *Ten Dark Knights*."

It is here that the high spot of B. A. Rolfe's career comes. This is where he made and lost a fortune. He went into the movies as a producer. In telling of it he looked highly amused.

"I began in the picture game about the time Mary Pickford made her debut. Those were funny days. I can remember when we used to paint a stove on the back drop of the set because we thought it wasn't necessary to spend the money to get a real stove.

"But, ah—later I was in pictures when we used to hold a set up for hours at the cost of perhaps \$2000 to get a five-cent ink-well that would match the scene before it. Movies! What a racket to be in!

"My output was thirty-six pictures a year. In those days we worked! I produced under Rolfe Photo Plays and Columbia Pictures Corporation. Some of our stars were big names like Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, Emily Stevens, Viola Dana—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

"If I can get hold of some of those old stills they'll hand you a laugh! In summer I ran the business in New York and in winter in



B. A. Rolfe

California. I was active in pictures five years, letting my musical career slide entirely by.

"Then I proved fundamentally a good musician by resigning. There is something about a musician that makes him love to resign. I threw it up because the company consolidated with Metro and I got mad! That's always an excellent excuse for resigning—getting sore about something."

It was here that "B. A." admitted he made a fortune in pictures. He grinned and took us into his confidence:

"I made plenty of money—goodness knows! A mint of it—and lost it. I had no money when I left California and pictures and decided to try England and pictures. No doubt you've heard of unfor-

merry then. But luck comes and goes."

It was from a friend a little later that we picked up a thread of the Rolfe career that he withheld during the long confab about his life. It was that he "made a fortune and lost his shirt during the Florida real estate boom."

PLUNGING into it with the same gusto he plunged into movies and music, again he was the artist and couldn't hang on to his money. He could take a dollar and make five out of it. But—keep it, never!

After that lesson the still undaunted "B. A." decided to "promote myself for a change."

It was then that he had the courage to

"I want to found a native American school of music. Something typically American. Oh, of course that is a big order and sounds like a foolish dream. I enjoy my jazz orchestra of course, and I wouldn't want to give it up. But, I am, fundamentally, an altogether different kind of musician. Or, perhaps I should say I am two kinds of musician."

"I realize that it took the old world 1600 years to develop Bach. I believe America could do the same job in fifty years. And Radio is the one medium. The only really native American things we have developed are Gershwin with his one little phrase and Cadman with his American Indian music."

Rolfe grew a little wistful:

"I guess, at that, it would take fifty years to develop even a foundation and I'd be a centenarian by that time. But, through the medium of Radio it could be done. So far we have no musical conception of what our musical expression is."

"B. A." has another dream. Quite a dreamer, he is. He has the idea that he'd like to found a whole flock of juvenile orchestras in larger cities of the United States. His reason is a very interesting one. In his own words:

"This racketeer business is beginning to alarm me. Such babies as seem to be growing into outlaws! It is, undoubtedly, the small boy's love of showing off. Turn his energy and that desire into safe channels and you are all set."

"Now, a small boy loves to toot a horn. Why shouldn't he toot a saxophone or a cornet—make his noise on a musical instrument. My idea is to round up these bad boy gangs from the street corners and turn their desire to make a noise and attract attention into a jazz orchestra. Give them a public place and the lime light to show off in."

AND Mr. Rolfe may be right at that. It sounds rather reasonable. If you can't make the little rascals artistic and turn them into symphony conductors—make B. A. Rolfes out of 'em.

There may be those among you who feel, however, that the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun couldn't possibly be much worse than the toot-toot-toot of a sax.

Rolfe is one of the most interesting directors at NBC to watch in the studio. I have never seen him use a baton. He

(Continued on page 105)



Rolfe's Independent Band in 1885. The leader in the big shako, at the left, is A. B. Rolfe, Sr. Next to him stands A. B. Rolfe, Jr., cornetist, brother of the famous leader. Fourth is Mrs. Rolfe, mother and clarinet player, and fourth from the right appears little Benjamin, dignified by the title of alto horn player.

unate marriages where the girl married a man because she thought he had money—and the man married the girl because he thought she had a fortune.

"Well, truthfully, that's what happened in England. I bluffed these people into thinking I was affluent and they played the same game on me. When it came to a show-down we made the fatal discovery that neither of us could float a picture financially. You can't promote a big company on a shoe-string. I found that out!

I NEVER could hang on to money. I was so interested in the producing angle dollars meant nothing. They didn't even interest me. As I said before, you have to be at least fifty in some cases before the value of a dollar begins to sink in.

"Real showmen are always gamblers, anyway. I've never known a really artistic person to be saving. And if I hadn't joined that foolish army of independent producers I wouldn't have gone under in 1920. I was busted higher than a kite when I came back to New York from merry old England. It didn't look so

start a jazz band in a Chinese restaurant in New York—The Palais d'Or. He not only put over the restaurant but got on the air and started "making an effort to make a name for myself by trying to be different."

In telling of this, the jovial gentleman opined:

"And, of course when you start trying to put yourself over people suspect that you are after notoriety. Funny, isn't it?"

There is no doubt it took a lot of courage for the artistic Rolfe to mix in the atmosphere it became necessary for him to mix in in order to "make good." But, he pulled the restaurant up by the boot straps with him. Both became celebrated. And, letters began pouring in from Radio fans. Lucky Strike tried scores of orchestras before selecting Rolfe.

As happy looking as appears the famous director he is really discontented and like a fish out of water. He said so himself—then explained with his hearty laugh:

"You know about the fellow who said he'd look up a steady job if his boss would let him off long enough. Well, that's me!"

The Rolfe life dream is:

The Magic Carpet of the OZARKS

By Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing



Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing

Dreams do come true—sometimes. And so do wishes. That is why the cities are filled with eager-eyed boys and girls, men and women who have deserted the isolation of farm and mountain cabin to make their way at last to the City of Youthful Dreams and—sometimes—disillusionment. But to those thousands who have been banished to a life in the wilderness by force of necessity or by choice has come the fulfillment of dreams too. Radio has wrought the miracle. The letter reproduced below paints a vivid picture of what Radio means to one lonely dweller in a remote place of the world.

MAYBE you would like to know how an Ozark native feels about the Radio, and just what it means to the far-removed people of the hill country.

Among my earliest recollections are those of an Ozark homestead, where a husky young father cleared the land and a lovely young mother kept our rough



The Gobbler Hunter

plank house shining and homey for us.

The clearing was the playground for my brother and me. We watched its growth with keenest interest, the forest crowding back little by little and day by day, under the constant warfare waged against it in the homemaking of a pioneer family.

We did not venture beyond the clearing in our play. The scream of the panther and the howl of the wolf told us in plain terms just who it was that still claimed the forest and we did not dispute with them. We even loved the sound of their voices and the shivery feeling it gave us evenings when gathered safely in the light of the big blaze in the fireplace and listened to the review of the day and the stories father told us: Tales of his trip to the city, 200 miles away; stories of his boyhood home in an Eastern state where he hoped to take us to visit some day. And the fairy tales

that nobody has told so well since. When he had told us all he knew, he told them over again, often adding little thrilling episodes from his own imagination. The idea of the magic carpet appealed to us most, and while we listened with squeals of delight each time he told it, with or without additional frills, we told it to each other just as often, for of all things wished for, a magic carpet stood at the head of the list. Indeed, it frequently had the list all to itself.

A magic carpet! Just wish to go some place—and there you were. Think of it! We would visit all the cities we had heard about. We would see New York

Oh, for a magic carpet!

It took many an earnest assurance from our parents to convince us that it was a fairy tale, so vivid a thing had it become to us. Indeed, I think we had to outgrow it, and even then it was something half hoped for.

I was a studious girl, growing up. I wanted to hear great lectures, see great plays, hear good music. If only I had a magic carpet—but of course that was a babyhood tale. Still—

Time went along. Life took me to different points of the globe and finally turned me once more to the hills of my native country. Not to the spot of the old home of my childhood which had become too sophisticated for my partner in the change, but to another portion as wild and remote as the old home site had been.

And it is here that my wish has come true. I have the magic carpet. I turn on my Radio and the music and the beauty I wished for in my young girlhood are brought to the fireside of my backwoods cabin—the sermons I had dreamed of, the lectures I had hoped to hear, the songs I had longed for, except that the terms are reversed. I do not

(Continued on page 107)



An Ozark Settler's Cabin

Star-Gazing for Graham



Graham
McNamee

*Astrologer Finds The Firmament
Gives Dean of Elite Announcers
A Break—He's Lazy but Lucky*

By Peggy Hull

FOLKS, meet Graham McNamee! Yes, I know you think this introduction is superfluous but just wait a minute before you turn the page, for I am going to tell you some things about him that he doesn't even know himself!

He's lazy.

Now don't get mad and bury me beneath a ton of protests. Graham just can't help being indolent. His Sun is in the sign Cancer and in this position, vitality is at its lowest ebb. If he had to do something very strenuous to get before the public, it is safe to say he would be content to remain unknown, but Fate was kind to him. Radio was discovered just in time to give Graham McNamee a break. Anyone knows the easiest and most pleasant job in life is talking, and for Graham it was made doubly easy with three planets in the sign of Gemini.

Gemini rules speech and words. Its influence makes men and women better conversationalists, better writers and when Mercury occupies this position, it gives extreme fluency.

It makes a person fond of travel, of change, of new things, and everyone knows that Graham McNamee flits back and forth across the continent like a flea. You can be certain, there is nothing he likes better than an assignment at the opposite end of the United States.

Remember how many people held back when Radio was first announced? Well, Graham McNamee wasn't one of them. No sir, he stepped right up and learned all about it from the very beginning. It was his Mercury in Gemini which caused him to do this. All his life he will be investigating anything new which makes its appearance in our world.

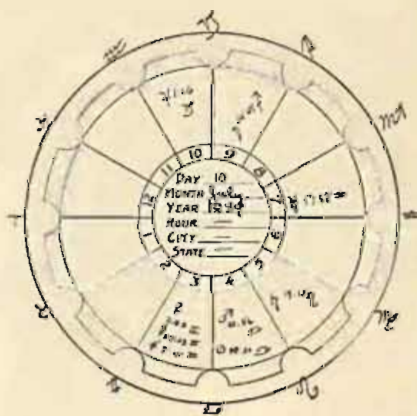
While Astrology isn't new, it is having its re-birth and if Graham hasn't taken it up yet, he'll be sure to investigate it

some time, for his mind is a broad one and he isn't influenced by the opinions of others and neither has he any preconceived notions about a subject. He approaches any investigation with a wide open mind and he possesses such a shrewd and penetrating judgment that he knows he does not have to rely upon others for advice.

His moon in Saggitarius gives him that alert and active personality with which he is associated in everyone's mind who has heard him over the air. And it has a lot to do with the short, crisp way he has of presenting a topic. It makes him fond of animals, especially horses and dogs. It increases his love for sports. As a matter of fact, his success in life depends chiefly upon his association with sporting events and if you stop to recall some of the highlights of his career, you will remember that he first became well known for his broadcasts of baseball and football games.

Graham can also tell you about a horse race with such skill and vivid detail that, although you are a thousand miles from the track, your heart will beat faster, your hair stand on end and you will hover over the Radio literally seeing the horses come down the home stretch.

Saggitarius rules distance and with the Moon posited therein it is no wonder that his public extends wherever the Radio waves go. This position also tends to create the feeling in people that they know him, once they have listened to him, and further strengthens the influence



of Venus, Neptune and Mercury in Gemini. As Gemini rules brothers and sisters and communication, he has literally a great family who feel for him the same warm affection which harmonious kin have for each other.

Venus in Gemini gives him the talent for words which make his Radio talks distinguished

for precision in describing a situation. When Graham gets through telling you about a fast play on the gridiron, you have a good mental picture of what has taken place. This position of Venus is also responsible for the even and permanent affection of his Radio audience. Unlike Rudy Vallee, whose stars show that people either love or hate him, Graham does not suffer from bitter and uncalled for criticism. If people do not particularly like him, this feeling does not take an active form in invectives, they merely turn the dial and forget him, but there is no such indifference when it comes to Vallee.

NEPTUNE, the spiritual planet, posited in Gemini, gives Graham unusual mental faculties and a certain amount of genius. It makes him sensitive to the finer intuitional and inspirational vibrations and gives the gift of oratory and unusual literary ability. There is no field of endeavor where mental ingenuity is required in which Graham could not excel.

His Sun conjuncting Mars in Cancer

makes him fond of lively places. That is why he is fond of sports and horse races and explains the public's interest in him through his connection with them. Just as Floyd Gibbons' horoscope, with the Sun and Mars in Cancer, showed that he would become distinguished through revolutions and wars, so Graham's indicates his fame through sports and the air.

SATURN in Leo gives him friends among people of the upper classes. Heads of governments, high officials and men and women of the Social Register type are drawn to Graham through these vibrations and their acclaim has added much to the success which his popularity with the masses gave him.

There are many people before the public who enjoy only the plaudits of a certain strata of society, but Graham's horoscope shows that from the masses to their rulers, he is liked and admired.

With his Jupiter in Capricorn there is no doubt about his future. This position of the beneficiary planet Jupiter makes Graham, self reliant, ambitious and persistent. No setbacks or disappointments will deter him, neither can any obstacles keep him from the limelight very long.

Capricorn is the sign which gives patience and endurance. People born with their Sun in this sign can struggle a life time for success. They can keep on in the face of thwarted desires, overwhelming obstacles and they can wait for years to realize their dreams. Graham's Jupiter in this position stabilizes his ambitions and gives him a patience he would not otherwise have. It is the guarantor of his future. He may get a few bad breaks now and then, but he will have the tenacity to keep on trying, to stick to what he is doing until the adverse period is past.

Of course if Graham suddenly found himself without a spot on the air, he could very soon make his old audience sit up and take notice by turning his hand to writing, for his horoscope shows that he would be equally as successful in this field as he is on the air.

But writing is hard work. It means steady, relentless plugging every day and Graham has no disposition for such labor. It would take a tremendous amount of self discipline on Graham's part, more than I believe he's got, but if he did whip himself into shape . . . what stories he could write!

Albert Payson Terhune, who has long held the title in the dog story world would soon run for cover. Grantland Rice and some of the other topnotchers among the sporting writers would be eyeing their crowns anxiously, for, if there is anything in Astrology, Graham could write rings around them while he was half asleep. Such, dear readers, is the gift the planets have bestowed upon a man who doesn't need it.

It appears that Graham hasn't been enjoying the best of health lately. His

stars would indicate that he has suffered from a lack of nervous energy; that he tires easily and when he is working, finds getting on the job a trial. These conditions will pass as the planets move on but in the meantime he must guard against accidents of all kinds and should take no chances with his life or limbs. His bump of curiosity could easily lead him into an unpleasant encounter with a new invention and this is no time for Graham to test out a new airplane or play with electrical devices.

The aspects which have been holding him back during the past year will have been dissipated in 1931 and when his Sun conjuncts Jupiter all of his affairs will take on new life. He will feel better, too, and respond to opportunities with the old enthusiasm. The year 1932, however, is the one which will bring him the most pronounced benefits. And some of the good things which come to him in the next twelve or fifteen months will be only the outriders of the greater fortune on the way.

Many people lose their friends when under bad aspects, and they have to travel the road of adversity alone and uncomforted.

But not Graham McNamee. He has a buoyant quality which makes it possible for him to conceal from even his intimates his real feelings. He is not the kind who would let his troubles cast a shadow over his associates.

He has quick sympathy for others in distress and is always ready to help, but he can't be fooled. His intuition is too sharp for that. It would be worse than useless for a man to step up to Graham with a hard luck tale, made up out of whole cloth, and expect him to believe it. He can hear tin drop in a proposition a mile away. But he is seldom prejudiced.

VENUS in conjunction with Neptune makes him fond of music, the arts and drama. Beauty in all forms appeals to him strongly and this aspect also increases his popularity with friends and associates. It makes him thoughtful of other people's happiness, polite, full of kindness and sympathy and inclines to bring benefits from large

combines and successful corporations.

With Venus coming to a conjunction with the Sun in Cancer it is safe to forecast an even greater popularity in the future for Graham McNamee than he has yet known. He will be carried on a wave of affection from the public in general to heights he has little dreamed he would scale.

HE WILL have ups and downs throughout his life, but there are none after this particular period through which he is passing at present, which will give him much trouble.

ASTROLOGY, one of the oldest of professions, has made gigantic strides since it has become better known through broadcasting. Read Peggy Hull's monthly horoscopes of your favorite Radio stars. Next month she will tell you what the forces of the sky had to do with the success of Amos 'n' Andy. Don't miss your March RADIO DIGEST.



Precision in announcing is Graham's middle name—that's the way the stars made him.

*Turn About's Fair Play!
Radio Listeners Become
Playwrights and Fashion
Thrilling Dramas for
Detroit Broadcasts.*

By B. G. CLARE

HAVE you a little drama stored in your brain cells? Out in Detroit there are two important public servitors who believe everyone has a story to tell. They are making it possible for readers and listeners to turn about and become writers and playwrights.

The two agents who are gratifying the literary ambitions of a good slice of Michigan's populace are Broadcasting Station

WXYZ and The Free Press. The newspaper started the ball rolling by running a contest which they have christened *It Actually Happened*. It invites housewives, business men, "doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs, rich men, poor men"—even ice men—to participate by submitting a true incident which they have experienced or witnessed. A \$5.00 prize is given daily for each story accepted and printed.

Then Fred Roche, Publicity Director of WXYZ, stepped in. He offers an additional prize of \$25 for the best story published each week. This thriller, or sad or comic incident, as the case may be, is adapted for Radio production by James Jewell, dramatic director of the Radio station; and under his supervision it is presented over the air by members of the Civic Theatre Stock Company.

How did Fred Roche's fertile brain conceive the idea of this novel contest? When interviewed, he re-

fused to commit himself, but we strongly suspect that he had a real idea in the back of his head. Perhaps he was annoyed by the wisecracks who write to station managers and say that they "could do better themselves with only half an effort". Maybe he said to himself, "I don't believe this particular kicker could. But let's give them all a chance."

ONE of the most successful of the *It Actually Happened* Radio dramas was written by Robert Donaldson of Detroit. This amateur made good not only in the columns of a daily newspaper and over the air, but he also had the thrill of seeing his play accepted for a two week run as a "curtain-raiser" before the major offering of the Civic Theatre Stock Company.

Mr. Donaldson placed his true incident in France, in the days when war was rampant and every mother knew the tragedy of seeing her son wrenched from her side. It is called *Vive La France!*

The Radio audience, snugly ensconced in arm chairs, sees in its mind's eye the

"Forgive me, God—It was for France—Vive La France." Jessie Bonstelle as Madame Bertrand and John Griggs as the dying Henri Bertrand.





The supper in the kitchen. Walter Sherwin as the Padre, Jessie Bonstelle as Mme. Bertrand and Joan Madison as Marie in the WXYZ presentation of the prize play, *Vive La France*.

poor and war-saddened home of the Widow Bertrand. It is stripped bare of ornament, save in one corner a *prie-dieu*, where the mother is accustomed to offer up prayers for the souls of her two sons, Jacques and Pierre, who have been sacrificed that their country may live.

In the kitchen, partaking of a humble meal of *potage* and black bread, are Madame Bertrand, the old village priest, and Marie, the young girl who has already known affliction and the pang of separation from her beloved . . . Henri Bertrand, the last of the widow's three sons. Wild and irresponsible as is this youngest boy, he is adored by both his mother and his fiancée.

"Oh if *le bon dieu* would only spare Henri to be a comfort to me in my old age," says the Widow Bertrand.

"Yes," Marie adds her plea. "It is so lonesome here in Chantrey."

"OH, PADRE," cries the mother, "God forbid that I begrudge anything to France, but I have already given my Jacques and my Pierre because France needed them, so please God spare Henri."

Even the old priest, who had never approved of the irrepressible antics of the boy, was forced to take pity on the old mother and the sad Marie, and join in their prayers for the deliverance of Henri.

Supper is over, and the subdued duo of visitors depart, leaving the widow alone. A cough and a scraping of feet come from a dark corner of the other room, which serves as sleeping chamber. A light reveals a man's figure, clad in muddy, blood-stained rags.

Madame Bertrand peered into the man's face. "Henri," she screamed. "My Henri has come back to me. God has answered my prayers and sent you to comfort me. But why did you not write and tell me you were coming?"

The man does not answer, and she suddenly gasps with realization. "Oh, Henri, what have you done? You have run away from your regiment—you have brought shame to the name of Bertrand, a name respected in France for centuries."

Mumbled pleas for sympathy, with reference to brutes of officers, from the deserter, brought only a resolution from the mother to send her son back if she had to drag him herself.

A noise outside, Madame Bertrand shoves Henri into the cupboard that the neighbors may not be witness to her disgrace. She opens the door, to admit—an officer and four soldiers!

"Madame Bertrand, I regret that duty compels me to inform you that your son deserted his regiment ten days ago, and I must demand permission to search your home to find the deserter."

"Surely, Monsieur Lieutenant," answers the mother, "search if you must, but I tell you Henri is not here."

THROUGH the house and the barns the soldiers peered, and at last returned to the room where Madame Bertrand has hidden Henri. "What is in that cupboard?" asks the lieutenant.

"Nothing but—some old clothes," stammers the old mother.

The lieutenant disbelieved her and made as if to open the door.

"I tell you there is nothing in there that concerns you," she cries. "See, I will prove it to you." Grabbing the loaded gun from above the fireplace, she pointed it at the cupboard and fired all five bullets through the door.

When the opened cupboard reveals a dying Henri, the mother who has killed her son to save him from a deserter's death, prays, "Forgive me, God—Forgive me, Jacques and Pierre—It was for France—Vive La France."

A vivid, realistic play, torn from the war memories of a man who now listens to his Radio in the peace of home. Maybe you, too, have an interesting story, waiting only for encouragement to reveal it. Maybe some Radio station near your home will wake up to this opportunity to bring out hidden talent—who can tell?



Sir Arthur Eddington, who as one of the world's leading astronomers, is eminently fitted to speak for science.

I AM speaking on the subject from the standpoint of those interested in physical science, and I should like first to convey the setting in which the problem arises. If you will look up at the sky in the direction of the constellation Andromeda and stand for a few moments scrutinizing the faintest star you see, you will notice one that is not a sharp point of light like the rest but has a hazy appearance.

This star is unique and barely visible to the naked eye. It is not properly a star. We might rather describe it as a universe. It teaches us that when we have taken together the sun and those stars we can see with the naked eye and the hundreds of millions of telescopic stars, we have not yet reached the end of things. We have explored only one island, one oasis in the desert of space. In the far distance we discern another island which is that hazy patch of light in Andromeda.

With the help of the telescope, we can make out a great many more; in fact, a whole archipelago of islands stretching away one behind another until our sight fails. That speck of light which anyone may see is a sample of one of these islands. It is a world not only remote in space but remote in time. Long before the dawn of history, the light now entering our eyes started on its journey across the great gulf between the islands. When you look at it, you are looking back

Science and Religion

Must They Conflict? A Great Physicist Gives His Answer...

Sir Arthur Eddington

nine hundred thousand years into the past.

Amid this profusion of worlds in space and time, where do we come in? Our home, the earth, is the fifth or sixth largest planet belonging to an inconspicuous little star in one of the

numerous islands in the archipelago. Doubtless there are other globes which are or have been of similar nature to ourselves, but we have some reason to think that such globes are uncommon. The majority of the heavenly bodies seem to be big lumps of matter with terrifically high temperature. Not often has there been the formation of small, cool globes fit for habitation, though it has happened occasionally by a rare accident. Nature seems to have been intent on a vast scheme of evolution of fiery globes, an epic of millions of years.

As for man, he might be treated only as an unfortunate incident, just a trifling incident not of very serious consequence to the universe. No need to be always raking up against Nature her one little inadvertence. To realize the insignificance of our race amid the majesty of the universe is probably helpful, for it brings to us a chastening force, but man is the typical custodian, which makes a great difference to the significance of things. He displays purpose. He can represent truth, righteousness, sacrifice—for a few brief years a spark from the Divine Spirit.

It may possibly be going too far to say that our bodies are pieces of matter which by a contingency not sufficiently guarded against have taken advantage of the low temperature to assume human shape and perform a series of strange antics which we call life. While I do

not combat this view, I am unwilling to base philosophy or religion on the assumption that it must necessarily break down, but alongside this there is another outlook.

Science is an attempt to set out the facts of experience. Everyone will agree that it has met with wonderful success but does not start quite at the beginning of the problem of experience.

The first question asked about facts or theories such as I have been describing is, Are they true? I want to emphasize that even more significant than the astronomical results themselves is the fact that this question about them so urgently arises. The question, Is it true? seems to me to change the complexion of the world of experience not because it is asked about the world but because it is asked in the world.

If we go right back to the beginning, the first thing we must recognize in the world is something intent on truth, something to which it matters intensely that a thing shall be true.

If in its survey of the universe, physical science rediscovers the presence of such an ingredient as truth, well and good. If not, the ingredient remains none the less essential, for otherwise the whole question is stultified.

WHAT is the truth about ourselves? We may incline to various answers: We are complicated physical machinery; we are reflections in a celestial glass; we are puppets on the stage of life moved by the hand of time which turns the handle beneath.

Responsibility towards truth is an attribute of our nature. It is through our spiritual nature, of which responsibility for truth is a typical manifestation,

that we first come into the world of experience. Our entry via the physical universe is a re-entry. The strange association of soul and body, of responsibility for truth with a bit of stellar matter—whether given to us by accident or not—is a problem in which we cannot but feel an intense interest, an anxious interest, as though the existence and significance of the spiritual side of experience were hanging in the balance.

The solution must fit the data. We cannot alter the data to fit the alleged solution. I do not regard the phenomenon of living matter, in so far as it can be treated apart from the phenomenon of consciousness, as necessarily outside the scope of physics and chemistry. It may happen that some day science will be able to show how, from the science of physics, creatures might have been formed which are counterparts of ourselves even to the point of being endowed with life, but scientists will perhaps point out the nervous mechanism of this creature, its powers of emotion, of growth, of reproduction, and end by saying, "That is you." But, remember, the inescapable test is: Is it concerned with truth in any way that I am? Then I will acknowledge that it is indeed myself.

We are demanding something more than consciousness. The scientist might point to motions in the brain and say that these really mean sensations, emotions, thoughts.

Even if we accept this rather inadequate substitute for consciousness as we intimately know it, while you may have shown us a creature which thinks and believes, you have not shown us a creature to whom it matters in any non-utilitarian sense what it thinks and believes.

BUT having disowned our supposed doubles, we can say to the scientist, "If you will hand over this robot who pretends to be me and let it be filled with the attribute at present lacking and perhaps other spiritual attributes which I claim are similar on less indisputable grounds, we may arrive at something that is indeed me."

An interesting point is that the recent revolutionary changes of science have made this kind of cooperative solution of the problems of experience more practicable than it used to be. That really is my one excuse for taking part in this debate, the one side of our complex problem in which we have recently had some new light.

A few years ago, the suggestion of taking the physically constructed man and endowing him with a spiritual nature by casually adding something would have been a mere figure of speech, a veritable vaulting over insuperable difficulties, in much the same way we thought of building a robot and then breathing life into him. But we could not do this with a delicate piece of mechanism designed to

walk mechanically. To adapt him for anything else would involve wholesale reconstruction.

Now, to be able to put anything in you must have a vacuum, and such a material body would not be hollow enough to be a receptacle of spiritual nature.

I know that our conception of the material universe must be very puzzling to most people, but I have no time to explain or define it. I will only say that any of the young theoretical physicists of today will tell you that the basis of all the phenomena that come within their province is a scheme of symbols connected by mathematical equations. That is what the physical universe boils down to when probed by the methods which a physicist can apply.

A skeleton scheme of symbols is hollow enough to hold almost anything. It can be filled with something to transform it from skeleton into being, from shadow

When From The Human Heart The Cry Goes Out

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

Must the man of science give answer to the man in the street . . . "It is a universe of atoms and chaos?" A great British astronomer and physicist disagrees. He says that beyond the physical side of the matter we find "a spirit in which truth has its shrine".

It is the privilege of RADIO DIGEST to present his views, as set forth in a talk broadcast recently over the British network and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

into actuality, from symbols into the interpretation of the symbols.

It seems to me that the time has come when scientists can no longer be able to point to the result and say, "That is you." We will say rather, "That is how I symbolize you in my description and explanation of those of your properties which I can observe. If you claim any deeper insight into your own nature, any knowledge of what it is that these symbols symbolize, you can rest assured that I have no other interpretation of the symbols to propose."

The skeleton is the whole contribution of physics to the solution of the problem of experience. From the clothing of the skeleton it stands aloof. The scientific conception of the world has come to differ more and more from the

commonplace conception until we have been forced to ask ourselves—what really is the aim of this scientific transformation? The doctrine that things are not what they seem is all very well in moderation but it has now proceeded so far that we have to remind ourselves that the world of appearances is the one we have actually to adjust our lives to. That was not always so.

FIRST, the progress of scientific thought consisted in correcting gross errors in the commonplace conceptions. We learned, for example, that the earth was spherical, not flat. That does not refer to some abstract scientific earth but to the earth we know so well, with all its color, beauty and homeliness. For my own part, when I think of a tennis match in Australia, I cannot help picturing it upside down, so much has the roundness of the earth become part of a familiar conception!

Then we learned that the earth was rotating. For the most part we give an intellectual assent to this without attempting to weave it into our familiar conception, but we can picture it if we try.

In Rosetti's poem, the Blessed Damozel looks down from the balcony of heaven on "The void as low as where this earth spins like a fretful midge," and perfect truth alone can enter her mind.

Now let us try something fairly modern. In Einstein's theory, the earth, like other matter, is a curvature in space-time. What is commonly called the spin of the earth is a ratio of the two components.

I am not sure that it would be derogatory to an angel to accuse him of not understanding the Einstein theory. My objection is more serious. So long as physics, tinkering with the familiar world, was able to retain those aspects which concern the esthetic side of our nature, it might with some show of reason claim to cover the whole of experience, and those who claimed that there was another side to experience had no support to their claim.

This picture omits so much that is obviously essential there is no suggestion that it is the whole truth about experience. To make such a claim would be offensive not only to those religiously inclined but to all who recognize that man is not merely a scientific measuring machine.

If it were necessary, I would at this point turn aside to defend the scientist for pursuing the development of a highly specialized solution of one side of the problem of experience and ignoring the rest, but I will content myself with reminding you that it is through his efforts in this direction that my voice is now being heard by you. At any rate, there is method in his madness.

Another striking change of scientific views is in regard to determinism, the
(Continued on page 104)

Who Knows — But YOUR
CHILD May Be One of The
CARUSOS
of Tomorrow

*Here's How To Save Him From The Fate
of The Window Cleaner With the Glorious
Voice Who Couldn't Make Good in Opera*



By FRANK LA FORGE

THEY will come from homes that dot the four corners of this broad land—our future Carusos and Pattis. They will fill the ranks of the Metropolitan and other opera companies, and the Radio will give their voices wings.

But a beautiful voice in itself is no more the open sesame to operatic stardom than a beautiful face is to dramatic stardom. It is only the beginning. Whether its guardian will ever reach the bright lights and the plaudits, depends very largely upon the musical training that has gone before, training that can best be given during childhood,—and therein lies the tragedy of the American singer.

In this country there is current a romantic supposition to the effect that a voice is "discovered", after which the lucky possessor has little else to do but trip gaily up the brightly studded ladder to stardom. This legend probably originated in the fertile imagination of some press agent seeking colorful copy for his prima donna client.

A story is told of our American Ambassador to Great Britain, Charles W. Dawes, whose home is in Chicago where he is one of the directors of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. He was walking down Michigan Boulevard one day when he heard a voice of great power and

sweetness. The Ambassador paused, for be it understood, as a composer, patron of opera and instrumentalist, he prided himself on knowing a voice when he heard one, and assuredly this was one. He looked about to discover from whence such golden tones were being freely dispensed. Ah, yes, unmistakably, they were coming from a young Italian who was engaged in briskly swabbing off a large front window. Ambassador Dawes became all attention. The fellow certainly had a voice. He engaged him in conversation.

Yes, window cleaning was his regular job; no, he had never studied music. He sang because of a full heart. In fact, he had always sung. It was pent up inside of him and he had to get it out, so he sang.

Ambassador Dawes felt that here was a real find and had visions of being hailed as the discoverer of a future opera idol, so he took the young fellow in hand and began a somewhat intensive musical edu-

cation which he sponsored. He even went so far as to bring about the erstwhile window washer's debut as the Duke in *Rigoletto*. Alas, the resplendent Duke was soon back at his old job again, washing windows and singing while he worked, perhaps a trifle wistfully.

No doubt he did have a glorious voice and one of exceptional promise. He might even have been famous today. If this lad's mother had insisted on piano practice, when he was a boy, his story might have been vastly different.

I have heard hundreds of beautiful voices, but voices unsupported by adequate preparation in the simple rudiments. Some of them were indeed exquisite but their possessors did not even know how to read music at sight or keep time properly, two cardinal principles of preparedness that are so essential, they are taken for granted. Assuredly no busy conductor nowadays will stop a costly rehearsal long enough to point out such elementary matters.

Moreover, should a singer decide to overcome this handicap at all costs, he will certainly need an iron determination. He would feel like an adult who is just starting to school to learn his numbers and letters. These are matters to occupy the child mind, not that of the grown person. The results produced are needless handicaps, tears, heartaches and often failures.

Thus you may see why more than voice is needed to accomplish the unusual. Let us consider some further points—the idea of the requirements of a singing career. When he first appeared at the Metropolitan, Lawrence Tibbett, with his glorious

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FRANK LA FORGE, Author of This Article, has been assisting artist to Marcella Sembrich, Mmes. Alda, Schumann Heink and many others. He answers those many inquirers who ask "How can I help my child to become a Radio artist?"

Alexander Woollcott, sits in front of the mike just before he swings into action on the period of the Gruen Guild Watch at CBS.



By
ALEXANDER
WOOLLCOTT

LAST autumn I sent several old wives' tales onto the air—the story of the vanishing lady, for instance, and the story of the dead man in the subway. I prefaced each with a question. Each story had been told to me as true. Was it? The question was genuine. It was not the threadbare device of a funny broadcaster trying to whip up interest as one whips up an omelette. I honestly wanted to know. I cannot conceive of asking a question for any other reason.

"Well, the answers came flooding in like pigeons homing to their comfort station—the Public Library. From all the cities and towns on this part of the Atlantic seaboard, from Quincy in Massachusetts and Metuchen in New Jersey and Timonium in Maryland, the answers came in. This would be a fair sample:

"Dear Mr. Woollcott:

"I heard your story of the murdered man in the subway. I am a school teacher and I don't usually write fan letters like this one. I don't like the way you pronounce words and I think you talk much too fast, and I would much rather hear the Crockett Mountaineers. But I felt obliged to answer the question you asked the other night. You wanted to know if the story about the murdered man in the subway was true. I happen to know that it is true, Mr. Woollcott, but you had some of the details wrong. It didn't happen in the subway last winter. It happened in a trolley car in Salt Lake City four years ago. I know, because it happened to a friend of a cousin of mine. I have written out to my cousin to get the exact date and the name of his friend for you and will let you know as

More TOWN CRIER TALES

*Have You Heard This One?—About The
Princeton Grad and the Good Samaritan?*

soon as I hear. I hope you won't think me a silly little thing if I ask you to send me a photograph of yourself. Cordially and sincerely yours,

Henrietta Peewee.'

"Well, that's Henrietta's letter. And if that is a fan letter, I'm Rudy Vallee. I need hardly add that Henrietta's cousin in Salt Lake City never came across with the details and that I never heard again from Henrietta.

"THE story I am going to tell next is one that has come to me in twenty different forms from as many different sources in the past two years. The last person to tell it and the one who told it in much the same form I am using tonight is Colonel Ralph Isham of London and Glen Head. Colonel Isham is that eagle of collectors who, under the hooked and irate noses of all the great dealers in autographs, recently carried off the greatest prize of our time, 'The Boswell Papers', which are now being published a volume at a time. You can

run down to Macy's and buy them by the dozen, if you want to. They are only \$50.00 a volume. Colonel Isham used to be a newspaperman himself. In his salad days he used to be known as the millionaire reporter of *The New York World*. He is, to my notion, the most expert and engaging raconteur now audible at the dinner tables of this latter-day Babylon. Like myself, his specialty is twice-told tales—at least twice told. It is his supreme gift to pick up a bit of American folklore and so sharpen and enhance it that it emerges a gem. Speaking of twice-told tales, I have been at

once flattered and perplexed by the recurrence of one request in the Town Crier's mail bag. From sundry and scattered listeners-in, I have been receiving a suggestion that we celebrate Halloween next fall by retelling the ghost story called "Full Fathom Five" which I spun over the air amid the ducking apples and the grinning pumpkins last fall. I wish there was some way I could determine how many of my audience of a year ago would be infuriated by my telling the story again.

"However, to get back to Colonel Isham's yarn, it's a story about a watch. In a panic, I seem to hear a large part of my audience beginning to growl suspiciously. Your Radio addict can smell propaganda with a gas mask two miles off. I can hear a lot of you cagey old birds saying 'If the Town Crier had been engaged by the Camel people, this story would be about a cigarette.' My answer to that is: 'You lie in your teeth.' This story is about a watch. It begins with a young Princeton alumnus telephoning from his room at the Princeton club in New York

(Continued on page 99)

Rita Bell, bewitchingly demure, did the Helen Kane lines and boop-a-dooping in the Radio showing of *Sweeties*.

Station KHJ Successfully Performs The Noble Experiment— “On With The Show” Brings Sound Pictures To The Air

TORTURED with stereotyped Radio presentations, western listeners have at last discovered something new in what KHJ labels *On With The Show*, which is given each Wednesday at 7 P. M., Pacific time, from Los Angeles.

Several of these have taken an entire talkie feature, cut and revised, and brought out in a Radio version which, somehow or other, never seems to lose any of the lustre of the original production even though the time element has been considerably curtailed.

Besides the talkie productions, the station has also put on light operas, musical comedies and operettas during this *On With The Show* series which is billed to run for a full fifty-two weeks.

The Love Parade, Chevalier's noted vehicle, was the initial attempt. In its original film version this production readily lent itself to numerous characters and many scene changes. But of course the Radio adaptation reduces both the number

of people in the cast and the number of scene shifts.

The picture at your neighborhood theatre showed some twenty-two speaking parts. But the Radio version, cutting and doubling, reduced this to exactly ten.

Then again, the original picture script called for ten sequences, while the adapted Radio script culled this to only four. The screen showing viewed exactly 329 scenes, but only fourteen of these found their way into the broadcast program.

All in all, the cutters and adapters, musicians and continuity men, pick out a few definite “shots” and these are portrayed by music, dialogue and sound effects.

The Love Parade went over in a large-sized way. Impersonating Maurice Chevalier was one Charlie Carter. That's the boy's name, although some of the press insist on dubbing him “Charles Cartier”, to create an impression of French atmosphere.

A San Francisco lad of sixteen, his father is a well known physician up in the San Francisco Bay region. He manages his youthful son and heir. For *The Love Parade* young Carter did both the lines and songs of Chevalier, although in some of the KHJ Radio-talkies it was found necessary to use two separate and distinct casts . . . one for lines and the other for singing.

The boy's impersonation of Chevalier was a knock-out. So far his Radio work has been confined to this one piece of acting. But he does it well and with plenty of snap and verve.

The major portion of the score and dramatic action of *The Love Parade* was left intact. Yet a tremendous amount of unique labor and ingenuity were demanded of the staff in order to give the ear that which the screen feeds to the eye.

This included the writing and arranging of motifs and incidental music, the skillful weaving of musical themes into the en-



RADIO

By *Dr. Ralph*

trance and exit of the leading characters, the placing of melodic symbols so that the listener can easily orient his imagination. Under the stimulus of a mere phrase of dialogue, and a few strains of music, the imagination of the listener creates within him the scene which, on the screen, appears concretely before the eye.

THEN there was the complete Radio version of *The Rogue Song*, but, instead of Lawrence Tibbett, California's proverbial playboy, the lead was taken by Pietro Gentile, young Italian baritone, who was Tibbett's understudy during the filming of the production.

Twenty-five years old in April, Gentile was born in Foggia, Italy. His father was a dilettante musician and his mother a noted sportswoman who was once decorated for bravery by King Emmanuel of Italy, a signal honor.



Ted White is another KHJ staff member who has had singing roles in Radio talkies.



Pietro Gentile was the swagger and dashing baritone hero of *The Rogue Song*, produced in Los Angeles by KHJ.

Rogue Song, also went over quite big, the staff launched out on an ambitious undertaking of talkies, operettas and other similar features for the coming year.

For instance, there was the studio offering of Balfe's *The Bohemian Girl*, which starred Fred Scott . . . one-time Radio singer who seems to have made good with a vengeance in the movie world.

Young Scott's excellent voice and fine dramatic ability helped him to rise from the ranks of Radio entertainment to starring parts on the silver screen and talkies.

While *The Bohemian Girl* was grand opera, the Radio story was so ably reconstructed that it became more understandable, more plausible . . . sort of losing the grand opera curse.

Then they tried the talkie of *Sweeties*, that screamingly funny story of a boys' school right next door to a girls' school. Station Announcer Kenneth Niles did the role which Oakie had in the original. Rita Bell did the Helen Kane lines. Elvia Allman enacted the role of

Miss Twill; Ted White as Bigg; Lindsay MacHarrie as Prof. Austin.

Although the three previous Radio-talkies had used some outstanding guest artist, they did *Sweeties* as an all-studio cast and everybody acquitted themselves pretty well.

PRACTICALLY all of the sound work for these Radio productions comes from the fertile brain of Charles Forsythe. Not content with the ordinary wind machine, he makes one to operate on an electric motor that does the wind storm in several shades and tones, to say nothing of sundry rain, hail and snow side-lines by way of variety.

This new Radio-talkie idea was evolved by Raymond Paige, KHJ musical director, as he was riding on top of a bus out in the wilds of effete Hollywood in search of ideas.

Assisting him was the station arranger, Frederick Stark, German violinist, with practical experience in music arranging for theatres on both the east and west coasts. He did the musical adaptation and wrote new music atmosphere to fit in here and there.

Production Manager Lindsay MacHarrie, one-time assistant student manager at the University of Washington, collaborated in revising the script to fit the limitations of Radio and adapting the talkie to the air production.

Dick Creedon, feature director, and Ted Osborne, erstwhile news-hound, now on the continuity staff, are diligently burning the midnight oil in search of brand new material to keep the series humming along through 1931.

TALKIES

L. Power

While in his teens, Gentile pulled away from parental ties and landed this side of the Statue of Liberty with a magnificent physique, a natural in voice, youthful fire, ambition . . . but no money.

Pietro took a fling at the boxing game for awhile and then followed it up with some singing. Thus some people knew him as the boxing-baritone. He became a favorite singer in society circles and 'tis small wonder that he worked out the combination on the front doors of some of the bigger and better families in Washington and New York.

On Broadway young Gentile did the juvenile lead in Eddie Cantor's *Whoopie*. He is now doing some picture work in Southern California. Not so long ago he caught many distinguished colds while posing for famous artists who delighted in the perfection of his particular style of architecture.

As KHJ's second talkie production, *The*



Charlie Carter (left), who played the lead in *The Love Parade* for KHJ and does Maurice Chevalier impersonations, is only sixteen. Kenneth Niles (right), regular KHJ announcer who did a song and some tap dancing in *Sweeties*.

Broadcasting from

Radio Censorship

WITH the passing of every month the discussion about Radio censorship is growing in volume and in the number of factors involved. As matters now stand, the Federal Radio Commission is definitely limited in its powers to obscenity, blasphemy, treason and the like, although it may fail to renew the license of any station which, in its judgment, is not serving the public interests effectively. As a practical matter, this means that the Federal Radio Commission can exercise little or no censorship over individual Radio programs insofar as they contain objectionable quantities and types of advertising, and involve statements which border close to, or actually constitute misrepresentation. Such censorship today comes under the sole jurisdiction of the chain or individual station accepting a given program.

Certain prominent personages have been clamoring for Radio censorship and there is no doubting that as time goes on this will become as much of a muted subject as it has already become in the fields of book publishing and moving picture production. Experience teaches that in matters of this kind censorship must be either official, which means via some governmental agency, or unofficial, which means via some voluntary agency. Experience also teaches that of the two methods the voluntary plan is infinitely preferable.

Many of the individual stations and all of the leading chains are exercising a type of censorship which is highly commendable and which, in fact, often leans over backwards. Nevertheless, there are a few stations that are very lax in this matter of censorship and, like rotten apples in barrels of good ones, their practices are tending to lower the high plane on which broadcasting as a whole stands today. With a view to studying this situation and also the subject of voluntary censorship as a whole, the Editors of *RADIO DIGEST* suggest that a Board of Investigation be created under the auspices of the National Association of Broadcasters which shall report its findings on this matter.

Perhaps voluntary censorship is desirable; perhaps it is not. Perhaps no form of censorship is needed; perhaps it is. The whole question should be approached with strictly open minds and the Board of Investigation should include a representative group. In addition to adequate representation from the chains, the large local stations and the small local stations, there should also be at least one well selected individual representing each of the following: Advertising

agencies, national advertisers, the Federal Radio Commission, the American Federation of Advertising and the National Better Business Bureau. All of these factors have had extensive experience with regard to the practical phases of censoring advertising copy, and it is probably on this phase that the most important questions arise as to misrepresentation. On the other hand, it would also be well to include individuals well versed in the evolution of censorship as applied to moving pictures, books, vaudeville and the theatre.

It may be difficult to organize such a Board of Investigation and particularly to have it function effectively. Much will depend upon the selection of an able chairman. At least the effort seems justified because it is important for the broadcasting industry to know just why censorship is not desirable and unnecessary, if such is the case. Again, if some sort of voluntary censorship seems desirable, it is vitally important to see that it takes form along lines that are sound and fair to all parties involved. It is quite possible that a code can be devised which stations can ratify individually on a voluntary basis, and it is also quite possible that those stations ratifying such a code will win greater approval with the Federal Radio Commission, with those who originate and spend advertising appropriations and with the American public. Such a code would be revised from year to year as intelligent and extensive study indicated is advisable, and in this manner the need for actual censors or boards of censorship might be permanently eliminated.

Electrical Transcriptions

RECENTLY the President of the National Broadcasting Company came out flat-footed against electrical transcriptions. The policy followed by other broadcasting chains and by many of the leading individual stations indicates a similar attitude toward this method of broadcasting programs. Meanwhile, however, the number of stations equipped to use electrical transcriptions is being steadily increased and the character of such equipment steadily improved. Also, articles are appearing in the daily press describing the progress which has been made both in the art of making electrical transcriptions and in the extent of their use.

The answer to all this seems quite obvious. Electrical transcriptions are here to stay and no doubt the character of programs offered through this method will be gradually improved to a point where they will be hard to distinguish

the Editor's Chair

from programs presented by talent in person. In reducing costs of sustaining programs over local stations during certain hours; in supplying salable programs to a certain number of local advertisers, and as a means of enabling certain national advertisers to syndicate programs on a staggered basis insofar as the time schedule is concerned—electrical transcriptions have a field. Also, the use of electrical transcriptions by national advertisers may be due in certain cases to the fact that chains of stations cannot be lined up for a given program at an identical hour.

Nevertheless, and in spite of these things which insure the future of electrical transcriptions beyond question of doubt, it is quite apparent that talent-in-person will always occupy the premier role from the standpoints of importance and public acceptance. The American people have demonstrated time and time again their ability to feel personalities brought before them via the microphone, and much of the popular success of broadcasting is attributable to this intimacy of relations which has been created between the artists and their audience. Even moving pictures do not have this supreme virtue of personal contact. There is also the highly important factor of timeliness and, of course, electrical transcriptions can never be recorded and delivered to the public simultaneous with an actual occurrence.

In our humble judgment electrical transcriptions will always run a bad second to direct broadcasting in their breadth and intensity of appeal. In other words, they can take up part of the stage but never dominate the stage—and for this reason presentations-in-person must ever be the bulwark of reputation and fame for broadcasting. Both methods have their place, but no one should fail to distinguish between their relative positions and respective limitations.

Midget Radio Sets

THE world wide decline in commodity prices and in manufactured goods and the lowered purchasing power which accompanied the general business depression of 1930 caused many business concerns to aim at a price market for their success. There are many examples of where the public has been offered new types of products at lower prices, and of where the quality of usefulness has not been seriously affected by the reduced prices. There are other cases where price reductions have been effected largely at the expense of quality and utility.

Sacrifices of this sort do not pay in the long run because

dissatisfied customers sooner or later fly back against the manufacturer. Midget Radio sets to a considerable degree fall in this category. While there are a few small size sets that are excellently made that sell at lower prices than those encased in larger and more costly cabinets, the fact remains that many of the midget sets which have been put on the market during the past few months fail to offer worth while values to the public. In other words, the dollar saving which they seem to offer is in truth a false economy.

In buying Radio sets we caution and advise our readers to investigate intensively before deciding on which set to buy. We make this suggestion in order that no one will make the unforgivable mistake of buying a set which does not do justice to modern Radio broadcasting. The many, many millions of dollars which are being spent to bring outstanding talent and great programs before the American public are largely wasted if they reach the listener through receiving sets that distort and ruin the actual programs. Hence, we say be sure to shop carefully and, if necessary, spend the extra dollars asked to insure a quality result as contrasted with a mangled result.

RAY BILL



RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

EVERY Friday morning *Collier's* Magazine appears on the newsstands.

Every Sunday night *Collier's* appears on the air.

The Radio hour is under the direction of John B. Kennedy, Associate Editor.



John B. Kennedy

Who's Who says that he was born in Canada in 1894. That makes him thirty-seven. Which is pretty young to have done all the things that *Who's Who* reports him to have done. For instance, to have been a newspaper man in Montreal, Toronto, St. Louis, Chicago, New York, and London. To have been a correspondent during the World War. To have been associated with Herbert Hoover in relief work in Europe. To have founded and edited in 1921 the magazine *Columbia*. To have been for the past few years editor and Radio director of *Collier's*.

Other facts culled from *Who's Who*

are that he came from Canada to the United States in 1909, that he attended St. Louis University, where he specialized in philosophy, that he married in 1916, that he has two children, that he has been decorated by the French and Belgian governments.

And grateful am I to *Who's Who*, for after my few moments talk with him snatched at the end of one of *Collier's* Radio hours, I found that I had a great many facts about the program but almost none about John B. Kennedy.

Of course I started him off by asking the very practical question: "Are you getting lots more subscriptions to your magazine because of the broadcast?"

"Well," he replied, "it's rather strange. We have had a tremendous increase in circulation, but we find that *Collier's* has grown as rapidly during the summer months when we are not on the air as during the months when we are. It must be the excellence of the book itself that sells it.

"We're in Radio broadcasting to entertain people, not to sell them. Our readers pay a nickel and they get from us two interesting shows a week, one for the mind—through the *eye*, and one for the mind through the *ear*. The good will established by *Collier's Hour* is an intangible thing. It cannot be measured by a yardstick. But from the piles of letters that come into my office, from the thousands of people who have attended this theatre to watch our performances, I'm convinced the yardstick would have to be a very large one."

And then just as I was going to ask him about his favorite hobbies, et cetera, he had to dash off to a previous engagement.

But that doesn't prevent me from saying something about the way *Collier's Hour* is presented. It is the only program I know where you can both eat your cake and have it, too—meaning that you watch the performers as they act, sing, or talk behind a great glass curtain which separates the stage from the audience, and from a loud speaker you hear the program just exactly as it is going out on the air.

Microphone technique, with its necessity for lowering the voice, is such that

most programs are spoiled for the listener who hears them in the studio. Often it is impossible to hear what is being said or sung into the microphone although the performers are but a few feet away. In *Collier's Hour* one both sees and hears.

The program has been on the air for over three years and since March 16, 1930, its performances have been broadcast from the stage of the Amsterdam Theatre every Sunday night at eight-fifteen, Eastern Standard time. To obtain seats one must write to *Collier's*, but so popular is the program that all seats have been spoken for for weeks ahead.

Audrey Marsh

THE race is to the swift. And the race is to the young. At least it seems so with this group of Radiograph people. Bert Lown, twenty-six, Lucille Wall, twenty or so, John Kennedy, thirty-seven, and here's Miss Audrey Marsh, soprano for the Columbia Broadcasting



Audrey Marsh

System, who is only nineteen years old.

She did get an early start. She began to sing at thirteen months. At that age her mother vouches she could carry the tune of *Smarty, Smarty*, which does seem appropriate, doesn't it, for a year-old songbird? Yes, she was quite a prodigy.



Lucille Wall

The breaks were with her in that both parents were musical, her father a singer, her mother a concert pianiste. Her career did not have parental opposition. All through her childhood her talent was fostered. In school her time was taken up rehearsing for amateur productions. Since she had a great deal of dramatic ability as well as musical talent she decided to try for the stage. When only fourteen she had parts in *The Prince and The Pauper* and in *Little Old New York*.

After graduating from school, she took some special dramatic work in New York. This didn't satisfy her. She wanted the real thing. Ann Nichols was getting together a company to take *Abie's Irish Rose* on the road. Little Audrey walked into the office and said she wanted a job. Ann Nichols gave her the lead.

For two years she was "Rosemary" in that world's most popular play. After that came a role in Christopher Morley's *After Dark*, which played in Hoboken.

Then came her Radio discovery.

She was at a party, she sang a few songs, a Radio executive was present. He arranged an audition at Columbia. Abacadabra, she was a Columbia star.

That in March, 1930. Since then she has been a featured singer over WABC.

Lucille Wall

LUCILLE WALL, who delights listeners as the Love Story Girl in *Collier's Hour* every Sunday night over NBC, was

born not so many years ago in Chicago. She didn't intend to have a dramatic career. At fourteen or fifteen she had made up her mind to be a nun. But her ideas changed and she decided to train herself as a pianiste. Then she heard Paderewski give a recital. The Polish genius so overwhelmed her that she gave up all ambition for a musical career.

The stage intrigued her next and to this idea she brought a determination that eventually brought her to Jane Cowl's company for a three-year engagement. Last year she was on Broadway in *Little Accident* and in *The Ladder*.

She tells an interesting story about her early stage experiences. She was applying at the offices of various theatrical agents asking for work. Finally one agent called her up and told her an actress was needed in such and such a play. She thanked him and naively said she'd let him know about it in two or three days. "All right," said the agent, and slammed up the receiver. Taking him literally, that it was "all right," she appeared in three days to say she'd take the job. "Lady," said the weary-eyed agent, "the girl who took that part has already opened in it." Yet, nevertheless, she eventually got a part from him, and made good at it.

Radio was just a happenstance. Over three years ago some friends told her of the *Collier's Hour* and of its need for someone to take parts in the dramatizations of its short stories. She tried out, was accepted, and has been with *Collier's* ever since. A year ago she began the "Polly Preston" rôle, which is a popular feature over NBC on Tuesday nights.

She is a tall girl, but with a sparkle and vivacity that is rare in the statuesque type. The microphone has enabled her to take the kind of parts she prefers to play—the gay young parts—which on the stage are denied to her because of her height.

"Glamorous?" She repeated the word I applied to her career. "Yes, I suppose it looks so from the outside, but it seems to me that all I do is to work and go home to rest. There is no life like the dramatic one for demanding energy and vitality. There may be some professions where one can burn the candle at both ends and still do good work, but acting is not one of them.

"Yes, I have a great deal of leisure, but it is leisure cut up into little bits. I never can look ahead a week at a time. I can't even plan a hair-dressing engagement."

Collier's Radio Hour is broadcast from the New Amsterdam Theatre with an audience on the other side of the glass curtain.

"At first this audience was terribly disconcerting," Miss Wall said. "I wanted to play to it and not to the microphone. Now, of course, I am used to it and it doesn't bother me. But at the beginning it required an effort of will to keep my mind on my Radio audience instead of

the theatrical one! Now I find it easy."

Bert Lown

"A MILLION dollars, and then what?" That was the question I asked Bert Lown as I sat across the tea table from him in the supper room of the Hotel Biltmore.

For Bert Lown, leader of the Hotel Biltmore Orchestra, and heard regularly over WABC and the Columbia network, has admitted his ambition is "a million dollars."

The slender blonde young man, who looks like nothing so much as a youngster just out of college, quirked up a corner of his mouth. Said he, "I'm going to buy an island in the South Seas."

I thought that was just his pleasant way of telling me it was none of my business. So I said facetiously, "Where you will sit and sit and sit, and rest yourself, b'gosh."

"No. I'll probably be working as hard as I am now, but it will all be constructive work. Fifty per cent of my energy won't be devoted to fighting competition—as it is in this game, or in any business in the modern world. I want to build something with my own hands, to make



Bert Lown

something out of nothing. I don't know exactly what it will be. But something"—he wrinkled his brow—"well, the sort of thing Jim Dole did with his Hawaiian pineapples."

It began to dawn upon me that this young man was serious.

"But you don't like business, cities, the hustle and bustle of modern life."

"Cities? I hate 'em. But they're

(Continued on page 102)

MARCELLA

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

MY DEARS your Marcella is still almost overwhelmed with the affair of the month—and there have been so many things this season of the year. Passing along from the quite doggy doings aboard the Club Leviathan under the auspices of the RKO-NBC my idea of the real old home week was the Sunday night opening of WMCA atop the Hammerstein theatre. Very swank for a family gathering. And my previous peep at the guest list convinced me that everyone who was lucky enough to get a bid simply could not afford to miss it.

YOU may know that WMCA has been growing up. There are two floors of studios and the very finest of talent. It is without doubt the most progressive independent station in New York. All due of course to the energetic enterprise of Mr. Donald Flamm, owner and manager. The opening was due to the formal presentation of the new transmitter capable of spreading a program over half the continent or better. Guest artists were summoned from every quarter. Many of the leading celebrities of the air made their start in Radio at the old WMCA. They call it their alma mater.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. JOHNSTONE, representing Mr. Aylesworth of NBC, were in the audience of the little theatre shepherding a flock of lambs from the National group. Among these were Rudy Vallee, Alwyn Bach, Lucille Wall and Baby Rose Marie. Ted Husing and Norman Brokenshire mastered some of the ceremonies as representatives from the Columbia fold. Then there was the exquisite Bernadine



Bernadine Hayes

Hayes who was crowned Radio Queen, formerly of Columbia and more recently of NBC. (She is leaving New York as these lines are written with a trainload of talkie people for pictures to be taken in Hollywood—dear me, I've forgotten whether it was Warner Brothers or First National.) Then there were N. T. G., sometimes known as Nils T. Granlund, proprietor of the Hollywood Night Club and other notable ceremonial masters. Beautiful Nancy Carroll sat right beside me. And you can just bet RADIO DIGEST was represented by four members of its editorial staff (and escorts). It was an all night party, dear friends, with much



WMCA Television Theatre, New York

chatter and small talk as well as entertainment from the stage. I think it was about 2 a.m. when Mr. Brokenshire broke into a song which sounded much like "Three cheers for WMCA—long be its wave." Over it all flowed the blessings of a Methodist preacher, Catholic priest and Jewish rabbi—who participated in the program.

HERE'S a long overdue reply to a letter from Mr. R. L. McEachun who wrote from Fort Valley, Ga., on the general tendency to biased reporting of sports by broadcasters. He picks out Mr. G. McNamee at the time of the World Series and says there was a change in Graham's voice indicating something or other when Jimmie Fox hit a homer.

Quoth Mr. McNamee to me apropos: "If there was a change in my voice, other than the natural reactions to the many periods of excitement I was not aware of it. Certainly I was not rooting for St. Louis any more than I was for Philadelphia. The Radio announcer always gets it coming and going after any big game. The losing side always accuses the announcer of favoring the opposition. As a matter of fact I consider that I am talking to the whole United States. My enthusiasm is for the good plays wherever they are."

IT WAS over a luncheon at one of the women's clubhouses on East 57th Street that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Petch. She is a short, energetic woman—just full of American pep—although she is English. And the remarkable thing about her is that she was the first woman to broadcast from Norway to America. You must have all heard her here in the United States for she was and probably still is, on a tour of the United States stations, delivering educational talks on various subjects. She is very modest about her work and when I referred to the great service she was giving to humanity—she said, "Marcie," that's the

short affectionate term for Marcella—"I don't like to be thought of as one of those dignified educators—I just love life—and I love the way it's lived in America—I like its enthusiasm, its verve." And as we sipped the last drop of tea, Mrs. Petch hurried away to catch a train to Toledo.

THE rolling pin has played many important parts in the history of many homes—but its unique possibility as a baton for conducting was first



Donald Flamm



Gladys M. Petch

discerned by none other than Ted Weems. It was natural for Ted to translate almost anything into musical terms, for one of his forebears, Angus Wemyes—is said to have invented the Scottish bagpipes, and his parents are both music teachers. Besides composing and music-ing, Ted took excursions into the literary field while

attending the Towne Scientific School of the University of Pennsylvania, and contributed generously to the humorous publication, the *Punch Bowl*. To Ted Weems and his orchestra were paid the highest tribute afforded to any musicians in our land—that of playing for the Inaugural Ball of the President of the United States in Washington. And so day after day, the writer of *Piccolo Pete*, and his band gather fresh fame. Of course any little sketch about Ted would be incomplete without the mention of Art, his brother who early joined him in their melody journeys. Ted Weems and his orchestra are heard every week Gladys, over the Columbia Broadcasting System, presenting their programs direct from the Hotel Lowry, in St. Paul.



Ted Weems

NORMAN L. of Souderton, Pa. wants pictures and sketches of Harry Vonzell, Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn. And here they are grouped in a quartet, the fourth of which is Reynold Evans of whom a word later. Harry Vonzell started out on his Radio career, as a singer, *believe it or not*, but is now an announcer—and over the CBS. His later capacity was discovered when he was on a program in a local station in Los Angeles. Harry was to sing, with several other artists, but as the time rapidly approached for the opening of the program and no announcer appeared—Harry found himself with a script in his hand instead of the music sheet. He was nervous about it and thought that he had “flopped”, but a week later was surprised when he was given a regular job as announcer. Then in the competition for announcer on the Old Gold program, Vonzell was chosen out of two hundred applicants for the job.

ALMOST every day Marcella receives requests for more about Reynold Evans. Ruth A. of Akron says, “He surely is one of Columbia’s best announcers. I believe

if you asked ‘Reyn’ in a real nice way he would give you a picture without the Sheik’s garb.” Mary E. K. of Tonawanda, N. Y., asks for his photo; and E. E. D. of Buffalo wants a photo of Reyn for her scrap book. Well, here is Reynold Evans—and without any of the fol-de-rols which he wears in Arabesque. Reyn got the fundamentals of readin’, writin’ and ‘rithmetic at Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven. But the wanderlust seized him and he ran away to join a New York Stock company. He says he was terrible in the part that he took, but it could not have been that as this role started him in his theatrical career. Both of his eyes appear to be quite healthy, but he almost lost one of them in a duel with Walter Hampden during the first act of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Reyn also played with Cyril Maude and with Jane Cowl so he has an excellent dramatic background for his Radio career.

EDYTHE J. MESERANDE in the Press Relations Department of the NBC writes to RADIO DIGEST and says, “This is for your little bird that knows all.” Please page Mrs. A. M. B. of Earlville, N. Y. James Wallington, or Jimmy as he is known to everyone, is only 22 and hails from Rochester. For three years he studied at the University of Rochester—that is, he attended, anyway. He always had a charming voice, as his neighbors commented, and like most Radio announcers, he began his public career as a singer. It was at WGY, Schenectady that he sprouted up into a full-fledged announcer.

writing continuities and directing the plays. Came the day—(last summer) he met Miss Stanislaw Butkiewicz, or the future Mrs. Wallington, which is much easier to pronounce, and they sailed off upon their honeymoon on an airplane trip through Canada. Jimmy looks a bit older than his twenty-two years. He is over six feet tall, has blue eyes, light brown hair and a close-clipped mustache. Our Imperturbable Printer must have shaved off the mustache in the process of reproduction here.



James Wallington



Ford Bond

THIS too, is for Mrs. A. M. B. Good evening, Ladies and—Ford Bond speaking. In a Chicago medical college where his parents urged him to go. Ford preferred studying music to dissecting cats. That’s where parents err—of course, this column is not

for the purpose of disciplining parents—but when a lad has a singing voice, why send him to a medical college? When he was twenty-two he directed the community chorus and church choir at Alexandria, La., but sooner or later, Radio “gets” any ambitious person, and beginning at WHAS, Louisville, as announcer, then director of studios, music and general programs, he won his way to New York and hid himself over the NBC. Fifteen churches in New York invited him to sing but he accepted finally the offer of the Marble Collegiate Church to become a member of their choir and sing to the congregation.

CHUBBY PARKER is not on WLS any more. Mel R. He is living in Chicago, with his family, but is not connected with any station. Bob Boulton is back at college, probably deeply immersed in higher math, Greek, literature and the like. Steve Ciser—says that Bob was a live wire around the studios and quite popular with the ladies on his famous Town Crier Cooking school. Very young and unmarried. Eddie Allan is the Dixie Harmonica King of WLS. He has six hundred tunes packed in his mouth harp. Married! More of WLS in March, Marcella hopes. Bradley Kincaid is dividing his time between WLW and WLS. Even Steven himself has turned Buckeye and joined WGAR at Cleveland.



Upper: Harry Vonzell, Brad Browne
Lower: Reynold Evans, Al Llewelyn



Roger Bower

BRAD BROWNE of Nit Wit Fame—and did you know, Norman, that Harry C. Browne, director of Hank Simmons' *Show Boat* which has seen its *steenth* hundred performance on CBS, is Brad's brother? And would you think that this stirrer of mirth and giggles once studied law at Georgetown University and has an LL.B.? But he didn't want to practise law—he wanted to practise on the banjo—and he's some banjo strummer. Of course, it's all in the family—for the father is quite at home with this instrument—and in the good old days—the people would gather around in the Browne homestead and all would dance to the merry tum-tums of the banjo. Brad went overseas with the 101st regiment and as personnel corporal, he had leisure to write army songs and entertain his buddies. As a matter of fact, Brad is so popular, that his picture is on the Coming and Going page. I think I snatched the better picture, don't you?

* * *

THINGS looked awfully black—and it wasn't in Pittsburgh, either—when Al Llewelyn's steel foundry—that is he was the production manager—burned to the ground. But he picked up odds and ends here and there and managed to calm the landlady on Saturdays with enough money to stay for another week. At the same boarding house lived none other than Brad Browne—and the only one, probably who didn't enjoy the merriment was the landlady—because the other guests never got to bed with these two comedians around—and there was the candlelight bill to be paid. It was at a Newark station where Brad and Al won public acclaim and as Newark isn't far from New York, they came to this city and broadcast their *Cellar Knights, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*, and other comical sketches over the CBS. They now have other programs including the *Pertussin Playboys* which they broadcast daily at 8:15 in the morning. His success is not confined to Radio for his golf score is in the low nineties.

* * *

ANY time that Marcella herself is so busy that she can't see the Columbia stars personally, she calls up Gilbert Cant

and asks frinstance, in her very chirping voice—How old is Guy Lombardo—and off rushes Mr. Cant to Guy Lombardo, takes a peek at his birth certificate—rushes back to the telephone—28 years. Are any of his brothers married—and off he rushes again to the four brothers—and asks each one of them if he is in bondage to the matrimonial vow—hurries back to the telephone and says—"No, they're not married yet!" Leonore C. of Oil Springs, Ontario wants to know if Carmen Lombardo wrote *Until We Meet Again*. Did he, Mr. Cant? Mr. Cant says, yes. They're all four brothers—and they make some quartet, don't they, Christine? Christine of Kenosha says that there is a resemblance between Victor Lombardo and the Prince of Wales.

* * *

BETTY of Stamford writes, "I think Roger Bower of WOR is great—he's a humorous announcer—what I like".

Here he is just as happy as ever. George Roger Bower is his full name, but for some reason or other he dislikes the name George. Well, George, I mean Roger, is a native of Gotham and even attended the universities here—N. Y. U., and City College. He's had his finger in everything—farm hand, desk hand, logger, etc. He is even a Spanish interpreter. WMCA is his alma mater also. Here he worked for several months as a fight announcer, but he is now thriving at WOR and seems to be quite happy both from his picture and his voice over the telephone.

* * *

AND here comes Ford Rush. And here is a partial list of people who have asked about him: Eddie of Peoria; Mrs. Daisy R. of Emporia; and Rosalind T. of Detroit. Ford calls himself the "Pal of the Air" and he certainly proves himself to be that judging from the hundreds of

letters he receives from all types of people in different parts of the country. He is now at KMOX "tenoring" away, writes Miss Junkin, program director, "and has such a likable disposition that he is quite irresistible."

* * *

SH-SH-SH. Irene Beasley is on the CBS, but I can't tell you a thing else about it. There's a terrible secret—all that I know is that she's on an advertising program and no one will give me the name of it. So, Maud S. of Station, Texas, and Twilla of Salina, Kansas, ef'n Ah wuz you, I'd keep a sharp ear for her voice.

* * *

MISS VIDA SUTTON has the enviable task of teaching NBC Radio announcers how to speak distinctly and correctly. It was she who coached Milton J. Cross and Alwyn Bach and they both came home with the diction gold medals.

* * *



Paul Specht

DEE of Newport writes a very chatty letter about Paul Specht. She says, "For those Specht admirers who have not had the good fortune to see their idol on the job, let them visualize a tall, slender, good-

looking young man, of fine Pennsylvania Dutch stock, tucking his violin under his chin with a caressing gesture that shows how well he loves it. He told me his two Pennsylvania Dutch farms are his hobby and Paradise. He has managed to sidestep the racketeering clutter of grafters, etc., etc., which so often impede the traffic along the royal road to renown. He speaks with the greatest reverence of his parents, "a pure old-fashioned mother, an industrious musical father. Paul Specht is a rich man—rich in the things worth while, in happy home ties and associations, in experiences and in accomplishments, in character and in high ideals." Now, Dee, Dear, I think that is a beautiful character delineation. Even Boswell could not have done better. And I'm returning Paul Specht's pictures to you. Thank you for them.

* * *

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



Ford Rush



Upper: Carmen and Guy Lombardo
Lower: Lebert and Victor Lombardo



Such Pulchritude!
**KROW Issues
 CHALLENGE**

HERE'S a station that thinks it has the most beautiful staff of feminine entertainers of any broadcaster in the United States. They're KROW-ing so vigorously about it that RADIO DIGEST thought it only fair to beat television to it and let everyone else have a look at the fair staff of the Oakland station.

They offer plenty of variety—blondes, brunettes, titian-haired entertainers ranging the gamut from the soulful, dreamy type to peppy, jazzy girls.

And so they issue a challenge to the incorporated Radio Stations of the broad, wide, U. S. A., to submit photos of their staff members to the searching eye of publicity. We'll then appoint you Radio listeners and readers as a nation-wide jury to pick the most beautiful staff.

Other broadcasters will have to go a long way to beat this array of gorgeous talent. All of the young ladies are actively associated with the station—there are no "imported" beauties, and all of them are well and favorably known to Pacific Coast listeners.

Top row, left to right—June Gilman, the girl with a smile in her voice, receptionist, has been with KROW since its opening. Jean Ardath—she's the titian-haired one!—the station's jazz and concert pianist. Mildred Lewis, next, passes on your request numbers to the musical director when you call—she's called "half-pint" 'cause her height is just five feet. Madeline Sivyver, the Bohemian Violinist is just nineteen, and a real artist.

Left, reading downward—Betty The Shopper, fashion dictator, who knows what to buy, what to wear and—important—how to get it for the least money! Helen Eenson, the Banjo Girl, is very, very blond and the dreamy sort of person a banjoist should be. Lillian Boyd, ravishing brunette, is 21 and has double barrelled talents—a soft contralto voice and piano fingers.

Right, reading downward—Maybelle Gleeson, winsome blond wife of Bill Gleeson, general manager of KROW. Beth Chase— isn't she too demure? No, looks are deceiving, for Beth is the Oakland station's blues-singer and jazz baby—tap-dancer, too. Nola Starr has Irish eyes—is a daughter of Erin who can bring tears to your eyes with her tender, rich contralto voice.



Mingling with *Mid-Westerners*

By

BETTY MCGEE

Chicago Correspondent

OVER in the Civic Opera House we find a very versatile couple—Marion and Jim Jordan . . . they bring to mind the truism that versatility is a necessary requirement for every Radio artist. This harmony team of WENR, formerly of the vaudeville stage, have a repertoire of four or five different kinds of Radio acts. First, they are both members of the cast of the "Smith Family", well known comedy sketch. Then, they sing duets together. When they solo, Marion is a specialist in character songs, while Jim is frequently heard in the ballad type of composition. Last, they present a short comedy and musical sketch known as "Marion and Jim's Grab Bag" in which jokes are intermingled with tunes.

And speaking of artists we think of Leon Bloom, musical director of WBBM. Mr. Bloom is responsible for the fact that though that station broadcasts a number of the world's most famous orchestras including Paul Whiteman's, Ben Bernie's, and Jan Garber's WBBM has to go no further than its studio orchestra to get any kind of music needed and to have it played in a style that takes its place in quality with the topnotchers of the world. Mr. Bloom was a concert pianist before becoming director of his orchestra and has

played in the leading cities of both Europe and America.

And still talking music and musicians, Jules Herbeveaux is quite a character. He combines a polished and dignified exterior with the impulses of the incorrigible clown. Strange as it may seem Jules studied to be an engineer. However, it was over in France that he first picked up a saxophone and he has never laid it down; and probably never can, now that his syncopations are a regular feature

over at KYW. His two greatest interests are his lovely suburban home, and aviation . . . and folks at the studio are already putting in bids for rides in the plane he hopes to buy soon.

* * *

BILLY DOYLE, who is Rudolph in the WCFL team of Adolph and Rudolph, tells a funny story about his partner, Ned Becker. Years ago they drifted together in Chicago and decided to work up a vaudeville act, which was to include "Dutch" dialect and jokes, and a little "hoofing". Billy was a dancer, but Ned wasn't, so a pair of wooden shoes was bought for the inexperienced member of the team and he was set to work clogging.

After a week or so of practice, both boys decided their act, including the clogging (now they call it tap-dancing) would pass muster, so they got a job in a three-a-day down in Paducah, Ky. Billy Doyle danced, and all was well. Then it came Ned's turn, but he stood there absolutely paralyzed . . . he had forgotten every step that Billy had taught him! After what seemed like an eternity, they left the stage, packed their properties, and tried to sneak out of the back door. But the manager caught sight of them and said enthusiastically—"Boys, you saved the show; the part where Ned makes believe he forgot his dance was a wow!" Luck was with them . . . after six weeks in Paducah they earned a good reputation



Above—Marion and Jim Jordan and their piano, are as harmonious at home as they are at WENR studios. Both are good comedians and actors, too.

Top—Leon Bloom, musical director of WBBM, Chicago, is an ex-concert pianist.

The Radio Romeos (left) of WPG, Atlantic City, in their "Personal Appearance Regalia"—they have a memorized repertoire of five hundred ballads.

and played all the large circuits of vaudeville. War separated them, but Radio reunited them and today they are one of the most popular features of the Chicago station.

Pancake Festival Held at KGBZ

WHAT? *Pancake* festival at a Radio station? Yes—besides dispensing entertainment, Station KGBZ at York, Neb., recently went into the wholesale eating business, as witness these statistics—12 tons of pancake flour, 20 barrels of syrup and 1,500 pounds of coffee served to over 100,000 visitors.

But it was all free, served through the hospitality of Dr. George R. Miller, owner of the station. Invitations were broadcast and folks were fed in relays of 400 at a time. Members of the staff, including Henry and Jerome who recently won a *RADIO DIGEST* popularity prize, entertained in person during the eight days of the festival. Visitors came to York from distances of over one hundred miles—a tribute to the originality of the plan in back of the Festival.

Bobby Jones Gives Radio Golf Lessons

IF YOU have a bad slice or put too much top on your ball or any of the other faults common to merely mortal golfers—prepare to correct them now, under the tutelage of Bobby Jones, who has turned golf pro under the banner of NBC to give listeners lessons. But watch out, don't drive into the china closet or the loud speaker! There'll be more about him in March *RADIO DIGEST*.

Pacific Pick-ups

OUT in the K-call Country, where stations all begin with K's, *RADIO DIGEST* gives two stations—KHJ and KROW—a big splash this month, each with a feature story. As for the other broadcasters . . .

* * *

John McIntyre, KMPC announcer, does the Sunday night drama reading for his station in Beverly Hills, Cal., with organ background by Leo Mannes. Mac studied elocution in high school; continued at the University of Southern California, where he was student assistant in the School of Speech, and now his first job out of school is in broadcast. A year ago he married Gloria Quayle Montgomery and the ceremony was performed in



front of the microphone at the station.

* * *

Ray Bailey, debonair music conductor for KMTR, used to manage a dance hall orchestra up in Nome twenty-five years ago . . . later directing the Hotel Coronado orchestra down near San Diego way.

* * *

Jack Strock, who assumes full responsibility for KGER's *Allay Oop* frolic each afternoon out in Long Beach, Cal., comes from a theatrical family. But he never had a yearning for the stage, preferring instead to follow broadcast ways. *Allay Oop* freely translated means "giddap horsie," and that is what the hour is, a full sixty minutes of fun and horse play.

* * *

Purcell Mayer, KFI violinist, follows his line of Radio and concert work while his sister, Mary, tries a different angle on the same subject. She is music critic on a morning paper in the same city . . . Los Angeles.

* * *

Charlie Wellman, "Prince of Pep," packs his toothbrush and hair lotion in a grip and goes from KHJ to KFSD for awhile. His singing voice in popular tunes of the day has been a KHJ feature for the last three years on regular schedule. Chuck, fifteen-year-old son, remains in Los Angeles while dad goes to San Diego. The boy is studying to be a lawyer.



Above—The principals of the WLW *Canova Hour* con their cues—left to right, Don Becker, Robert Brown, Harriet Wellen, Bill Stoess and Franklin Bens
Top—Dr. George R. Miller, owner of KGBZ, Pancake Festival Station at York.
Right—"Shure, Molly and it's swell coffee that you do be makin' to warm a cop's heart"—Molly and Mike, of the KFI-KECA, humorous dialect team.



They're all good, but Bobby Dukes, on Stan Lee Broza's shoulder, is the youngest and cleverest of the WCAU Kiddies.



Tackling the biggest band instrument of all—the Jumbo Sousaphone—doesn't scare Alfreda Hagen, KSTP blues singer.

THE Sunshine Coffee Boys departed from KFAB in Yankton, and then they came back. Eddie Dean, the baritone of that harmony team, can also twang a guitar, while Jimmy Dean, the tenor, is a "harmonica-ist" too . . . Myron Woten of the same South Dakota station, is six years old, assists Daddy and Gladys Woten on their program, and lays claim to being the youngest announcer on the air . . . Earl Williams is another old-time WNAX'er who came back after a year spent with other stations.

Four-Year-Old Is Star of WCAU "Kiddies"

By KENNETH W. STOWMAN

AS RIPLEY would say, "Believe It or Not"—Bobby Dukes has appeared on the stage, screen and Radio and is not yet four. He is chief attraction on the WCAU Sunday Children's Hour.

About two years ago, Stan Lee Broza of Station WCAU conceived the idea of broadcasting a children's program. Within three weeks more than a hundred kiddies were awaiting their turn to broadcast and it became necessary to set a time for auditions to weed out poor material and to develop those which showed promise. The broadcasting time is Sunday morning, with auditions on Saturday, open to everyone. Thus in a nutshell the WCAU Children's Hour had its origin. So popular has this broadcast become that motion picture and stage stars await their Philadelphia arrival so that they may entertain these kiddies.

Last summer nine of the best kiddies, headed by Bobby Dukes, made their first stage appearance at the Fox Theatre in Philadelphia, where in one week they established an all-time house record for midsummer. They played later in Newark, N. J., Wildwood, N. J., Ocean City, N. J., and closed their run at Wilmington, Del., where they filled the house to capacity, a record for child entertainers.



Nashville, Tennessee, is her home, and she likes the South, says Justine Dumm, smiling soprano of Station WSM.

THE dramatic sketches *Abroad With The Lockharts*, heard from WCAU in Baltimore, are written by Gene Lockhart and his wife, Kathleen, who play the roles of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, both in real life and for the microphone.

Gene Lockhart is well known as a composer, one of his most popular song hits being *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*. Kathleen Lockhart is also a musician of note and has appeared in a number of stage productions in London and New York, as well as on the Radio.

WLW Team Discovered Leading Double Lives!

THE end men of the WLW Burnt Corkers team have another occupation. In private life Hink signs the checks of a college for which he acts as treasurer, as Elmer N. Hinkle. Dink is none other than George N. Ross, Oxford, Ohio, tobacco salesman, and when not blacked up, has light brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 160 pounds and is 5 feet 6½ inches tall. Married and has two children.

Hink has dark hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 7½ inches tall and weighs about 140 pounds. Beats his partner by one more child—has three.

TOM RICHLEY, xylophone player at WLW, is more than conscientious. He won't resort to even legitimate trickery. His own arrangement of "The Rosary" calls for chords on both xylophone and vibraphone. Although fellow musicians could competently play the vibraphone chords for him, Richley insists upon jumping from one instrument to the other and doing all the work himself. "I'd have to do it on the stage, and I can't cheat the Radio audience," he says.

WHEN his shoes developed a squeak just before a presentation of the Crosley Theatre at WLW, Edward A. Byron, production manager, removed the offending shoes and directed the play in his stocking feet.

SIDNEY TEN EYCK, announcer at WLW, is known to the Radio audience under more strange names than any other member of the staff of the Crosley radio stations. He gets letters addressed to names such as these: Tenite, Kemite, Tannyke, Tenike, Penite, 10 Ike, and 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 Eyck. Robert Burdette, another Crosley announcer, always introduces Ten Eyck to listeners as Ten Itch.



Here are the end men of the WLW Burnt Corkers—Hink and Dink—otherwise Elmer N. Hinkle and George N. Ross.

IT'S an extraordinary saw that Joe Lenzer plays at WLW. Made of the finest steel, copper plated, its handle of polished wood is decorated with ivory medallions studded with brilliants. That's a record, even for a musical saw.

Everett M. Strout Roamed From Spain to Singapore to KSTP

IT ISN'T often that a youngster selected to be a future president of the United States turns out to be a deep-sea diver—but that's what almost happened to Everett M. Strout, erstwhile diver, sailor, Radio technician, cook, and what not, who is now a member of the engineering staff of KSTP.

Proud of her young son, his mother boasted that some day she would be the mother of a President. "But I turned out to be a deep-sea diver," Strout related. At the age of thirteen years he ran away from home to start his career as a sailor. That step was the beginning of hazardous experiences and hair-raising adventures which ended not so long ago with his marriage to Miss Catherine Schoop of Oak Park, Illinois.

His stories concern: The weird music of Calcutta with its mysterious dark doorways, and how he spent a night in jail there for talking back to the captain of his ship; the alluring beauty of the women of Spain, and particularly Valencia, the most interesting of all the places which he visited; how his hair prematurely turned gray in the first storm that he encountered at sea; how his diving partner was killed while with him at Detroit; the thrills he experienced as he witnessed a cobra and mongoose fight at Singapore; and how he was stranded at Lake Superior with the propeller shaft of the ship broken and how his S O S calls brought ships to the rescue.

In 1923 Strout constructed one of the first Radio stations in Illinois, a 20-watt station at La Salle. Today he is employed by one of the largest Radio stations in the Northwest, KSTP in St. Paul, where he is known as somewhat of a magician or genius for his remarkable success on the technical side of broadcasting.



The seventeen members of the Aristocrats at WTMJ, Milwaukee, boast among their instruments everything from an accordion to a harp.



Quin Ryan, veteran WGN announcer, introducing Senator-elect James Hamilton Lewis in one of his recent Radio speeches.



Harry Seymour, genial announcer of the WSMB Sunday night Frolics, is losing some of his hair, it seems!



WTIC claims that "Tiny" Berman, 270 pounder, is the biggest Radio musician. But his big bass viol dwarfs him!

(Below) Jimmy Boyer, staff organist of WKBF in Indianapolis, is popular with folks in the Hoosier country.

Broadcast Artists Wind Up WSMB Sunday Night Frolic With Coffee

By MOISE M. BLOCK

Way down yonder in New Orleans Sunday nights bring to Radio fans an inimitable array of local and foreign artists. Banjos strum—sopranos sing—pianists assail the melodious ivories—dramatists declaim—a real hot band burns up the ether waves—harmonica players wheeze sweet notes of love—and the WSMB Sunday night frolic is on.

At 9:30 thousands of Radio sets reach far into the air and bring in the voice of Harry Seymour, WSMB announcer: "Your favorite station, WSMB in New Orleans, now brings to you its regular Sunday night Frolic" and the show begins. Harry, as he is known around the studio, is one of the station's biggest favorites. To tens of thousands of Radio fans he is known as "The Gloomchaser", and he and his wife, the former Mina Cunard, motion picture player, sing together and are known as "Mr. and Mrs. Gloomchaser".

Harold M. Wheelahan, business manager of WSMB and in charge of all activities, is always on hand at these Sunday night Frolics, for he broadcasts, too. He specializes in duets with his brother Ed, a singer of note in New Orleans.

Those listening in on these Sunday night Frolics miss only one thing: the sandwiches and the piping-hot coffee that is served in a small room near the main studios. The artists on the bill, and some of the guests, make the sandwich table their "hangout" and a bee-line is the usual order for things after one has given vent to the talent.

* * *

Elsie Craft Hurley, WCAO's star soprano, has written Evangeline Adams for her horoscope. Last summer in Atlantic City Mrs. Hurley was "horoscoped" and learned that success would attend her singing and that the next two years would be particularly successful and eventful. However, she is taking no chances and is having another horoscope mailed to her.

* * *

Jack Turner Totes Over 50,000 Fan Letters

WHEN Joe Eaton, chief announcer for WHAS, addresses the microphone with a soft but emphatic, "—and now ladies and gentlemen, Jack Turner," feminine hearts, and masculine ones too, for that matter, skip a beat as the owners lean a bit forward in front of innumerable Radio receivers.

His career as a Radio artist on many stations is one marked by more requests than one can easily conceive of as coming to one man. As a matter of fact, Jack treasures every fan letter he has ever received and totes the whole flock of them around in several large trunks and valises completely packed with some 50,000 or 60,000 bits of appreciation from the Radio audience.

Jack Turner was born in the town of Hannibal, Mo. When he was five years old the family migrated to Quincy, Ill., and it was at about this time that Jack's brand of holler was noticed to be far superior to the other kids. Then—to



Jack Turner, (left), veteran Radio pianist, known to many stations, seems to have settled down at WHAS after wide travels.



"It's coal, coal, coal, in the depths of the earth," sings the Miners' Quartette, popular WGBI entertainers.

Ronald Jenkins (right), was born in Binghamton, but Southern listeners to WBT, Charlotte, like his "Yankee announcin'".



La Crosse, Wis., where Jack began to pound the piano and sing in earnest.

It was in this Badger city that Turner first looked a mike square in the face and sang to it. That was at station WABM, now WKBH. Also at this time they tacked on to Jack the title of "Black Key Turner." This didn't stick, but he's been called all manner of things since.

The lure of the bright lights then called, and down to Chicago where gangsters were a bit more scarce than nowadays, journeyed La Crosse's gift to the air. Chicago stations were not slow to recognize what a feature Jack was and in those days he was one of the most popular entertainers at WHT, Wrigley Building, along with Pat Barnes and Al Carney, and also at WQJT, the Rainbow Gardens, and WTAS in the Kimball building.

Then came Jack's two very successful years at WTMJ in Milwaukee. But the old wanderlust claimed him again and he struck out for warmer climes, intending to make an extended tour of Southern and Western Stations, eventually ending up in California—where so many things do end up. But Jack never got past his first month at WHAS, Louisville, Ky., his first stop. The management of the station and his new and delighted public saw to that. Jack has been with the station an entire year now.

* * *

New England Gains New Radio Network

WITH the addition of Station WICC, Bridgeport-New Haven, to the Yankee network, this chain now has six members . . . the others are WNAC, Boston, WEAN, Providence, WORC, Worcester, WLBZ, Bangor, and WNBH, New Bedford.

Station WICC has the distinction of being the only United States broadcaster to claim two cities as its locale. Some of its programs originate in Bridgeport, others in the city which also boasts the Yale campus; and, of course, it also presents Yankee Network and Columbia System features.

Old Fiddler at KFEQ Used Broom for Bow

By ADA LYON

Before he was five years old John Holder, the "old fiddler" of KFEQ in St. Joseph, began to play a dollar violin which his father gave him for Christmas. He played for his first dance when he was seven years old, for a dollar and a half. The refreshments were a wash boiler full of wienies and a keg of beer and the dance ended in a fight.

He soon learned that dances and fights went together and that the best policy during hostilities was to sit in a corner where he could dodge pop bottles. Once his bow was broken by a beer bottle and then the fight began in earnest, for the dancers all said that they had been cheated. There was no music and they wanted their money back. The next time, many years later, when the same disastrous accident was repeated, Holder was grown up and equal to the emergency. He used a broomstick for a bow and the dance proceeded.

For ten years he almost deserted his faithful instrument. He became a railroad man, but he lost more sleep railroading than playing for dances, so he has fiddled over the radio for the past four years. He is now broadcasting daily over KFEQ.



John Holder, the Old Fiddler at KFEQ, carries one thousand tunes in his head and has won hundreds of "scrapin'" contests.

The Senoritas string trio at KGER (below). Left to right, Elsie Montgomery, Mario Waters, Helene Smith—fair ones all.



Tuneful Topics

“Know Your Songs”



1.—99 Out Of A Hundred

IN MY Radio announcements I have referred to this song as a statistical number. It is obviously the setting of an oft-repeated statistical slogan to song, and the mathematical thought is lost in the romantic one that is conveyed to the listener. The two boys who wrote it, Al Sherman and Al Lewis, have been classified in my mind for some time as writers more of *quantity* than *quality*. They have turned out songs the way a factory turns out a product; they have always had five or ten songs to demonstrate every time they have had the opportunity to display their wares. Not that I am opposed to the prolific writing of songs, but I do believe that if song-writers became more critical of their own efforts, discarding and rejecting until they were satisfied they had something really worth while, there would be less “just good” songs on the counters than there are today.

I have also reproached many of the publishers for being too lax in their selection. “Just good” songs hardly sell enough to justify their publication, but one manager of a publishing house replied to my attack by saying, “We must have a catalogue.” Personally, if I were the judge of tunes for a publishing house, I would rather that we did not publish even one song for the current month, than have three or four *mediocre* tunes, and in that way I believe that I would do away with the salesmanship so necessary to convince orchestra leaders and the public that the songs are good.

Of course, the weak point in my contention is the fact that no one can quite seem to agree on what is a *good* or *bad* song, and many a song has been turned down and condemned by one publisher as being bad, and has become a hit in the hands of another one who worked on it more. Natural songs like *Yes, We Have No Bananas*; *Dardanella*; *The Stein Song*, and many others of that type, that became hits through their own momentum and the fact that they stood out, are the kind which I believe one should look for.

One of the main reasons that I was

A Monthly Department In Which The Famous Leader Picks The Song Hits of The Month and Analyzes Them

pleased to associate myself with the firm of Leo Feist as a staff writer after I had come to New York and organized the Connecticut Yankees, was that fact that I had come to regard the publishing house of Leo Feist as one that published only real hits. In fact, the slogan “You can’t go wrong with a Feist song” was gospel truth to me. I had formed this opinion ever since my high school days, and there could be only one thing responsible for this belief and that was the unerring judgment of one Phil Kornheiser, who, for twenty years, had selected their songs. But the point was that the only Feist songs that came to my attention were the hit songs, and I have since found that Feist, like all other publishers, must include in their catalogue many tunes that they firmly believe will be hits, although I and many others call them “doggy” tunes.

I was very pleased, when meeting Mr. Sherman and Mr. Lewis again as they demonstrated *99 Out Of A Hundred* to me, to find that they were now spending much more time and effort to get one good song than they were in turning out songs by the waste-basket full, and I believe they have a natural hit here, providing that it is, in the jargon of Tin Pan Alley, “plugged” by the various bands that we listen to on our Radios and phonographs.

The few Radio presentations that we have given it have brought a response, not as great, but comparable to that of the *Stein Song*. That is, my barber, the doorman, and others who tune in on our programs have remarked about it, and even a young society girl continued to rave about the number long after I met her a few evenings ago.

It is lilting, catchy, and tuneful; the thought is good and different; there is nothing sickening or disgusting about it, and the thought *99 Out Of A Hundred*

flows easily from the mouth. Hence I look for big things from this song.

It is published by the Robbins Music Corp. and must be played briskly and snappily in order to do it justice.

2.—Hurt

ONE night between shows, in my dressing room suite at the Brooklyn Paramount, as I lay there relaxing, I had my Radio tuned in to a program of organ music being played by the “Poet of the Organ,” Jesse Crawford. To my mind he is the greatest of all organists, at least of those who broadcast, and, too, I believe there is nothing more restful than the broadcast of a well-played organ. Suddenly the announcer told us of the appearance for the first time on any program of a new song called *Hurt*. The title was so odd that it brought me to attention, and I listened very carefully while Paul Small, one of my Paramount confrères, did full justice to the song.

My first reaction was disappointing, but upon hearing it again and again I learned to like it more and more. Later I discovered that it was written by two men whom I know and count among my friends. Al Piantadosi, one of the four Piantadosi brothers who have given their lives and their musical minds to the publishing of songs, needs no introduction to your father or mother. He gave them such songs as *That’s How I Need You*; *When You’re Playing the Game of Love*; *Baby Shoes*; *On the Shores of Italy*, and *Curse Of An Aching Heart*, which they used to sing in the days of the beer gardens and when Al Smith was just an assemblyman.

Although Al Piantadosi has been quiet for some time, he seems to be in his stride again, and is writing quite frequently and collaborating with another young man, Harold Solomon, who has been kind enough to assist me in the revision and transcription of several of my songs. Solomon is responsible for the melody of *Hurt*.

Not only do I play the song because I like it and because I enjoy their friend-

By
RUDY
VALLEE



Rudy Vallee in a new guise—author and business man.

ship, but also because it is published by Phil Kornheiser who, as I said, directed the policies of Leo Feist, Inc. for many years, finally going into business for himself and getting together one of the best catalogues of songs that anyone along Tin Pan Alley has ever seen. Kornheiser has been the power behind a throne for many years. A small man, and one who physically seems very out of place as a picker of songs, he has, nevertheless, not only picked and started on their way to hitdom many of our greatest songs over a period of twenty years, but is known to and knows every figure in the fascinating land of Tin Pan Alley. He gave such men as Earl Carroll, Vincent Lopez, Joe McCarthy, Theodore Moss, Jimmy Durante, Ernie Golden, Walter Donaldson, Harry Akst, L. Wolfe Gilbert, Mabel Wayne, J. Harold Murray, Fred Fisher, Jimmy Monaco, Grant Clark, Joe Young, Ray Henderson, and Lew Brown their first jobs, and it was through his efforts that I became associated with the firm of Leo Feist. He took blindly from me *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover* and gave me a substantial advance without having heard the song. Naturally, I was only too pleased, as was Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie, Lopez, and all the other orchestra leaders who have a high regard for his friendship, to assist him in presenting his songs to the song-loving public, and from time to time *Hurt* has found a place on my programs.

Recently on one of my Fleischmann Hours I seem to have presented the number in a way that called for applause from the critics. Several Radio editors have commented on that particular rendition of the number, which shows that I have come to like the song or I could not do justice to it.

As its title would convey, it is the unhappy thought of the deceived one. I hear the urchins outside my dressing room window whistling it from time to time, which indicates that it is "commercial," that is, down to the level of the working masses. At the present time it has every indication of becoming a hit.

Hurt is best done at about thirty-five measures a minute.

3.—*When Your Hair Has
 Turned to Silver*

THERE are so many of the Tobias family that they get in your hair! There is Charles, and Harry, and Henry, and they are all song-writers. Charles, I believe, is the one who has been on the stage as a wisecracker, M.C., and many other things for years; at least, I remember him when he came to a New Haven theatre to bolster up its waning trade for a while. His younger brothers, Henry and Harry, had much to do with *Miss You*, one of my early recordings, and a beautiful song. From time to time they bring forth fine examples of the art of song-writing; in fact I could almost say that two out of four songs seem to have one of the Tobias brothers as a contributor.

In the case of this song, Charles was the contributor of the thought whereby Peter de Rose was able to express to his sweetheart of the air, May Singhi Breen, this promise of undying devotion. Anyone who knows Peter de Rose and May Singhi Breen knows that they constitute not only one of the finest teams on Radio, but two of the sweetest personalities, very happy together and never apart, that one could wish to see.

While the melody is reminiscent of *The Blue Danube*, yet no one could hold that

against Peter de Rose, because there is nothing new under the sun, and it is quite possible to tear apart any song and show a similarity between its various phrases and the phrases of other songs. The thought is very simply and sweetly expressed, and it fits the melody admirably. I had the pleasure of recording it a few weeks ago and I think the record will be a good one.

This song is published by the firm that sponsored and brought to hitdom *Carolina Moon*, namely Joe Morris, Inc., whose manager, Archie Fletcher, is responsible for its appearance. We play it as a medium tempo waltz.

4.—*My Temptation*

THE few months I spent in Boston after my graduation from Yale, before I came to New York to seek my fortune, saw me playing with several Boston orchestras. The big number in vogue then, the Fall of 1927, was *Dancing Tambourine*, written by one W. C. Polla, whose name I had seen as an arranger of various songs. Mr. Polla's main function in Tin Pan Alley life is to make orchestrations for dance orchestras and bands of the various song hits, but he is also the composer of these various novelty songs such as *Dancing Tambourine*, *Bohemia*, and *Gondolier*, but *Dancing Tam-*

bourine was his biggest and most well-known. I believe that this 6/8 song, *My Temptation*, stands every chance of becoming just as popular if the bands will only play it.

Most bands fight shy of the 6/8 songs due to the fact that the younger generation does not care to dance to them, but I believe that orchestras should remember that Radio broadcasts are not dedicated to a dancing public but to a listening public. I picture most of my Radio listeners as reclining on a couch, a divan, or a chair, in a position of relaxation, listening to the program in comfort, and to be soothed, and such numbers as *My Temptation* and *99 Out Of A Hundred* form a good stimulus throughout the course of an otherwise slow-moving and monotonous program.

My Temptation is very reminiscent of *Valencia*. In fact, Mr. Polla intended it to have that same continental flavor, that European air that we have come to associate with the *Valencia* type of song, and he certainly was successful! The song is very lilting and just as good lyrically as it is musically.

Our Victor record of it is due to appear on the market any day now, and is one of the best things we have ever done. You need only hear the song to like it, and the response to our theatre presentation of it and our few broadcasts has been very wonderful. It is published by Harms, Inc., and we play it briskly.

5.—Blue Again

JACK ROBBINS, who brought the firm of Robbins, Inc., up to a place of great prominence in Tin Pan Alley, deserves credit for having picked a very danceable and singable tune in *Blue Again*. It was originally featured in the *Vanderbilt Revue*, which unfortunately, like the Arabs, folded up and stole away almost over night. The song, however, like any good thing, refused to be kept down and persisted on long after its sponsor had gone to the musty warehouse.

It is gaining popularity every day, not only through the cleverness of its music, but for its lyric thought. It remained for Miss Helen Groody to show me that it was a good song through her presentation of it nightly at the Villa Vallée. In my first presentation of it I played it much too fast to do justice to it. Properly tempoed, the number provides, as a theatrical writer calls it, "great dansapation." The song was written by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh, and you probably hear it a great deal on your Radio. We do it now at about thirty-five measures per minute.

6.—Would You Like to Take a Walk?

THE daring revue, *Sweet and Low* seems to be a breeder of dark horses. Not only will it bring to light a young lady who should have come to public attention in a big way long before this—I mean Miss Hannah Williams—but it

will bring to light one of the most delightful songs that she sings in the course of the revue. In fact, I think it is one of the best things she does.

Harry Warren, Billy Rose, and Mort Dixon collaborated on a cute little thought, typically musical comedy in vein, and yet bordering on the commercial* in the dark horse song *Would You Like to Take a Walk?* A very tricky verse precedes the chorus, and the main charm of the chorus lies in the first three notes of every phrase; these are to be hummed, that is, "Mm-Mm-Mm, Would You Like to Take a Walk?"

Then it goes on to ask the young lady, assuming that it is the boy who sings it, if she would like a sarsaparilla, and if she isn't tired of the talkies as he prefers the walkies.

Done in schottische tempo it becomes very danceable, and you will find your feet, in spite of yourself, tapping and yearning to dance.

Remick, the publishers of it, originally did not intend to orchestrate the tune for dance orchestras, but several of us have made our own orchestrations and have presented it on the air, which in turn will create such a demand for it that Remick will probably be forced to feature the song in a big way. In fact, one of their directors has already told me that they are about to do so. Within the next month you will hear it done plentifully on the air, and its freshness and charm will captivate you as it has me.

I am doing it this particular week at the Brooklyn Paramount, singing it in musical comedy style to Miss Groody, and then dancing with her to a chorus of it, and it gets a very fine hand. We play it at about thirty-five measures per minute.

The original key of E flat is a little tiring on the voice; if you can transpose I would suggest that you sing it in D.

*—popular, i. e. liked by the great masses of people.

7.—My Ideal

HERE is another song which seems even more admirably fitted than *Would You Like to Take a Walk?* for the schottische tempo. The sheet copies are written the way we play it, but the first orchestration we received from the publisher made it very long and drawn out. My natural reaction was to play it as it was on the sheet copies, which meant that the band played two measures where there was only one in the orchestration. We call this "doubling up", and we get through the song in half the time it would normally take. I believe that the publisher has since put out orchestrations in the shorter way, which makes the piece seem much more cheerful and lilting. It seems to be over almost before you know it, but it makes an extremely danceable tune, and the thought is out of the ordinary.

While it is a trite expression, and the general trend of the idea has been done many times, yet the writers have handled it extremely well. One of the writers of

the music, Newell Chase, is an old Boston pianist and fraternity brother of mine, and Dick Whiting has had his name on more songs than you can shake a stick at. I met Leo Robin, the writer of the lyrics, in the Paramount Studios while I was making my picture. He was then collaborating with Whiting on a song for *Sweetie*, and he certainly deserves as much praise as the other two boys in producing this very cute song.

You will find that your sheet copy contains only fifteen measures, and to get the right swing you should take about thirty seconds to play these fifteen measures. It is published by the Famous Music Corp.

8.—Little Spanish Dancer

THERE are few songs today that can boast of having been written entirely by women. However, *Little Spanish Dancer* is the work of two female veterans of Tin Pan Alley. Mabel Wayne, the young lady who composed *Ramona* and *In a Little Spanish Town*, seems to have a flair for writing melodies in a Spanish vein, and has contributed another which her lyrical collaborator called *Little Spanish Dancer*. Tots Seymour, who wrote the words, was one of Tin Pan Alley's most prolific writers years ago. She retired from the game for a while, came back again, and her first song after her return was the hit of last summer, *Swinging in a Hammock*. I know it seems odd for a woman to write songs, but Miss Seymour, like Miss Wayne, knows her business, and they are both to be congratulated on this song.

It tells the story of the Spanish dancer who dances her way in and out of the hero's heart. It is a cute song when properly played, and one that must be done slowly, at about thirty-two measures per minute.

The owner of the Villa Vallée commented on it last night, and peculiarly enough Miss Wayne was seated at one of our tables with two gentlemen, having made the trip specially to thank me for my rendition of it on several of our previous broadcasts. I feel it is unnecessary to be thanked for doing a song that I enjoy doing, and one that I know people enjoy hearing, and this is a good example.

It is published by Leo Feist, Inc.

9.—Cigarette Lady

I RARELY like to bring myself into these pages if I can help it, due to the criticism which is leveled at me by certain individuals, but since I am writing and collaborating with others who have unquestioned writing ability, it is necessary that I speak impartially of my own songs.

Back in the summer of 1924 I was playing throughout the society resorts of Maine with a Boston orchestra, and we had as our pianist a very wonderful one, Carroll Gibbons, who had been pulled out of a local movie theatre in a small suburb of Boston by Billy Losez, direc-

(Continued on page 100)



Little Jeanne Gifford Dante, we apologize! You're with Station WMCA, not WCAU.



Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia presenting Radio Digest Diamond Meritum award to the Mystery Announcer of WPEN. Raymond Bill, Editor, at right.

Mexican Station Broadcasts In English and Spanish

ONE of the few truly bi-lingual stations opened its doors not so long ago. Its call letters are XED, located at Reynosa, Tamps., Mexico, not far from Brownsville, Texas. Its slogan is "The Voice of the Two Republics" and since it has 10,000 watts power, RADIO DIGEST readers all over the United States have been able to tune in on its broadcasts. L. D. Martinez, studio director, put over a novel stunt for the inaugural program.

The station remained on the air for a period of one hundred hours—four days, four nights, and four hours for good measure. Entertainers from Mexico and the United States participated and announcements were made in English and Spanish. The studio orchestra, known as the Border Charros, under the direction of Eulalio Sanchez, kept things going a good part of the time, and guest artists from many near-by stations co-operated. Malcolm Todd of WBAP, Fort Worth, and Curtis Leon Farrington of KPRC, Houston, were guest announcers. Tom Noel, formerly of KVOO, also officiated—and liked it so well in Mexico that he was prevailed upon to remain as advertising manager of the new station.

* * *

ANOTHER unique station broadcast in the annals of Radiodom was the contribution of WIOD of Miami, Fla. Eighty broadcasters in the United States joined in giving a "Miami Radio Party", dedicating part of their programs to the Sunshine city, and WIOD in turn took its listeners on a tour of the United States, with stops at all of the cities from which Miami programs emanated.

* * *

THE Station that came back—that title has been given to KJR, Seattle, Wash., whose hard fight against the wolf at the door was described in a recent issue of RADIO DIGEST. Its most recent triumph was Federal confirmation of license to broadcast on 5,000 watts.

AND talking about uphill struggles to prominence, Station KWK of St. Louis deserves a pat on the back. Founded in 1927 by Thomas Patrick Convey, it started out with one small office, a transmitter room, a studio and three employees. The president himself, Mr. Convey, carried on all duties from office boy to announcer. The total income of the station for the first year was barely \$10,000—which certainly stretched elastically to cover rent, operating expenses, talent and salaries. Today, only three years later, it reports a 1930 income of over \$200,000 and an operating force of thirty-three, with a 5,000-watt transmitter in Kirkwood, Mo.



L. D. Martinez, Studio Director and Station Manager of XED in Reynosa, Mexico.



Winston Barron, CFCA, Toronto, Master of Ceremonies of Silver Slipper Weasel Frolic.

CLASSICAL MUSIC SIMPLIFIED

A Monthly Feature By

WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music



Dr. William Braid White

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of the Editor, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

A FEW weeks ago from New York the Philharmonic-Symphony under the direction of Toscanini played one of those programs which delight the heart of the listener. Its two principal items were Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* and the *Eroica Symphony* of Beethoven. For reasons which my readers will, I hope, soon discover to be sufficient, and even perhaps admirable, I shall say something here about these two pieces of music.

It would probably be fair to say that the so-called *Unfinished Symphony* by Franz Schubert is the best known, by name at least, among all large orchestral works. The reasons are numerous. Schubert wrote a great many songs and small piano pieces, and among these are several which almost everybody has heard and has liked. One only has to remember the *Serenade*, the *Hark, Hark the Lark* and the *Ave Maria*. Everybody no doubt remembers that very successful operetta *Blossom Time*, which toured the whole country a few years ago and which was built around the story of Schubert's life and of his music. What turned out to be by all means the most popular and catchy of the tunes in this charming little musical play was nothing more than a slightly modified form of the second theme from the first movement of the famous *Unfinished Symphony*. When I add that the modification by no means improves the theme, which, as one might expect, is much more delightful and melodious in the shape in which Schubert first wrote it down, the reader will understand how it is that the *Unfinished* provides probably the very best of all introductions to the beauties of symphonic music which can be found by any uninitiated seeker after beauty.

I shall therefore venture to join here the great army of those who during the last seventy-five years have united in a universal paean of praise for this lovely piece of inspired work. There may be a few readers who will like to hear about it from my point of view; and indeed there may even be some to whom it will come as actual news. So here goes.

It was just twenty-seven years ago that I first heard the *Unfinished*. It was during that year (1903) when the Philharmonic Society in New York, not yet turned over to a group of rich guarantors but still a democratic association run by the players themselves, had made up its mind to experiment with a group of guest conductors. So it invited Colonne from Paris, Sir Henry Wood from London, Weingaertner from Munich, Kegel from Frankfurt, Victor Herbert from Pittsburgh, Gericke from Boston, Theodore Thomas from Chicago and Safonoff from Moscow. Each was to conduct one concert and at the end of the season we the audiences were to compare one with the other. Poor Theodore Thomas died just before his concert, and Weingaertner, I think it was, took his place. Victor Herbert came from the Pittsburgh orchestra, which he was then conducting, for one concert, and he took the *Unfinished* for his principal item. I was only a youngster, of course, and the music came to me, I have to say, as if it were manna from heaven. If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget the thrill I got from it.

To this day I remember that some one had told me to be very careful not to miss this special piece, and I can see myself again poring over the program notes from my seat high up in the balcony of Carnegie Hall, reading how poor Schubert wrote the glorious music as a token of gratitude for having been elected to some little footling musical society in a secondary Austrian town; and how then he put

it aside after two movements had been completed, how he never took it up again, never sent any of it to its intended destination and, even more astonishing, never heard it played!

He was only twenty-five years old when he wrote down the two movements, and then laid the lovely thing aside never to take it up again. That was in 1822. Shelley died that year, another favorite of the gods, drowned off the Italian shore. Six years later Schubert too was dead, partly of fever, but more of undernourishment. Poor Schubert! He probably never had so much money as twenty dollars in his possession at any one time. His total effects at his death were appraised as worth the equivalent of about twelve dollars and fifty cents, including a "miscellaneous lot of old music". Among the scattered sheets of this music were afterwards discovered, by the loving hands of Mendelssohn, the immortal pages of the *Unfinished*.

The Sheer Delight of the Unfinished Symphony

There never has been any satisfactory explanation of Schubert's putting aside his work after he had completed only two of its presumably four movements. Writing music was to him no task at all. He wrote down notes as you or I would write a letter to a friend. He wrote *Hark, Hark the Lark* on the back of a menu card at a tavern, and *The Erlking* in much the same unceremonious way and at much the same dizzy speed. Music flowed from him as water from a fountain. He was quite capable of writing down the first two movements of his symphony and the next day forgetting that he had ever written anything of the kind. Quite possibly that is just what happened.

We today are more fortunate. We are also more appreciative than his contemporaries, who let him die at thirty-one in

destitution, just one year after that Titan Beethoven, already famous the world over, closed his earthly career in the Schwarzschaner Haus not so many streets away. The two lie today almost side by side.

Melody, Sweet Melody

That which most attracts about the *Unfinished Symphony* is its astonishing melodiousness. The tunes are sweet almost to lusciousness, the harmonies are as smooth as oil, the tone-coloring is shimmeringly lovely. There are no problems set to the hearer. There is no vast intellectual effort of concentration required. The listener may just bathe his senses in the sheer delight of lovely sound.

I strongly recommend every Radio listener to be on the lookout for this music, which is frequently played by one or another orchestra each season. Those who have never heard it before can, as I said, simply bathe their senses in its luscious beauty. Those who know it and are by now a little bit acquainted with symphonic form may mark the immediate entrance of the main theme in the first movement after the "motto" has been intoned darkly by the basses during the first two or three measures, the singularly lovely second theme from which the *Blossom Time* tune was drawn, the clear cut and simple form, and the charming, simply devised, and intelligible closing-piece or coda. The second movement is perhaps even more luscious than the first, which in fact has its moments of passion and almost of pain. This *Andante* is pure beauty. Note the opening tune, its contrast with the second tune which comes out a little later on the clarinet against accompaniments in the strings, and the perfectly beautiful reiterations of the first tune by one and then another group of instruments as the movement comes to its quite lovely close.

There is a magnificent Victor phonograph recording of this *Symphony*, by the way, from the inspired playing of the

Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski.

The Musicians vs. The Engineers

I have been listening again to broadcast music from the New York Philharmonic, the Roxy, the Curtis Institute and other symphony orchestras. It would be all wrong to deny to the broadcasting art the merit of excellent intention, but only a gross flatterer would say that the results are perfect. The truth is that the conductors of orchestras and the broadcasting engineers are still standing apart from each other. This indeed is a great pity, for broadcasting is already the biggest and most important factor in contemporary musical activity. That is to say, apart from any other consideration, the most important, the most active and by far the biggest factor in the practical enterprise of making music and of getting it heard is being done by the broadcasting interests. For that very obvious reason then, the men who have in their charge the great orchestras which are coming more and more into the orbit of broadcasting, ought to be getting themselves into the closest possible relations with this new means of extending music to their audiences.

After all, that is what it comes to. Broadcasting expands the size of the audience to which the musician plays. Ernest Schelling, for instance, is one of the most hard-worked conductors of orchestras that this world knows. Last year his children's concerts, in New York, Boston and Philadelphia attracted some 90,000 young people of all ages from five to twenty years. Now 90,000 young people are a great many, yet they are but a handful compared with the vast audience which broadcasting furnishes, an audience potentially of millions.

Yet the fact remains that when this remarkable man broadcasts he reaches young people by the hundreds of thousands and does something, at least, to teach them that early love of beautiful music which is one of the finest accom-

plishments any human being can have, or can acquire. This indeed is true, in one degree or another, of all the famous orchestral conductors who weekly during the season guide their great armies of highly trained musical artists through the measures of great music. All these gentlemen with their orchestras either now are, or soon will be, broadcasting regularly. My point is that there is nevertheless something more to broadcasting than the mere bringing of an orchestra into a studio with instruments and notes. The whole process, from the actual playing by the instruments under the conductor's baton, to the hearing of the result at the loud speaker end of each among tens of thousands of Radio sets scattered over half the country, is in reality a single continuous process. Unfortunately, the present way of doing things tends to break it up into two parts. The orchestra plays. It is supposed only to play. On the other hand the transmission of its music to the unseen Radio audience involves a vast and elaborately organized series of electrical engineering processes, which, very naturally, have been designed by, and are under the control of, engineers. The musicians tend to think that they have done their part when they have, so to speak, put the music into the microphones. The rest is left to the engineers.

Technical Improvement in Broadcasting Is Needed

Now there is a mistake here, and a big one. The thing ought not to be quite so simple. It is not quite the same thing as telephone engineering. Telephone engineers are dealing with human speech, and they design apparatus to transmit that speech over long distances. They wisely do not even try to teach the telephone user to speak correctly, for that would be both impertinent and impossible. They therefore confine themselves to discovering what speech sounds are and then they design telephone systems to do the best
(Continued on page 102)



The Toronto Symphony Orchestra, which broadcasts on the Canadian National Railways Chain each Sunday afternoon, is glad of the opportunity to doff formal concert attire and dress for the mike in shirt sleeves. Dr. Luigi von Kunits, conductor, stands in front center.



Ruth Nichols, beautiful aviatrix and record-holder.

“EVERY woman should learn to fly!”

This is the opinion of one of the foremost pioneer women pilots in America—Ruth Nichols—who breaks flight records with as much ease as she presides over one of those fashionable teas that are open only to members of the Junior League.

And what is the Junior League? It is a closed society in every sense of those two words. And you can't even buy your way in—no, not even in these days when buying is so much in demand. This exclusive organization of society's younger set occasionally produces persons who leave their dances, fancy balls and sports long enough to take an active interest in public affairs—but never has it yielded quite as resolute and determined a character as Ruth Nichols.

It seems almost incredible that the hands which directed the powerful airplane across mountains and lakes from one border of our continent to the other in

Ladies

says RUTH

*Skimming The Winds In A Plane
—Is Easier Than Fighting Traffic
In A Motor Car*

An Interview By

ANNE B. LAZAR

a record-breaking flight belong to a young society girl!

It was with a desire to learn what part the ubiquitous Radio played in this flight that I went to seek this youthful champion of the air.

The interview was arranged by Mr. Trenholm, Public Relations Counsel for Miss Nichols. The time set was for one o'clock. At ten of one I was still at the office answering telephone calls, but the merciless minute hand ruthlessly swept away the time—and before I knew it, there were only three slender minutes left.

Now, figured I, it generally takes me a quarter of an hour to wade through the mass of scurrying train-bent beings in the Grand Central Station. I have only three minutes. Could I break my own record and make it in three? It had to be done! I was to meet a speed record-breaker and I was going to be no sluggard myself.

I puffed and tumbled and fought through the crowds and after many hair-raising thrills and narrow escapes from collisions with travelers and suitcases, and at the dot of one, I found myself in the presence of Ruth Nichols.

TWO champions meet face to face—Ruth Nichols—and your humble servant; one, the noble conqueror of the air who almost reconciled the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts—leaving only a slight difference of a few hours—and the other,

modest victor of New York's crowds.

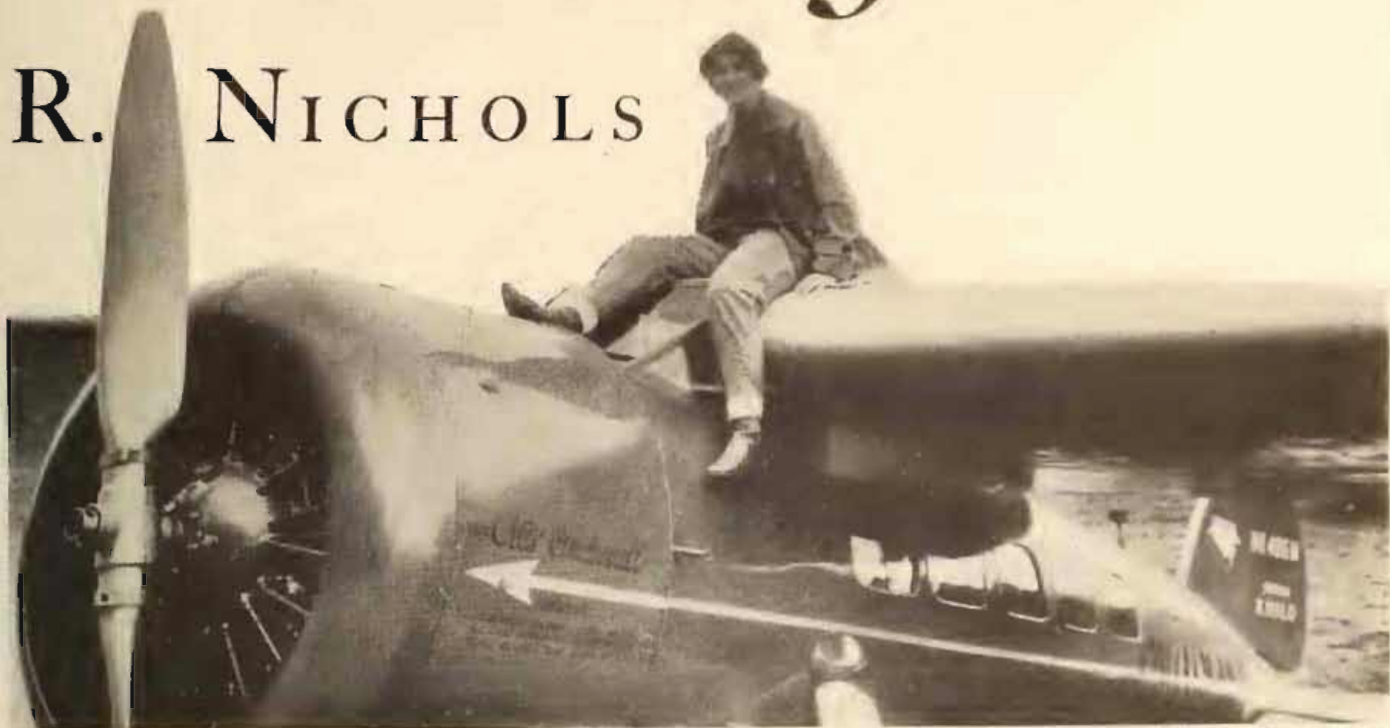
The freshness of the high-blown winds was still in Miss Nichols' cheeks as she smiled from those kind, deep-set, gray-blue eyes of hers. Wavy wisps of rich brown hair peeked from her little black hat. Her pretty silk frock betrayed no evidence of masculinity which might be associated with one learned in the mechanics of aviation—and there was even the tiniest hint of jewels.

AND what a handclasp! I was not surprised that the powerful airplane was reduced to a mere servitor under that commanding, skillful grasp. And there is that same commanding expression in her whole face. It does not cease to be a wonder that the part of this business of annihilating distances should have fallen to the lot of this girl with such individual feminine charm! But wonder or not, it was she who outraced the prominent air navigators of the day—Col. Lindbergh and Capt. Turner. She indeed rose to conquer, and although she attributes much of her success to the modern Pegasus which was loaned to her by Mr. Powell Crosley, Jr., of WLW, it was entirely her own mastery and adeptness that drove her winged steed through the sky safely and surely from ocean to ocean with such amazing rapidity.

There is even the slightest semblance of a Lindberghian expression in her face. And like a shadow it is very evasive—for I can't seem to remember whether it is in her smile or the gleam in her eyes, or maybe after all it is only the skyward glance that seems characteristic of all

M u s t F L Y

R. NICHOLS



Underwood & Underwood Photo

earth born humans who learn to ride the winds. But there is this much Lindbergh in her—she refers to her flight as “we” doing this and “we” doing that.

Of course, the first question I asked—even though I was interested in knowing Radio’s part in this new drama of the air—was “Is it safe?” Back in my mind I had the sharp remembrance of my first experience at an automobile wheel. We were whizzing through the mild summer air at fifty—and then the—well, fortunately, my instructor was a Radio star—no other person could have such presence of mind.

Therefore, the safety of aviation seemed to me to be the most important point to be settled for those eager, would-be fliers. That point settled, and the rest must be easy.

Ruth Nichols has her Five Points of Safety. Of course, there may be other points held by other people, but that’s beside the point. There is, for instance, on another page of this magazine a picture of a savage holding to his points by sitting on them.

But back to Miss Nichols and her Pentalogue—these points should be followed by anyone who aspires to fly. They are:

1. Always fly only in good weather. Weather reports can always be obtained from airports. (I would strongly advise against relying on newspaper thermometers.)

2. Fly over established airlines only. Along these regular air routes emergency

Perched on the wing of the Crosley Radio plane in which she made the record. Miss Nichols is one of the few women pilots competent to fly this huge racing ship.

fields are located at different points within a few miles of each other.

3. You must fly only in standard equipment. Leave experimental planes to experienced aviators.

4. Airplanes must be daily inspected by some thoroughly reliable person in whom you have absolute confidence. They should also be frequently subjected to government examination.

5. Be sure your pilot is both experienced and conservative. Not all experienced pilots are conservative.

These points followed and flying is just as safe and less tiresome than driving.

“I PREFER flying to driving any time. It is tiresome to drive for any length of time through traffic,” declared Miss Nichols, “and I should say that flying is safer. Now let me tell you how Radio helped me in this flight.

“It proved itself indispensable in two ways,” continued Miss Nichols. “first, in receiving weather reports,” she nodded her head with a twinkle in her eye. “You know that weather is mentioned in one of the Five Points I just gave you; second, with respect to direction and wind velocity.

“There were three instances when I received Radio weather reports which were

critically important. First, between Columbus and St. Louis when I encountered three heavy, blinding snowstorms which I knew nothing about when I started. I had to bring my plane down almost to the treetops. When weather is against you like that, without a knowledge of what is ahead, one is uncertain about going ahead or turning back. But I got a report that clear weather was ahead, and knowing this, I was able to withstand the rigors of the storm.

“The second time when a Radio report helped me occurred on my way from Los Angeles to Arizona. The earlier weather report had indicated clear weather with slight cloudiness over Arizona. But I found very thick, instead of slight, cloudiness. But, assured by my Radio, I pressed through because I knew that clear weather was ahead of me.

“When I left Wichita for New York, I received pretty good weather reports, but I encountered terrific rainfalls between Wichita and St. Louis. Again the realization of clear weather ahead (from Radio reports) encouraged me to push through.

“Now, with regard to direction and velocity,” continued Miss Nichols. “I learned over the Radio whether I should fly at three, five or nine thousand feet high. This advice was exceedingly helpful because if I wanted a tail wind to blow directly behind me, I had to fly at a certain altitude.

(Continued on page 105)

Your Kitchen

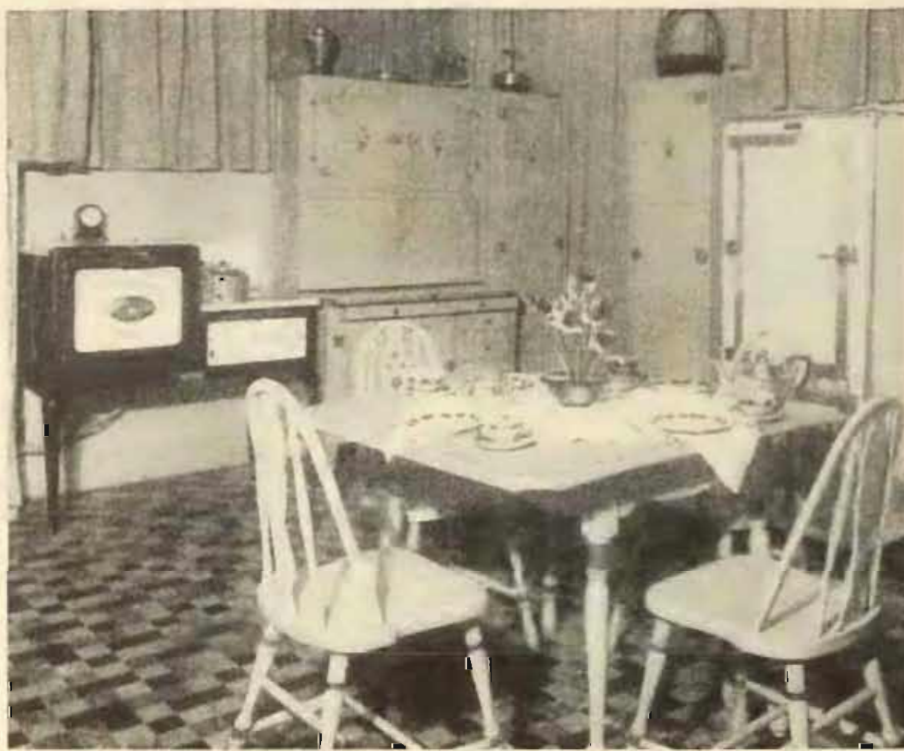
By RUTH WITSON

A LIST of daily home-making jobs is an appalling sight to meet three hundred and sixty-five times a year. To the new home-maker even a carefully scheduled day is quite enough to be frightening, but if you were to write me a list indicating time spent on jobs at home according to your present methods, the analysis would be startling. I venture to say, that without knowing it, you are losing valuable time, money and pleasure simply because you have not been able to get your housework down to a business basis and because you are not taking advantage of labor saving devices on the market. I hope some morning, you will drop in at the National Radio Home-Makers' Club in New York and watch the way we run our kitchen and why we tell listeners on the Columbia network how we have made it one of the most efficient in the country.

The first outline made for a working schedule, should be a rough one. List the things that must be done at a specific time and then build the rest of the day's work around these items. For example, at certain periods every morning, when we are broadcasting, it is impossible for any kind of work to be going on in the kitchen. Consequently, we have planned that water be put in the radiator covers, windows dusted, flowers watered and other jobs that must be done in a short time. The heavy work is apportioned to different days. Thursday, the door-knobs are polished, Friday, the door in the kitchen is waxed and on Saturday the silver is cleaned and polished and the refrigerator gets a thorough cleaning. Such a system is like the old rule of, Monday wash day, Tuesday ironing and so on; but no matter how ancient the law, it is still a wise one to follow. If the work is

allowed to pile up to the end of the week, it makes a rushed day or two, or, if by chance you are prevented from doing the work that particular day, the whole routine for the next week, is out of line.

Along with planning the day's work,



A spotless kitchen is possible even immediately after cooking preparations

we have allotted time to ordering, purchasing and storing the foods that we keep on hand. Our order list corresponds to your market list.

TWICE a week, we go over the programs for the next three days and order accordingly. You should consult your menu schedule three days in advance and buy enough provisions to last for that length of time. Modern equipment and machines make this labor saving plan possible. With the advent of the electric refrigerator, it is now possible even to add easily perishable foods to the supply of easily preserved foods. This ease in marketing, incidentally, makes for cheaper food bills

and better health. Foods are kept sweet and small bits of left-overs can be utilized to advantage. After the supplies are received, the storing becomes a matter of importance. Package products should be arranged on shelves in orderly rows, putting the large boxes toward the back. Vegetables such as celery, parsley, and lettuce should be washed and put in a covered container with a little water in the refrigerator. We have found it an excellent plan to prepare such vegetables as beans, carrots or peas, ready for cooking and also to keep these in a small amount of water in the refrigerator. Of course, this time saver is applicable only when you have some kind of mechanical refrigerator at your command.

During the holidays, we kept a juice cocktail, either tomato or a combination of several fruits, all made up, partially frozen in the refrigerator. This practice assures you of always having some appetizer on hand to pick up lazy appetites. Because almost everyone likes a sandwich or cookie to nibble during the morning or afternoon, we also kept in the refrigerator, several jars of sandwich filling mixed to just the right consistency and ready to spread on bread; or a roll of refrigerator cookies all ready to slice and bake at a moment's notice. Home-makers can follow these before-hand preparation rules. Briefly, this explains why, no matter how many guests visit the Radio Home-Makers' Club, we are always ready to serve them with something delicious to eat. There are other reasons for this preparation; first, it is a very gracious way of entertaining and second, if we do have interruptions, the rest of our work does not suffer.

I remember one cold afternoon in December when the kitchen laboratory had

*GLIMPSE into National Home - Makers'
Kitchen Reveals Latest Housekeeping Methods,
But Good Old-Fashioned Schedule Is Here to Stay*

a hurry call to serve tea for eight people. Because the work had gone along on schedule just as it does every day, this did not make the least bit of difference. The regular day's cleaning was done, the one extra job of heavy work was completed and everything was up to schedule. In case you do get behind in your work for one day, it is better to do a little extra each day and keep the cleaning up to date.

Accumulation of dust and dirt is certain to breed disease germs. This in part accounts for the sanitary measures and precautions taken in our studios. The temperature in every studio is kept at sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. After each program is broadcast, the studio is aired to create a clean fresh circulation. When there is scrubbing or washing of woodwork to be done, a little disinfectant is added to the water. Any of the coal tar products can be used as well as the household aids on the market. Strong solutions of soap, soap chips and ammonia make effective disinfectants, although they are not usually thought of in these terms. Ice water that is kept in every studio, is placed in covered thermo jugs. Many guests have asked me if our kitchen is an efficient one because we are experts in this particular line. Well, partly; but the greatest factor is that we have up-to-the-minute kitchen equipment.

WHAT we have in our kitchen laboratory, every housewife can have in her home kitchen.* No matter what kind of equipment you are buying, keep this one point in mind,—buy products that are best suited to your needs, those that will give you the best service and those that will be easy for you to operate. Too often, home-makers are falsely guided by the decisions of their neighbors. Equipment that will stand up under the wear and tear of small family usage, may be entirely unsuited for large family service.

As soon as a new gadget is placed on the market, we make a thorough investigation to find if that particular product will be a time and labor saver to us in our kitchen laboratory work. If the equipment proves satisfactory, it wins a permanent place on the shelf or in the kitchen drawer. Besides the new tricky devices, we have complete sets of bowls, pots and pans suited to every need, measuring spoons and cups, so that at any time, we are ready to make all dif-

ferent types of food dishes. The equipment is so arranged that there are no wasted minutes looking for anything. We have made a place for everything and everything is kept in its place. The equipment is so arranged that it is really a pleasure to work in the kitchen, for a well organized kitchen lifts housework and cooking out of the drudgery class.

THE method we use in determining the equipment best suited to our needs, can be carried out in the home. The machines are fairly light and easy to operate yet durable enough to stand up under long wear. The original price should be considered, the price of operation and service or replacement of parts that may be necessary. Sometimes the selling price may be a little higher than other similar machines on the market, but in time the more expensive equipment may actually save you more money in operation service charges or food bills.

The one important feature that practically every manufacturer is taking into consideration is the bending over necessary to run the equipment. This item is illustrated by the fact that within recent years, the designs in kitchen furniture have undergone drastic changes. Stoves have ovens placed at the side with a side swinging door, so that there is no need to bend over to look at the pie or cake. Refrigerators have cold controls and machinery at the top so that adjustments can be made without bending over. Shelves are arranged so that foods can be stored according to the most scientific laws. Shelves are adjustable to accommodate a number of different types of foods. The new machines are easy to clean. The outer surfaces are washable compositions, the corners rounded with a flat top which can be converted into an extra shelf,—a point not to be overlooked in this era of kitchenettes. The inside of refrigerators also have rounded corners. This means that there are no cracks or crevices for crumbs to hide in. Other equipment such as tables, sink tubs or service tables should be the correct height so that the housewife will be at ease while working and can accomplish her tasks without bending over.

Some tables and stools, some stoves, washing machines and ironing boards, can be raised by nailing or placing wooden blocks under the legs. True, equipment such as sinks cannot be raised, but you can raise the dishpan. You can have

made, or still better, make for yourself, a wooden rack that will support and raise the dishpan to the proper height.

Every home-maker has a right to have sunlight and fresh air in the kitchen. The smaller windows have replaced the larger ones and now windows are hung with gay thin curtains that let in light, sun and air. If you are not fortunate enough to have plenty of windows in the kitchen, you should have some kind of light provided. A center light is almost indispensable. There should be side lights, one over the sink and a second by the kitchen cabinet to give a bright light for close work. The modern home-maker



Heavy kitchen utensils are concealed in lower cupboard

has found that in her home her kitchen is, in reality, her laboratory and workshop. That is why she has demanded improvements that were once considered luxuries.

Every home should have a kitchen library including standard books on cooking, laundry, interior decorating, child care and entertaining. With new equipment and research service everyone can have an attractive home.

* Mrs. Allen will be pleased to help you make your choice in household equipment if you will address your requests to her in care of Radio Pioneer, 429 Lexington Avenue, New York City.—Editor.

Are AMERICAN WOMEN LAX in Politics ?

"Our Women Have Gone Further than Yours," Says Feminine Member of English Parliament. But She Admits They Lag in Business.

By Mary Agnes Hamilton

Member of Parliament

(From transatlantic broadcast over the stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System)



Mary Agnes Hamilton, M. P., and English political leader. She hopes for bigger and better things from our women.

I SHOULD like to begin by saying how real and deep is the pleasure it gives me to have this opportunity of being in a kind of contact with my many friends on your side of the water, realizing how much our people have in common, how much the whole world depends on our working hand in hand.

In the common cause of woman the will to service can be realized if a new body of fully effective citizens can be created which is in the power of anyone, quite regardless of sex.

So far as women are concerned in both countries, they are waking up very fast and taking a larger and larger share in the business of citizenship. It may be merely a national illusion on this one point, but I think the women of Britain have an advantage over you. Our women have gone further in politics than yours yet have. When I say this I am not forgetting the women sitting in Congress or the Senate or the women doing administrative work like Miss Perkins, or educational or opinion-building work like Miss Addams, Mrs. Catt, Miss Morgan, to name only a very few.

I yet venture to say although your women got the vote on equal terms earlier than ours did, we have done rather more with it. Let me remind you how it is with us today. Our House of Commons includes now fifteen women, after hotly contested elections, elections in which, as you know, both men and women have to cast their votes direct for the party candidate.

AT OUR General Election seventy tried to get elected and fourteen succeeded. One woman—an English peeress—once a conservative worker, now a Labor member, was the fourth of those to sit on the benches of the House of Commons, the other three being Conservatives—Lady Astor, Lady Iveagh and the Duchess of Atholl.

At the 1918 election only one woman was returned. Everybody has forgotten her. Nearly everybody asked, "Who was the first woman to be elected to the British House of Commons?" would say

it was one of your countrywomen, Lady Astor! but as a matter of fact it was an Irish woman elected in 1918. She, however, did not take her seat as she was a Sinn Feiner. As a result, the first woman M. P. is forgotten. Such is fate.

Now the women are treated exactly as though they were men. We hang up our hats and coats and deposit our umbrellas in a common cloakroom. We stand when the Chamber happens to be full in debate. Our points of view are entirely in our backgrounds.

Our sex in 1929 had ten in the Labor Party, three Conservatives and one independent. I don't think it is an accident that the Labor Party has twice as many women M.P.'s as the others put together. Labor, after all, was the first political party of our country to treat its women absolutely on an equality with its men. It is the party, too, which puts equal franchise on its party program. Labor led the way in admitting women to parties.

Their equality in the trade unions is

known, and as far back as 1924 Miss Margaret Bondfield, who was elected Chairman of the Trade Union Congress, presided with particular success over the Conference of the Labor Party. It was a great gathering. Again in 1924, the Labor Party broke all records by choosing a woman to be the first member of the British Administration. When the Conservatives came back to power, they had to do that as well as we did.

In 1929 this went further. Miss Margaret Bondfield is today the Minister of Labor. She is the first woman to be a sworn member of the Privy Council. In addition there are two women who are unpaid private secretaries to Ministers, and Miss Susan Lawrence, under-secretary to the Ministry of Health.

It was Premier MacDonald, too, who sent a woman to the League of Nations in 1924. It was the first time a woman had been a member of the British Delegation. In 1929 and 1930 he sent two. To that 1930 assembly women came representing their countries, from Great Britain, Canada, Australia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Holland and Hungary. The Hungarian representative was made chairman of one of the League Committees, and it was very well held by her. Lithuania, Roumania, Hungary—they all sent delegates. Germany sent a woman as technical expert. So far, you will notice, the Latin countries have not sent women to Geneva.

Here, I think, is a complete answer to the old-fashioned and timid-minded folk

who believe you can't get men to work under a woman. You can; you do. The two greatest administrators of the Departments of Labor and Health are working under women and are doing it with complete content because their chiefs are competent persons. The women are doing their share in putting through the House of Commons some of the biggest and most difficult bills which the Labor Government has introduced.

IN THE case of the Unemployment Insurance Act, Margaret Bondfield was responsible for it. She was backed up in regard to the Pensions and Housing Bill, and everyone, I think, admits that in both cases the work was done with complete efficiency and perfect control over the Parliamentary instrument.

I now come back to the question which I ventured in the beginning. Why is it that women have been able to go further with politics with us than with you? I am assuming, of course, that I am right in thinking that they really have done so, that in politics, at any rate, our women have gone a head of yours. I think the answer to this question is difficult.

I get the impression when I am in the States that politics do not stand too high in public estimation with you; that, on the contrary, a great many people who have a very keen public conscience, if I may call it that, keep out of active politics. Well, it is not so with us. With us it is broadly true that any woman or man who wants to get a thing done and dreams, seeks according to the measure of his or her ability to help make those dreams come true. Anyone with that sort of idea, I should think, feels the way to do it is to get it done. If they want to get their dreams realized, they



Representative Ruth Bryan Owen of Florida, daughter of the famous William Jennings Bryan and famous in her own right.

make their way sooner or later into the House of Commons. That is with us the royal road to effective citizenship.

From time to time, of course, you will hear wails about political life not being what it once was. People will talk loudly of their personal disillusion and will ask you, "How can you stand it?" But although we see lots of things in our life and party organization that want alteration, our notion in Britain about how to make public life better, how to make Parliament more effective, and improve things generally, is to take active part in the political battle. If the decent people, the people who see the faults and failings that, of course, exist,—if they keep out, they fail, so we feel, in that duty.

Women here are particularly strong. It is not only that they are priggish (some of us are priggish and try to hide it) but we have an idea we have something to contribute or feel sort of moral. We feel that we ought to go in, to take our share of the rough and tumble, take the rough with the smooth, and do what we can to make things better.

WOMEN with us took longer to start going into politics and prove themselves there than they did in the arts or professions, or medicine. In business, of course, I admit we still lag behind you. Just because Britain tends to put politics so high we expect greatly of it.

That women are out there in public life, is counted, with us, as the present sign of the fact that the general ideas

(Continued on page 104)



Representative Ruth B. Pratt of New York—one example of the public-spirited woman whom Mrs. Hamilton calls on us to produce.



Frances Joyce of Earl Carroll Fame Refuses to Let Haste Rob Her of Her Beauty

IT MAY be true that there are less than half a dozen people in the world who understand Einstein's theory of relativity. I remember reading such a statement in one of the New York newspapers when Einstein came to this country last December. I do not remember the names of the very few people who were reputed to understand the famous theory of time and space, but I do know that the women who write to me have very curious theories of their own on the problem of time.

"I haven't time to do the things which you suggest. I am busy every minute of the day and I have to hurry all the time to do the necessary things of life. I have no time to be attractive." So one woman wrote me recently, and so a great many women seem to feel. If I were not sorry for these women, I would be impatient with them. For, of course, every single one of them is going to suffer from the high cost of haste.

Strangely enough, lack of time is always one of the results of the high cost of haste. Women tell me that they have no time to be attractive. They give me long lists of reasons and I might believe some of these reasons if I did not know Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. Thompson is ninety-two years old. When she was a young girl, she married a widower with eight children. They lived on a large farm and she had

none of the conveniences which are taken for granted today by the women who write to me. Mrs. Thompson managed a large house, eight step-children, and later, two of her own—and not one of these ten children ever saw her with a shiny nose, or a soiled or rumpled dress, or—and I think this is especially remarkable—with her hair out of curl. And there were no permanent waves sixty or seventy years ago, either! I do not know of any woman in this generation who has as few comforts, as few conveniences, as few necessities, if you like, as Mrs. Thompson had when she was raising a family of ten in a dilapidated farm house. Yet Mrs.

Thompson always had time for her appearance.

Another remarkable thing about this remarkable old lady is the fact that, according to her children and her grand-children, she was never in a hurry. And never being in a hurry, she had time for everything worthwhile. Haste has always made waste, of course, but perhaps never so much as in our modern civilization. We are all victims of haste. We hurry doing every one of the thousands of useless things that clutter up our lives. We hurry just as much about non-essentials as we do about essentials. Few of us have developed sufficient serenity to detach ourselves and to see things with a clear sense of values. This was brought home to me several years ago when my father visited me.

High Cost of HASTE

Have You Read the Story about Mrs. Thompson—the Woman Who Never Hurried? And It's Not a Fable Either!

By FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on the Care of the Skin
Heard on NBC every Tuesday Morning

He arrived in New York at the Pennsylvania Station. I met him there with a taxi and dashed him across town to my apartment. All the way over I was on the edge of the seat, urging the taxi driver to exercise more ingenuity in getting through the traffic. I didn't realize how much nervous energy I was expending or how foolish my attitude was until after we had reached the apartment and my father asked, "What do you have for me to do that it was so important to save those few minutes coming across town?" Well, I had nothing in particular for him to do and I felt that his question was a just commentary on my silly striving for haste.

Too often haste does not advance us in our efforts nearly so fast as we like to

think it is doing. Consider Lewis Carroll's Alice in her hurried trip with the Red Queen. You remember that the Red Queen and Alice were running hand in hand and that it was all Alice could

do to keep up with the Queen who kept crying, "Faster, faster," as they skimmed through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet. Just as Alice was thoroughly exhausted, they stopped and the Queen propped Alice up against a tree—the same tree they had been under the whole time. For all their racing they had not progressed a single step.

A good deal of our modern haste gets us just as far as Alice's famous flight with the Red Queen—and not a step further.

Why do we hurry? We hurry because we worry and worry arises from fear of

(Continued on page 103)

Free booklets on the care of the Skin by Frances Ingram, will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

VALENTINES OF A JOKE EDITOR

Driven to Desperation

To all those hen-track writin' blokes
Who expect me to read their rotten
jokes
All I can say is—I hope you croaks.

To punk entertainers who have a yen
To see their names in print again
Forging fan letters signed "Good
Citizen"
I soitenly hopes you land in the pen.

To ladies who think they "really can
write"
Poems that tickle my ribs—I'm polite
All that I wish you is poor appetite.

The very next fella' who thinks he can
draw
Cartoons that surely will make me
guffaw
An' shows me a bunch o' tripe—Haw—
Haw!
I'll give him a smacker—right on the
jaw!

♥ *Indi-Gest*

Ever since I can remember I have
been receiving comic valentines—never
did I get a lace-trimmed heart or even a
pink heart-shaped peppermint with "I
Love You" on it in purple ink. But this
year I'm getting back at some of those
smarties with some comics myself (see
poem above—adv.). No sunny pic-
tures, but if I illustrated them the censor
probably would revoke RADIO DIGEST'S
mailing privileges. But right here and now
I want to tell all you contribs with regu-
lar, honest-to-goodness funnybones not
to pay no 'tention to my knocks—they're
only for the sad guys.

SOCK ON THE NOSE

Weener Minstrels on WENR:—

Gene: Say, Ray, is your brother hav-
ing any trouble?

Ray: Not lately, but one time he was
a butcher in a butcher shop and while
he was cutting some meat the knife
slipped and cut off his toe and while he
leaned down to get his toe he cut his
nose off.

Gene: What trouble does he have?

Ray: When he picked up his toe and
nose he was so excited he put his nose
on his foot and his toe on his face and
now he has to take off his shoe every

time he wants to blow his nose.—*Ar-
mando Govni, 222 Willow Ave., Joliet,
Ill.*

The telegram read: "Baby girl born
this morning. Both mother and daughter
doing well." And in the corner was a
sticker which read: "When you want
a boy, ring Western Union." Direct
male advertising?—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

WHAT MARRIAGE WILL DO TO ANNOUNCERS

Robert Brown, WLW:—"The next
number is one you will always remem-
ber. It is a number you will always
cherish—it will stay with you. The
title is 'Forgotten.' Perhaps Mr.
Brown can be excused for that one, as
he had just been married a few evenings
before.—*Hull Bronson, 2220 Reading
Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open
and your funny bone oiled for action.
Radio Digest will pay \$5.00 for the first
selected humorous incident heard on a
broadcast program, \$3.00 for second pre-
ferred amusing incident and \$1.00 for each
amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of
the Radio entertainment, or it may be one
of those little accidents that pop up in the
best regulated stations. Write on one side
of the paper only, put name and address on
each sheet, and send your contribution to
Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

TONGUE TWISTER

Say it fast:—"Is this a zither"—
three times. Now you'll appreciate the
trouble a Columbia announcer had the
other afternoon. He tried three times
without success.—*Mrs. Horace P. Cook,
412 W. 11th St., Anderson, Ind.*

The tablewds (apol. to W. Winchell)
don't seem to get much gravy from
Radio Stars. No murders, divorces,
shooting matches—they don't seem to
have such good press agents. But
when it comes to the movies:—

Phil Cook: "I see nearly all movie
actresses have long slender fingers. I
suppose it comes from the wedding
rings—slipping them on and off so
often."—*Carl Horn, 532 S. Lime St.,
Lancaster, Pa.*



Lady in antique shop: Can you show me something in an antique Radio, circa 1927, with original cat's whiskers and crystal?

POEM AND LAFFUSTRATIONS
by
DON DICKERMAN
(FROM THE WALLS OF THE BLUE HORSE
NIGHT CLUB)



He looks like a Human with
A trick Head of Hair
He runs around Naked and
He roars liked a Bear.



That's where the Jazz Originates,
They play it Day and Night,
And where they sing the Dizzy Blues
And Shake the Shimmy Right.

IN A FARAWAY LAND CALLED WHONOESWIAT

He gets up in the morning and
He starts a little Fight,
And he doesn't stop Fighting till
He goes to bed at Night.



The Men go to Market and
They don't need any Dough.
For they eat up One Another when
The Food runs Low.



They're very fond of Hunting and
They wield a Wicked Spear,
Killing oftentimes with Single Thrust
A herd of Twenty Deer.



The Whiskey Fruit is full of Punch
The woods are full of Srees,
You'll find your Steamer Baskets
Growing right upon the Trees.

GOSSIP SHOP

Two visitors on a personally-conducted tour barged into the studio at Columbia the other night just before Toscha Seidel's concert was to begin. Only one person was in the room.

"This is where Toscha Seidel is going to broadcast, isn't it?" one of the guests asked.

"Yeah, this is the joint," said the man in the room. "But take a tip from me buddy: lay off of that program, it's a lot of dizzy classical stuff!"

The speaker was Seidel himself!

* * *

Guy Lombardo got a fan telegram after his broadcast the other day. It came from a neighbor living in the same house with him. Here it is:—

GUY LOMBARDO
ROOSEVELT HOTEL
NEW YORK CITY

YOU SOUND MUCH BETTER
OVER THE RADIO AT TEN
THAN OVER MY HEAD AT
FOUR PM

OLIVE SMYTHE

* * *

Josef Hofmann, the famous pianist, tells one on himself. It seems he was giving a concert and was disturbed by the laughter and mumblings of a man in the third row front.

"You'll have to come and get your money back," the usher firmly proclaimed.

"All right," was the answer, "but why'm I bein' kicked out?"

"You're drunk," said the usher.

"Of course I am," was the retort, "if I was shober d'ya think I'd be at a conshert?"

* * *

When George Beuchler, WABC staff announcer, takes time off between programs to have dinner, he takes his stopwatch with him. Mr. Beuchler has learned to calculate to a second how much time will be occupied by each dish. If you sit next to him at dinner, you hear him mumbling to himself:

"Soup, two and a half minutes; salad, three minutes; grilled steak, eleven minutes..."

DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN BIRTH-PLACE

The Mirthquakers, NBC:—

"By the way, Brother Macey, where did you get that black eye?"

"That's a birth mark, Brother Brokenshire."

"A birth mark? What do you mean by that, Brother Macey?"

"Well, Brother Brokenshire, I was coming back from Chicago the other night and I got into the wrong berth!" —Haydon Peterson, 1723-12th St., Des Moines, Ia.

ABSURDITY

Say, Indi-Gest, to kill some time
I Thought I'd write a Jingle,
On Radio celebrities,
The Folks with whom I mingle.

Ray Perkins hands me quite a laugh,
Phil Cook is also funny,
But count me out on Cheerio
E'en though it cost me money.

So many bands have tried to ape
"B.A." Lombardo Vallee,"
I wish someone would dump the bunch
In some deserted alley.

I'd like to sing a line of praise
For Pete and Aline Dixon,
Their "Raising Junior" is one act
My dial is always fixed-on.

And here's three cheers for Arabesque,
And Frontier Days are fair,
Then add a long huzzah! for
Billy Jones and Ernie Hare.

Whoa Indi-Gest, I'd better stop
While I still have my health
Before some reader throws a brick
And ends my trek toward wealth.

"STEW"

Indi-Gest assures you that "Stew" is not the Old Soak. He is none other than Leonard Stewart Smith, popular RADIO DIGEST author.

LIVES AN ANIMAL STRANGE CALLED THE HOTTENTOT



At futuristic Painting they
Are always at their Best,
They'll slap it on your Ankle, or
They'll Etch it on your Chest.

To hear a band of Hottentots
A-Blattin at a Ball
Would knock you for a Homer if
You'd Any Ear at All.



I wish I were a Hottentot,
To see Life's Joys I've Striven,
But those black birds enjoy it so,
They Hardly know they're Livin'!



There are no Cops, no Courts or Jails,
Nor Man-made Laws to Taunt-em,
There isn't any Income Tax,
Club Dues or Rent to Haunt-em.



SLIPS THAT PASS THRU THE MIKE

On November 30th, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen was introduced to us
By John B. Kennedy on Collier's Hour
thus:

(He placed the cart before the horse,
And introduced her as) Mrs. Ruth
Owen Bryan, of course.

*Mrs. M. J. Swan, 12 Northern Ave.,
Northampton, Mass.*

CAUSED BY PATRIOTISM:—
Winnipeg's CKY in Canada introduced
an orchestra rendition of *It Happened
in Monterey* with the solemn statement
that the harmony boys would next play
It Happened in Montreal.—*J. P. Leith,
University Station, Grand Forks, N. D.*

REPORTED FROM THE STUDIO ITSELF:—WTIC in Hartford
made a mistake in switching programs
one night. The announcer pushed the
button which connects the Hartford
station with the NBC Red network
instead of the local studio. Upon hear-
ing a strange voice discussing spiritual-
ism, he quickly pushed the right button
—but too late—here was the result of
his mistake. WTIC Announcer:—
"Our next feature, the Travelers' Hour,
is introduced by Mr. Paul Lucas
(NBC:—) in a hypnotic trance."

**LOWELL THOMAS MAKES A
MISTAKE.** To quote him:—"A per-
son could go into a drug store and buy
either epizootic or asafetida." (In
case you don't know it, epizootic is a
disease peculiar to animals—why buy
it at all?)—*Edith C. Woodbridge, 2417
Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

**AN VOLUNCER PUTS ON
RUDY VALLEE RECORD.** We
hear, "Click—scratch, scratch, scratch,
click! Scratch, scratch, scratch, click—"
Silence. "Rudy Vallee is cracked!"
piped a young female voice. Followed
by, announcer: "With due apologies,
the young lady says she was referring
to the record!"—*Edwin V. St. John,
25 Whiting Ave., Dedham, Mass.*

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH
in this news broadcast from WEEL.
Announcer: "This large corporation has
been operating on a strictly *profiterring*
basis for twelve months—a procedure
that has been eminently satisfactory
but that has produced no profits to the
shareholders." He didn't even correct
his mistake.—*William W. Sanders,
"Birchbrow," Haverhill, Mass.*

What's the good of spending trillions
of dollars for wire-rights and buying
out a bunch of local Radio stations, if
this is all the impression NBC can
make on the rising generation:—

A little girl, a patient in our hospital,
wrote a letter to Phil Cook, addressed
thus:—

Mr. Phil Cook, N.B.C.,
National Biscuit Company,
New York City.

Some Cook, eh what?—*A. McCul-
ough, R. N., 43 So. 6th St., Easton, Pa.*

A RADANECDOTE

Heard over WLW:—Several years ago
Firestone, Edison, Ford and Burroughs
were touring through Cincinnati. A
light on their car went bad, and they
stopped at a little crossroad store. Mr.
Ford went into the store.

"What kind of automobile lights do
you have?" asked Ford.

"Edison," replied the merchant.

"I'll take one," said Ford. "And by
the way, you might be interested to
know that Mr. Edison is out in my car."

"So?" said the merchant.

When the light was put in it was
found that a new tire was needed, so
Ford went back into the store and
asked what kind of tires they had.

"Firestone," was the reply.

"By the way, you may be interested
to know that Mr. Firestone is out there
in my car and I am Mr. Ford—Henry
Ford."

"So?" said the merchant.

While the tire was being put on,
Burroughs, with his white whiskers,
leaned out of the car and said to the
merchant, "Good mornin', sir."

The merchant looked at him with a
sarcastic grin and said: "If you try to
tell me you're Santa Claus I'll crown
you with this wrench."—*Imp, Grosse
Isle, Mich.*

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

The Interwoven Pair:—

Billy Jones: Have you ever heard my
favorite piece, Lohengrin?

Ernie Hare: No, but I've heard
Minnehaha.—*Harold F. Baker, 401
College Ave., Winfield, Kans.*

Now, isn't it a pity that Gigli, the
tenor, doesn't say his name the way
it looks, instead of in good old Italian,
"Zhili" (not a G in it)—so we could
have put him in that one. Well, now go
ahead and get giggly over this one:—

Something for Everyone (CBS):—

"I never thought I'd pull through.
First I got angina pectoris, followed by
arteriosclerosis. Just as I was recover-
ing, I got tuberculosis and aphasia."

"Good heavens, you don't look much
the worse for it."

"I wasn't ill, you idiot! I was in a
spelling bee."—*Florence Haist, Box 157,
Lindenwold, N. J.*

RAH FOR HAPPY HOLLOW!

HERE are a few lines I would very much like to see in print in V.O.L. But I know that what I write is never eligible for anything like that (*No!—Editor*). There is one station and especially one program here in the Middle West that I admire—KMBG, Kansas City, Mo., and the program is "Happy Hollow", written and presented under the direction of Ted Malone.

Happy Hollow is the typical small town, with the general store, little red school, depot where a train comes through once a week, and everything else that makes a "one-horse" town.—The Pestication Pest (Marguerite), Higginsville, Mo.

WE REFUSE TO PLEAD GUILTY

I WAS first introduced to your excellent magazine with the September issue and now I come back for more every month. "Somebody or other", who stated in V.O.L. that most of the news and articles in RADIO DIGEST were about Radio artists of the South and West is crazy—at least as far as the West is concerned. I haven't seen much as yet about the stations I usually listen to—especially about KFRC, my favorite station.—J. R., Sacramento, Cal.

Not guilty this time, December, 1930, issue contained a story and pictures of the KFRC Blue Monday Jamboree—rotogravure section this month displays a fine picture.—EDITOR.

JIMMIE GREEN STORY COMING SOON

I AM a Jimmie Green fan, and wonder why he isn't given the publicity in RADIO DIGEST that he rightly deserves. And Frankie Aquino, one of the featured vocalists in Jimmie's orchestra, possesses the finest, and I think, the sweetest voice I have heard. I have listened to both of them over WENR, WTMJ, and have now followed them, via the Radio, of course, to WGY.—Lucille MacLeod, 5726 Erie Avenue, Hammond, Ind.

FOR RADIO CLUB FANS

I STARTED reading RADIO DIGEST with the October issue and I find it to be the best Radio magazine I have ever seen. I especially enjoy reading the V.O.L. I have become affiliated with two Radio clubs through reading this column and I would like to join several more. If anybody who reads this letter happens to be at the head of any Radio club will they please send me an application card and any other information necessary to join.—Stanley J. Fredrickson, 816 Macon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MR. ARNOLD'S letter gave me an idea. Why not publish the names of people who would like to interchange information on Radio reception and all the "whys" and "wherefores" of Radio?

I would like to receive letters from listeners about the distant stations they can get and the different programs their local stations have—or anything about Radio!

I will gladly answer any letters.—Mr. L. J. Goulette, Route No. 2, Plummer, Idaho.

WANTS "CHEERIO" TO REMAIN INCOGNITO

IN ANSWER to Mrs. Servino Mitchell in the December DIGEST, I want to disagree with her about "Cheerio" taking the wrong attitude in remaining "incog."

When you hear a Radio artist every day for several years can't you just picture how he looks? I can, and sometimes when I finally see his picture—Oh! how disappointed and disillusioned I am. Imagine how many thousands of folks have their own conception of just how "Cheerio" looks,—and they can't all be right. So think what would happen if suddenly some paper came out with the picture of a short fat man labeled "This is Cheerio" and nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine people had pictured him as a tall thin

Voice of the

man! I would rather keep my own mental vision of him. How about the rest of the "Circle"?

Here's to RADIO DIGEST—may it always be as good as it is today.—Mrs. W. H. Stiles, Stone Harbor, N. J.

HE STILL BELIEVES IN SANTA CLAUS

IN YOUR December issue you have a very interesting article about some of the Radio artists and what they want for Christmas. Should Santy Claus make inquiries as to what some of the listeners want, will you please tell him if we find an announcement, in our socks on Christmas morning, of Floyd Gibbons in his nightly broadcasts of news flashes, he will make the whole world happy. Thank you.—A Listener, Dayton, Ohio.

CHEERIO STILL ON NBC AND WDAF AT 9:30 CENTRAL TIME, LITTLE JACK LITTLE ON NBC AND WREN 12:45 SUNDAY

WE USED to get "Cheerio" through WDAF, Kansas City, but can't locate them now. Are they off the air? If not, what chain are they on and what station?

Is Little Jack Little still on the air, and if so, from what stations does he broadcast?—B. R. Coggeshall, Solomon, Kans.

WHERE IS "APOSTOLIC CHURCH OF PENTECOST" BROADCASTING OVER 1040 KILOCYCLE STATION?

ABOUT December 1st (9:00 o'clock mountain standard time) we heard a religious service being broadcast from a station using a frequency of about 1040 kilocycles. KNX, Hollywood was on one side, while our local was on the other side. Can any one tell me where this church is located? We would like to communicate with it. We are pretty sure it was the Apostolic Church of Pentecost. If possible, we'd like to know the Evangelist's name, too.—David Donaldson, 1355 McTavish Street, Regina, Sask., Canada.

RECIPE BROADCASTERS, PLEASE TALK SLOWLY AND GIVE MRS. HOUSEWIFE TIME TO WRITE

IT IS rather disheartening to a housewife who has listened intently to the discussion of a new dish to find, after she has dashed around looking for a pencil and paper (and found them), that the lady at the other end of the Radio connection is talking so fast that it is not possible to take down the recipe or instructions. The speed at which the average cooking broadcaster delivers her recipes makes it quite difficult for many of the housewives to take down all the information given in long hand.

Of course, the writer is taking into consideration that the time is limited in which the broadcaster is obliged to dictate her recipes, but would it not be better if the dictator gave fewer recipes, enabling the housewife to make a success of these, than to distribute many recipes, which through lack of time allowed are incompletable by the housewife and, as a consequence, unusable.

Incompleted recipes for dishes which cooks are anxious to serve means lost sales of ingredients comprising them, reacting against the manufacturer sponsoring the broadcast.

Is it not essential, therefore, that for the proper promotion of sales the wholesaler or distributor advertising the various products, through the medium of the cookery talks, see to it that recipe dictation is standardized as to time? Bessie A. Crotty, 1 Jacobus Place, New York, N. Y.

P. S.—NELLIE SAYS DON'T BROADCAST RECIPES AT ALL

I WISH some station or magazine would start a movement to abolish recipes from the Radio. Not one person in a thousand "gets a pencil and writes 'one teaspoonful salt, cup of flour'" and the rest of the rubbish one is compelled to listen to regardless of how much one pays for a Radio.

If it is boreome and nerve-racking for women to have to listen to a flock of uninteresting recipes, how irritating and exasperating it must be to men.

If "Good English" supplanted the "Recipe programs" we might all profit with the time which is now wasted.

If we can't afford a cook, in this day and age, we eat in restaurants. PLEASE begin a movement to eliminate "recipes" and replace them with music or "Good English."—Nellie Mae Black, Miami, Florida.

GUESS YOURS IS "MINORITY OPINION" ON LITTLE JACK LITTLE—HE'S NOW ON NBC

I HAVE been reading your RADIO DIGEST for some time and am interested in letters from your readers upon various phases of Radio programs. I like to see friendly criticism but not daggers thrust at each other through the magazine! I think each listener has a right to his or her opinion, and to have likes and dislikes.

Now I wonder just what readers think of "Little Jack Little"? There has been a great deal of discussion about him and many severe criticisms of his line of Radio broadcasts over WLW. One may have a pretty accurate idea of the man from hearing him just once. As for me and all my family and many friends, he could be left off the Radio entirely and not be missed—much! He is a natural born pianist I believe, but if he would only play and not try to talk or sing! I simply can't stand his style of conceit and egotism and self esteem.

We like good poetry over the air but get little of it suitable for broadcasting. We like "Tony's Scrap Book" now over the CBS, and "Buck and Alice" over NBC, and so many others. The fine pipe organ programs over WLW, WGN, WENR and other stations are so good—so are the School of the Air and Phil Cook and "Cheerio"—over the big chains. I don't know what we would do without the Radio. I enjoy reading about the programs and different characters in the RADIO DIGEST. It is fine!—M. F. L. C., Indiana.

SEE MEXICAN STATIONS LISTED ON PAGE 96, RAYMOND

CAN you tell me what station in Tampico, Tamps, Mexico, broadcasts on approximately the same wave as WJZ? (Probably you mean XEM, Tampico—EDITOR). Also, what Mexican station coming in between WTAM and WTIC sounds a cuckoo call during the program at intervals? (Probably XER, Mexico, D. F.).—Raymond Dessinger, Linwood, Kans.

Listener

GO 'WAY WID YER BLARNEY

YOU must have adopted M. Emile Coue's cult, as every day in every way your magazine is growing better and better. I am sure anyone could get a greater kick out of a Mike and Herman program after looking at their pictures on page 67 of the October RADIO DIGEST. Hoping to hear more of your magic power, and wishing you all success.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jennings, Caro, Michigan.

WOW! WHAT A BIG ORDER

I ENJOY RADIO DIGEST very much. I would like very much to see a write-up and pictures of the WCAU announcers, and would particularly like to see published pictures of as many of the WCAU Children's Hour performers as you can secure.

Now will you permit me to talk about something I do not like in RADIO DIGEST? I refer to the fiction. This feature seems to me out of place in a Radio magazine. I believe it could be used to better advantage in giving this space to more Radio write-ups and pictures.

If there ever was a write-up and pictures of Mike and Herman and the Smith Family of WENR and Louie and His Hungry Five of WGN in RADIO DIGEST I missed it, if not, would like to see it.—Charles L. Anspach, Schuylkill Haven, Pa.

We've had 'em all with pictures, Charles. Particularly—WCAU Kiddies on page 71 this issue, and Mike and Herman page 67, October. Check and double check on the fiction—EDITOR.

OH! THE POOR ANNOUNCER—HE IS BLAMED FOR WHAT MAY BE THE SPONSOR'S FAULT

WE, THE public, have our favorite announcers as well as our favorite stations. We are critical—we are super-critical—why shouldn't we be when we are daily enjoying twenty-four hours of free entertainment?

Not one in ten thousand of us knows an announcer by sight, but we know his voice and we form his picture for our mind's gallery from it. We see a good-looking man, rather under middle-age, in evening clothes. He is standing before a galaxy of entertainers in velvet and jewels; he is the Master of Ceremonies, a personage.

A good announcer helps a poor program. A poor announcer hurts a good program. A good announcer, to our mind, is one who is not pedantic, who does not over-air his knowledge. We want our announcer to use good English in a voice which is free from accent. We believe that he should use a few descriptive adjectives, but we do not want our announcer to stoop to cheap wit. We are fastidious.

We do not always turn to something else during the advertising of the sponsor's wares. There are only two reasons why we do not; the first, we don't want to miss the beginning of the program; the second, we are interested.

The success of a station depends on how well the announcer holds our interest—will we ask for Gummer's Toothpaste when we stand before the druggist's display-case? If the announcer has told us in as many words as necessary (and no more) "Gummer, the manufacturer of the wonderful Gummer's Toothpaste which is so well recommended by all dentists, has the pleasure of presenting—" we shall ask for Gummer's Toothpaste. We can't help asking for it because the name, "Gummer's" stands out.

"Music soothes the savage breast." Granted. But a heavenly choir would fail to soothe us during some of the long-winded and disjointed preambles to some of the programs.

Some day a thinking sponsor will explain to his wordy announcer that the Radio has brought out another phase in selling-psychology. He may call it appreciation—it doesn't matter; whatever he calls it, it is a sale made by his program in the way the tailor's extra care in the fitting of an altered coat brings the man back for a new suit.

General Napier announced the capture of Scinde and the end of a campaign by the one word, "peccavi"; meaning, I have sinned. O for the day when we shall hear, "This is Station BLAH Napier is your announcer."

Will the writer of this letter please communicate with the Editor?

MORE WHAS PICTURES, PLEASE!

I AM a regular reader of the RADIO DIGEST and like it immensely. I have only one objection—there are never pictures and write-ups on WHAS artists or announcers, where other stations have them two or three times a year. I hope we will hear a little about them soon.—Miss S. Glenn, Louisville, Ky.

See the picture and story about Jack Turner, pianist of WHAS on page 72 of this issue and other pictures in the Sept. issue—EDITOR.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT—VOICE OF THE "RUDY" LISTENER

WE PUT it to a vote in the V.O.L. columns—this question of the most popular orchestra leader—we'll let you in to count the ballots—here they are:—

UNTIL I found your column in the magazine I did not know the Radio listener was supposed to have a voice. I thought we had to take everything they wanted to hand us and not squawk. If you doubt this statement try to find a good program Sunday morning or afternoon. I think that if they put Rudy Vallee on the air Sunday afternoon, even you ducks that are razzing him would welcome him with open arms.—A. Curnow, Detroit, Mich. . . .

Is the V.O.L. intended to be the humor department? Whatever the intention, it has succeeded in being the funniest spot in the magazine since I have been reading it. These bombastics about Rudy Vallee started by the eminent Mrs. Johnson are the source of the amusement.—R. M. Kenworthy, Chicago, Ill. . . . I'll bet most of these people who do the "panning" listen to his programs.—Bea Trumble, Saginaw, Mich. . . . I am always, like all other young people, willing and anxious to read anything that Mr. Vallee writes.—Margaret M. Long, Chicago, Ill. . . .

WHEN we studied about Rome in School, we learned that Roman youths used to take mud baths to make them more gorgeous (A tip for Rudy and these mud-slingers).—Another "heigh-ho" fan, Grass Lake, Mich. . . . He has worked very hard to put himself and his orchestra where they are today and deserves every bit of praise he receives. Come on, you Vallee fans, fifty-million of us can't be wrong.—Carlita M. Halford, East Hartford, Conn. . . . If some girls want to picture him as their dream lover, well isn't that their own affair? Heaven knows it's harmless enough.—C. L., Augusta, Maine. . . .

OH! IT'S a "Beauty Contest" now—well, I'll raise your two cents and have my say. Ugly features, unattractive and homely face (as Rudy's was called) never kept any good man down. How about Abraham Lincoln? And coming back to Radio, would you call Graham McNamee handsome?—Ruth Ramsay, Petersburg, Ill. . . . Razz Rudy? Not while I'm around. His musicians got their instruments at some place other than the 25c to \$1.00 store, as they certainly are not tin panny.—Mrs. R. Whaley, Detroit, Mich. . . . To me he is a mythical knight, and his voice sends me all a-twitter and a-twitch.—Virginia K. Henderson, St. Joseph, Mo. . . . A million girls in love with him? Why not? Hasn't a person who has gained a foothold for himself on the ladder of fame some sort of right to expect applause? Hasn't his voice that certain something that weaves romance—its' so—so—oh, what shall I say?—J. M. Swanson, Ludington, Mich. . . .

Etc., etc., etc., from many, many more, including M. E. Brown, Waterbury, Conn., Mr. R. M. Hubert, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . Valeria Bache . . . D. B. Morris, Huntington, L. I. . . . and so on, and so on, ad infinitum.

ONE VOTE FOR "JIMMIE" GREEN AND "SOL" WAGNER

POOR Rudy. It really is amusing the way Mrs. Johnson has all the Rudy Vallee fans up in arms. To be perfectly frank I don't care for him myself.

The best orchestra in the country, in my opinion, is "Jimmie" Green. If you haven't heard him, well, you've missed a lot.

And I must not forget to mention "Sol" Wagner. Tune in on WENR Chicago and if you're blue, you won't be for long.—"Tiny," Washington, Pa.

MORE VOTES FOR LOMBARDO AND COON-SANDERS

I AM writing this in favor of Guy Lombardo and Coon-Sanders. I don't see how a perfectly good magazine like yours can harp so much on Rudy Vallee.

Lombardo and Coon-Sanders have bands that really work together to put over the whole orchestration, not just a few pretty choruses of a good number. Guy Lombardo's band and Coon-Sanders' must rate far above Vallee because of their higher and more complicated type of music.—Warren J. Hanson, Northfield, Minn.

THERE seems to be so much discussion in the Voice of the Listener about Rudy Vallee and Guy Lombardo, I will have to "speak my piece". The Royal Canadians have more rhythm and individuality than any orchestra I have ever heard.

Of course, I know the men have been accused of being jealous of Rudy but does that sound reasonable? If that were true, we would be jealous of the Lombardo boys, too. All three of them are good looking and I know of no one that can imitate Carmen's singing. My vote goes for the Lombardos.—George F. Kunze, U. S. Veteran's Hospital, Otten, N. C.

ONE VOTE ISN'T ENOUGH FOR HIM— HE TAKES TEN

THIS is my arrangement of the ten best orchestras. Johnny Hamp, Earl Burnett, Paul Whiteman, Isham Jones, Jack Benny, Ben Bernie, Gus Arnheim, George Olsen, Wayne King, Ted Weems.—O. J. J., Melrose, Wis.

WHERE IS ROY INGRAHAM'S BAND?

IF I were to name the five best orchestras on the air I would mention—Coon-Sanders, Guy Lombardo, Wayne King, Roy Ingraham and Art Kassel.

By the way, can anyone tell me what has happened to Roy Ingraham? We haven't heard him in this part of the country, since last spring.—Geraldine Schuman, Milwaukee, Wis.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Synchronization of Stations

THE next few years may see the operation of entire chains of broadcasting stations on the same wave length if the proposed experimental operation of WTIC, Hartford, on the same wave length as WEAJ; and WBAL, Baltimore, on the same wave length as WJZ, proves successful. Normally if two stations located quite close together are operated on the same wave length, serious interference is produced, but if their operation is synchronized, it has been determined from experiments made by engineers of the NBC, no interference is created. In fact, it appears that the synchronized operation of two or more stations on the same wave length has the effect of improving reception for listeners located midway between the two stations and normally receiving rather weak signals. Such listeners will, when the stations are synchronized, receive a combined signal from both stations which will make the reception louder and decrease fading.

It is to test the practicability of synchronized operation under ordinary broadcasting conditions that the National Broadcasting Company has requested permission of the Federal Radio Commission to permit the operation of WTIC and WBAL on the same frequencies as WEAJ and WJZ respectively. At present WTIC and WBAL share time on 1060 kc. and operate on alternate days; when synchronized both stations will be on the air full time. WBAL will operate half time on 1060 kc. and half time synchronized with WJZ on 760 kc.; WTIC will operate half time on 1060 kc. and half time synchronized with WEAJ on 660 kc. This synchronizing arrangement, giving both WBAL and WTIC full time broadcasting schedules, will bring many new NBC features to the listeners in Baltimore and Hartford areas.

Though these experiments prove entirely successful it would not be possible to extend such operation to all the stations on the networks. For example, KYW, Chicago, operating on 1020 kc., now carries a number of NBC programs. But if this station were to be synchronized with the key station, WJZ, on 760 kc., serious interference would be produced in Chicago because the synchronized operation of KYW on 760 kc. would place it too close to 770 kc. assigned to WBBM, Chicago. The only conclusion one can reach is that the gen-

Synchronization is a subject of fundamental importance to Radio listeners since it may have very far reaching effects on broadcasting. By means of synchronization it is possible to operate on a single wave length any number of stations transmitting the same program. Just what synchronization is, and the effect it will have, are described here

eral adoption of synchronized operation of chain stations probably require the reallocation of broadcasting stations. Obviously, the frequency assignments of a large number of stations must be changed to make available a clear channel throughout the entire country on which a group of synchronized stations could be operated.

The final set-up after the necessary reallocation of stations, would be the assignment of one wave length to each chain and all the stations associated with a particular network would operate on this common wave length. Whereas a group of thirty stations now require some thirty different wave lengths, when synchronized only one wave length would be required, releasing the other twenty-nine wave lengths for other programs. This is an important advantage of synchronization; it makes more efficient our use of the limited number of broadcast channels.

Many of the chain broadcasting stations are not in favor of synchronization, for as soon as they operate on a common wave length they lose their individual identity. The chain broadcasting companies will therefore be compelled to purchase and operate their own stations or to take full time leases on stations which can readily be changed over for synchronized operation. To buy new stations or lease existing stations and change their wave lengths involves the expenditure of millions of dollars. Synchronization, without doubt, is something that cannot be accomplished over night.

So far as the Radio listener is concerned, what are the advantages of synchronization that would warrant the expenditure of millions of dollars? In what way does synchronization result in improved Radio reception for the listener? It seems to us

that synchronization yields the following advantages.

First, the entire country could be "spotted" with a number of high-powered broadcasting stations so located as to supply a good strong signal to all listeners. Since all these stations would use the same wave length, there would be no interference between them.

Second, listeners throughout the country could have available full time reception of chain programs.

Third, reception would be improved, since listeners now so located as to receive a rather poor signal would, in most cases, receive stronger signals under synchronized operation.

Four, tuning in the chain program would be simplified since all the programs of a particular network would always be received at the same point on the tuning dial of the Radio receiver.

Synchronization will also result in the release of a number of wave lengths now used in the transmission of chain programs and these wave lengths could then be used to give additional programs to the listener. Channels would also be left open in the process of setting up a synchronized network certain transmitters were purchased, thereby possibly leaving open the frequency assignments formerly used by these stations. If this occurs (few seriously doubt the ultimate use of synchronization), and such frequencies are released, they should certainly be assigned to organizations who can afford to erect and maintain high-powered stations, organizations willing to spend time and money to put good programs on the air.

THE notes on synchronization given on this page obviously carry the picture far into the future. Synchronization must be brought about by evolutionary rather than revolutionary changes in our present methods of broadcasting.

Meanwhile if the proposed experiments with WBAL and WTIC are successful there is no reason why such operation on dual wave lengths cannot be applied to many other stations so located that such operation could be undertaken without causing interference with stations on neighboring channels. In this manner many stations now operating part time will be enabled to operate full time.

of the Radio Arts

Latest Developments in Television

THE last few weeks of 1930 brought forth a number of important developments in television. During December an important conference was held by all engineers working on television problems. This conference, called by the Federal Radio Commission and held in their offices at Washington, D. C., discussed various technical problems concerned with the experimental transmission of television programs. As a result of the conference a number of assignments were changed and the engineers adopted definite resolutions regarding the assignment of licenses and the setting aside of additional bands for further experimental work.

During the television conference, P. T. Farnsworth, associated with Television Laboratories of California as its Technical Director, somewhat startled his co-workers by stating that he had done some successful work with 700 line television pictures and that by special processes and tubes the transmission band required for these pictures was no greater than that utilized by an ordinary broadcasting station in the transmission of voice and music. One of the major problems on which the progress of television depends to a large extent is that it ordinarily requires the use of very wide bands of frequency and the transmission and reception of these wide bands creates problems difficult to overcome.

NOW if a method can be devised to make it unnecessary to use such wide bands, television would probably soon become a practical reality. It is understood that Mr. Farnsworth expects to demonstrate his system in New York some time during the early part of 1931. Needless to say everyone is looking forward with much interest to this.

Reports have reached the Department of Commerce of a successful demonstration in Paris by M. Barthelemy, a well known French experimenter, of a television device which works successfully on an ordinary broadcast receiving set. A report from the trade Commissioner in Paris stated that figures were produced in clear relief and in colors, the images were not blurred and facial features were sufficiently distinct to permit easy recognition of individuals. It is understood that M. Barthelemy claims his apparatus attains a perfection thus far not reached in other

countries. When asked if he could televise an entire scene he replied in the affirmative.

With the closing weeks of 1930 there was brought to light some data on experiments made by engineers of the National Broadcasting Company in the transmission and reception of television images on



Mr. D. E. Replogle, of the Jenkins Television Corp., a pioneer who has probably done more than any other man to aid the advance of practical television apparatus.

short wave lengths. These tests were conducted in the heart of New York City and it was found that the Radio waves acted very much like light waves—being easily absorbed, reflected and refracted. In other words they literally bounced around among the steel buildings in New York.

Reflected waves caused the television receivers to show two or even many images instead of just one. We suppose that in an extreme case a lone pretty girl doing a dance would look like a whole chorus!

With these short wave lengths many "dead spots" were found where little or no signal could be received, these areas of poor reception being due evidently to the

absorption of the Radio waves by steel structures. The shorter the wave length, the more severe are such dead spots, although they were not uncommon in the broadcast band, especially in the early days of broadcasting before stations began to use high power.

Dr. Herbert E. Ives of the Bell Laboratories, and one of the most prominent engineers associated with the art of television, has done considerable work on the transmission of television images in natural color. Color transmission without the use of extremely wide bands of frequency has been perfected and color values in the case of ordinary black and white images have been improved.

In the television demonstration given by Dr. Ives during the early part of 1930, the subject was illuminated with blue light and the photo-cells were of the type sensitive chiefly to light in the blue part of the spectrum. Blue light was used, since the eye is comparatively insensitive to this color and the face of the person being televised can therefore be illuminated with a very intense blue light without causing the discomfort which would be experienced if white lights of the same intensity were used.

THE effect of using blue light, however, was to make the yellow and red tints of the skin too dark. In order to produce a more natural gradation in color values a purple light is now used with additional photo-cells more sensitive to red light added to the system. Purple being a combination of red and blue, we are therefore in effect scanning the person's face with the aid of light at each end of the spectrum and as a result we obtain much more faithful reproduction.

These notes on television make it apparent that a tremendous amount of engineering thought is being devoted to the subject. What this year holds in store in the way of further television developments no one knows, but there is little doubt that tremendous advances will be made. Farnsworth's revolutionary system, about which no details have been divulged, may prove to be practical and television would then be "just around the corner." Readers of *RADIO DIGEST* may be sure that the editors of this magazine will keep in close touch with all television developments and report them in these pages, as rapidly as possible.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list has been corrected from latest issue of the official U. S. Federal Radio Commission bulletin in effect at the time of going to press (January 1, 1931).—EDITOR

K

KBTM.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.

KCRC.....Erid, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset

KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.

KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.

KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.

KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1000 kc.—209.7 m.

KEJK.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—1170 kc.

KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.

KEX.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.

KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
500 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.

KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.

KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas
1000 w.—560 kc.—335.4 m.

KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.—345.1 m.

KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.

KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—560 kc.—349.9 m.

KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.—368.5 m.

KFIP.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1230 kc.—267.7 m.

KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa.
250 w.—1260 kc.—249.9 m.

KFJF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—202.6 m.

KFJL.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

KFJV.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KPKA.....Greeley, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.

1000 w. until local sunset

KPKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.

KPKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.

KPKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.

KPLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.

KPLX.....Galveston, Texas.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KPMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.

KPNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.

1000 w. until local sunset

KPOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

250 w. until local sunset

KPOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.

KPPL.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KPPY.....Spokane, Wash.
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.

KPQD.....Anchorage, Alaska.
100 w.—1230 kc.—245.8 m.

KPQU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KPQW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KPQZ.....Hollywood, Calif.
250 w.—860 kc.

KPRC.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.

KPRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.

KPSSD.....San Diego, Calif.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

1000 w. until local sunset

KPSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.

KPUL.....Galveston, Texas.
100 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.

KPUM Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.

KPUO.....Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.—345.1 m.

KPUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KPVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—750 kc.—299.8 m.

KPVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KPWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.

KPWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1300 kc.—249.9 m.

KPWL.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—327.4 m.

KPWW.....Richmond, Calif.
500 w.—910 kc.

1000 w. until local sunset

KPXF.....Denver, Col.
500 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.

KFXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KFNR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KFNY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KPYO.....Abilene, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

250 w. until local sunset

KPYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
500 w.—550 kc.—345.1 m.

KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.

KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1360 kc.—225.4 m.

KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.

KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
500 w.—910 kc.—322.4 m.

1000 w. until local sunset

KGCL.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

250 w. until local sunset

KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGDE.....Pegasus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.

KGEP.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—220.4 m.

KGEW.....Port Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KGEZ.....Kaliispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGGP.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGPI.....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KGPJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KGFY.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.

KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGGP.....South Coffeyville, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.

KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.

500 w. until local sunset

KGHP.....Pueblo, Colo.
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.

KGIO.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.

KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGIN.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGJP.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.

KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas
500 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
250 w.—570 kc.—326 m.

500 w. until local sunset

KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KGNF.....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.

KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.

KGRC.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.

KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.

KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.

KGW.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.

KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.

KHK.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.—308.2 m.

KIK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.

KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.
160 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.

KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.

KLO.....Ogden, Utah
100 w.—1370 kc.—214.2 m.

200 w. until local sunset

KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.

KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.

KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.

KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—335.4 m.

KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.

KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.

2500 w. until local sunset

KMIC.....Ingwood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.

KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.

KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—1340 kc.—348.6 m.

KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
5000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.

KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.

KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—326 m.

KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.

KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.

KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—345.1 m.

KOB.....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.

KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.

500 w. until local sunset

KOH.....Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.

KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.

KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.

KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.

KONO.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.

KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—421.3 m.

KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.

KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.

KPRC.....Houston, Texas
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.

2500 w. until local sunset

KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
100 w.—950 kc.—320.4 m.

KPWP.....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.

KOV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.

KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—396.9 m.

KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KREP.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.

KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.

KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.

KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.

KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
500 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.

1000 w. until local sunset

KSAT.....Birdville, Texas
100 w.—1250 kc.

KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.

KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—345.1 m.

KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.

KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1100 kc.—265.3 m.

KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.

KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.

KSTR.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.

KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—335.4 m.

KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KTAB.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.

KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
750 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

KTRB.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.

KTHS.....Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.

KTLK.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.

KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.

KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.

KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.

2000 w. until local sunset

W

WAAP.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.

WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.

2000 w. until local sunset

WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—1070 kc.—319 m.

WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.

WABC.....New York City
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.

WAH.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.

WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263.7 m.

WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.

WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.

WBAB.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.

WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.

WBAP.....Port Worth, Texas
10,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.

WBAX Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WBBC Brooklynn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
 WBBL Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—247.8 m.
 WBMM Chicago, Ill. 25 000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
 WBRR Brooklynn, N. Y. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
 WBBZ Ponca City, Okla. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WBBN Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
 WBCM Bay City, Mich. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
 WBIS Quincy, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
 WBMS Hackensack, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WBNY New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
 WBOQ New York, N. Y. 50 000 w.—860 kc.—376.6 m.
 WBOW Terre Haute, Ind. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WBRC Birmingham, Ala. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
 1000 w. until local sunset
 WBRF Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WBRM Tilton, N. H. 500 w.—1430 kc.—206.8 m.
 WBSE Witlesey Hills, Mass. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
 WBT Charlotte, N. C. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
 WBTM Danville, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WBZ Springfield, Mass. 15 000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
 WBZA Boston, Mass. 500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
 WCAC Storrs, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
 WCAD Canton, N. Y. 500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
 WCAE Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
 WCAH Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
 WCAJ Lincoln, Nebr. 500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
 WCAL Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—219.9 m.
 WCAM Camden, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
 WCAO Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
 WCAP Asbury Park, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
 WCAT Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WCAU Philadelphia, Pa. 10 000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
 WCAX Burlington, Vt. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WCBM Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
 WCBP Zion, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
 WCBN Baltimore, Md. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WCBW Springfield, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WCCO Minneapolis, Minn. 7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
 WCDA New York City 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
 WCPL Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—970 kc.—301.9 m.
 WCGU Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
 WCKY Covington, Ky. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.6 m.
 WCLB Long Beach, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WCLO Jamesville, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WCLS Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WCMC Culver, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
 WCOA Pensacola, Fla. 500 w.—1120 kc.—237.7 m.
 WCOG Meridian, Miss. 500 w.—880 kc.—440.7 m.
 1000 w. until local sunset
 WCOD Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WCOH Yonkers, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WCRW Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WCSC Charleston, S. C. 250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WCSH Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
 WCSO Springfield, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WDAE Tampa, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.—245.8 m.
 WDAF Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
 WDAE Amarillo, Texas 250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
 WDAH El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WDAY Faron, N. D. 1000 w.—1280 kc.—219 m.

WDBJ Roanoke, Va. 250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
 500 w. until local sunset
 WDBO Orlando, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.—267.7 m.
 WDEL Wilmington, Del. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
 350 w. until local sunset
 WDEY Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
 WDDO Chattanooga, Tenn. 2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
 WDRC Hartford, Conn. 500 w.—1330 kc.—226 m.
 WDSU New Orleans, La. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
 WDFW Providence, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WDWZ Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
 WEAP New York, N. Y. 50 000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
 WEAL Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
 WEAN Providence, R. I. 250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
 500 w. until local sunset
 WEAO Columbus, Ohio 750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WEAR Cleveland, Ohio 1000 w.—1070 kc.—302.8 m.
 WEBC Superior, Wis. 2500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
 WEBE Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WEBQ Harrisburg, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WEBR Buffalo, N. Y. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 200 w. until local sunset
 WEBW Beloit, Wis. 350 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
 WEDC Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WEEI Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
 WEHC Emory, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—249.9 m.
 WEHS Evanston, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—211.1 m.
 WELK Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WEMC Berrien Springs, Mich. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
 WENR Chicago, Ill. 50 000 w.—870 kc.—344.5 m.
 WEPS Auburn, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WEVD New York City 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
 WEW St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
 WFAA Dallas, Texas 50 000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
 WFAN Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
 WFBE Cincinnati, Ohio 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WFBG Altoona, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WFBJ Collegeville, Minn. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WFBM Syracuse, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.—220.4 m.
 WFBP Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
 WFBT Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
 WFFD Flint, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WFDV Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1320 kc.—218.8 m.
 WFDW Talladega, Ala. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WFI Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
 WFIW Hopkinsville, Ky. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
 WFJC Akron, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WFLA Clearwater, Fla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—483.6 m.
 2500 w. until local sunset
 WFLX Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WGBB Freeport, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WGBM Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
 WGBW Evansville, Ind. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
 WGBI Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.—440.7 m.
 WGBS New York City 500 w.—1180 kc.—499.7 m.
 WGCN Gulfport, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WGPC Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
 WGES Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
 WGH Newport News, Va. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WGHF Fraser, Mich. 1000 w.—1240 kc.—206.8 m.
 WGL Fort Wayne, Ind. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WGMS St. Paul, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.

WGN Chicago, Ill. 25 000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
 WGR Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
 WGST Atlanta, Ga. 500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
 WGY Schenectady, N. Y. 50 000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
 WHA Madison, Wis. 750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
 WHAD Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
 WHAM Rochester, N. Y. 5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
 WHAP New York City 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
 WHAS Louisville, Ky. 10 000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
 WHAT Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WHAZ Troy, N. Y. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
 WHB Kansas City, Mo. 500 w.—950 kc.—348.6 m.
 WHBD Mt. Airy, Ohio 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WHBF Rock Island, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WHBL Sheboygan, Wis. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
 WHBQ Memphis, Tenn. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WHBU Anderson, Ind. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WHBY Green Bay, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WHDF Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WHDH Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
 WHDI Minneapolis, Minn. 500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
 WHEC Rochester, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
 WHPC Cicero, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—211.1 m.
 WHIS Bluefield, W. Va. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WHK Cleveland, Ohio 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215 m.
 WHN New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
 WHO Des Moines, Ia. 500 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
 WHOM Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WHP Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
 WIAS Ottumwa, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WIBA Madison, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—234.2 m.
 WIBG Ellans Park, Pa. 50 w.—930 kc.—319 m.
 WIBM Jackson, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WIBO Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.—570 kc.—535.7 m.
 1500 w. until local sunset
 WIBS Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WIBU Poyette, Wis. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WIBW Topeka, Kansas 1300 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
 2500 w. until local sunset
 WIBX Utica, N. Y. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 300 w. until local sunset
 WICC Bridgeport, New Haven, Conn. 500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
 WIL St. Louis, Mo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WILM Urbana, Ill. 250 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
 500 w. until local sunset
 WILM Wilmington, Del. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WIOD Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—560 kc.—530.6 m.
 WIP Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
 WIS Columbia, S. C. 1000 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
 WISJ Madison, Wis. 1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
 WISN Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
 WIAC Johnstown, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WIAD Waco, Tex. 1000 w.—1240 kc.—206.8 m.
 WIAG Norfolk, Nebr. 1000 w.—1060 kc.—283.8 m.
 WIAR Providence, R. I. 250 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
 400 w. until local sunset
 WIAS Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1290 kc.—212.4 m.
 WIAX Jacksonville, Fla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—331.1 m.
 WIAY Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—620 kc.—491.5 m.
 WIAZ Mt. Pleasant, Ill. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.2 m.
 WIBC La Salle, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WIDI Red Bank, N. J. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

WJBL Decatur, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WJBO New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WJBT-WBBM Glenview, Ill. 25 000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
 WJBU Lewisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WJDX Jackson, Miss. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
 WJLD Mooseheart, Ill. 20 000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
 WJKS Gary, Ind. 500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
 1250 w. until local sunset
 WJR Detroit, Mich. 5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
 WJWV Mt. Vernon Hills, Va. 10 000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
 WJW Mansfield, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WJZ New York City 30 000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
 WKAO San Juan, P. R. 500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
 WKAR E. Lansing, Mich. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
 WKAV Laconia, N. H. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WKBB Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WKBC Birmingham, Ala. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WKBP Indianapolis, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
 WKBN Youngstown, Ohio 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WKBO Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WKBP New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
 WKBS Galesburg, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WKBV Connersville, Ind. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 150 w. until local sunset
 WKBW Buffalo, N. Y. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
 WKEN Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—319 m.
 WKJC Lancaster, Pa. 500 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WKRC Cincinnati, Ohio 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
 WKY Oklahoma City, Okla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
 WLAC Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—204 m.
 WLB Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—219.9 m.
 WLBK Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WLBG Petersburg, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 250 w. until local sunset
 WLBL Stevens Pt., Wis. 2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
 WLBW Oil City, Pa. 1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
 WLBX L. I. City, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WLBZ Bangor, Maine 500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
 WLEX Lexington, Mass. 500 w.—1360 kc.—212.6 m.
 WLEY Lexington, Mass. 100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m.
 250 w. until local sunset
 WLBI Elgin, Ill. 25 000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
 WLIT Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
 WLOE Boston, Mass. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 250 w. until local sunset
 WLS Chicago, Ill. 50 000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
 WLSI Cranston, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WLTH Brooklynn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214 m.
 WLVA Lynchburg, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WLW Cincinnati, O. 50 000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
 WLWL New York City 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
 WMAC Caszenova, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WMAF Dartmouth, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
 WMAK Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.—288.3 m.
 WMAL Washington, D. C. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
 1000 w. until local sunset
 WMAQ Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
 WMAV St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 250 w. until local sunset
 WMAZ Macon, Ga. 250 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
 500 w. until local sunset
 WMB New York, R. I. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WMBB Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WMBD Peoria, Ill. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
 1000 w. until local sunset
 WMBF Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
 WMBG Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WMBH Joplin, Mo. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 250 w. until local sunset
 WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
 WMBJ Wilkesburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WMBM Auburn, N. Y. 100 w.—1370 kc.—228.9 m.
 WMBQ Brooklyn, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WMBR Tampa, Fla. 100 w.—1210 kc.—218.8 m.
 WMC Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
 1000 w. until local sunset
 WMCB New York City 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WMMN Fairmont, W. Va. 250 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
 500 w. until local sunset
 WMPC Lapeer, Mich. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WMSG New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
 WMT Waterloo, Iowa 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
 WNBC Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
 WNAD Norman, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.—269.9 m.
 WNAT Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WNAX Yankton, S. Dak. 1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WNBK Binghamton, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WNBH New Bedford, Mass. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WNBO Silver Haven, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WNBW Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
 WNJ Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WNOX Knoxville, Tenn. 2000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
 WNRC Greensboro, N. C. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
 WNYC New York, N. Y. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WOAJ San Antonio, Tex. 5000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
 WOAN Whitehaven, Tenn. 1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
 WOAX Trenton, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
 WOBT Union City, Tenn. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 250 w. until local sunset
 WOBV Charleston, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
 WOC Davenport, Iowa 5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
 WODA Paterson, N. J. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
 WODX Mobile, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.—214.2 m.
 WOI Ames, Iowa 3000 w.—560 kc.—465.8 m.
 WOKG Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
 WOL Washington, D. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WONT Manitowoc, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WOOD Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
 WOPJ Bristol, Tenn. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WOQ Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
 WOR Newark, N. J. 5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
 WORC Worcester, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WORD Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.2 m.
 WOS Jefferson City, Mo. 1000 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
 WOV New York City 1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
 WOW Omaha, Neb. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
 WWOV Ft. Wayne, Ind. 10 000 w.—1160 kc.—258.3 m.
 WPAD Paducah, Ky. 100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m.
 WPAP Clifton, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.—269.9 m.
 WPAW Pawtucket, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WPPC Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—570 kc.—535 m.
 WPSH New York City 500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
 WPSN Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 250 w. until local sunset
 WPT Atlantic City, N. J. 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
 WPOE Patescopue, N. Y. 100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m.

WPOR..... Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—184.4 m.
WPSC..... State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WPTF..... Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
WQAM..... Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—535.4 m.
WQAN..... Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WQAO..... Palisade, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WQBC..... Vicksburg, Miss.
300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WQDV..... Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WRAF..... LaPorte, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRAW..... Reading, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—375.9 m.
WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
WRBQ..... Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBT..... Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRBU..... Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBX..... Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WRC..... Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
WRDO..... Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRDW..... Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WREC..... Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w.—until local sunset
WREN..... Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WRHM..... Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WRJN..... Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
100 w.—1310 kc.—375.9 m.
WRNY..... New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WRR..... Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUP..... Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—361.2 m.
WRVA..... Richmond, Va.
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WSAJ..... Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—375.9 m.
WSAN..... Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WSAR..... Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ..... Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—156.9 m.
WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC..... Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT..... South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WSDA..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSEN..... Columbus, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSFA..... Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSGH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS..... Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—375.9 m.
WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.

WSMB..... New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1130 kc.—277.1 m.
WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1180 kc.—217.3 m.
WSOA..... Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—395.0 m.
WSPA..... Spartanburg, S. C.
250 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w.—until local sunset
WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1420 kc.—212.6 m.
250 w.—until local sunset
WSUI..... Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—580 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN..... Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WSYR..... Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—370 kc.—526 m.
WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WTAG..... Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—340.7 m.
WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ..... Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—184.4 m.
WTAW..... College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTBO..... Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WTPI..... Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC..... Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMJ..... Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w.—until local sunset
WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—204 m.
WTOC..... Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE..... Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ..... Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL..... New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC..... Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—370 kc.—526 m.
WWRL..... Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA..... Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.
WXYZ..... Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CPAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.
CFBO..... St. John, N. B.
50 w.—889.9 kc.—337.1 m.
CPCA-CROW-NRT,
Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc.—357.1 m.
CPFC..... Montreal, P. Q.
1650 w.—1030 kc.—291.3 m.
CFCH..... Iroquois Falls, Ont.
250 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.
CFCO..... Chatham, Ont.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
CFCT..... Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—629.5 kc.—476.2 m.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
250 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CFJC..... Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CFLC..... Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.

CFNB..... Fredericton, N. B.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CFPO-CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co.
Ont.
400 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CFRC..... Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
30 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.
25 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CHMA..... Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CHML..... Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CHNS..... Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CHRC..... Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot, Butte,
Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CHWK..... Chilliwack, B. C.
5 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CHYC..... Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CJCA-CNRE, Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CJCB..... Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CJJC-CHCA, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.
CJJC-CNRL, London, Ont.
500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CJGX..... Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—629.9 kc.—476.2 m.
CJHS..... Saskatoon, Sask.
250 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CJOC..... Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CJOR..... Sea Island, B. C.
50 w.—1030 kc.—291.3 m.
CJRM..... Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CJRW..... Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CJRX..... Winnipeg, Man.
2000 w.—1171.6 kc.—25.6 m.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKCI..... Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CKCL..... Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CKCO..... Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—889.9 kc.—337.1 m.
CKCR..... Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKCV-CNRO, Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CKFC..... Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKIC..... Wolfville, N. S.
50 w.—930 kc.—322.6 m.
CKGW..... Bowmanville, Ont.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.
CKLC-CHCT, Red Deer, Alta.
100 w.—840 kc.—357.1 m.
CKMC..... Cobalt, Ont.
15 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CKMO..... Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CKOC..... Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CKPC..... Preston, Ont.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CKPR..... Midland, Ont.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CKSH..... Montreal, P. Q.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.

CKUA..... Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CKWX..... Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKX..... Brandon, Man.
500 w.—540 kc.—555.6 m.
CKY-CNRR, Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—790 kc.—184.6 m.
CNRA..... Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—629.9 kc.—476.2 m.
CNRD..... Red Deer, Alta.
500 w.—840 kc.—357.7 m.
CNRO..... Ottawa, Ont.
500 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CNRV..... Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1038 kc.—291.3 m.

Cuba

CMBA..... Havana
50 w.—1175 kc.—255 m.
CMBC..... Havana
100 w.—887 kc.—338 m.
CMBD..... Havana
50 w.—622.4 kc.—482m.
CMBQ..... Havana
50 w.—952 kc.—315 m.
CMBS..... Havana
50 w.—680.2 kc.—441 m.
CMBW..... Marianao
50 w.—1027 kc.—292 m.
CMBY..... Havana
200 w.—611.9 kc.—490 m.
CMBZ..... Havana
100 w.—1027 kc.—292 m.
CMC..... Havana
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CMCA..... Havana
100 w.—1136 kc.—264 m.
CMCB..... Havana
150 w.—952 kc.—315 m.
CMCE..... Havana
100 w.—1098.7 kc.—273 m.
CMCF..... Havana
250 w.—643.7 kc.—466 m.
CMGA..... Colon
300 w.—832.8 kc.—360 m.
CMHA..... Cienfuegos
200 w.—1153 kc.—260 m.
CMHC..... Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD..... Caibarien
250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
CMI..... Havana
500 w.—815.2 kc.—368 m.
CMK..... Havana
2000 w.—731.3 kc.—410 m.
CMW..... Havana
1000 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CMX..... Havana
250 w.—914.3 kc.—327 m.

Mexico

XEA..... Guadalajara, Jal.
101 w.—250 m.—1200 kc.
XEB..... Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—450 m.—895 kc.
XEC..... Toluca, Mexico
50 w.—225 m.—1333 kc.
XED..... Reynosa, Tamps.
2000 w.—312.3 m.—960.6 kc.
XEE..... Linares, N. L.
10 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEF..... Oaxaca, Oax.
105 w.—265 m.—1132 kc.
XEG..... Mexico, D. F.
2000 w.—362 m.—828.7 kc.
XEH..... Monterrey, N. L.
101 w.—265 m.—964.6 kc.
XEI..... Morelia, Mich.
101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEJ..... C. Juarez, Chih.
101 w.—350 m.—857.1 kc.
XEK..... Mexico, D. F.
101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.

XEL..... Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—275 m.—1091 kc.
XEM..... Tampico, Tamps.
501 w.—356.9 m.—841 kc.
XEN..... Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—410 m.—731.7 kc.
XEO..... Mexico, D. F.
101 w.—305 m.—983.6 kc.
XEQ..... Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000.
XER..... Mexico, D. F.
101 w.—280 m.—1071 kc.
XES..... Tampico, Tamps.
500 w.—337 m.—980 kc.
XET..... Monterrey, N. L.
500 w.—336.9 m.—890.4 kc.
XEU..... Veracruz, Ver.
101 w.—375 m.—800 kc.
XEV..... Puebla, Pue.
101 w.—290 m.—1034.5 kc.
XEW..... Mexico, D. F.
5000 w.—385 m.—780 kc.
XEX..... Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—125 m.—923 kc.
XEY..... Suresidera, Yuc.
105 w.—548.6 m.—546.8 kc.
XEZ..... Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—548 m.—588.2 kc.
XETA..... Mexico, D. F.
500.
XFE..... Villahermosa, Tab.
XFF..... Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—325 m.—915 kc.
XFG..... Mexico, D. F.
2000 w.—470 m.—638.3 kc.
XFH..... Mexico, D. F.
250 w.
XFL..... Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—507 m.—791.7 kc.
XFX..... Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—357 m.

Television Stations

Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.
W3XK..... Wheaton, Md.
5000 w.
W2XBU..... Bescon, N. Y.
100 w.
W2XCD..... Patsaic, N. J.
5000 w.
W9XAC..... Chicago, Ill.
500 w.
W2XAP..... Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.
W2XCR..... Jersey City, N. J.
5000 w.
Channel 2100 to 2200 kc.
W3XAD..... Camden, N. J.
500 w.
W2XBS..... New York, N. Y.
5000 w.
W3XAK..... Bound Brook, N. J.
5000 w.
W8XAV..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
20,000 w.
W2XCW..... Schenectady, N. Y.
20,000 w.
W9XAP..... Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
Channel 2750 to 2850 kc.
W2XBC..... L. I. City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XAA..... Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
W9XC..... W. LaFayette, Ind.
1500 w.
Channel 2850 to 2950 kc.
W1XAV..... Boston, Mass.
500 w.
W2XR..... Long Island City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XR..... Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.

Radio Drama

(Continued from page 29)

starve in the theatre rather than feast in business. He took whatever he could get, acting and directing with de Mille, with Alan Dwan, with little theatre groups, notably the Comedy Club and the Snarks where he directed Hope Williams before she became famous.

During this period he was requested by the Gold Dust Twins company to put them on the air with a "real drama." Mr. Radcliffe thinks that on this sketch over WEA he probably put the first sound effects on the air. He recalls bringing vacuum cleaners in taxicabs to prove to the doubting salesmen that he could create the sound of an automobile

on the ether waves by such means. Two years ago Mr. Radcliffe was asked to direct the *Melodrama Hour* for the National Broadcasting Company and the rest is history. As he demanded better and better plays, *The Melodrama Hour* quietly turned into the *Radio Guild*, just as simply as the duchess' pig in *Alice in Wonderland* turned into a baby. Now *The Radio Guild* boasts such great guest artists as Eva Le Galliene, and Dudley Digges.

"Radio drama is a natural evolution," Vernon Radcliffe says. "It is the next step after the motion picture, and just as important a form of drama. In every age the theatre adapts itself to its audience. We used to have it on moving wagons, in ballrooms to suit the populace and now we have reached the stage when Radio drama is the form most suited to

our twentieth century audiences—national audiences, who create by popular demand, the theatre of the air. Great things are coming of it, and greater will come."

This is the opinion of an enthusiast. To some of you Radio drama will never bring this soul-reaching satisfaction, to those of you who live in big cities its shadow will probably never loom in such enormous proportions on your mental horizon. But to millions it is a means of coming in contact with what the best theatrical minds have to offer, an open sesame to illusion and romance.

ANOTHER discussion concerning the development of Radio drama will appear in the March issue of RADIO DIGEST. Many authorities predict Radio entertainment will flavor more of drama and speaking skits than ever before during 1931.

Night Clubs of New York

(Continued from page 11)

became the rendezvous for New Yorkers seeking a Sunday evening to dine and dance. There are few finer bands than Hal Kemp's, and it was very popular down there.

In the Daffydil Dickerman outdid himself—one of the cutest, oddest, and quaintest places one could ever imagine, with great big plaster plaques of what Dickerman conceived the *daffydil* to be, with blinking eyes that blinked every time the bass drummer lowered his foot on the bass pedal, and with crazy Dickerman drawings and paintings all around the room.

To mention Greenwich Village without speaking of the Village Nut Club would bring down upon my head the condemnation of that very worthy establishment. Every night at the Village Nut Club until the wee hours of the morning there may be had a great deal of clean fun. The crowd is very mixed, with a sprinkling of celebrities, day laborers, professional people, and all types. If you have listened to one of their broadcasts, you get a vague idea of the way their program is carried out each evening. True to their name, everything is spontaneous, quite inane, and really funny. I enjoyed myself tremendously the evening I visited it.

Back in the center of Manhattan among the places I have already mentioned, one of the sweetest bands in the world—Emil Coleman at the El Patio, where Rosita and Ramon hold forth nightly. Then there is "the sweetest music this side of Heaven"—Lombardo's at the Roosevelt Grill. The Hollywood Cafe, perhaps the most unique and the nearest approach to the old night club in its success, with the big butter and egg men, conventioners from out of town who come in great big blocks, wiring ahead for reservations for fifty and a hundred people; with the most daring floor show consisting of the most beautiful girls to be found in any show or club in New York; very clever acts, the best that such a discriminating eye as that of Nils Granlund, better known as N.T.G., can find and pick. In fact, N.T.G. himself is a show all alone, and a man that I enjoy watching work.

IT IS one place where a theatrical celebrity may go without fear of being called upon to do anything, as N.T.G. has made that a hard and fast rule, never to call upon any celebrity to do a turn no matter how hard the crowd may call and applaud for that person to do so. Their bands are changed there often, but there is always good music.

Then there is Jansen's Hof Brau, an old rendezvous. The Paramount Grill and the New Yorker, like the Roosevelt, are hotel grills with hotel food and good

music, and like the Villa Vallee, well-ventilated and aired. Personally I am a crank on fresh air; a smoky, hot, sticky atmosphere ruins the evening for me. I must be where the air is fresh and that is one of the things I am happiest about at the Villa Vallee—the fact that our air is constantly being changed and a person never comes out with smarting eyes.

THERE are so many clubs that it would take pages for me to talk about them. The Central Park Casino, with its gorgeous interior, its superb band, Leo Reisman and his orchestra, than which there is none better. Leo himself being one of the greatest showmen that ever stood before a band. And the Club Richman, where Harry intermittently holds forth (when he is there the place itself takes on a new atmosphere). Harry Richman and George Olson have been responsible for the tremendous run of popularity at this cozy and intimate place.

Coming from the country myself I can speak rather authoritatively when I say I know what the average small town person's conception of a New York night club is. Whether his conception is due to plays, motion pictures, novels, newspaper stories, or word of mouth publicity I do not know; I do know, however, that people in the rural districts and in small cities conceive a New York night club, in its strict sense, to be a place filled with bad air, smoke and excitement, where lewd women with nothing on disport themselves under the delighted eyes of fat butter and egg men from the Middle West, shaking everything at them but the club's license; a place where, from the moment one enters until the departure, they take everything from you but the gold in your teeth; where you are liable to receive anything from a sandbag over the head to a Mickey Finn, which is a potent powder slipped in a drink to put the victim out of the picture temporarily!

These "gyp" clubs, as they are called, did flourish at one time in New York City, and many of our popular Broadway entertainers today can talk for hours about what used to go on inside them. Let me assure you that this type of club has gone by the board, and the only place where an out of town bumpkin might run into such a place would be in a racketeer speakeasy, and the country gentleman who finds himself in a jam in one of these places has no one to blame but himself!

There are a host of new places springing up and closing down nightly, but I hope that I am touching on the most popular ones now running.

Only last night the Paramount Grill

opened with an entirely new policy. For a high class hotel to adopt a no couvert charge policy, which the Chinamen have made so popular in their chow mein dance palaces, is revolutionary. The Paramount has taken a step that will probably help them become very successful. One of the finest floor shows in the country, headed by the able and versatile Benny Davis, with a very fine band, Florence Richardson and her boys. From my observations of the debut, the Paramount Grill is going to have a tremendous run.

I SHOULD really leave the description of and location of these clubs to one who makes it his business to tell you where to go in New York, Rian James of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, whose little booklet, "Where To Go" is perhaps the best guide to the restaurants and night clubs of New York City, but since I am asked to write this article I feel that I must at least tell you something about them.

There is one club in particular that is worthy of some detailed consideration. It is located on the site where Texas Guinan herself once held forth. Small, close and very plain, it is perhaps the most successful of New York night clubs and is the nearest to the popular conception that people in the country have of New York night clubs. It is known as the Club Abbey.

Unquestionably its easy location, near Broadway, and its all night policy, in contrast to the two and three o'clock closing of the other clubs, are responsible for the popularity that it has been enjoying for some time. It has become the rendezvous of all the Broadway wisecracks, columnists, and most of Broadway's racketeers are to be seen there throughout the course of a week. The central personality who dominates its dance floor between dance sets is unquestionably in a large measure responsible for the success of the club. A striking figure—a tall, broad-shouldered young man who goes by the name of Jean Mallin. Just how to describe him is extremely difficult. He has a very ready and brilliant wit, and permits himself to be the target for fast repartee on the part of anyone who chooses to fence with him.

He seems to capitalize on a supposed *effeminacy* which he accentuates and heightens, to my mind deliberately. My observation of him on the occasion of my one visit to the Abbey has led me to believe that he does this, realizing that he is making a living and a good one, by carrying out and heightening a character which I believe is not really his.

Although the rest of the floor show is quite daring, fast and full of double en-

tendre, yet this Mallin and his drollery and facetiousness makes the Club Abbey an unusual place to visit. Almost any night one will encounter such persons as Winchell, Hellinger, and all those who are so typical of Broadway's night life.

The blasé out-of-towners seeking something entirely different should try to find a member to go with to the most unique establishment that it has ever been my pleasure to visit, namely Belle Livingston's place on 58th Street, between Park and Lexington. She has brought a Continental atmosphere into an old house. One of the objections she always found most people had to offer about establishments where one could eat and dance, was that the air was bad, so in this three-story house of hers she took particular pains to see that every room has direct contact with the outside, thus ensuring all her guests of that most precious stimulant to a good evening—fresh air.

THE room where one dances is perhaps the most unique, presenting a Turkish Harem effect, due to the lamps which hang from the ceiling, the lighting effect, and the paintings on the wall. Around the edge of the room built to the wall, are luxurious lounging places with large, silk pillows and small benches in front with ash trays. There is a room entirely in red, with a fireplace at the rear end at which the cooking is done right before the eyes of the diners. It is her modern English eating room and is very attractive.

I forgot to mention that the entrance into the establishment is through a large, iron gate, like that of a prison.

Upstairs are lounge rooms and places where one can converse without being disturbed by the diners or the dancers. Then there is a room for backgammon, and another one for ping pong, and a beautiful, intimate golf course, with little water hazards in which, on the opening night, she had live eels—but the eels went the way of all flesh, i.e., down the drain pipe!

Her shows vary from a small group of acts to something of a circus nature; in

fact, one of my friends, on his first night there, was amazed on entering to see a whole troupe of African savages doing a war dance in the middle of the floor.

Belle Livingston herself has a very colorful and interesting background and history, and is one of the most gracious lady-hosts that one would expect to find in such an unusual place. The few times I have been there, there have been tremendous crowds, with many celebrities scattered among them, which indicates that if one gives the public something different, good business brings itself.

To close this little discussion of night clubs and not mention the "Queen of the Night Clubs," as she styles herself, that very unusual woman, Texas Guinan, would be almost a sacrilege. I have found Texas Guinan to be a very human person, one who has a great respect for the feelings of others. She has become successful and capitalized on the adoption of a policy of pep, animation, whirlwind speed in floor shows, beautiful girls with little or nothing to wear. If there was ever a person qualified for a degree of Professor of Night Club Psychology, it is certainly she!

I marvel at her audacity in calling her nightly audiences "suckers," as some of them really are, but she seems to be able to do it without harm to herself. She thrives on noise, bedlam, and pandemonium, and her opening act is to throw to her audience every noise-making device that it is possible for her to purchase.

She picks her girls with an eye to beauty of face and form. Some of them are very clever, others merely fill out the picture. The girls who work for her say that she is a very wonderful person to work for, very human and sympathetic, but she is a Simon Legree for work and sets a good example by her own indefatigable zeal throughout the course of a long evening to the wee hours of the morning. It has been my pleasure to introduce her and to be introduced by her at theatrical and charitable affairs, and she has shown me the courtesy of leaving me alone when I didn't want to be introduced, which is more than many persons would do. She has had streaks of success

and streaks of trouble and misfortune, but through it all she remains smiling, dauntless and a hard worker. We meet each other at benefits at which we perform on Sunday nights for various worthy causes. There on the stage with her "girls," as she calls them, she puts on a show sometimes lasting for a solid hour, one which always keeps the excitement at a high pitch.

SHE still is, and probably will be for some time, the "Queen of the Night Clubs."

I have tried to give the out-of-town cousin an idea of what New York now holds in the way of entertainment after theatre. If I have omitted mention of any particular place, it is done unintentionally. I am writing this article while carrying the same schedule that I carried while writing my book—a schedule of 18 hours a day, most of which is spent in the theatre, and the rest in the Villa Vallée until the wee hours of the morning, getting up early certain mornings for broadcasts, recordings, and rehearsals.

It is impossible to think of every spot where one could find good, wholesome recreation. That is why, again, I say it would be very easy to secure Rian James' very terse booklet, "Where To Go," because I believe he has not omitted one place worthy of a visit, and he classifies the eating places according to nationality, thereby offering to the out-of-towner who desires the food of his particular country the opportunity to secure it very easily, as New York has restaurants of every nationality of the world.

If this has helped to give you a picture of night club conditions in New York, then the sleep I have lost by the effort to dictate this has not been in vain.

Radio Queen Writes Song

Bernadine Hayes, chosen as the most beautiful star in Radiodom, numbers among her talents that of song-writing. Her number will appear some time in April and it is expected that it will be a "natural"—a success from the start.

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More Town Crier Tales

(Continued from page 57)

to the garage around the corner and leaving word that his car should be sent around at once. At the last minute, he had decided to drive down to a little celebration which some of the old grads of his time were holding that evening at Old Nassau—pardon me, I mean Old Nassau. If he lost no time in jumping into his dinner clothes, and if he was lucky with the traffic lights on his way to the Holland Tunnel, he would get down to Princeton in time for the soup.

He could catch up on the cocktails as the evening wore on. Well, he did catch up on the cocktails and was in a fairly rosy glow by ten that evening. His classmates, who at eight had seemed a pasty, bloated and tiresome group of contemporaries, had mysteriously changed in the intervening two hours, and by ten he found he liked them a lot. By eleven, they seemed to him the wittiest, the most distinguished group he had ever mingled with. By twelve they were all singing "The Something or Other King of England" with their arms around each other.

The chapel bell was striking, it was one o'clock when he slid in behind the wheel of his one seater and struck off along the long road to New York. He had been driving about an hour and was speeding along a lonely bit of road in the Raritan River section—if I ever retell this story, by the way, I have some thought of calling it "The Raritan Samaritan"—when disaster overtook him. It wasn't a highwayman. He hadn't even run over somebody. He would much rather have run over somebody. What happened to him was a blowout. With a sigh that sounded like a wind from the sea, one of his tires collapsed. He came to a jolting halt and groaned.

HE WAS miles from anywhere. It was years since he had changed a tire, and he never had been good at it. He never had been good at anything like that. All he was good at was selling bonds and singing "The So-and-So King of England." The first thing to do was to get the spare off the back.

It had been there so long that it had rusted to the clamp. He engaged in a Locoön struggle with it that lasted ten minutes. By the end of the ten minutes the spare tire was free, but his dinner coat was a wreck and a pennant of torn flesh was fluttering on his left hand. With a few good old Princeton curses he bound up his wounds with an already muddy handkerchief and began looking for his jack. He assumed he had one.

It had been years since he had had occasion to use a jack, but he assumed that even that band of robbers at the

garage in New York would not let him go out without one. He looked for it everywhere—in the tool box, under the cushion, under the seat—everywhere. In a kind of sleepy half-witted helplessness he even found himself looking in his pockets for it. All in vain. There was no jack. For all he knew, there never had been. He had spoiled one good dinner suit, one fairly good left hand, and one already damaged temper battling with that spare tire only to find that he might just as well have left the darned thing in place. He couldn't put it on anyway.

He was wondering whether to hoof it to the nearest village or just to die quietly from exposure and chagrin, when

RUDY VALLEE

Tells The Stories
Back of the Songs

in the

TEN HITS OF THE MONTH



Regularly in

RADIO DIGEST

far in the distance he saw a point of light. A point that grew and grew as it came nearer and nearer. It was a south-bound car coming his way. Perhaps it would give him a lift. It was going the wrong way but at least it could take him to shelter. He stepped out to do a bit of wig-wagging, hoping all the time that his recent scrimmage with the spare had not left him looking too much like a bandit. He didn't want to frighten the good Samaritan that was coming his way. As the car drew close he became a human semaphore of distress. Sure enough his potential help slowed up, stopped. The car was also a one seater and the driver of it, as he came forward into the light of our hero's lamps was revealed as a bespectacled and benevolent-looking fellow just the type to extend a helping hand. Would he give our young friend a lift? Well, surely he would, but what was the trouble? Just a blowout? But

that was nothing. Oh, no jack? Well, but he had a jack. It would be the work of a minute. And not only did the kindly stranger produce the jack from his own car, but he did most of the work that had to be done, saying that wayfarers should help one another and humming a tune to himself as he made his words good.

Old Nassau didn't do much but hover around and nurse his wounded left hand. In no time the stranger was climbing back into his own car and Old Nassau had nothing to do but pick up a few tools and go on his way. He wondered how much time he'd lost. He stepped around in front of his lamps and reached for his watch. It was gone. His anger was explosive. Just when he was thinking what a kindly chap this stranger had proved to be, just when he was thinking what a friend!—old world this was, after all, this had to happen to him. His mind worked fast. There was not a second to lose. The dirty crook was already at his wheel.

HE REMEMBERED in a flash that in the pocket of the door of his car there had been or was a loaded revolver. It took him one second to get it. In another second he was on the running board of the Good Samaritan's car, with the revolver stuck in the Good Samaritan's startled face. "You dirty bum," he said. "Wayfarers ought to help each other, ought they? You dirty bum. If I hear a word out of you I'll fill you full of lead. Just hand over that watch." With shaking hands the Good Samaritan dove into his vest pocket and came across.

With the watch in his pocket and the pistol still aimed, our hero backed across the road, slid into his seat, and started his engine going. In another moment, his bitterness assuaged, his wounded hand forgotten, the watch in his pocket, he streaked off to New York at sixty miles an hour. From time to time he kept saying to himself "the dirty bum" or "wayfarers should help each other, my eye" or once and again just those words "the dirty bum". It was almost six in the morning and the sleepy city was stirring with a new day's life when he drove his car into the garage, walked two blocks to the club, woke up the night watchman, went up to his room, and prepared to turn in.

It was what he saw when he got there that rooted him to the spot and sent his heart into his boots. The dreadful thing he saw was something lying on the dressing table—something which, in the haste of his departure for Princeton, he had left lying along with his keys and loose change. It was his watch.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 76)

tor of the orchestra. Gibbons had several melodies and ideas, and as a result of one afternoon's collaboration we wrote a chorus called *My Cigarette Lady*. The tune always haunted me; we never played it on the engagement as it was merely a song we both carried in our heads.

In the fall we went to London, and when I returned in the Spring Gibbons stayed on and became director, not only of a great English orchestra, but the dance recording head of the Victor Co. American publishers published two of his songs which you may have heard, *A Garden in the Rain* and *Peace of Mind*. While they were not sensational, they were pretty tunes and well-liked.

A few months ago Gibbons passed through New York on his way to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios to write for pictures. Meeting him at a party at Roger Wolfe Kahn's recalled to me the song we had written together, and I began a broadcast of the chorus, which was all we had written. The response was so overwhelmingly favorable that one of the subsidiaries of the Radio Music Company, with whom I am contracted to write, namely Davis, Coots and Engel, asked me if they might publish the song.

I found it impossible to get in touch with Gibbons, so I set myself down to write the melody of the verse and the two verses themselves. The chorus, as we originally conceived it, might mean that the cigarette lady was the girl that he had loved and lost, or it might be just his conception of the girl-to-be. I chose the latter and more happy viewpoint, and

really believe that I did even better on the verse than I did on the chorus, which sometimes happens. I can think of several compositions where the verse was much better than the chorus, though that is not usually the case.

I am expecting daily to receive a copy of the finished song, as it went to press over a week ago. We do it quite slowly, at about thirty-two measures a minute, and I find that the key of D is the best range for the voice.

10.—Little Things in Life

IRVING BERLIN offers to the world the panacea (if there is any) for the present large-spread depression. Some people say that the depression is merely a myth in our minds which would be dissipated if we would tell ourselves that there is none. But I know that there is, and we find in the song, *The Little Things in Life*, the solution to the entire matter.

The trouble with us is that we want large, marble houses, with a whole coterie of liveried servants, butlers, footmen, and what-not; too many empty rooms, too many cars, too many yachts. Mr. Berlin expresses in song the belief that the little things in life—simple rooms, a little rain, a little sunshine, and finally the baby's cry, all these things if taken in moderation by the little man and little wife will bring the two happiness.

My first reaction to the song was unfavorable. Like all Berlin songs this has to be heard several times before it grows on you. When I heard the song later on the air, done to its best advantage by one of the best Radio bands, I realized its possibilities, became one of its strongest supporters, and it has found a promi-

nent place on my own Radio programs.

The fact that it is climbing up the list of best sellers (today I find it fifth from the top) indicates that the public is in a receptive mood for this type of song. What more can be said than that? The Berlin organization has another hit on their hands.

We play it quite slowly, about thirty-five measures a minute.

Again I want to congratulate Mr. Berlin.

Is A Comedian Funny To His Wife?

(Continued from page 28)

She then sees to it that he selects some variety in his clothes and that the salesman doesn't talk him into anything.

He loves to see the feminine members of his family well dressed, and pays their bills without a murmur. But his own clothes never mean a thing to him.

He likes to consult Mrs. Stone about his shows, even though he knows he will not act upon her suggestions. It is really that he wants to think out loud and to see what her reaction is. He must have a little audience for whatever he does. Certainly he could never have a more interested or eager one than his family.

He's a democratic, humble man. A man whom his family honors and respects, no less than the world. He has great reverence for women and treats his mother with rare, old-fashioned courtesy.

It isn't to be wondered, therefore, that Mrs. Stone said to me, in parting: "I could ask nothing more of life than that my girls should find as good a husband as I have."

Vote For Your Favorite Station in Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct.	\$3.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	6.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	9.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	15.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year		

and one 2 or two 1-year; two 3-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. \$30.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

The Ne'er Do Well

(Continued from page 45)

kind of fun and I hadn't been playing or singing much about that time. I was introduced to the manager of KROW, and some of the other artists, and they all made me feel at home, as they do every one who comes around our station. I got a kick out of it and then went home and never gave it another thought. Not long after, however, I received another SOS from my friend and again I played. That night the manager, Mr. Gleeson, came in to talk to me and asked if I'd play a program for them once in a while. Pretty soon I was billed regularly and that is all there is to my getting started in the Radio game."

All? It's really only the beginning of a very interesting story. For the "Ne'er Do Well" has become the Elsie Ferguson of the air, the judge advocate of Romance Land, the settler of lovers' quarrels, a greetings-broker for California, and the recipient of an unprecedented amount of fan mail, especially from his lady listeners.

"It's awfully surprising," he said modestly, "I never realized so many people would write to me. One young couple carried on quite a correspondence with me—first the girl and then the man. They were having quite a quarrel and both seemed awfully in love. So I'd sing a song that would recall some special thing to them and maybe I'd say a few words about forgiving or forgetting, and things began to go along fine. Then I didn't hear from them for a long time until one day a letter came in, stating that they were going to be married and would I play their wedding march for them over the Radio. Of course, I did.

"Then sometimes people want me to remember a friend on their birthday or anniversary or send a word of cheer to a sick person. I like to do it and it makes me feel good to think maybe I'm really helping out some folks."

The "Ne'er Do Well" has become the rage of the Pacific Coast—his rapid popularity is said to be most amazing. He not only sings and plays, but he composes. He can play for hours his own compositions. He has had a number of songs published including the *Ne'er Do Well*, from which he gets his name; *I Wish I Knew, I'm All Alone, Furry Waltz*, and *Sentimental Sweetheart*.

He belongs to the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

He is a sport fan, follows the current news and goes on long auto rambles, exploring unfrequented roads and byways of the California hills and yet—

He's just the "Ne'er Do Well"—Radio's Lone Greetings Broker for the Pacific Coast. His name? And what does he look like? Well, just take a look at page 44 and your questions will be answered.

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New York, N. Y.

In order to keep a file of Radio Digests for my future reference please send me at once the items checked below:

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Binder with September, October, November, December, 1930,
and January, 1931 Radio Digests..... 2.00

Enclosed find (check or money order) for \$..... in payment
for same.

Name

Street

City and State

Believe It Or Not

(Continued from page 25)

Among the latter are many epistles branding me as a colossal liar and fake. But I really don't mind this as it is a form of flattery. They simply didn't know the truth when they heard it. Whenever they come in with a signature and address, which is seldom, they are immediately answered and the verity of the statement in question is proved. I have yet to be caught in a lie.

There are many incredulous tales to be told of the broadcasting studios, of the daily show that goes on inside. Over a year ago, John B. Kennedy told the story in *Collier's Weekly* of Nathaniel Shilkret. While leading his forty-piece orchestra through the intricate rhythms of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, the lighting current failed and the studio was instantly wrapped in complete darkness. "Without a moment's halt," said Kennedy, "Shilkret and his men carried on, in the darkness, and finished Gershwin's complicated masterpiece without losing so much as half a note. From this number they passed to others—with nothing but two candles stuck on the conductor's rack so that the musicians could follow his signals and his baton. The listening millions were unaware of the slightest hitch."

It takes about 200 Radio and telephone engineers to handle a coast to coast network program, exclusive of the engineers in the local studios. And sometimes it is found more convenient for broadcasting a program on the Pacific Coast to bring it all the way east and back again, crossing the continent twice.

Believe it or not, Radio listeners-in-*hear sound broadcast* before it reaches the ears of those persons in the studio twelve feet from the microphone. For the minute that it gets on the wire, sound becomes an electrical impulse which travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.

Believe it or not, according to the statistics gathered by Radio Retailing, 4,438,000 factory Radio sets were sold during the past year.

Radio is soaring skywards—ascending fast, and it is my belief that the next great star of Radio will be able to ask—and what is more important, receive—\$25,000 a week for his services. I base my argument on the vast economic power of the broadcasters, glancing at their tremendous resources, at their possibility of attracting an audience of 60,000,000 persons, and safely declare they can afford to pay the price.

It makes interesting food for thought and meat for the dreamers, as it was not so long ago that the amusement world raised an incredulous eyebrow because Sir Harry Lauder was able to take back to his fortress in Scotland \$30,000 for a thirty-minute swim in the Radio sea. Lauder received this staggering sum only once.

He was not asked to send his little black bag on a regular weekly trip to the studio cash box.

Al Jolson startled even that section of Broadway that is familiar with his huge earnings when he received \$7,500 for singing three songs on the microphone.

There have been numerous occasions when the Radio men have paid enormous sums for individual performances, but no single artist has yet signed the dotted line for a regular weekly salary of five figures. Yet I feel the day is not far off. From the standpoint of the amusement world it will most emphatically be **THE DAY—Der Tag**.

There are on the lists of the broadcasters any number of artists who are receiving in excess of \$1,000 a week. Big money as reckoned by Broadway, but not so big as reckoned on the Radio waves. Big money to them means salaries of more than \$10,000 a week. The broadcasters will be ready to pay it—and plenty more, when they find the stars. Meanwhile they are busy with their binoculars. Believe it or not.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 63)

where you make money. In four or five years, if present conditions keep up, I'll have my million. Then I'll step out and let my brother take over. He can make his pile and buy his island if he wants one."

Present conditions are rather strenuous, as he is in charge of seventeen orchestras in cities as far apart as Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Los Angeles, Rio de Janeiro, Paris, London. Before long he expects to have an orchestra in practically every large city in the world, working through the United Hotels Company. Then there is his Radio work—his sustaining hours over Columbia, his commercial program with the Smith Brothers—his personal appearances at various private and public dances, his phonograph recordings.

He goes to bed late and gets up early. Two or three hours sleep a night is enough for him. He says he got his training getting up to milk the cows.

"Take today; it's typical of most of my days. It's five-thirty now. I'm here till six, when I leave and go to my office for dictation. Then I dress and am in White Plains for a dance at eight-thirty. I am in Greenwich, Connecticut, from ten to ten-thirty for debutante party. Then I'm at Ossining for fifteen minutes at a public dance. Then I'm back here at the Biltmore from twelve to twelve-thirty, when we also go on the air. I'm at another dance from one-fifteen to two. I'm at the Plainfield Country Club in New Jersey, from three to six. I get back to New York at seven. I sleep till nine-thirty and then get up in order to make my appointment at the Victor studios at

ten." He glanced at his watch.

"But your health," I gasped. "You can't stand up under that continuously."

"Yes, I can. I go to a doctor once a month and have him look me over. I'm careful about diet. I don't drink or smoke. It's just a question of getting used to it. But it doesn't leave you much leisure."

"I don't see how it leaves you any. But if you do get some, what do you do with it?"

"You'd be surprised. One of my secret vices is riding a bicycle."

So far all his heavy responsibilities have put no mark upon Bert Lown. He's twenty-six and could pass for even younger. People, upon being introduced to him, often think he is the son of the orchestra leader and ask for his father.

All his success has come to him within three years. Three years ago he was selling cash registers. One of the secrets of his success is his ability to delegate authority.

He wrote those two popular numbers, *By By Blues*, and *You're the One I Care For*. His new theme song for 1931 is *With You By My Side*.

And I, for one, hope he doesn't buy that South Sea island very soon.

Classical Music Simplified

(Continued from page 79)

that can be done to transmit these sounds, even though they may know that it would be much better in most cases if the speaking voices and the speaking practices of both men and women could be improved.

With broadcast music, the matter is different. The object of broadcasting is to convey to you and to me the nearest possible reproduction of the effect which music has when it is heard in the right sort of concert room from the seat in that room which is known to be acoustically best situated. In order to achieve this object both the musicians and the engineers have to learn that there is a great deal more to it on the one hand, than the mere putting of sounds into a microphone, and on the other hand than merely dealing with the electrical output according to readings on energy measuring meters.

It is my deliberate opinion that there is grave danger to the growth of musical art on the one hand, and to the artistic pleasure derivable from listening to broadcasts of good music on the other hand, unless a study can be made, on a large scale, of the whole problem from the joint standpoints of the engineers and of the musical artists. I consider that the only principle upon which any such study can be successfully made is the principle of equality between the musicians (producers) and the engineers (reproducers) of broadcast music.

A Crashing Airplane

(Continued from page 19)

After we all had taken long drinks from the earthen jug, we piled the scattered mail in a heap. Then in a springless Spanish cart, drawn by two ponies, we were hauled across the desert and over a bumpy road to the little town of Alcantarilla in the province of Murcia, about fifty miles inland from Cape Palos and the seaport of Cartagena. I had ended my air jaunt from Paris to Fez in a lonely valley between two ranges of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in Andalusia, land of the Moors, and within an hour's flight of ancient Granada.

When we arrived at Alcantarilla they took us to the only hotel, a little two-storied Spanish inn, the *Hospedaje y Casa de Comidas*, where they gave us each a drink of cognac and a bed. Summoned immediately after our arrival, several Spanish physicians came, dressed the wounds of my companions, closed the shutters to darken the rooms, and forbade anyone to enter.

That was the last I saw of them. The doctors said that although Noailhat and the Perpignan mechanic were quite gravely injured, they were sure they would recover before long. They assured me they would be well cared for at a local hospital. Some months later I heard from Noailhat. He had recovered and all but forgotten the crash. The mechanic from Perpignan got well, too.

After a brief stay in Granada, I set out for Paris. When I got there and told my wife what had happened in the lonely valley in the South of Spain she said:

"How interesting. But you have arrived just in time. Come down to the Rue St. Honoré with me. I want you to meet Mademoiselle Augustine and see the pretty frocks I have picked out. And don't forget your travelers' cheques."

So next day, in a taxi-cab piled high with boxes filled with fluffy things, plus one hat for Monsieur, whose derby had been wrecked at the foot of the Sierra Nevadas, we turned up at Le Bourget Field ready to take off for London on the last leg of our 25,000-mile air tour of Europe, Asia and Africa.

High Cost of Haste

(Continued from page 86)

what might happen. We do most of our hurrying because our minds are jumping ahead to unfavorable conclusions. However, we have a marvelous resilience of spirit which gets us over our real troubles, and very little of our hurry and worry is caused by actual losses or tragedy. The things about which we worry the most are in almost every instance but trifles which are exaggerated by our active imaginations.

Hurry should be unnecessary. As I've said, we hurry because we worry, and

worry arises from fear of what might happen. Why do we constantly fear that we are going to meet something that we cannot conquer? Haven't we managed to meet what life has offered up to now? Why should we feel that we cannot continue to meet the needs of this hour and the next hour, and the next? When we worry and we hurry, all we accomplish is a tenseness of mind which prohibits the accomplishment of whatever it is we want to do. Therefore, one of the soundest mottos for us all is the old one, "when angry, count ten"—only to this motto should be added, "When worried and hurried." In the time that it takes you to count ten, you should be able to restore order to your mental state and to quiet your frenzied, unthinking impulses.

Without exaggeration, haste can ruin your entire life, it can spoil your chances of happiness, and, it can do more than almost anything else to mar your attractiveness. Haste dulls the eyes, wrinkles the face, checks digestion, causes your glands to manufacture poisonous fluids, and puts you in a frame of mind which is obviously harmful to your appearance.

Coming back once more to Mr. Einstein and his theory of relativity, I want to remind you that haste concerns time, and time is, after all, relative. A woman in Texas with every modern convenience writes to me that she has no time to be attractive. Mrs. Thompson, raising ten children on a run-down farm without any conveniences, always had time to be attractive. Whether one understands Mr. Einstein's theory of relativity or not, it seems to me that these two examples demonstrate more or less adequately a certain relative value of time and that they have a pertinent application to this article's title—The High Cost of Haste.

J. E. Smith
President

National Radio
Institute

I am
Doubling
and
Tripling
Salaries

Many of
My Men
Earn \$50
\$75, \$100
a Week



I'll Train You at Home to Fill a BIG PAY Job in Radio

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Aviation is needing more and more trained Radio men. Operators employed through Civil Service Commission earn \$2,500 to \$2,500 a year.

Many Make \$50 to \$100 a Week

Why go along at \$25, \$30 or \$45 a week when you can get ready in a short time for Radio where the good jobs pay \$50, \$75 and up to \$100 or \$200 a week. Get into this live-wire field of quick success.

Your Training Need Not Cost You a Cent

Hold your job. I'll not only train you in a few hours of your spare time a week, but the day you enroll I'll show you 10 ways to make money on the side repairing, installing, selling Radio sets in your neighborhood. I give you eight big laboratory outfits that teach you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. G. W. Page, 1807 21st Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I picked up \$935 in my spare time while taking your course."



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My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. Investigate. Find out what Radio offers you, how my Employment Department helps you get a job after graduation, and the many other features of my training. Mail the coupon for your copy RIGHT NOW. J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 1111, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.



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Science and Religion

(Continued from page 55)

view that the future is predestined and that time merely turns over the leaves of a story that is already written.

Until recently this was almost universally accepted as the teaching of science, at least in regard to the material universe. It is the distinctive principle of the mechanistic outlook which some years ago superseded the crude materialistic answer. But today physical theory is not mechanistic. Now it is built on a foundation which knows nothing of this supposed determinism. So far as we have yet gone in our probing of the material universe, we cannot find a particle of evidence in favor of determinism.

THERE is no longer, I think, any need to doubt our intuition of free will. Our minds are not merely registering a predetermined sequence of thoughts and decisions. Our faculties, our purposes are genuine, and ours is the responsibility for what ensues from them.

I think we must admit that, for we are scarcely likely to accept a theory which would make the human spirit more mechanistic than the physical universe.

I now turn to the question, "What must we put into the skeleton scheme of thinking?" I have said that physical science is aloof from this transmutation. If I am positive on this side of the question, it is not as a scientist that I claim to speak. It was by looking into our own nature that we viewed the first failure of the physical universe to be co-extensive with our experience of reality. Something through which truth may act must surely have a place in reality if we are to use the term reality at all.

In our own nature, all through the conduct of our consciousness with a nature transcending ours, there are other things which claim the same kind of recognition—a sense of beauty, of morality, and finally at the root of all spiritual religion, an experience which we describe as the consciousness of God.

I would say that when from the human heart the cry goes up, What is it all about? it is no true answer to look only at that part of experience which comes to us through certain sensory organs and reply—it is about atoms and chaos, it is about a universe of fiery globes moving on to impending doom; it is about non-computed algebra; but rather it is about a spirit in which truth has its shrine, with potentialities of self-fulfillment in its response to beauty and right.

It is the essence of religion that presents this side of experience as a matter of everyday life. To live in it we have to grasp it in the form of familiar recognition and not as a series of abstract statements. Its counterpart in our outward

life is the familiar world and not the symbolic scientific universe.

The man who commonly spoke of these ordinary surroundings in scientific language would be insufferable. It means a great deal to me to conceive of God as Him through whom comes power and guidance, but just because it means so much I have no use for it if it is only fiction which will not stand close examination. Can we not give some assurance that there is such a God in reality and that belief in Him is not merely a sop to my limited understanding?

The fact that scientific method seems to reduce God to something like an ethical code may throw some light on the nature of the scientific method. I doubt that it throws much light on the nature of God. If the consideration of religious experience in the light of psychology seems to remove from the conception of God every attribute of love, it is pertinent to consider whether something of the same sort has not happened to our human friends after psychology has systematized them.

It does not fall within my scope to give the questioner the assurance he desires. I doubt whether there is any assurance to be obtained except through the religious experience itself, but I bid him hold fast to his own knowledge of the nature of that experience. I think that that will take him nearer to the ultimate truth than codifying and symbolizing.

It is true that in the relativity theory we continue our attempt to reach purely objective truths. With what results? A world so abstract that only a mathematical symbol can inhabit it.

IN THE other great modern development of physics, the quantum theory, we have, if I am not mistaken, abandoned the aims and become content to analyze the physical universe into ultimate elements which are frankly subjective.

If it is difficult to separate out the subjective element in our knowledge of the external world, it must be much more difficult to distinguish it when we come to the problem of a self-knowing consciousness where subject and object, that which knows and that which is known, are one and the same.

I have been laying great stress on experience, speaking of the problem of experience. In this I am following the dictates of modern physics. I do not wish to imply that every experience is to be taken at face value. There is such a thing as emotion and we must try not to be deceived. In any attempt to go deeply into the meaning of religious experience, we are confronted by the difficult problem of how to protect and eliminate delusion and self-deception. I fully recognize that that problem exists, but I must excuse myself from attempting a solution.

The operation of cutting out delusion

in the spiritual domain requires a delicate surgical knife, and the only knife that I, as a physicist, can manipulate is a bludgeon which it is true crushes illusion but at the same time crushes everything of non-material significance, and even reduces the material world to a state of uncreativity.

I am convinced that if in physics we pursue to the bitter end our attempt to reach purely objective reality we should simply undo the work of creation and present the world as we might conceive it to have been before the Spirit moved on the face of the waters. The spiritual element in our experience is the creative element, and if we remove it as we are trying to do in physics, on the ground that it always creates an illusion, we must reach what was in the beginning.

Reasoning is our great ally in the quest for truth, but reasoning can only start from promises. At the beginning of the argument we must always come back to our innate convictions. There are such convictions at the base even of physical science. We are helpless unless we admit also, as perhaps the strongest conviction of all, that we have within us some power of self-criticism to test the truth of our convictions.

That is not infallible, that is to say, it is not infallible when associated with human frailty, but neither is reasoning infallible when practiced by our blundering intelligence. To make sure that we are not without this guidance when we embark on the adventure of spiritual life, uncharted though it be, it is sufficient that we carry a compass.

Are American Women Lax in Politics?

(Continued from page 85)

against our sex are really done. Nothing so definitely implies the gaining of equality as the existence of women in politics. Nothing for us could mean quite so much. No woman M. P. sees herself in the least as a peculiar person either in the House of Commons or out of it. In fact, where women have been in politics it is taken absolutely for granted, and in that respect, I think we have made a step forward. If I can establish the position of women in the life of the country as between your country and mine, one might get a different picture. What I have been trying to talk to you about is the position of women in politics rather than anywhere else. Along that line I think the women of Britain have established themselves and now are taken for granted, and are looking across with eager and hopeful expectations of finding the influence of women in the politics of other countries go at least as far as it has gone in our country in the past few years.

Ladies Must Fly

(Continued from page 81)

"I certainly consider Radio to be an indispensable factor in flying," concluded Miss Nichols, "and I'd like again to express my gratitude and indebtedness to Mr. Crosley whose plane made possible this flight."

"How did you happen to get the Crosley plane?" I inquired.

"Capt. Brock was ill in the hospital and therefore was unable to operate the machine. Knowing that the plane was available, I asked Mr. Crosley if I might have it."

Mr. Crosley's plane, "The New Cincinnati", has written many important chapters in the progress of aviation. It established the present round-trip transcontinental record of 31 hours and 58 minutes from Jacksonville, Fla. to San Diego, Cal. and return, made last June with Capt. William S. Brock and Edward F. Schlee as pilots. It also participated in the Los Angeles to Chicago non-stop race in August and was the official Radio ship in the National Air Reliability Tour in September.

And now Miss Nichols has added to this long list of attainments the record transcontinental flight for women which she made in 13 hours, 22 minutes and 31 seconds, breaking Mrs. Keith-Miller's record by 8 hours, and bettering Col. Lindbergh's mark by more than an hour! She is second only to Lieut. Hawks in the transcontinental speed record.

Miss Nichols is a graduate of Wellesley where she was a bright scholar and majored in the social sciences. She has always taken an active interest in sports, and still goes in for hunting, polo, swimming, riding and other outdoor activities.

The incident that probably first awakened her interest in flying occurred in Atlantic City some eleven years ago, when she flew off in a plane with no less distinguished a person than Eddie Stinson, pioneer aviator. Mr. Stinson was preparing to take off in the plane when this young slip of a girl, as Ruth Nichols must have been at that time, insisted upon going up with him. While they were up, he looped with her. Miss Nichols did not have her Five Points then which include a conservative pilot, and perhaps this first experience inspired her to set down this fifth commandment!

Miss Nichols lives with her family in the exclusive countryside of Rye, New York and is a firm believer in a home, marriage, dishwashing, and all the et ceteras of domestic life, but she believes very firmly that every woman should learn to fly, that is, if her health is normal. "As the field is limited," continued Miss Nichols, "I don't think she ought to take it up as a profession. Although women may distinguish themselves in flight-breaking records, I don't believe that they will ever drive mail-carrying or commercial planes any more

than they would drive trucks or sail ocean liners across the seas. They will find their places in the educational, promotion and executive departments.

"Aviation is not a profitable business. The aerial chauffeur does not receive very much over a hundred dollars a month and a bonus on a mileage basis.

"I would like to see everyone fly as much as possible, but women taking up aviation should not expect to find it commercially profitable, or they will be disappointed."

What other startling surprises this famous young aviatrix is going to spring on the interested on-lookers, remain to be seen, but this much can be surmised; that this record-smashing is not going to be confined between the constantly shrinking borders of our continent. It may be that one bright morning, Miss Nichols will take off a few hours from her daily work to fly across the Atlantic and say "howdy" to Paris.

Strikes—Lucky and Unlucky

(Continued from page 48)

uses his fingers, nonchalantly flicking jazz demons from the air, as though he is not exercising even as far as the wrists.

He explains his directing thusly:

"Sometimes I use a baton to shift gears. The original idea of the baton was to extend the arm. Imagine a conductor with a wooden arm. No life! There is expression in the fingers. I lift a finger at the violins. My men all know what that means. I wave a finger at the clarinets. I make a fist and sweep at the drummers.

"There has been a great deal of comment upon my introducing everything from jew's harp, or a saw, to funny little whistles in my orchestra. They create not only melody and rhythm—but humor. A dance orchestra should have an underlying current of humor. Humor is happiness. Dancing must be happy."

And, wow, what an opinion B. A. Rolfe has about setting the classics to dance music. He considers it vulgar and inexcusable! Sort of sacrilegious, he feels too. He has all the bound-in-the-wool, old fashioned ideas of musical traditions despite the fact that he is a jazz artist now.

Lucky is the largest dance orchestra on the air. It takes a lot of men to play all the little doo-dads "B. A." drags around. At first there were thirty-six men. Now there are fifty musicians and a lot of singers.

Can you help keeping an eye on this busy fellow to watch what he'll do with the fortune he is recuperating? Just sort of a curious eye to see what he'll tackle next.

Want to bet that he'll found that Native School of music and perhaps be going around again some day with a button trying to find a shirt to sew it on?

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The Pipes of Pan

No More Farcical Auditions for Amateurs, Please—Keep Radio Censors Within Bounds And Let Them Strike A Happy Medium

GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

CENSORS are always a bane, to someone or another, although it cannot be gainsaid that they serve a useful purpose, and that, sans censors, decency and dignity might, occasionally run amuck.*

Many professional censors, however, have a bad habit of taking their authority too seriously, and, sooner or later, they become despots. The responsibility of passing on the mental diet of their fellow-man is a huge one, and the liability, at times, goes to their heads.

Take, for example, the Radio censor. True it is, as the big chains claim, that one never knows who may tune in on a program. A little child is as apt as not to dial in the giddy comment of a careless announcer. America's youth must be protected, and so on.

Yet we have seen specimens of the Radio censor's handiwork that would make a horse laugh. They have read evil into harmless song lyrics, and double-entendre into innocuous "gags". They have placed the stamp of smut on innocent recitations and inoffensive continuity.

Can't censors ever strike a happy medium?

* * *

FLATLY and irrevocably this writer herewith declares against auditions in Radio studios, or anywhere else, for that matter.

Auditions are farces—all of them. We've attended dozens, and have yet to be present at a "discovery" of any significance whatsoever. Auditions, it appears, are the last resort of the untalented; when all else has failed, the aspirant to Radio fame submits to one.

A person with genuine talent soon finds an agent to interest himself in that person's future. Experience has shown that only once in a decade is a genius unearthed at those ludicrous sessions that occur regularly at Radio stations, and result in nothing but a costly waste of everyone's time.

Granted that those in authority are qualified to pass on the merits or demerits of those who offer their wares. What then? Nothing ever happens but the routine taking of names and addresses, and the amateur then waits pitifully to receive the summons that never comes.

It's unfair to the deluded victim, to begin with. He or she must appear at some inconvenient time and waste hours waiting for The Opportunity. The as-

pirant to Radio laurels is then told to "make it snappy" and under this tremendous nervous strain, usually is licked at the very start. Efforts of the amateurs are taken as jokes by the "holier-than-thou" critics who pass judgment.

It's all too pathetic—and meaningless. Nothing ever happens. Let's stop it!

* * *

IT CANNOT be gainsaid that there are certain commercial broadcasts that are widely disliked, and yet they continue on like Tennyson's brook, with their sponsors apparently oblivious to public opinion.

We know of several concerning which a unanimity of opinion prevails, and that opinion is that they represent a shameful waste of air. Perhaps you, too, have a pet peeve in this regard, and find, after conversation with your friends, that they concur.

The programs we have in mind are bad because their sponsors, instead of sticking to the merchandising of their own produce, have suddenly become self-appointed master-showmen, to the neglect of their businesses and everything else. Fascinated by their new power, they abuse it, and tell veteran purveyors of entertainment, who stand by amused, how the public is to be catered to. The result is more often than not pitiful; again a little knowledge proves to be a dangerous thing.

We know of one internationally famous orchestra that flopped disastrously under commercial auspices, and lost considerable prestige. Now on its own, the same organization offers weekly a highly commendable broadcast, and its director explains the difference by saying, simply: "No longer are we being interfered with by autocratic amateurs who tell us what and how to play. Not being troupers, the smell of the theatre is foreign to them."

* * *

WHEN is a song "old"? How long after a ditty has passed into forgetfulness should it again be revived?

Songs with a tradition, like *After the Ball* and *The End of a Perfect Day*, never

grow old. There's a ripe and mellow flavor to compositions of this type, which make them delectable dainties for the ear no matter how hoary they may be.

But it's different as far as last year's popular song is concerned. Nothing is so ephemeral, at best, as the Tin Pan Alley product; it's usually as short-lived and evanescent as a newspaper. Of course, there are exceptions, such as *Missouri Waltz* and *Three O'clock in the Morning*, but there are only a few such tunes in a decade.

When it comes to the tin-panny type of song, however, its usual life is a season, if it exists that long. Next season it becomes irksome, and the following year it is nothing less than painful.

Chronic song revivalists on the air should take this into consideration. Irving Berlin's old songs are always pleasant, but when you attempt to resurrect the meaningless drivel of a year back, you're annoying—not entertaining—your Radio patrons.

* * *

AN EXECUTIVE at one of the important Radio stations discusses our article in last month's *RADIO DIGEST* referring to the indiscriminate choice of songs on Radio programs.

We commented, if you remember, on the frequency with which certain songs are offered, and declared that the repetition of the "hits" of the day gave many listeners-in a sinking feeling around the region of the stomach.

The executive mentioned above offers a solution. Here's his remedy:

"What Radio stations need more than anything else," he told us, "is an official who could be designated a 'program editor,' and whose function it would be to prevent Radio over-doses of certain tunes.

"Under this plan each orchestra and vocalist would submit their programs to this individual, sufficiently in advance," he continued. "If he notes thereon any absurd reiteration of titles, he should be permitted to 'blue-pencil' them unmercifully."

In connection with this same thought, the writer is in receipt of a letter from M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Co., who says, among other things: "We are doing our best to prohibit duplication and I thoroughly agree with you in regard to the policy of overdoing music by repetition."

* Critics are not always right, nor are they always wrong! Publishers usually place their remarks in a "column" where complete freedom of expression can be maintained without regard to the Editors. Through this method censorship is not allowed to dull the sharp edge of criticism and the true function of critics in stimulating keener thinking is protected.
—EDITOR.

Ozark's Magic Carpet

(Continued from page 49)

need to go to them. They come to me. I am more than twenty miles from our railroad station and half as many from the nearest state highway. The winter roads of the hills are impassable, but my magic carpet knows no distance.

Neighbors "drap in" to share the joy of it, the Gobbler Hunter oftenest of all. "I wuzn't more'n sixteen. I reckon," he'll explain, "when I was knowed fur and wide as the Gobbler Hunter, 'count of me a-gittin' so many wild turkeys."

He fills his pipe with the native home-grown, long leaf tobacco, smokes it empty and takes a "chaw" of the same brand.

The fire grows warmer; he moves back, his aim still true. Never does the Gobbler Hunter miss the coals pushed out from under the front log, and the sizzle of "ambeer" is heard at regular intervals. The wolves howl in the forest back of the cabin, foxes and owls chiming in on the chorus, but they must take their turn on the program.

But the Gobbler Hunter is again giving his own personal explanation of the Radio. Always I wait to listen. "It's spooky," he is saying. "Plumb spooky. They jist ain't no other way to git around it. You can't tell me that you can turn a little somethin' away off in this lone country and hear what's a-goin' on in the world—and expect me to swaller it. It jist ain't so. It don't rhyme."

Always, when the Gobbler Hunter doesn't "swaller" something, it "don't rhyme."

I laugh and tune in on New York—and ponder, half agreeing with him, and feeling again the need of parental assurance. But this time, the other way 'round. I need to be told that it is true; that I shall not wake up and find that it is all a fairy tale—this magic carpet.

There is a break in the weather and we give a party. Without invitations. Nobody is ever invited in the Ozarks and everybody always comes, from the oldest grandfather down to the youngest baby, young and old having their good times together.

We dance—and listen to the Radio.

We play games—and listen to the Radio.

We say good night—and stay to listen to the Radio.

At last they go, reluctantly, and once more I give thanks for this salvation of the isolated, this greatest of all great discoveries—the Radio.

Carusos of Tomorrow

(Continued from page 56)

voice, was heard only in minor rôles, as is invariably the case with newcomers. He might have been singing them yet had not his mother seen to it that, as a boy, his musical training was not neglected. On a certain Tuesday morning at rehears-

al, Tibbett was informed that he was to sing Valentine in *Faust* Friday night in case he could prepare the part, which was new to him. That gave him approximately three days to work up a part for which there should be at least three months' preparation. He was flushed with the news when he appeared at my studio. He took the score home, sat down at the piano and hardly left it, in fact, until he had made the rôle his very own. It was a grind, but Tibbett's success on Friday night gave the management confidence in him.

Lawrence Tibbett is not a pianist but the knowledge of that instrument gained by him in former years was the golden key of fortune without which his name would not be the byword it is today.

The singer must necessarily wait until the voice changes or settles before it is advisable to study singing seriously or before very much can be told about the voice. Boys particularly would find it an advantage if they would save their singing voices until they have changed. That is why it is so vital that the ground should be prepared. Many boys with beautiful voices are encouraged to sing publicly and allowed to sing too long with the result that the voice breaks and never returns.

How are we then to prevent this failure of those with beautiful voices?

It is a matter primarily for the parents to decide, for it is chiefly their responsibility. The wail that I hear most frequently is, "Oh, if my parents had only made me practice." If every mother, who finds it at all possible, would see that the education of her children includes the study of music, preferably the piano, since it is the beginning and end of most music, more American singers would succeed.

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Arturo Toscanini

(Continued from page 7)

his blankets and begins to read it as though it were a book. In two hours, he has finished reading the manuscript—and he knows every note that has been written there!

Everyone knows, moreover, how when he first came to the Metropolitan Opera House in 1913, he started the rehearsal of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*—the most intricate and the longest opera score in existence—without the music, and that he knew every bar and every passage in the whole opera! But not every one knows that his memory is phenomenal in other respects too. It was in 1913, when he was rehearsing a Rossini opera at the Metropolitan, that the first 'cellist made a mistake. It was a slight mistake and Toscanini, far from mentioning anything, did not even seem to notice it. The maestro had evidently not heard, thought the 'cellist with relief.

The following season when Toscanini was back with the Metropolitan he rehearsed the Rossini opera once again and when he came to that very 'cello passage, in which the 'cellist had made a mistake a year before, he raised a warning finger to the musician! Another anecdote—which, because I myself heard it, know that it is no legend but a true happening—is even more unbelievable. Two years ago, the trombonist came up to Toscanini and regretfully told the maestro that he would not be able to play that day.

"Why?" asked Toscanini with surprise.

"One of my valves is broken," the trombonist explained. "I cannot possibly play lower C."

TOSCANINI thought for a moment. Then he answered: "That's all right. You'll be able to play. There's no lower C appearing in your music for today!"

Toscanini is, of course, a tyrant as a conductor. I say "of course" because every great conductor must be. He will not permit anyone to do anything which he does not sanction. At the Metropolitan Opera House, a famous operasinger was imported to sing the principal role in Gluck's *Orfeo*. During one of the solo passages, the soprano held her high C a trifle too long to suit the maestro and so he interrupted her outburst with the orchestral interlude. The soprano rushed backstage, burst into violent tears, and swore she would never again sing under such a conductor.

In La Scala, especially, was he known for his tyranny. He was known to throw books and music-stands at the unprotected heads of erring musicians. At one time he almost pierced out the eye of a first violinist with the end of his baton because the maestro had, in a moment

of rage, called him a rather indelicate name. But all this despotism is only because Toscanini is an artist at heart and in soul and, consequently, an imperfection wounds him more deeply than any possible pain.

But the members of his orchestra have noticed that during the past two years, his terrible tyranny has been tremendously diminished. He has become infinitely more patient and gentle. He is now kind and docile. He will explain, even a hundred times, how a certain passage should be played and then, when the performer makes a mistake, he will explain once again. His patience is almost superhuman. I myself have heard him rehearse the flute solo in Pizzetti's *Concerto dell'Estate* thirty-six times! Nor will he stop until he has attained perfection. He speaks quietly, explains clearly and tersely, and seldom loses his temper.

Of course, there are still times when his temper explodes and when it does—every once in a while—his musicians feel the real force of the famous Toscanini fury! During a rehearsal of a modern work by Respighi, the orchestra failed to comprehend a certain interpretation, and Toscanini worked faithfully and patiently over it for more than an hour. At last, seeing that all his work was in vain and that the orchestra still did not understand, he emitted a heart-breaking cry of pain and such a furious volley of imprecations and Italian oaths that the very walls quivered. The effect of that outburst was electric, and when his heat cooled somewhat and he explained once again his interpretation, the orchestra played as it had never played before.

One other time I saw Toscanini in anger. It was in discussing with Arbos, the celebrated Spanish conductor, a certain passage in the *Ninth Symphony* of Beethoven. Arbos, venturing that Toscanini had missed a certain effect, sang to him the passage as he thought it should sound. Toscanini volubly and heatedly told Arbos what he thought—in not very gentle language.

At rehearsals, Toscanini works minutely over each passage, each phrase, each note. He sings continually, both while explaining his interpretations and while the orchestra is playing—in a nervous and high-pitched voice. In explaining his interpretations he also dances and postures and pantomimes. For a vulgar sound he will tell his men to play like this—he will inflate his cheeks and kick out his right leg—for a delicate sound he will quiver his fingers nervously in the air.

Toscanini has a most miraculous ear for sounds. Each different tone has a definite meaning for him and that meaning he tries to convey to his orchestra. The

cornet should play like a sigh, the oboe should try to laugh and the violins should be angry (and Toscanini shakes his fist in mid-air). And so sensitive is his ear, that the entire orchestra may play *fortissimo* and yet he will know if the cornet has played the sigh or if the oboe has laughed correctly.

Toscanini is a happy man if the orchestra plays well; he has no other happiness in life. At the end of the rehearsal he will nod with approval to his men, applaud their efforts and then leave the stage joyfully. But if they play badly, then the man becomes a different person. He scowls at everyone, he will not look to the right or to the left but will furiously leave the stage; he will not come into contact with anyone for that day. For example, during the intermission of one of the Philharmonic concerts last year—when one of the cornetists made a mistake—Toscanini rushed furiously from his platform, silently walked towards his private room and there punched madly into a thin walnut cabinet until it became mere splinters. But such days are rare, after all—for as Toscanini himself says (and who should know better than he?) the Philharmonic is one of the greatest orchestras in the world.

SOMETHING more intimate about this man: He is married and has two daughters—one of whom acts as his advisor, councillor and dearest friend. During one of his tempestuous tempers, they will avoid him fastidiously—until Mrs. Toscanini walks into his private study, soothes him and finally announces that "the war is over." He earns, from the Philharmonic Symphony Society, \$2,000 for every public appearance; rehearsals, however, are free. He also does not get paid for assuming the leadership of the Bayreuth Festival.

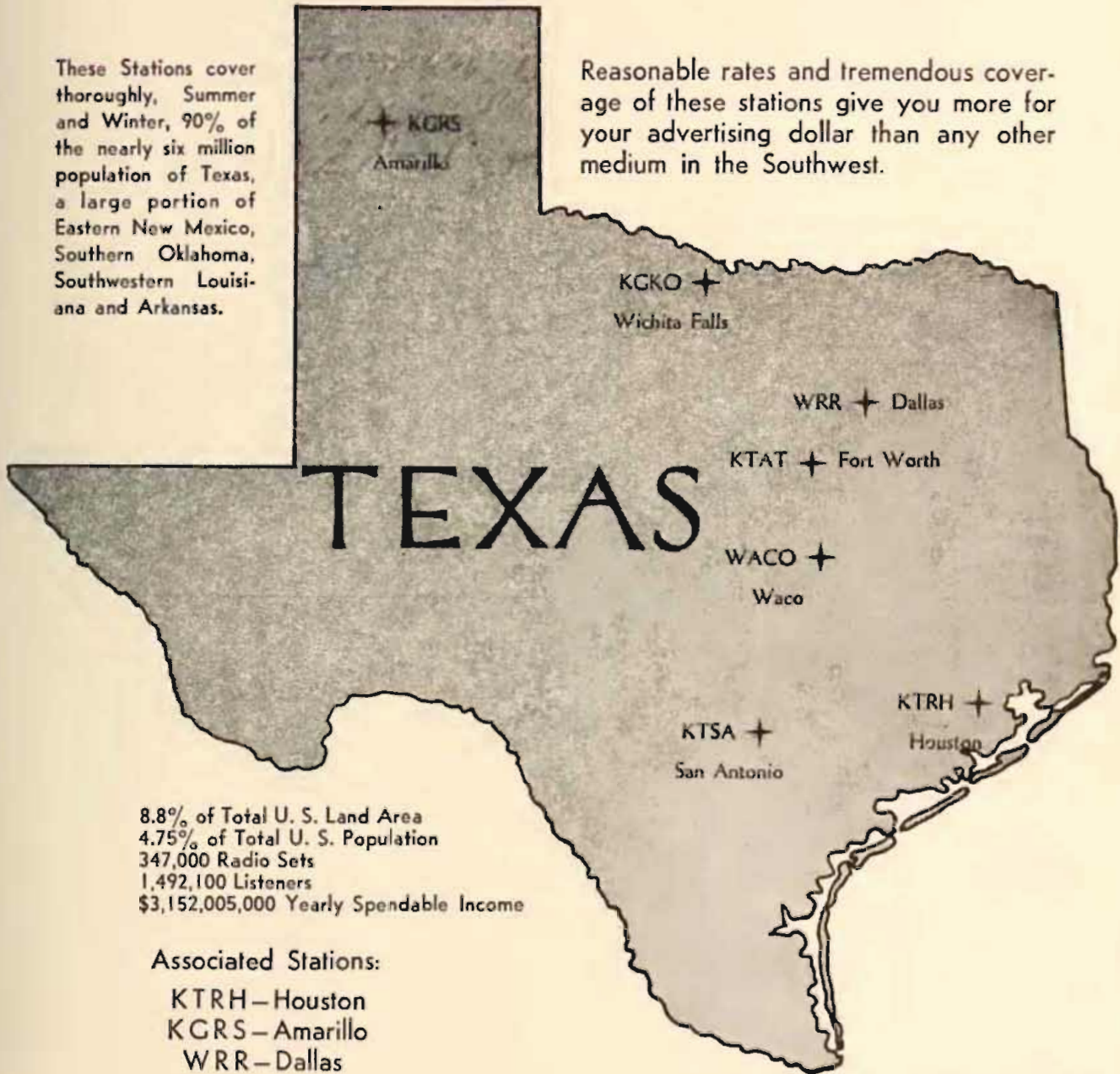
He has very marked penchants and prejudices, nor does he ever attempt to conceal them. Sometimes he is brutally frank. He is a dear friend to Willem Mengelberg, the conductor, yet when he heard Mengelberg conduct the *Fifth Symphony* of Beethoven he openly called him a "pig". He hates Tchaikovsky violently and any mention of the Russian's name causes him to fly up in anger; he detests jazz—and once at a party of a rich society woman he refused to shake the hand of George Gershwin; he dislikes all modern music, too—and yet his programs are cluttered with "first-performances" only because he feels it his duty to perform them. He worships Beethoven with a schoolboy awe and reverence. After Beethoven comes Wagner.

He detests publicity, applause, ovations; he never caters to the will of his audiences; he never reads the criticisms of his concerts; he sticks, with scrupulous fidelity, to every desire of the composer he conducts. And he loves music with the simple passion of a young romantic lover.

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