

# Radio Digest

SEPTEMBER, 1931

25 Cents



BETTY ROSS, W2XCR

# TELEVISION IS HERE



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



# PYORRHEA has no respect for you

**P**YORRHEA, dread disease of the gums, comes to four people out of five past the age of forty. It is an insidious foe that may infect the mouth of youth and lurk in the gums for years before beginning its real work of havoc.

It starts with tender gums that bleed easily when brushed. As it progresses it spreads dangerous poisons throughout the system, often loosening teeth in their sockets until they fall out or extraction is necessary.

False teeth at best are only a substitute for your own and so often they are only the penalty of thoughtlessness and neglect.

*A dentist perfected Forhan's  
to fight pyorrhea*

At the first sign of pyorrhea go right to your dentist for a careful oral

diagnosis. Modern dentistry can work wonders and save you untold trouble in your mouth if you rely on it in time.

Between visits to your dentist your teeth are your own responsibility. Therefore choose your dentifrice with utmost care.

Forhan's is the discovery of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for 26 years specialized successfully in the treatment of pyorrhea. It is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

*Don't gamble with  
pyorrhea*

It is really folly to take a

chance. Decide now not to gamble any longer.

Visit your dentist regularly and brush your teeth with Forhan's twice a day. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

Forhan Company, Inc., New York;  
Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

## FORHAN'S

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40





# SENSATIONAL VALUE! SEND NO MONEY



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



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



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

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

A \$100 Sun lamp can do no more

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

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

Mass production and tremendous sales alone make this possible.

### Youthful Vigor and Vitality

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

### Inexpensive Health Insurance

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

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

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



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

### Innumerable Uses Found for Ultra Violet Radiation

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

### Same Benefits as \$100 Lamps

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

### 10 days Free Trial—Send No Money

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

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

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

**Brings These Many Benefits**

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

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

**MAIL THIS COUPON NOW**  
Health Ray Manufacturing Company, Inc.  
421 Harding Building  
Station "O," New York, N. Y.

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of Dealer \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print name and address plainly)



THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Associate Editor

# Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST  
Raymond Bill, Editor

September, 1931

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**HELEN GILLIGAN** of CBS has had a life of lucky Thirteens. She was born April 13, there are 13 letters in her name, her first audition was on August 13th and there have been at least 13 other lucky breaks.



**FRANCES WILLIAMS** is one of the newest prospects for the television department of the Columbia System. Bill Schudt is enthused not only about her televisibility but her splendid record as a vaudeville artist.



**CONSTANCE BENNETT**, eldest of Richard's three daughters, is one of the delightful RKO entertainers you have heard over the NBC net. She has distinguished herself on the screen and stage and delights all fans.



**ANN CHASE**, one of the newest members of the NBC National Players in San Francisco. Her adaptability to Radio for dramatic programs gives great promise for the day now at hand when players will be seen.

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**Prices Lower Than Ever**  
 Make your selections direct from factory stock at the **Biggest Savings in Years**. Kalamazoo prices are lower—far lower than ever—but Kalamazoo quality, famous for 31 years, is rigidly maintained. This is the year to buy wisely. That means buying direct from the factory—eliminating all unnecessary in-between costs.

**Only \$5 Down on Anything—Year to Pay**  
 Mail the Coupon Now! You'll see 200 styles and sizes—more bargains than in 20 big stores. *Only \$5 Down on any Stove, Range, or Furnace, regardless of price or size.* A Year to Pay. 800,000 Satisfied Customers have saved 1/3 to 1/2 by mailing this coupon. "We saved \$50," says C. T. Harmeyer, Ansonia, O. "I saved from \$50 to \$75 by sending to Kalamazoo," writes W. B. Taylor, Southridge, Mass. "No one will ever be sorry they bought a Kalamazoo," says Cora M. Edwards, Berryville, Ark., who has had one 22 years.

**New Ranges in Lovely New Colors**  
 Don't miss the new Coal and Wood Ranges, new Combination Gas and Coal Ranges—new colors and new improvements. *Look for the ranges with the new Utility Shelf—they're lower, much lower in price, and so attractive!* The President is a modern new Coal and Wood Range. Your choice of Pearl Gray, Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Delft Blue or Black Porcelain Enamel in all ranges. Colors to match every decorative scheme. Colors that start you dreaming of a beautiful kitchen. Colors as easy to clean as a



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 as low as

china dish. Also Gas Stoves, Oil Stoves, Household Goods.

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Pages of colored pictures and descriptions of Heat Circulators. Astoundingly Low Prices. Easy Terms. They give constant circulation of fresh, healthful, moist, warm air—eliminate colds and winter ills. Several models with convenient foot warmer. Heat from 3 to 6 rooms comfortably.

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If you are interested in a modern furnace-heating system actually planned for your home, mail coupon. It's easy to install your own furnace (pipe or direct heat)—thousands have. We show you how. A Kalamazoo furnace increases your home's value—makes it more livable, more comfortable, more healthful. *Only \$5 down.*

**30 Days' Free Trial**

Use your Kalamazoo for 30 days, FREE. Every Kalamazoo carries a 5-year Guarantee Bond on materials and workmanship. \$100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction. You are fully protected—you risk nothing.

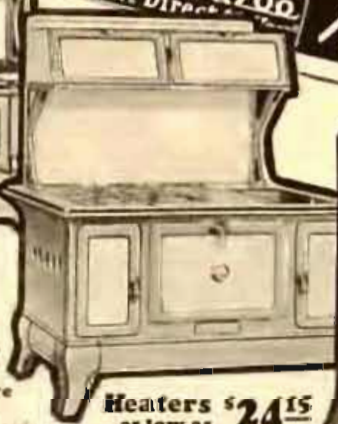
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**31 Years of Quality**

Even with new, low Factory Prices.

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**Heaters \$24.15**  
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Put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.

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# News, Views and Comment

By Robert L. Kent

**W**HAT with television turning the last "corner," old Radio favorites staging a comeback and the boys in the studios and advertising agencies working overtime to build new Radio gems for listeners, there's precious little sign of depression in broadcasting and Radio fans had better sit close to their sets so they won't miss anything.

One of the best that will be with us again over a coast to coast hook-up on the Columbia network is *The March of Time*—that breath-taking, soul-stirring, mirth-provoking dramatization of world news September 11 at 8:30 P. M. E.S.T. over 36 Coast to Coast stations, the curtain goes up on what is easily one of the best programs on the air. Don't miss that opening night. Get a ringside seat beside your Radio and twist the dial to the right station.

Another program that has been on Summer vacation scheduled for a return to the air is *Collier's Radio Hour* . . . it's national . . . NBC is the network, the date is September 13. There will be drama, music and talk.

Some of the best Radiactors at NBC get together on Thursday, September 17, when *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* will again be on the air.

Here's a yarn to tax your credulity: A Radio communication sent at noon half way around the globe may reach its destination while the recipient is still in bed . . . not because of slow service but because of the difference in time. It's daytime there when it's nighttime here, if you know what we mean.

Marconi's first commercial wireless station in the United States, near Babylon, Long Island, built, it is said, early in 1901, is being preserved as a historical exhibit. It was purchased by Major Armstrong, Radio inventor, and presented to the Radio Corporation of America.

This is a story of a violin—and an artist who couldn't stand the nerve strain of owning it. You see it was a Stradivarius. David Rubinoff, who is a feature of the Chase and Sanborn Sunday evening programs over NBC, wanted that instrument more than he has desired anything in years. Rubinoff

dickered and finally reached the rock-bottom price—\$35,000. He was tempted. He lay awake nights thinking about that rare and beautifully-toned violin. He almost fell—and then he began to worry about the risk. He is a dynamic man . . . always rushing about to keep his many engagements . . . danger of damage to the instrument . . . he decided to wait until his life moves in a more quiet groove. . . I'm afraid he'll never own that violin.

Startling improvements have been made in television reception at Columbia in New York. And the programs are excellent . . . everything from boxing matches staged in the studio to character sketches and musicians. It is a peculiar fact that engineers will not admit that television has reached a state of perfection that should interest the average Radio fan . . . but it has. The images at Columbia are the best we have seen to date . . . facial expressions and movements of the artists are something to write home about. Only fault is that too many artists are permitted to be televised without putting on proper make-up.



Before you light the next one!

## Beech-Nut Gum

**MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER!**

Buy a package of Beech-Nut Gum when you buy cigarettes or cigars. Chew it between smokes . . . It has the same effect as a good meal because it stimulates your taste sense . . . makes each smoke taste as good as the first one after breakfast . . . makes your smoking always enjoyable. *REMEMBER, there is no other gum quite so good as Beech-Nut.*

Made by BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY—Also Makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops



Also in  
Spearmint and  
Wintergreen flavors



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*open*

## for the Radio Trained Man

Scores of jobs are open to the Trained Man—jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work—as Operator, Mechanic or Manager of a Broadcasting station—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane—jobs with Talking Picture Theatres and Manufacturers of Sound Equipment—with Television Laboratories and Studios—fascinating jobs, offering unlimited opportunities to the Trained Man.

## Ten Weeks of Shop Training

Come to Coyne in Chicago and prepare for these jobs the QUICK and PRACTICAL way—BY ACTUAL SHOP WORK ON ACTUAL RADIO EQUIPMENT. Some students finish the entire course in 8 weeks. The average time is only 10 weeks. But you can stay as long as you please, at no extracost to you. No previous experience necessary.

## TELEVISION *and* TALKING PICTURES

In addition to the most modern Radio equipment, we have installed in our shops a complete model Broadcasting Station, with sound-proof Studio and modern Transmitter with 1,000 watt tubes—the Jenkins Television Transmitter with dozens of home-type Tele-

vision receiving sets—and a complete Talking Picture installation for both “sound on film” and “sound on disk.” We have spared no expense in our effort to make your training as COMPLETE and PRACTICAL as possible.

## FREE Employment Service to Students

After you have finished the course, we will do all we can to help you find the job you want. We employ three men on a full time basis whose sole job is to help our students in finding positions. And should you be a little short of funds, we'll gladly help you in finding part-time work while at school. Some of our students pay a large part of their living expenses in this way. Mail the coupon below!



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Send me your Big Free Radio and Television Book. This does not obligate me in any way.

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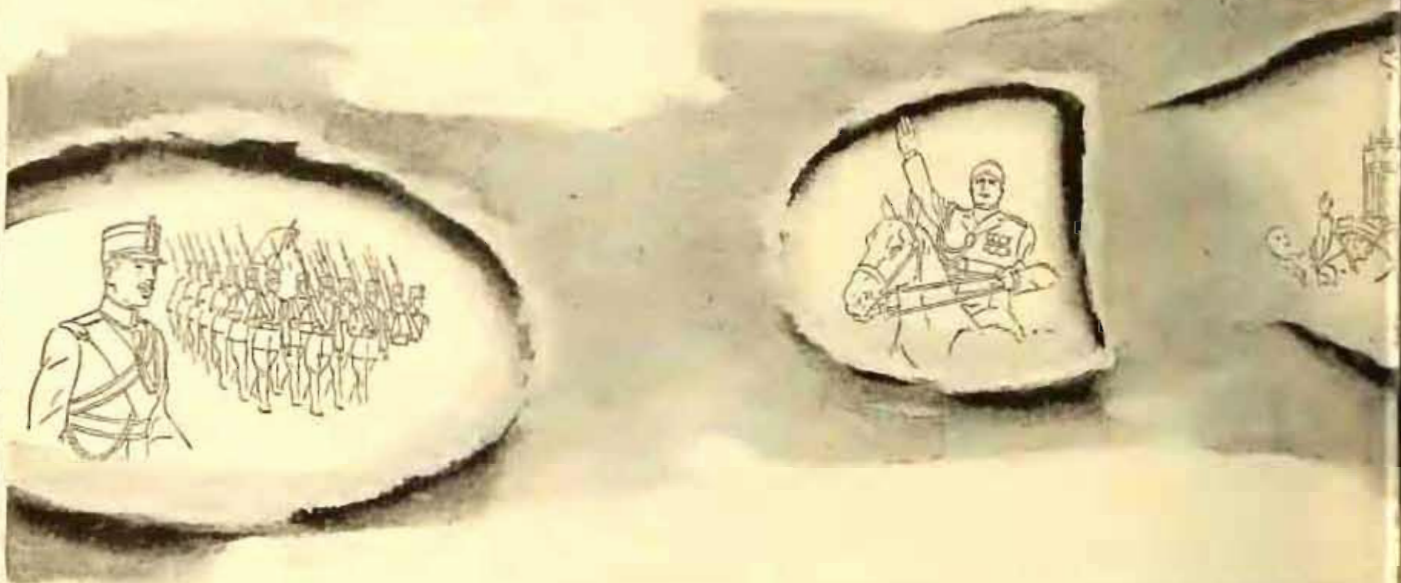


"CATCHES THE UNDER-RIPPLING DRIVE OF DESTINY" . . . Jack Foster & "THE MAGAZINE

"THE APEX IN RADIO SHOWMANSHIP" . . . Variety & "ABSOLUTELY NEW DEPARTURE IN RADIO" . . . Baltimore News

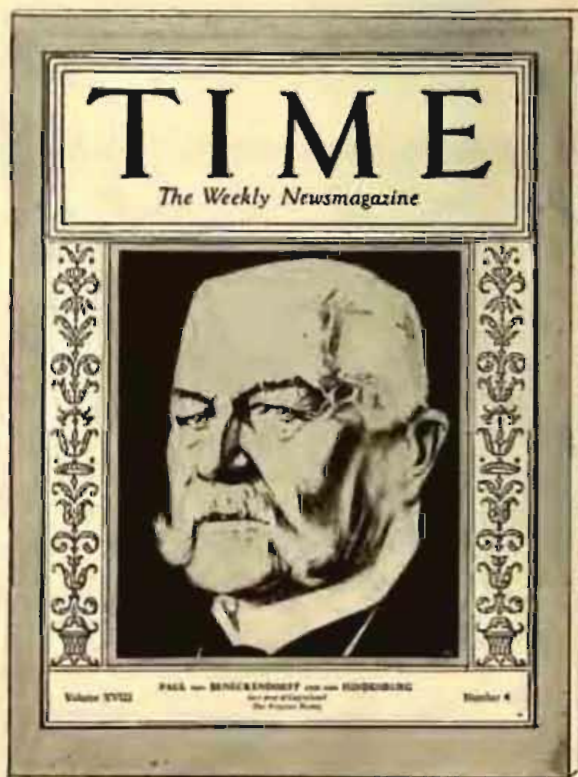
# Starting September 11th

# TIME Ma



*On a Thousand fronts the history of the world moves swiftly forward. From every corner of the world comes NEWS-news of politics, science, people, crime, art, religion, economics. TIME (the only news magazine) watches, analyzes and every seven days reports the march of human history on all its fronts*

**On the Newsstands EVERY FRIDAY 15¢**



"THRILLING—BLENDS REALISM AND FANCY" . . . Louis Reid & "SEASON'S OUTSTANDING"



BROADCAST IS A THRILL" . . . *Walter Winchell* + "MAKING RADIO HISTORY!" . . . *Wendell Hall*

# reaches On . . .

## . . . ONTO THE AIR AGAIN!



DRAMATIC AS TIME ITSELF" . . . *Baltimore Sun* + "FOREMOST FEATURE ON THE AIR" . . . *Frederic William Wile* +

### Once more the news of the week COMES ALIVE over your RADIO!

**T**IME is on the air again—with "The MARCH of TIME."

First curtain, Friday evening, September eleven.

It's NEW radio . . . new, vivid, absorbing as TIME itself!

It's a new kind of reporting of the news —on the air—the re-enacting of memorable scenes from the news of the week.

For a half-hour every Friday evening, the thrilling, significant scenes in the week's news will live again in your living-room—more dramatic than fiction, because compounded of vivid reality and the history-making drive of destiny. It is the *living* story of your lifetime—it is "The MARCH of TIME."

Now it's here again! Tune in!

## "THE MARCH OF TIME"

Each Friday evening. Pick up your nearest of 36 coast-to-coast Columbia stations.

**8:30 P. M., E. D. S. T.**

PROGRAM" . . . *Radio Digest* + "HUZZAS FROM MOST BLASÉ LISTENERS" . . . *N. Y. Sun*







CATCHES THE UNDER-RIPPLING DRIVE OF DESTINY" ... Jack Foster • "THE MAGAZINE" BROADCAST IS A THRILL" ... Walter Winchell • "MAKING RADIO HISTORY!" ... Wendell Hall

"THE APEX IN RADIO SHOWMANSHIP" ... Variety • "ABSOLUTELY NEW DEPARTURE IN RADIO" ... Baltimore News

"DRAMATIC AS TIME ITSELF" ... Baltimore Sun • "FOREMOST FEATURE ON THE AIR" ... Frederic William Pitts

Starting September 11th

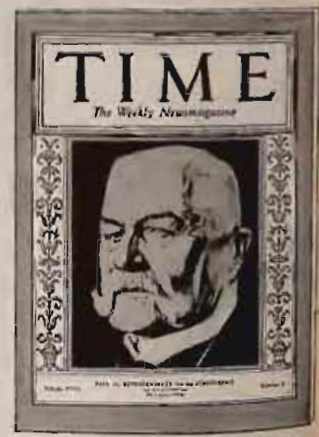
# TIME Marches On...

... ONTO THE AIR AGAIN!



*On a thousand fronts the history of the world moves swiftly forward. From every corner of the world come news of politics, science, people, crime, art, religion, economics. TIME (the only news magazine) watches, analyzes and every seven days reports the march of human history on all its fronts.*

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THRILLING—BLENDS REALISM AND FANCY" ... Louis Reid • "SEASON'S OUTSTANDING PROGRAM" ... Radio Digest • "HUZZAS FROM MOST BLASÉ LISTENERS" ... N. Y. Sun



# Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

**T**HIS is our special Television Number. We have been keeping an attentive eye on the subject for a long time, but because we have considered it more of a laboratory proposition than a fan subject we have been content merely to tell you briefly and simply of the developments as they have progressed.

Now, however, we are definitely prepared to take our stand on the proposition that *Television is Here*.

There are twenty-two television broadcasting stations now authorized to function in the United States. As many more applicants are seeking to establish television stations. Several large factories are now at work producing television receivers for the public. The country is aroused from coast-to-coast with television enthusiasm. Good images are produced on receiving screens varying from one inch to six feet high. New inventions are undergoing tests for sensational improvements over systems now in vogue. And as the new systems come in old ones will go—just as it happened in Radio during the crystal age. The Big Chains are vying with each other to lead in this phase of broadcasting. And everything is for the Radio listener and observer.

\* \* \*

**A**FTER making our bow to Mr. Francis Jenkins who not only was the inventor who gave us the first motion picture projection machine but has also pioneered the way with television inventions, let us give a cheer to our young inventors. Philo Farnsworth of San Francisco, Ulises S. Sanabria of Chicago and Hollis M. Baird of Boston, all among the foremost of inventors in new and successful systems of television, are in their twenties.

\* \* \*

**W**ILLIAM S. PALEY came back from Europe with his pockets full of contracts or agreements from all important countries to exchange programs in transatlantic broadcasts. This will further a suggestion made in Radio Digest a year ago proposing a frequent interchange of good will programs to promote universal peace and understanding between the nations. As a further step to promote good will in his own country Mr. Paley's first policy move on his return was to cut out all commercial religious programs and substituting therefor an hour each to the three leading religious faiths of the country every Sunday.

\* \* \*

**"M**AIN street has turned the tables on Broadway," reads one naive release from the New York NBC press bureau. It continues: "Country folks who a few years ago were making annual pilgrimages from Gopher Prairie and Sauk Center to be awed by Manhattan's funsters, have gone into the entertainment business themselves and made good . . . more specifically, the figures say that of the 366 programs offered over the NBC networks since January 1 of this year 157 had their origin in Chicago and far-flung corners of the country." Along with Chicago, Gopher Prairie and Sauk Center are mentioned Cleveland, Rochester, Denver and San Francisco as worthy contributors to the nation's Radio entertainment. Har! Har! Who said England was the "right little isle?"

**A**LL right! All right! Lay off, please! It's all settled! All you letter writers who hastened to advise this department that you do not want artist scandals in Radio Digest win your point. We only wanted to make sure we were not imposing our own prejudice against such reading matter on our readers. Glad you so emphatically agreed with us. Studio scandals are out.

\* \* \*

**M.** H. AYLESWORTH, president of the National Broadcasting Company, and considered one of the most conservative authorities, was recently quoted by a news syndicate as saying, "Of one thing we are now certain; the television era has definitely dawned." Mr. Aylesworth and David Sarnoff are also credited with the statement that the RCA will have a "commercial television receiver on the market within the next year."

\* \* \*

**S**OON we may expect a few loud rips in our sound receivers. Members of the Federal Radio Commission reconvene this month armed with important court decisions with which they doubtless will begin tearing out a number of broadcasting stations, which they believe should be eliminated for the good of the service. Activities along this line should be watched with keen interest, both by listeners and broadcasters, since it is a well known fact that certain elements in Congress have been urging such action for some time and Congressional interest in broadcasting as manifested at the last session is not above suspicion.

\* \* \*

**A**T LAST we are beginning to find out a few things about the 1930 census as it affects Radio. We are beginning to get reports from the more populous states and as we go to press Connecticut takes top position in the list of 34 states reported. A little better than every other family in the state owns a Radio receiver. The percentage of the total is 54.9. Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio come next with slightly lower rates. Mississippi is at the bottom with 5.4 per cent.

\* \* \*

**W**ITH this September issue Radio Digest begins its second year of publication under the present management. It has been a good year, and one of positive growth in all directions. Every precedent was broken when the news stand reports showed the highest percentage of sales in July over the whole year. Usually the mid-summer sales of Radio Digest, and most magazines, drop from 25 to 50 per cent. Another indication of the pace that has been set by the *new* Radio Digest is the considerably increased volume of advertising which appears in this issue. Plans have already been outlined for each of the next 12 issues of this magazine. Beginning with this number you will be able to save one dollar by subscribing for a whole year. In other words the annual subscription cost to you goes down from \$3 to \$2. So it is now distinctly to the reader's advantage to thus make sure of receiving his Radio Digest every month as soon as it is out. The news stand price of 25 cents will remain unchanged.

—H. P. B.



# Scott Owners TELL THE WHOLE TRUE STORY OF 'ROUND THE WORLD RECEPTION WITH *The Scott All-Wave*

## PARIS - BERLIN - ROME

"Yesterday between 2 and 4 p. m. I received Paris, Berlin and Rome. The Rome program was very clear with no fading and excellent quality. I hold each station half an hour or more. I might also mention that this reception was during a thunderstorm which was so severe as to put WEA-F out of commission and absolutely prevented any decent reception on the broadcast band."

D. R. B., New London, Conn.

## NEW ZEALAND 50 WATTS

"I have just received one of the most thrilling verifications that I ever received in my time of D. X.ing. It was 2XP of Wairoa, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, a station on 364 meters with only 50 watts. Boy, this seems to be an impossibility but I did it with my Scott. Also ZLFFC of Wairoa the same station owned by the same man, Mr. Perry. Besides Mr. Perry sent me a three page letter, showing how thrilled he was on receiving a report on his transmission which checked correct. This gives me my 457th verification. Also a number of new ones out waiting for report."

R. A. T., Cresskill, N. J.

## AUSTRALIA - JAPAN

"On the short waves which by now you will have surmised I have camped, I have had VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia; KAIXR, Manila; J1AA, Japan; and a most amazing lot of others not too far distant, but they will come in on the speaker (if I want them) to good and clear effect."

J. C. G., Minneapolis, Minn.

## CUBA - HOLLAND

"On the broadcast band, stations on the Pacific Coast, Mexico City, Havana, Cuba, and Halifax roll in with the power of locale. On the Short Wave Bands, England, Italy, Germany, Holland, and South America furnish me with daily entertainment. I am particularly pleased with the short wave reception of the operas broadcast from Rome, also the pronouncements from the Vatican Station."

F. L. Y., Queens Village, N. Y.

## MANY FOREIGN STATIONS

"I can truthfully say it is the only real radio in town. The All Wave Receiver is in perfect condition and bringing in many foreign stations."

R. W., Marion, N. C.

## ENGLAND - AUSTRALIA

"Today G6SW, Chelmsford, England, came in, not faintly but with thunderous volume. I also got I2RO Italy, with good reception. Last night I received HKD, Barronquilla, Colombia with volume loud enough to be heard a block away, and I also got HRR, Tegucigalpa, Honduras with loud volume. I also have received VK3ME with perfection."

H. A. M., Yukon, Okla.

## FROM ALL DIRECTIONS

"The tone quality is magnificent and I received Canada as far as Montreal, and Mexico to Mexico City and Reynosa and Japan seven mornings."

A. R. M., East San Diego, Cal.

FOR MONTHS we have modestly described the capacity of the Scott All-Wave Receiver for 15-550 meter, 'round the world reception. We have told the technical story of this laboratory-built receiver and have explained the engineering reasons for its unequalled performance. We have sold the Scott All-Wave on the basis of guaranteed, consistent, perfect reception from London, Rome, Paris and from other equally distant foreign stations, as well as all the U. S. and Canadian stations any-one might care to listen to.



The Scott All-Wave Receiver is guaranteed for 5 years. Any part proving defective within that time will be replaced free of charge.

Now, we are tuning you in on the replies to these promises. We are letting Scott All-Wave users tell you, in their own words, that the Scott All-Wave Receiver is even greater than we have described it. Read, in the left and right hand columns, what they say.

Hundreds more equally enthusiastic letters praise the Scott All-Wave Receiver. News and magazine editors likewise give columns and columns of space to the many wonders this receiver does in the way of regular daily duty.

## MAIL COUPON FOR FULL PARTICULARS

Clip the coupon now. It will bring you the complete story of the Scott 15-550 meter All-Wave, a full description of the beautiful, chrome plated chassis, and illustrations of the many magnificent consoles made especially for this receiver. Send the coupon at once. You'll be delighted when you learn the low price at which the Scott All-Wave may be obtained.

**SCOTT TRANSFORMER CO.**  
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. E-9, Chicago

SCOTT TRANSFORMER CO.  
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. E9, Chicago, Ill.  
Send me full particulars of the Scott All-Wave Receiver.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

State .....

## HONDURAS - ENGLAND

"I received my Scott receiver on May 16th. I played it the next day; I tuned in GBS, Rugby, England at 12:30 P. M. and I heard the mayor talk from London. That was the first station I tuned in and it came in very clear. I just tuned in HRR in Honduras; it is now 9:30 P. M. I can get about 10 stations on 38 to 84 meter coils."

C. C. B., Allentown, Pa.

## GERMANY AGAIN

"The Short Wave results have been very gratifying. I have heard Chelmsford, England; Holland; France; Germany and several South American countries."

J. Q. S., Washington, D. C.

## IRELAND - ROME

"The results on the All-Wave Receiver have been wonderful. I have logged Germany, England and Ireland, and some islands that I could not get the name clearly. Also, the entire dedication services at dedication of short wave broadcasting station at the Vatican City, Italy. Heard the Pope louder than if I had been one of the vast audience. Cannot be too highly praised."

L. W. B., Davenport, Ia.

## EXCEEDS ALL CLAIMS

"In this day of extravagant advertising and claims it is indeed a pleasure to receive an article that surpasses all of the claims made for it, and certainly the SCOTT RECEIVER does that. It is beautifully designed, engineered and constructed; and its performance and tone are of corresponding excellence."

E. W. P., Chevy Chase, Md.

## ENGLAND - ITALY

"Yesterday afternoon and this afternoon also, I tuned in Italy and England. They come in with wonderful volume such as I have never heard before. This morning I tuned in Australia. I got it in a minute or so after I worked the dials a little. It came in very good."

W. H. A., New Bedford, Mass.

## SOUTH AMERICA, TOO

"I have logged Bogota, S. A., I2RO Rome, Chelmsford England, besides all that I want in U. S. A. and Canada."

D. T. V., Detroit, Mich.

## CHINA

"Indo-China, HSJ, Bangkok, Siam, RV16, G6SW, J1AA and others are heard when on the air, as well as the eastern relay stations. This is June but Australian and New Zealand broadcasts are still being received even after daylight in the early morning. June third, from 4 to 5 A. M. I listened to 2V1, 3LO, 4GG Australia and 2YA Wellington, tho it was broad daylight."

T. H. H., Hoquiam, Wash.

## ROME LIKE LOCAL

"On the low wave, I find it no trouble to tune in Rome, Buenos Aires. I also received Melbourne, Australia. When I first picked up Rome I thought something wrong and I was getting a New York station. It was so strong. The tone and quality is the finest."

G. N. J., St. Thomas, Cal.





Carleton A. Coon

*THESE two gentlemen are the component parts of America's greatest dance orchestra hyphen. They came up from the Indian country to the Big Cities and M. G.—just like the story books. Phil Maxwell tells you about it on the opposite page.*



Joe L. Sanders



## Indian Rhythm Comes Natural to

# Coon - Sanders

*Famous Orchestra Leaders Respond to Spark of Red Man's Blood in their Veins—Modern Instruments Convey the Tempo of Beating Tom-toms and Radio Audiences Go Wild in Appreciation*

**T**HIS is a story about a couple of Indians.

And their profession is making "Whoopee."

These Indians are none other than Carleton Allyn Coon, 38-year-old snare drummer, and his heap-big good looking pal, Joe L. Sanders, pianist de luxe, former baseball star and a product of the Indian territory which later became Oklahoma. Mr. Coon, as does Mr. Sanders, claims that he is one-sixteenth Indian or at least enough to establish distant relationship to Vice-President Charley Curtis.

These young Redskins have accomplished so much in their short lives, for Sanders is only 33, that it would be impossible to untangle their history in a short paragraph or two. So we'll start with Mr. Coon.

Of course a fellow who was to become one of the leading band directors of America couldn't have just any country doctor bring him into the world so he chose Dr. William Mayo, of the famous Mayo Brothers, in the City of Rochester, Minn., and from all indications Dr. Mayo did a good job as a member of the welcoming committee.

Carleton flourished from the start and his father, who played trumpet in the Thomas Symphony Orchestra in Minneapolis, with the consent of Mrs. Coon, sent C. A. off to the Wentworth Military Academy at Lexington, Mo., just as soon as he began wanting to have a little spending money and took a shine to the girls up around his home town. And it was while saluting his superior officers and playing in Major "Stubby" Day's band that he learned to wield the drum sticks which are now earning him a neat sum of money.

By PHIL MAXWELL

Next we find the ambitious lad at the University of Kansas at Lawrence, Kan., where he became so engrossed with the song, "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" that he joined that Greek letter fraternity and between playing right half back on the football team and attempting to catch a little medical education and successfully wooing Eula Virginia Jenkins, a student of the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan, he was a busy young man.

"Yes, sir," said Carleton as he recalled those romantic college days. "Kansas Aggies and the University of Kansas were rivals in football but friendly in love."

After three and one-half years in the university the now Mr. and Mrs. Coon moved to Kansas City where Carleton obtained a job on the Kansas City Star.

Then came the World War, enlistment for Carleton and his visit one day on furlough to a Kansas City music store where his path crossed that of the man who is the other half of the Coon-Sanders Corporation today.

Perhaps it would be well now to pick up the life story of Mr. Sanders.

**J**OE L. (And he won't tell you what L stands for) Sanders was born on what Coon calls a whistle stop on the Missouri Pacific Railway, otherwise known as Thayer, Kansas. His daddy, a pioneer of the west, traded 6,000 acres of citrus fruit land in the Rio Grand Valley for 6,000 head of cattle; the plague took the cattle away and Joe's dad was left without a penny

in Indian territory a part of which later became Centralia, Okla. Joe learned much of his early music from an old phonograph machine which his father brought to his home and the first one believed to have been heard in that part of the country. Both his parents had splendid voices and one of Joe's earliest recollections is the harmony as sung by his father and mother. "That is where I got my voice," he said.

He received his early education in Belton, Missouri, and attended high school in Kansas City, Mo. His life wasn't one of roses. His first job as a singer was in the Blue Goose Cabaret in K. C. and he says he'll never forget the first song he sang, "Until the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold." For which he received the stupendous sum of \$2.00 everytime there was the slightest reason for the rendition of this number. From the cabaret young Sanders joined the chorus choir of the Linwood Methodist Church where he went through the roles of grand opera arias and the oratorios under the direction of its leader David Grosch, famous baritone teacher. For a while he was a member of the Kansas City Opera Company and the Kansas City Oratorio Society. In them he learned the art of musical arranging.

The William Jewell College Male Quartet next beckoned to this enterprising singer and he toured the Western states with it and the Jones Chautauqua Company at \$30 a week, he paying his own expenses. "I had a gorgeous time," said Joe, "but it wasn't such a remarkable financial success."

Next we find him in Detroit, Mich., in a popular quartet named "Us Four" at the Frontenac Cafe, which, says Mr.

(Continued on page 92)





WMAQ—W9XAP presents a play "A Minuet." The actors are, left to right: Vinton Haworth, Alice Hill and Sidney Brees

# TELEVISION IS *Here*

By MARK QUEST

**L**ET'S be frank and admit it. Television is here.

Forget about the five year plans, and the "round the corners." Acknowledge the existence of the score and some odd television stations now sending out visible programs every day. Recognize the fact that the two great chain systems have their own television stations and production departments. Don't overlook the existence of the 25,000 or more television receiving sets now functioning in America. Take off the blinders and see the truth that television is really here.

In another year you will find not less than 100,000 television receiving sets throughout the country. In that time you also will find that the television of today will appear comparatively crude to the one available then.

Perhaps within the time of this writing and the few weeks of its appearance in print you will have heard all about what young Philo Farnsworth has been secretly developing out in California. And by that time Dr. Vladimir

Zworykin of the R.C.A.-Victor Company may also have presented an important demonstration. Farnsworth is said already to have demonstrated a television image of 700 lines to the inch, which, you will admit, is a considerable refinement from the 48 and 60 line images that are being broadcast today.

The 60 line image is about the same as the average half-tone screen in a newspaper. The screen in Radio Digest is 110 lines. A 700 line screen would probably give you a picture smoothness comparable to the photos in the rotogravure section.

At any rate television is here with the 60 line screen and many of the most famous artists of the air have already had their faces flashed out to the Radio audience. In Chicago they have put on specially written television plays. Broadway stage stars have made their bow over the Jenkins-WGBS station, W2XCR on Fifth avenue. The hot and close-packed mob that witnessed first public demonstration of television at the Radio World's Fair in New York in

1928 may now see television in the home. And the same holds true for those long lines that threaded through the lanes to the home-made and rebel television demonstration in the Chicago Radio show that same year.

Radio Digest has presented from time to time the various stages of development, and the history of the very first ideas on the subject. It has held a little aloof on the side of the more conservative elements regarding the actual advent of television. But there is no need for further doubt. Television has arrived. Sets are available in most of the large department stores. And kits for assembling are obtainable in the 5 and 10 cent stores.

It would seem that the time is at hand when the government can consistently recognize this situation and assist in the next phase of growth by permitting sponsored television broadcasts. This need has been clearly pointed out by Vinton Haworth, production manager of W9XAP, of the Chicago Daily News.



# Columbia Turns *the* Corner

By

BILL SCHUDT, Jr.

Television Program Director at CBS

SEEING what you hear, has become a popular phrase at the Columbia Broadcasting System's studios in New York.

Television, even though experimental and limited in scope, has turned that corner, after all.

Its experimental visual programs are valued at more than a million dollars when one considers the yearly wage of the regular artists who appear before the flying spot each night in the week.

W2XAB, that is the identification of the sight channel of the CBS interest in the Metropolis, has been operating seven hours daily, 2 to 6 PM, 8 to 11, and 8 to 10 Saturdays and Sundays, since its grand opening on Tuesday July 21 at which time the Mayor of the City of New York "opened the eyes" of the station.

Many and varied have been the experiences of this writer within the small studio. Veteran announcers have trembled. Famous speakers have suddenly gone hoarse and stuttered over scripts they knew by heart; musicians have been scared near to death by the "flying spot" and critical Radio editors have repented all when subjected to the penetrating eyes of visionary broadcasting.

But all in all television is being taken very seriously up here at the Columbia studios.

A new art, a new system is being worked out. Television technique will be vastly different from that of present day sound broadcasting.

For example continuities will probably be taboo; for who wants to look into his televisior and see an announcer reading his procla-

mation? Not many, you can bet on that. Of course, they may have to memorize, but that is not likely. This writer personally believes that television will eventually see popular masters of ceremony at the scanner filling in between acts, much the same as your present day revues and musical comedies.

Columbia has been routing its sight programs over W2XAB which operates on 2750-2850 kilocycles (49.02 meters). A short time ago, however, this System inaugurated a series of synchronized programs over WABC and the network.

In such cases, single acts and small group acts are merely televised in the television studio while overhanging microphones pick up the regular sound part of the program.

Thus does everything point to a finer television in the very near future. Experts say that 25,000 American homes

are now equipped for reception of visual programs.

During its early weeks of experimental television, Columbia successfully televised dances by Natalie Towers, boxing demonstrations, cartoonists, jugglers, magicians, ballet dances, and miniature musical comedies.

Edwin K. Cohan, Columbia's technical director has studied television for many years. Here's what he said about it in a recent televised program:

"INAUGURATION of television broadcasting undoubtedly marks another step in the wonderful progress of the electronic art, yet how many of you who are within the sight of my face, or the sound of my voice, realize that the basic theory upon which this latest television transmission is now taking place is 47½ years old, having been discovered by a man, Nipkow, who filed a patent thereon in January, 1884.

"And how many of you know that electrical scanning, the next promised advance in this art, and the means by which all mechanically moving parts in both transmitter and receiver will be eliminated was basically discovered 23½ years ago by a man who filed such a patent in December, 1907?

"In these, as well as similar instances, the inventors were truly living ahead of their times, for it necessitated the high development of the vacuum tube, photoelectric cell, and electric amplifier, to form the essential links in the chain necessary to transform their probable theory into a practical reality.

"Television of 1931 is crude. The television of today



Radio Digest participates in its first television program. C. R. Tighe, associate editor, acts as master of ceremony in presenting to lookers-in Kitty Doner, famous vaudevillian and male impersonator at Columbia's W2XAB



is being conducted entirely on an experimental basis, this by the requirement of the Federal Radio Commission, as well as the choice of the majority of the foremost television engineers. The major portion of this work is being done within four ether channels ten kilocycles wide.

"As long as television, even in its crude state, requires a channel separate from the sound channel, for images of a moderate amount of detail and a limited range of coverage, a problem exists to find a suitable band within the Radio spectrum to which can eventually be assigned the number of stations required to satisfactorily serve our population.

"It is this, and many other problems, that today's experimental work will eventually solve or overcome.

"Television of today is perhaps comparable to the phonograph of 1910 and the moving picture of 1905, but upon this pioneering must rest the solid foundation of future progress.

"My words are not intended to sound a note of pessimism, but rather of conservation. Television will advance from now on just as surely as sound broadcasting has, and I believe at no less a pace. It will progressively bring to you the individual and small groups, the larger groups and complete symphonic and stage presentations, the outdoor sporting events, the spot news events. It will eventually bring these things to you in natural color.

"In the future there will be television networks similar to our sound networks of today and functioning much in the same manner. To accomplish this, considerable progress will have to be made, particularly with regard to the width of the transmission band. In addition, pickup flexibility and future program demands call for a suitable method of scanning whose illumination limitations are no greater than those of the present moving picture camera.

"You might be interested to know a few of the experiments we shall conduct during our seven hour daily schedule.

"First of all, what happens to an image being transmitted at this frequency in a heavily built up city such as New York, with its huge masses of steel, its electrical interference in the form of subways, street cars, elevated roads, flashing signs, and elevators?

"What happens to the image at a receiver when the sky wave arrives out of phase with the ground wave?

"What kind of makeup is most suitable for television? Should blue lipstick be used instead of red, or is some other color more suitable?

"What advantages can be taken in television productions of the persistency of vision of the human eye?

"How shall plays be dramatized to accurately portray the author's work?

"To what extent can mechanical and electrical devices assist to make a program more polished and interesting?

"These are but a few of the questions our experiments will attempt to answer, not only for ourselves but for those of the audience already looking in as well.

"The progress made in television during the past year or so has been most encouraging. Regardless of what corner television happens to be just around,

the year 1932 holds every promise of being most noteworthy.

"We in Columbia, will endeavor to contribute our share toward the fulfillment of our prophecies, employing the same measure of conscientiousness that we continually strive for in our sound broadcasting. How well we succeed will be governed by the same principle that has applied in the past four years of our growth—your approval and encouragement. We will continue to do our utmost to warrant and deserve it."

## Chicago asks License

By Betty McGee

PROGRESS in television will be slow and halting until television stations can be licensed for commercial sightcasting. This is the opinion of Vinton Haworth, Television production manager for W9XAP which operates in conjunction with WMAQ, the Chicago Daily News station.

WMAQ is said to be the first radio-television station to have an organized television production department and a television production manager. This station has been going ahead by leaps and bounds in the production of ambitious and intricate television programs. All of which makes Mr. Haworth's present attitude the more significant.

"As seen from the production man's angle, the fly-in-the-ointment of better presentation is the hesitation of the authorities to license television stations (that are now operating) for commercial sightcasting," said Mr. Haworth in a recent interview. "Our difficulty at W9XAP is conjoining with WMAQ. Presenting a synchronized program is dependent entirely on WMAQ's schedule. If WMAQ's time is sold, then according to Federal Radio Law, W9XAP must go its own way, transmitting a silent picture. And we do insist that the silent television picture has served its purpose, which is mainly: 'Television is practical and practicable.'

"All the pantomimic actions that can be thought of have been broadcast . . . boxing, fencing, posing, dancing, wrestling, cartoons, ad finitum," he continued. "Adequate time to experiment with synchronization, and watch its effect on the public, is denied us because of this commercial prohibition. Were this ban lifted it would open green pastures in which the production man would run rampant, admittedly, but not obviously, experimenting. But only in this manner can we hope to progress

. . . we have the material, it has proven its worth . . . why not let us build with it?

"Technical facilities for production are, at present, inelastic due to this futile circle in which we are forced to run. Our technicians are all eager to help, to cooperate in giving a good show . . . but until we can create a show worthy of the name, until we discover those many little rough-spots that only show in actual work-outs, we are helpless, to explain to them our needs. No, do not misunderstand—they are making great strides . . . in transmitting, in clearer definition, in better receiving qualities . . . in every general way except from the studio mechanics. Simply because we don't know, have no way of knowing just what we need."

The actual steps of progress in television at the Chicago Daily News station are marked by the three synchronized plays given through this station since the beginning of the year. Each was a distinct improvement over its predecessor. In the first play, cut-backs were tried as in the movies. One character would be seen in full length, and the next character that spoke was shown in close-up, then vice versa. All of which meant that the script had to be carefully gone over, so, that in moving of the characters to the different scanners, there was no break in the dialog. A difficult job, but from the television-production picture standpoint, an eminently successful one. The scenes flowed along smoothly, and hearkening back to the early movies, in changing the picture from close-up to full-length, there was never a jerk.

The operators devised an automatic relay which cut the picture instantaneously the moment the disc upon which the various lenses are mounted was turned, then brought the picture back



completely and fully in the new field that the script called for. Automatic picture cuts were possible, too, with the changing from close-up to full-length, by just switching the microphone buttons. As there is a distance, in our present lay-out of the studio, of about ten feet between the position of the full-length picture and the close-up scanner, this cut was very valuable.

In this first production, two microphones were used for speech pick-up. The one used at the close-up (announcing position) was at normal level, it being possible to place it close to the performer without it appearing in the picture. The second mike, placed in program position, was more difficult to handle. This mike, suspended from the ceiling to keep it out of the picture, required an increase in amplification of 10 decibels over normal because of the distance from the players. At times extraneous noise found its way into the scenes, such as the rustling of clothing, ticking of watches, etc. The hard plaster wall necessary for clear definition of the full-length picture caused a bit of echo.

In the two following productions a different picture-presentation was attempted. The only way to describe it is to call to mind the method in the moving-picture technique of the camera moving up on the persons or drawing away from them without a break in the picture. An approximation of this effect was arrived at by having the actors move to and from the photo-electric cells, as they spoke their lines, as the action of the script called for. This was not as successful as it was hoped, because, due to the inelasticity of the equipment described above, the operator has to keep the actor in focus, and at the same time maintain his object in the middle of the scanning beam. A change in position means a change in focus and also a change in the deflection of the mirror used in indirect scanning. Concisely, the sought-for effect was to take a full length picture, and without any appreciable change in the sequence of pictures, arrive at a close-up. "This can be done," Mr. Haworth stated, "but not with present equipment."

Only one microphone was used in these two productions, this being directly in front of the actors, turned at an angle to kill the echo from the wall, spoken of above. A little more amplification than normal was necessary, the players being about three feet away from the microphone. In one of these productions, two scenes had musical background accompanying the lines. It was found in the first show that music in the studio with the microphones pitched so high was impractical, overbalancing the speakers, so in the later productions the music was faded in,

played from another studio, on cue from the control room of WMAQ.

"It is readily seen that speech-pickup necessitates as much, if not more, thought than the picture, at present," Mr. Haworth explained. "The television equipment being so unadaptable to changes during the course of action of a show eventually will bring about a microphone placed on a movable arm, such as the case in the talking-pictures, to follow the placement of the actors.

"I have an idea (I've had many!) that in time, the principles of stage-lighting positions may well be adapted to the placing of the photo-electric cells. Stage-lights project light to the object, ergo, in television the object reflects the light to the cells! But perhaps before that time arrives, the Merfins of the control rooms and 'labs' will be broadcasting programs made on sound-track film especially for television broadcasting!

"That last statement bears a prophecy? Who knows? All we can do is to wait for our chance to produce something—anything!"

### WGBS-W2XCR Television Invades Broadway

"WE propose to do for radio what Warner brothers did for the motion pictures a few years ago—but with reverse English, so to speak. They added sound to sight, thereby bestowing the inestimable advantages of dialog and sound-effects to what for twenty-five years had been simply a pantomime or dumb-show, moving ghostlike upon a screen. We are adding sight to sound on the air."

The speaker was Dailey Paskman, president of the General Broadcasting System, Inc., and director of the radio station which it operates, WGBS in New York. Mr. Paskman's snapping black eyes grew dreamy as he gazed, through a wide window of his skyscraper office across the town to some far horizon which only he could see; perhaps he was gazing with the eyes of television into the future.

He knocked the ash from his cigar as he went on: "For ten years Radio has been a phenomenon of voices and music mysteriously emanating from a magic box in your living-room. Just that and nothing more. As long as Radio was limited to the presentation of entertainment by sound alone, it was even more greatly circumscribed than were the old silent movies, for they at least were able to fall back on 'subtitles' in order to get over certain ideas to their audience; whereas Radio has had to depend entirely upon words or music to convey the impression of action, of plot, and of scene to their much greater audience. . . Audience, by the way, is an accurate term for the Radio public, since it implies the sense of

listening rather than seeing; the crowd of spectators in a movie theatre would have been more accurately designated as a 'visience'! This term might well be applied to the present followers of television broadcasting.

"But since our viewers receive both the sight and the sound of our broadcasts, a new nomenclature will have to be coined, and some compound word found to describe the simultaneous Radio-listener and television-viewer, whose numbers are rapidly increasing from day to day.

"WGBS is of course the first station in New York City which is broadcasting a considerable portion of its regular radio programs by television as well as by sound. Our television channel is the short wave length of W2XCR, which is the experimental station of the Jenkins Television Corporation of Passaic, New Jersey. At this date, we are one of only three regular stations in the entire United States broadcasting sight and sound simultaneously, and one of perhaps a half-dozen in the world so engaged—the others being single national stations in European countries.

"We have always pioneered and we hope we always shall. We were a pioneer station of New York and of the United States. We pioneered in the presentation of certain types of Radio entertainment such as plays, minstrel shows, remote control pick-ups, special events, electrical transcription programs, and so on; and now we are really proud to be the pioneer in television in New York.

"Our new special television studio at 655 Fifth Avenue, where is located the transmitter of W2XCR, has been open now for only a little over four months, and we are glad to say that the progress made in television program production technique under the direction of Mortimer Stewart, television expert, has been gratifying so far.

"In the course of our inaugural program, we presented with good results scenes from seven then current Broadway shows, ranging in character from the 'Green Pastures' to the 'Silent Witness'; a score or more of stars of the legitimate stage, musical comedy, vaudeville, the talkies, the Radio, the circus, the prize-ring and other locales of the sports world, and representatives of society and officialdom. . . Since that exciting night we have managed to hang up a few records of various sorts, including several 'firsts', such as our television wedding; fashion parade and selection of Dagmar Perkins as Miss Television. We have shown dances by Maria Gambarelli (Gamby) and Patricia Bowman; boxing and wrestling matches by Jimmy McLarnin, Primo Carnera, Ray Steele, Jim Lombos, Hans Kaempfer, and swimming form by

(Continued on page 86)



# Riding the Crest with Morton Downey

By GRENVILLE RICHARDS



Morton Downey and his wife, the beautiful Barbara Bennett

**“RIDING** the Crest with Downey” is no job for any one man.

The man must have a vast store of nervous energy and reserve, for when he gets under way he keeps moving—there is never any dead air under his sails.

For instance, Morton Downey recently resumed and completed his contract with the Paramount Theatres in Manhattan and Brooklyn. It was some weeks ahead of the date on which his physician had deemed it advisable, but there was no holding him—the more so in view of the fact that Mrs. Downey, sunk very, very close indeed to the border line between life and death—had just been discharged from the hospital.

When the medical fellows finally said that she was well enough to go her way, Morton had everything all planned. He had secured a place on the shores of Long Island Sound up near the Connecticut line, and there he hustled her away to recuperate.

From then on there was no holding the boy. He cut loose on a round of activity which—though it was only feverish to others—went by for Downey with the ease and smoothness and lack of evident effort of a meandering

mill-stream. He was happy, he was gay. Life was rosy and in everything he saw fun and a joke—and I might add here—to the temporary discomfiture of various of his many friends. For when Morton begins to see jokes in things you as well as the next fellow may well be the joke of the moment.

He had just started his new contract as exclusive artist of the new Camel Program on Columbia's air—two broadcasts a day—six days a week—twelve broadcasts a week. He resumed his theater work—two appearances a night—sang for recordings—sang for theatrical producers—sang for himself out of sheer happiness.

He was on the go every minute that he was in the city, and then each night broke all sorts and manners of speed laws to get back to the country and Barbara at the earliest possible moment.

Take this as an example if you will. One night he made his early appearance at the theatre—then to the studio for the first broadcast—heard in the Eastern area—off to a party given by his sponsors in honor of the new and already admittedly successful program—over to the Brooklyn Paramount house again for the second show—back to the studio for the second broadcast, heard

on the Pacific Coast and all between.

Morton and his manager paused for breath. They were supposed to go back to the party.

“Gee Jim,” Morton said, “I am absolutely done in—tired as hell—asleep on my feet.”

“Gosh Mort (though perhaps he called him Mr. Klotz, a favorite pseudonym) so am I. I'm dead on my feet. Think I'll go home and turn in.”

“Oh come home with me,” Downey suggested. “I've got to stay in town tonight for that early appointment tomorrow.”

“Okay with me boy,” said Jim, and off they went to East 86th street and the guardianship of earlier-mentioned Astor phalanxes, and the indefinite, eerie night noises of river traffic.

They were all in, these two, and tumbled into the sheets just as soon as they got in.

Now this manager chap, Jim, likes a joke just as well as Morton, and is usually the conniving partner in the latter's nefarious schemes leading to the momentary and ludicrous discomfiture of their friends, but he also likes his sleep—and plenty of it.

Jim had just got his nose buried in a nice down pillow, and was revelling



sensually in that intermediate state near the border of sleep when the subconscious takes command and floats us away. Another moment—and one good snore—and it would be all over. "Jim, come here quick!"

The voice was Morton's, and it came not from the other bedroom as it should, but from the living room at the front of the apartment.

**H**ALF-A WAKE, Jim immediately thought of something wrong—a rat, a cat, or a house afire across the street, and jumped out of bed. Full consciousness and a fuller realization, that, knowing the Downey nature, he might expect anything, came as his feet hit the floor. His progress to the living room was wary, silent and stealthy indeed. He had had the forethought to bring along matches, and when there was neither sight nor sound of Downey he lit one of them.

Morton, the chap who was "out on his feet," was crouched behind the piano, clad in pajamas and waiting to spring out on the unwary Jim with a bloodcurdling shriek from the gloom.

The little "joke" having failed they were back to bed again, but sleep did not seem anywhere about—even around the corner.

Downey finally tumbled out again with a pointed comment on where that idea of counting sheep could go, and hunted up some tablets guaranteed to successfully woo the favor of Morpheus.

About this time both felt as if a sandwich was not such a bad idea, and repaired to the kitchen—and there they sat and talked and smoked and drank—milk—on and on to that moment when the cold sullen grey of the first dawn light outside gave way to a faint flush of rose.

Then they yawned, stretched, went back to bed and slept like babes, and without the help of sure-fire sleeping tablets that had failed to "perk."

But do not get the idea Downey spends his hours, sleeping and waking, in thinking up and carrying out pranks on his friends. He did not invite Jim up there for the night because he looked forward to scaring him out of a year's growth, nor even—save in slight degree—because he hated the thought of Jim journeying way out to the wilds of Jersey at such an hour.

Principally it was by reason of the fact that Morton does not like to be alone. One person around him is all right with Downey, but a dozen or so is even better.

There are, perhaps, no parties more enjoyable than those which Morton stages in his home for friends now and again, and as might perhaps be suspected, it is real people they are who come to them. If there should be a

misfit at one of these gatherings—by reason of indigestion or a tough day at the office or some such excuse—certain it is that—ere the evening is half spent Morton will have the delinquent kidded into line and will have provided some rare humor for the rest of the assemblage at the same time.

It is an infectious sort of thing, this good nature of his—but whisst and whurrah—does the lad love an argument.

A rare treat it was the other night when the gang was waiting around for the second Camel broadcast of the evening. Everyone in the reception room at the studios seemed concentrated in one corner when I came out of the elevator.

A little elbowing and pushing—wholly politely of course—and as more than half suspected, there was Morton parked in the center of the mass.

The session had evidently graduated from the story-telling stage, for Downey and Jacques Renard, the orchestra leader on the program, were hot in argument.

Things did seem a bit topsy-turvy after I had got the trend of their impassioned statements—for they were boasting—not of what by reason of the fairy wand of Radio they had come to earn—but of the smallest regular salaries they had ever made as entertainers.

**M**ORTON thought he had the set-to clinched when he got down to fifteen dollars a week at the beginning of his days with the White-man band, when he sat with the boys and held a French horn to his lips that did not play, and got up once during the program and sang a ballad.

He was really disappointed when Renard countered with the fact that once—oh so many years ago—he had played the fiddle at a Sebago Lake resort in Maine for seven dollars a week and his board.

Not to be squelched, Downey had his final comeback ready:

"Yeah—well the seven bucks was for the wear and tear on the fiddle, and your board must have set them back plenty."

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*THIS concludes the series on Morton Downey. RADIO DIGEST has traced the career of this newest of great Radio stars from humble beginnings to his present position of fame and success. Morton Downey is indeed "Riding the Crest," as we predicted he would long before he attained his present popularity as a Radio celebrity.*

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Perhaps I can give you a clearer picture of the real Downey than in any other way by detailing an average evening in his company. We set out from the studios after the early broadcast, Downey, Jim and myself—the Three Musketeers—or as Downey insisted on having it—"The Three Mosquito Eaters, Mr. Klotz, Mr. Dooley and Mr. Hymenhauser."

**T**O THE Tavern for dinner, which Morton identified as the first place he ever had a charge account in New York. In the early days, when money was more welcome than certain, Morton, it seems, could always be sure of a feed at the Tavern, and perhaps the confidence born of being able to sign his meal checks in those lean days was not wholly unrelated to that later and constant confidence in self that has carried him along faithfully ever since.

Always the mimic, Morton talked "American" to the captain, English to the waiter, Fred, and with another old-time friend among the waiters, an oldish chap with his feet solidly on the ground, in an Irish brogue so pure and thick you could cut it with a knife.

Believe it or not, Morton took one look at the menu and said "Lamb Stev"!

For the ensuing half hour, between mouthfuls of lamb and dumplings, he passed the time of day with no less than twenty of as varied an assortment of males of the human species as I ever hope to lay eyes on in New York: men-about-town, aristocrats and actors, has-beens and will-be's, and just plain chisclers. The man has made a vast legion of friends in his short span of years—and I for one will take oath that he has never forgotten one of them.

Incidentally, though I have sat with Downey here and there in a variety of places, this was the first time that his far-famed method of calling the attention of a waiter has been fully and adequately demonstrated.

Fred, the waiter, was at the far end of the hundred-foot room when Morton wanted something or other. There were a lot of people there and consequently a lot of talk. Suddenly a blast cut loose right beside the old right ear, my good one, and nearly ruined the thing. Picture a suddenly punctured high-pressure steam pipe, or air escaping through the valve of a heavily-loaded tire—only about one hundred times louder—and you have this waiter signal. And did he run double-quick?

From there it was out on the rounds again. Downey reached over across the dash of the car and suddenly the car was filled with music.

"Don't think that thing is in here for entertainment," Morton apologized

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"JUST A MINUTE—a treat for you—see who wrote the story on the opposite page, 53, then guess who I am. Righto! But, Mr. Ambrose J. Weems (my *nom de prune*) to you, sir!"



## Lawyers Attack

## Wave Grab!

*Standing Committee of Bar Association Vigorously Assails Fess Bill and Calls Attention to Menace in Setting Aside Channels for Special Interests*

THEY shall not pass!

Like the embattled Frenchmen at Verdun this will be the watchword of loyal defenders of the American Plan of Broadcasting when the enemy hosts launch their attack to cleave the present order by legislation at the next session of Congress.

There is no doubt but that a new and even more vigorous effort will be made to upset the present order not only by revival of the bills that were left stranded at the last session but by possible new maneuvers.

Backers of the Fess Bill have already announced that it will be reintroduced next December. The Fess bill will endeavor to set aside 15 per cent of all the present broadcasting facilities for use of educational institutions. This in spite of the fact that educational institutions have of their own will surrendered 45 out of 94 stations since 1927, and that those who do operate only use for educational programs 283.85 hours per week out of 3,669.2 hours per week placed at their disposal. And 2,439.92 hours of the precious time available and reserved for them is silent.

It is probable that the Glenn Amendment, which would reserve one of the remaining channels for the exclusive use of labor, will also come up for passage. The Shipstead-Sirovich bill, of similar design, is promised for fresh consideration.

One of the most encouraging moves against this menace of the Wave Grab, which has been so vigorously fought by Radio Digest and its readers, is the detailed exposure presented in the report just issued by the Standing Committee on Communications of the American Bar Association. The report is signed by Louis G. Caldwell, former general counsel of the Federal Radio Commission, who is chairman of the committee; Cassius E. Gates, William C. Green and John C. Kendall.

"No more formidable legislative issue faces the next Congress in the field of Radio regulation than that raised by proposals to require the commission to set aside and reserve broadcasting facilities for particular groups or interests," reads the introduction to this section of the report. It adds that "according to all portents" bills similar to those already enumerated "will be vigorously pressed at the session opening next December.

"THE minimum consequences of enacting the Fess bill into law and appropriating 15 per cent of the total broadcasting facilities (the equivalent of 13.5 channels) for special use can readily be seen," states the report after outlining the engineering problem involved. "At one extreme it would mean putting out of existence about 30 stations on clear channels (most of them of high power representing large investments); at the other extreme it would force the elimination of 240 local stations of 100 watts or less, plus about 50 regional stations of 250 to 1,000 watts. . . . It is difficult to calculate the loss both financially to the station owners and in terms of service to the listening public. Many communities that now receive only one program would find themselves without any service (except possibly one of continuous educational matter). Other communities that have a choice of two or three programs would find themselves correspondingly reduced.

"What could be done with the 13.5 channels if devoted to the exclusive use of educational agencies? It is clear that even if they were all put to use by high power stations on clear channels (which, generally speaking, is the only way of covering large areas) they could not be made satisfactory reception to more than a comparatively small frac-

tion of the area of the United States. This fraction would receive the proposed educational service; the rest would not.

"Strangely the sponsors of the Fess bill have no plan or program for putting the proposal into effect, for avoiding or mitigating the havoc it would cause, or for using the 13.5 channels so as to give a country-wide distribution for the material they wish to broadcast.

"Yet, they seem willing that the finest broadcasting system in the world should be wrecked, on the strength of plausible utterances which, if carefully studied would be declared unsound by the departments of physics in every one of the educational institutions in behalf of which they profess to speak."

The report presents a history of the growth of Radio broadcasting into a program service "of sufficient excellence and variety to meet the needs and desires of all substantial groups in the community within its range. Regarding legislation to regulate the amount of advertising to be permitted.

"THE records of the Federal Radio Commission show that in May, 1927, there were 94 educational institutions licensed to broadcast in the United States, out of a total of over 700 stations. On March 9, 1931, the number had diminished to 49 out of a total of about 615 broadcasting stations. Yet to quote from a recent address by a member of the Commission (Commissioner Harold A. Lafount): 'The Commission has never cancelled a single license of an educational institution. The reduction in the number of educational stations since 1927 has occurred by virtue of voluntary assignment or surrender by educational stations of their licenses, because either they were unable for financial reasons to maintain



them, or because they did not have sufficient program material to continue operation."

Of the 49 stations now licensed to broadcast from educational institutions Commissioner Lafount found as a result of a questionnaire that only one third of the time assigned for their use is being utilized, "out of the precious limited total."

"Of the 1,229,28 hours per week so used only 283.85 hours have been devoted to education. Even this figure does not take into account the fact that many of the 49 stations close down for the summer.

"With respect to commercial stations, the compilation showed that 3,457 out of a total of 33,784 hours, better than 10 per cent, are being used for educational broadcasts, a larger percentage of total time than that of the educational institutions themselves. . .

"**T**HERE is, of course, no general agreement as to what constitutes an 'educational program,' as to what types of educational programs are suitable for broadcasting. . . A program broadcast by an educational institution is not necessarily educational, nor is one broadcast by a commercial station necessarily non-educational, although the contrary is frequently urged. . . There is a fundamental issue as to whether the determining standard is to be the wishes of the majority of the listening public or the beliefs of a few individuals as to what the public ought to listen to. . . Under the auspices of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, very constructive work is now being done in the direction of achieving, through study and co-operation of educators, of improved and enlarged educational Radio programs for the use of broadcasting stations."

Concerning the Glenn Amendment and the Shipstead-Sirovich proposal the report states that they differ from the Fess bill "in degree only and not in principle. All three proposals conflict with the conception of a broadcasting station which was announced by the Commission in one of its decisions and which the committee believes to be sound:

"Broadcasting stations are licensed to serve the public and not for the purpose of furthering the private or selfish interests of individuals or groups of individuals. The standard of public interest, convenience, or necessity means nothing if it does not mean this. . .

"The entire listening public within the service area of a station, or of a group of stations in one community, is entitled to service from that station or stations. If, therefore, all the programs transmitted are intended for, and interesting or valuable to, only a small por-

tion of that public, the rest of the listeners are being discriminated against. . .

"There is not room in the broadcast band for every school of thought, religious, political, social and economic, each to have its separate broadcasting station, its mouthpiece in the ether. If franchises are extended to some it gives them an unfair advantage over others, and results in a corresponding cutting down of general public service stations. It favors the interests and desires of a portion of the listening public at the expense of the rest."

Members of the committee concur in stating that the American Plan of Broadcasting is the best. They advise that none of the proposals should be enacted into law.

Since the adjournment of the last Congress various notable Radio authorities have studied conditions abroad.

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*HENRY BELLOW'S is right. War has been declared against the American Plan of Broadcasting.*

*It appears to be a war of attrition to wear down the good will between the Listener and the Broadcaster.*

*The most desperate pressure is to be brought to bear on Congress to pass the proposed Fess and kindred bills.*

*Should these bills pass it will be the opening wedge to break up the whole system by diverting clear channels to various group interests.*

*Watch developments. Talk to your neighbors. Get everybody to write to your Congressman to oppose these bills.*

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Dr. Julius Klein, assistant secretary of commerce and veteran Radio commentator returned early in the summer from a study of European broadcasting more than ever persuaded that the American Plan of Broadcasting has no equal. He said:

"There is no more warrant for a governmentally-controlled Radio system in the United States than there is for a governmentally-controlled chain of newspapers all over the country.

"In most countries Radio is a government monopoly, sustained usually by some form of special license tax on Radio receivers. The American business genius and the development of advertising an inherent feature of all our commerce has planted an institution which sustains itself, without the sinister influence of bureaucratic control so common elsewhere. . .

"American advertisers must undertake to educate, inform and entertain, and are perpetually under competitive fire which tends to correct errors of all degree," said Dr. Klein, and continued:

"I think the best judgment is in agreement that our free field for Radio broadcasting represents a compliance with American temperament and American requirement, and possesses values in operation that are available nowhere else.

"The income available to Radio broadcasting demonstrates that final point. Sir John Reith, director of the British Broadcasting Corporation, which conducts the English monopoly estimates that he has an annual budget of \$7,000,000 to provide Radio entertainment and education for the entire British nation. Compare that with the \$150,000,000 which is annually laid out for the American listener.

"I think none of us would desire to see the service in the United States take the form that has been imposed upon Radio abroad. At best the governmental systems lean to heaviness and lack of variety in programs; while at worst, they degenerate to propaganda mechanisms aiming at the rigid enslavement of the popular mind to the particular ideas animating a controlling bureaucracy."

Henry A. Bellows, formerly a member of the Federal Radio Commission, now a vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System and chairman of the Legislative Committee of the National Association of Broadcasters, sounded a sharp note of warning against "the chiselling" legislation aimed to cripple the present system of American broadcasting. He spoke at the first regional meeting of the association held in San Francisco a few weeks ago.

"**I** AM inclined to think," he said, "that we broadcasters are the most guileless, trusting, credulous lot of men in the world. The traditional idiot who lights cigarettes in a powder factory is a marvel of sanity compared to us. And the strangest part of it is that most broadcasters absolutely refuse to look the facts in the face, or to recognize the power and activity of the forces which are fighting for legislation hostile to broadcasting, and quite possibly ruinous to it. . . Broadcasters have in general adopted the ostrich policy of hiding its head in the sand to such a degree that they no longer even see the perils from which they are hiding.

"First there is the danger of legislative inroads on the broadcast band of frequencies. Suppose, as the Glenn Amendment provided, that one channel is set aside for organized labor. Suppose the Fess bill had passed, and 15 per cent of all our broadcasting facilities were turned over to educational institutions. What would happen? Do you think for a moment that Agriculture would sit tamely back without demanding a share of the spoils? How



about the demands of organized and commercialized religion? The moment Congress establishes the legislative principle that wave lengths within the broadcast band are to be dealt out as rewards for political support, broadcasting as we now know it in America is doomed.

"Remember that back of all the efforts of special interests to secure wave lengths for themselves is a tremendous amount of pressure on Congress to destroy commercial broadcasting entirely. I don't think I need to tell you where most of this pressure originates.

"Competing media, having tried vainly to discredit broadcasting as a profitable method of advertising, are now trying to strike deeper, and to create a sentiment in favor of a tax-supported, advertising-free broadcasting system. . . The danger lies not in legislative overturning, but in legislative chiselling. Take away a frequency here; a frequency there; crowd the survivors a little more closely together; put seven stations on a wave length where now there are four: This is the program of the enemies of American broadcasting.

"More than this, disgust and weary the listeners by forcing them to listen to hours of propaganda, dreary lectures, interminable reports—this is the best possible way to kill off public interest in broadcasting, and to lessen its value commercially.

"The first big legislative battle is to keep broadcast allocations out of Congress. In such a battle, a battle for existence, nine-tenths of the broadcasters are content to sit back and do nothing."

Mr. Bellows was one of the first to call the broadcasters' attention to the menace of the Fess bill and created a sensation with his outspoken denunciation of the Fess bill and what it represented during the convention of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education last May. He is a far seeing and militant defender of the American Plan of Broadcasting.

ONE should not confuse the National Advisory COUNCIL on Radio in Education, which is opposed to the Fess bill, for the National Advisory COMMITTEE on Radio in Education, which is anxiously promoting the Fess bill. Armstrong Perry who has made a specialty of Radio writing for some years now has a job as director of the latter organization and is getting himself quoted a great deal in the newspapers on how terrible broadcasting is in this country. Recently he sailed for Europe. He succeeded in getting an interview through the Martin Codel newspaper syndicate of Radio news as follows:

"Commercial interests appear to be responsible for statements that Europeans are dissatisfied with the programs in their own countries, and that they want the American system which is operated primarily for advertising purposes. (*This comment should be well received by some publications—Editor.*) He said his observations, especially at the recent conventions of the National Education Association in Los Angeles and World Federation of Education Associations in Denver, were directly to the contrary.

"All of the persons interviewed had had an opportunity to hear programs

in the United States as well as in their own countries," said Mr. Perry. "Not one of them expressed a preference for the American programs. All were opposed to opening the air in their respective countries to commercial advertising."

Mr. Perry doubtless will have a jolly good time getting similar statements from other people in the 39 countries he is to visit on the other side of the ocean. He possibly may ask a few of the people in the 48 states on this side of the ocean as to their preferences when he comes back, or later, if he happens to think about them.

## American Radio For Americans

By William S. Paley

President, Columbia Broadcasting System

AFTER a visit to several European countries, lasting two months, I am more than ever convinced that every nation in the world gets eventually the type of Radio broadcasting best suiting its needs. By that I mean primarily that the temper of a people automatically decides in the long run what type of entertainment the Radio stations or networks will provide, and also what proportion of its programs will be given over to cultural presentations, and in what way this education will be administered.

In the United States, no one, least of all one in my position who has to deal with the supply of Radio entertainment on a large scale to millions of people over a tremendous area, would claim for one moment that we have attained perfection. The more progress we make, the more defects we are able to remedy, the more are we made to realize that even greater tasks lie before us. Pope's words are as true today as they were two hundred years ago: "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!"



William S. Paley

That is the case just as much in the countries lying on either side of the Alps as on this side of the Atlantic. European problems in broadcasting are fundamentally different from ours. Since the establishment of the Federal Radio Commission we have been able to evolve order out of chaos, by reducing drastically the number of stations and by rationalizing the distribution of wave lengths and power. It is an amazing thing to see thirty nations on the Continent of Europe working in harmony as well as they do, when

each as a sovereign state theoretically could claim absolute jurisdiction over Radio broadcasting within its boundaries. Fortunately they cooperate for the common good, but naturally it is not as easy for them as it is for us to punish delinquency and inefficiency as the part of individual stations.

In that respect we have a natural advantage, as we have also in the matter of a common language, and in the fact that we serve at once as many people

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Doris Kenyon contributes her say as to the better things about Hollywood

**M**ORE and more we are beginning to realize the comforts of a home. Radio receivers are coming out with new and added improvements each year. In fact one may listen to a concert through the Radio and obtain a better interpretation than he would in the actual presence of the musicians where he would probably hear the particular instruments nearest to the place where he happened to sit with an emphasis greater than the creator of the theme intended.

But let the musically trained technicians take hold of a concert for broadcasting and they will dope out a proper arrangement of microphones and a proper control of modulation so that you have an advantage of listening with half a dozen ears so placed at correct angles as to get the proper blend of harmony.

And now we have the Hollywood Radio Newsreel. That is bringing the talkies to your home minus only the screen—and even the screen is now possible with the advanced stage of television. The voices that you hear in the Hollywood Radio Newsreel are precisely the same as you hear them in the picture theatre—and that is a big step toward breaking down the prejudice against the so-called electrical transcription, or recorded program.

It is a big idea the proportions of which cannot be fully comprehended at first thought. It came about, we are informed, through a speech made over the air by George Arliss the dean and "Defender of Hollywood." Mr. Arliss resents bitterly the snippy attitude of many self-assumed "superior persons."

"When anyone leans toward me with sorrowful eyes," said Mr. Arliss, "and murmurs, 'But, Mr. Arliss you don't really like Hollywood, do you?' I know that I am in the presence of one of

these superior persons; and I answer, 'Yes, I do like Hollywood.'"

In his speech the famous actor pointed out that the people who are in the pictures must keep themselves physically and mentally fit to perform the work required of them.

"Suppose that a star should come along an hour late to the studio," he said, "that hour would cost the management thousands of dollars. . . . What are the actual facts? The men and the women of the stage have to reach the studio at eight in the morning, often earlier. They have to look bright and sparkling, and have to be prepared to memorize and speak lines at a moment's notice. They must have every faculty keen and alert. Is it possible that they could maintain this physical fitness if they did not lead reasonably quiet and sober lives?"

"Of course there are black sheep; of course there are scandals. But remember there are 30,000 actors and actresses in Hollywood and every one of them is potential copy for the newspapers. To keep out of print you have to be not only respectable but lucky."

This speech was the apparent inspiration for the Hollywood Radio Newsreel which you may hear, and by closing your eyes "see," sitting quietly at your home near your Radio set.

**T**HE editor of the fabled Daily Press had listened to the Arliss program and heard him say in conclusion, "I wish some honest person would come to Hollywood and write about it . . . somebody who hasn't any axe to grind . . . so that the public might be told the truth about life here as it really is."

The managing editor called in his star reporter, Don Kelly.

# *That* HOLLY NEWS

*Elite of Film Colony Back George Arliss in Broadcast Series to Tell Truth About Their Town*

"How would you like to go to Hollywood?" he asked.

"Hollywood! Oh Boy!"

At that instant the Arliss prayer is in process of being answered. Don listens carefully to his instructions.

"Dig up new stuff. Get a fresh slant on personalities and things."

There are other hints and suggestions before Don boards the train for Hollywood. He meets a girl on the train also Hollywood bound. She becomes an elusive creature and through her the young reporter runs into many a stirring adventure.

So there is a thread of a story as the Radio Newsreel unwinds from week to week. Among the notables who are flashed across the scene are such personalities as Dorothy Mackail, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Winnie Lightner, Evelyn Knapp and in the course of this month of September will come a release with John Barrymore as the star.



Dorothy Mackail does not think the film capital is at all bad and tells the world so



# WOOD *Radio* REEL

The question has often been asked as to why famous movie stars do not have a more conspicuous part in Radio. Their work has required their presence in the studios at times when the greatest Radio audiences were listening. But with the perfection of the massive 16 inch recording discs that are used in talking pictures and their adaptability to Radio transcription this problem has been solved. The Hollywood Radio Newsreel is produced just the same as the sounds are recorded for a sound picture film. Every precaution is taken to prevent the taking of extraneous noises. The result is a broadcast that can not be distinguished from the original voices should they happen to be in the studio at the time of the broadcast.

In this way the producers of the Radio Newsreel can acquire the cooperation of the film celebrities who may go to the Warner studios where the Hollywood Radio Newsreel is produced, or, to make the scene even more realistic, the record may be made right on the stage where they have been at work. This makes it possible for the Radio Newsreel producers to acquire the star at his or her most suitable convenience, whether it be at 4 o'clock in the afternoon or 6 o'clock in the morning. To

hold the star for a personal appearance at a certain studio at some specific period on the day's broadcast program would be inordinately expensive, either for the star or for the producer. When you hear a film celebrity—a real one—on a special sponsored program for some special gala event you may know that this notable is being well compensated.

This month, if you have not already done so, you will hear the great John Barrymore. To get John Barrymore on the Hollywood Radio Newsreel was no simple matter even for such a resourceful and astute newspaper reporter as Mr. Don Kelly. Don needed a friend, and whom should he find but Mr. Wilson Mizner, the playwright and producer who knew John Barrymore way back when they stumbled together over the hot ruins of the San Francisco fire (earthquake). Together they approached the unapproachable. The miracle was performed.

**WE** HAVE heard the play-back on this edition of the Radio newsreel and it really is a gem. It will doubtless be conceded as one of the greatest single shorts ever to have been broadcast. King John the Great is at his best playing the part of Svengali. But there's a touch to his lines as you hear them through the amplifier that you can get in no other way. Your imagination paints a picture that you do not see on the screen—a mingling of John Barrymore and a mysterious creature of fiction.

You are standing beside Kelly, Mizner and John as they exchange casual pleasantries and then John goes into his act. He is no longer Barrymore but a weird and dominating creature with a voice that chills and thrills. You are hypnotized as you sit in the dim penumbra of the lighted stage. And when it ends you are still straining your ears for that penetrating voice. But you hear only the voice of Mizner who says, "This man doesn't act *Svengali*, he is *Svengali*."

The spell is broken. *Svengali* has



Don Kelly, the reporter who goes to Hollywood to get the facts and give the world a better opinion of the Land of Picture Dreams

vanished into the nothingness from whence he came. And it is John Barrymore who takes up the answer to Mizner's comment. He says: "I heard what you said, Wilson. It's a left handed compliment. This fellow *Svengali* was the dirtiest old swine in the world, with gravy all over his vest."

Then Don Kelly comes out of his trance. He doesn't seem to know exactly what to say. But Barrymore does not linger long, and the reel snaps to a close leaving you impressed with the feeling that something has come to you out of your Radio that is big and unique.

Barrymore is the feature of this particular edition but all the time you are kept intrigued by the running thread of the story. You are anxious to hear the next installment.

Don Kelly, the reporter, is portrayed by Frederick MacKaye of the Warner Brothers—First National Studios. Radio listeners will recognize Miss Evelyn Knapp, who is featured with him throughout the series, as the little beauty frequently identified with the George Arliss productions. No one expects to find a throbbing love story in a newsreel and this Radio newsreel is no exception. But there is a distinct strain of romance. Janet Gordon whom Kelly meets on the train as he is whirling toward Hollywood has inspired him with something more than curiosity. There had been one glorious night on the observation platform as the train rolled over a moon-lit trail toward the Pacific. In the morning he had hoped to greet her before she could leave the train. But he discovered that she had already departed. The young woman he learned was Janet Gordon. She had told him she had a contract to act in the movies with Warner Brothers. But he could



Jaan-ette? Janet Gordon, where are you? This is the elusive miss who disappeared



find no one at Warner Brothers who had ever heard of her.

True to its name the Radio newsreel picks up its recording devices and goes out after the news. So it happens that as Radio Digest goes to press the real reporters back of the production are getting ready to meet a new European cinema star scheduled to arrive on the Ile de France. Hollywood has called and beautiful Lil Dagovar has kissed Paris good-bye. (See picture in rotogravure section.)

Along side of the sound film cameras will be seen the Radio newsreel apparatus as the ship on which Dagovar is a passenger comes into New York harbor. She will be interviewed, and photographed. Later, as you sit in your easy chair with the Radio newsreel tuned in you will be able to hear and visualize the whole incident. You will recall the scene of many other similar incidents you have seen in moving pictures and you will be able to fill in the background to suit yourself.

And it will be real news for the release will not be stored away for some future time but will be put on the air immediately. In doing this the Radio Newsreel of Hollywood doubtless will initiate a precedent that may eventually evolve into a significant feature of future broadcasting when a similar news service will be furnished regularly to those more remote stations not now hooked up with the big chains for such events; or news events may be syndicated by transcriptions which are not covered by the big chains—the kind of news which newspapers call "features."

For more reasons than one you will find it well worth your while to tune

in the Radio Newsreel of Hollywood.

In fact it may not be too presumptuous to hope that this form of broadcast may eventually prove the connect-

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### To Select Radio Queen

*ALL that is new in Radio and television will be exhibited this month at the annual Radio Fair at Madison Square Garden in New York. Also, radio stations all over the country are photographing their most pulchritudinous damsels to contest for the coveted title "Radio Queen of America." It looks as though the judges are in for a tough time of it because there's more feminine beauty in Radio than ever . . . it seems as if broadcast studios are selecting their artists with an eye to television . . . Several freely admit that it is just what they are doing. We'll tell you all about it next month and our pages will be graced with pictures of the leading contestants. A similar "show" will be staged at the Coliseum in Chicago, October 19 to 25. If you can get to either exhibition it will be very much worth your time and trouble.*

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ing link between the present order and that of the ultimate combination of vision and sound—a parallel of the talking picture.

Motion picture film has been and still is being transmitted by the Jenkins laboratories. The complaint has been that

the scan lines are too conspicuous. Within a few months the 48 line screen has given way to the 60 line screen. There has been published at various times a report that the Radio Corporation of America is manufacturing equipment that will transmit and receive an image with the refinement of 120 lines to the inch. Some conception of that effectiveness may be gained from a study of the half-tone photographs in Radio Digest which are made on a screen 110 lines to the inch.

The Warner Brothers, who manufacture the discs for the Radio newsreel were the first to produce sound pictures. They used the large disc record, which they still use. But sound pictures are also well produced by R. C. A. on motion picture film through use of the photo electric cell which makes a record of sound produced in a track running on the film beside the picture as it is photographed.

One of the big national newsreels, recognizing the fact that advertising can really be entertaining, has already begun producing what is frankly called an "advertising newsreel." The fact that an oil company sponsors the Hollywood Radio Newsreel does not detract in the least from the interest shown in this feature. If the same oil company should find it practical to present a Hollywood scene at the same time it presents a story will the Radio fans become alarmed?

It's not likely they will. And the Hollywood Newsreel a la sound and television will have solved the problem of cost for production and distribution for the ultimate consumer—the Radio fan who sits at home, looks and listens.



Hollywood Newsreel artists putting on makeup





*Gangling Hill-Billy at 19, he "got religion" and started schooling. Now, College-bred, Bradley and his "hound-dawg guitar" win baskets of fan mail*

## Bradley Kincaid, Mountaineer

**W**HEN a star shoots into the Radio firmament to burn with a continued bright radiance, it is well to inquire into the reason for its brilliance. What makes it shine more brightly than others in the constellation?

Let us not continue the celestial metaphor, however. It would embarrass Bradley Kincaid. For all his success on the air, he is as simple as the mountain people from whom he came. Let us rather inquire into the reasons for his particular success as a Radio entertainer. That success is phenomenal. At station WLS he received more than 100,000 letters a year for four years. At WLW in *four weeks*, 50,000 people wrote to him. His song books, published only because thousands of his listeners have demanded copies of his songs, have sold to the number of more than 200,000.

And why? Probably because Bradley Kincaid is one of the most sincere entertainers in America. Everyone who meets him is impressed with his absolute truthfulness. There is no "hokum" about his singing. His songs he learned as a child, and since then by going back to his people in the summer to live among them and to write down the things they

By NATALIE GIDDINGS

sing that are new to him. He does not, as many other entertainers do, sing pioneer ballads because he knows there is a current taste for them. It was his good fortune to discover that the music he knows has that elusive quality of being "what the people want."

"Those old mountain ballads are as much a part of me as my hands and feet. I was raised on them," he explains.

Where was he "raised"? In Garrard County, Kentucky, where the Cumberland chain is a blue haze on the horizon, and rock-sprouting foothills give promise of towering mountains just beyond. Bradley Kincaid was born three years before the turn of the century.

He was the fourth child of William and Elizabeth Hurt Kincaid, who had gone to house-keeping in the little warehouse across the road from Grandfather Hurt's four-room house.

Bradley's great-grandfather on the Kincaid side was born in Virginia, a single generation removed from the Scotland that sired his family. But the Virginia Kincaid migrated to Kentucky by foot and by flat boat and settled in

Breathitt County. Elizabeth Hurt, Bradley's mother, also was Kentuckian by birth. She could trace her ancestry back to the Hanks family, whose illustrious descendant was Abraham Lincoln, son of Nancy Hanks and Tom Lincoln. Thus Bradley Kincaid was born a true son of Kentucky in a county that lies midway between the Cumberlands and the Blue Grass.

**W**HEN Bradley made his first appearance, Garrard County had progressed in some degree beyond its wild frontier aspect of the time of Lincoln's birth when the chief habitations were little more than log huts in a wilderness clearing. But the mountain folk who were Bradley's people, the mountain folk who sang the songs Bradley later was to make famous all over the country, were as simple in heart and in manner as those earliest pioneers who carved the Kentucky frontier out of forest and grasslands.

Their wants are few: a clapboarded house strong enough to keep out the wind, with a generous fireplace that is furnace to warm the house, and oven to bake the corn pone and 'aters that are the basis of their daily fare. A little





When Bradley went home to learn new ballads, men women and children flocked to hear him

tobacco growing in the fields sparsely scratched out of the grasp of the stony hill sides, a few chickens ranging the grass, and some fat shoats in the barn yard, with corn to piece out their earnings are enough to take care of their frugal needs.

It was into this atmosphere of simplicity that Bradley Kincaid was born. Six children came after him in the Kincaid family. In the Kentucky foothills they consider it their "bounden duty" to obey the Biblical injunction to "be fruitful and multiply."

"If you find a family down home that has only four or five children, they'll apologize and tell you that the chimney fell down and killed six of them, or that they died of the small pox," Bradley says.

Bradley, of all the family, was the most studious, although in all his youth he went to school no more than three terms. These terms were only three months each, in the heat of summer, when the boys could best be spared between the planting and the harvest. But Bradley read everything he could get his hands on. Like Abraham Lincoln he spent many evenings on his stomach before the fireplace, elbows on the floor to prop up his chin while he pored over the Bible by the light of the fire. There were few books, to be sure, but what there were, Bradley read. He walked miles to borrow almanacs, Berkley's "The Principals of Human Knowledge," dime novels, histories, even copies of old newspapers and the iniquitous *Police Gazette*. He could outspell anyone in the county. Later, when he went to school in earnest, he outdistanced all his classes in spelling and in grammar.

The story has been told before of

how music came to the Kincaid family; of how Bradley's father, a fox hunting farmer, traded one of his hounds to a negro for the guitar which Bradley learned to play, and which to this day is called "the hound dawg guitar" after its manner of acquisition. Although his brothers and sisters wouldn't part with the "hound dawg guitar" when Bradley went away to school, and the guitar he plays on the air is a fine one, he still owns that first instrument. Those he plays now, automatically become "hound dawg guitars".

In spite of his early bookishness, Bradley showed little promise of being anything other than the run-of-mine Kentucky boy, lazy, ambitionless, and a little too easily tempted by the jug of moonshine that was part of the house-keeping equipment of every home in his neighborhood. At the age of nineteen he was a big, good natured, good for nothing boy, content to help his father in the fields, and to gang up at night with the other boys in the neighborhood to drink a little "likker" and play his guitar.

Then one of those things happened that religious people call the work of God, and unbelievers credit to Circumstance. At the age of nineteen, Bradley "got religion". It changed his whole life. There was a revival meeting at Point Level, the town nearest his home. Bradley and the other boys made life miserable for the minister in every way boys could think of to create commotion.

The night before the last meeting, Jimmy Ralston, an older boy, whom Bradley respected, urged him to come into the revival meeting the next day. Bradley was tired of mischief, tired of hanging around outside the meeting house while

all his friends and "relations" were inside, so he agreed to go in.

What the preacher said in the meeting, with Bradley sitting in the front row, is forgotten. What Bradley remembers is that he went forward with the "converts" at the end of the meeting, and while the minister prayed over him, in his mind and heart was born a great craving for education. Still kneeling at the altar, he determined that he would graduate from college no matter how much hardship that might mean for him.

That September found Bradley Kincaid starting out to walk to Berea College, twenty miles from his home where he could go to school and work at the same time. He entered the sixth grade in the grammar school. At night he "hopped bells" in the local hotel to pay his expenses, for he had no money of his own, nor any from home. One can imagine the struggle it must have been for him to complete the eighth grade of school. He was of course much older than the children in the grades with him. He was, in fact, a grown man. He was out of the habit of studying. Precocious youngsters outdistanced him in classes. Only in spelling and in grammar he outshone all his classmates. This adeptness and his insuperable determination to have a college education helped him to struggle on and complete his grade school education, he says.

Finishing the eighth grade at the age of 21, Bradley immediately enlisted in the United States army and went to France. One asks if he took his guitar to France with him. Strange to say, the answer is that the guitar had not even gone with him to Berea, for the Kincaid family wouldn't part with it. Naturally, he had no money to buy another. Too, Bradley wouldn't think of singing the mountain songs. Instead he sang in church choirs, and went about the community in the summer as soloist with a circuit rider in revival services. In the army, he sang lead tenor with an impromptu quartet. Even then, it didn't occur to him that outsiders might like his Kentucky songs.

After the war, he went back to Berea and entered high school. He was 23 years old. During his three years there, he fell in love with Irma Foreman, a graduate of Oberlin Conservatory, who was teaching music in the high school. Bradley graduated from high school in June of his twenty-sixth year. In August he and Irma were married. In September he went to work for the Kentucky state Y. M. C. A.

"Bradley, if you still want to go to college, I can take care of myself," Irma told him at the end of their second year of marriage. The idea of the college education for him was still paramount in the minds of both of them. Accordingly, they took the \$400 they had saved and moved to Chicago so that he could enter the Y. M. C. A. college there. Irma went

(Continued on page 95)



# They Called Ted Lewis Circleville's Bad Boy

By Phil Stong

**T**ED LEWIS. The name will inspire a dozen associations for vaudeville, movie, Radio, revue and night club audiences—"The High-Hatted Tragedian of Song," "Is Everybody Happy?" "When My Baby Smiles At Me," "St. Louis Blues," a battered but perfectly-trained silk topper tumbling down a straight arm to a deft toe which whirls it back with impossible precision to a dark curly head.

In Circleville, Ohio, where Ted's mother listened to his first chain broadcast, over WEAJ and 42 other stations on a Saturday evening of last March the occasion must have aroused somewhat different associations. Mrs. Friedman—for Ted was born Theodore Friedman—must have thought at once of that noisy, busy little instrument the telegraph. It played a large part in the beginning of Ted's career. At least four times it saved him from starving to death and returned him from theatrical ventures to his father's clothing store, the largest ladies' ready-to-wear shop in Circleville.

There are still enough of Ted's old playmates left about Circleville to recall that twenty-five years ago this month Ted fell through the ice on the old Ohio Canal, and that except for good-luck and some fast rescue work he would not now be troubled by the St. Louis Blues. There are others who remember the circumstances of his departure from the Circleville Boys' Band. Ted's entire musical education had come from "Cricket" Smith, the town's colored barber and



Ted Lewis and his famous hat

banjo player. When the Boys' Band gave Ted a clarinet cadenza in "The Holy City" he applied some of the then revolutionary theories of syncopation he had learned from Smith, thus terminating his connection with one of Circleville's most respected musical organizations.

Ted's escapades and his frequent runaways made him an undesirable character to the mothers of Circleville. His first flight was with a band which played for the "koochie-koochie" girls at county fairs through central Ohio. He also got up at five in the morning to blow up the balloon vendors' supply of toy balloons. These occupations, though they seemed romantic to his parents. He was brought home and under painful persuasion promised not to run away again.

Almost immediately afterward he joined a burlesque troupe—Gus Sun time—at \$20 a week, but the \$20 turned out to be stage money. For the second time he was rescued by telegraph. His third flight was to the big city of Columbus. He passed out circulars for a clothing company for \$7 a week, at first, then worked in his uncle's music store. He lasted three weeks, but learned to blow "Taps" on a cornet. This was a useful acquirement, for the next two runaways were to shows which died either shortly before or shortly after he joined them, to the enrichment of the telegraph companies and the dismay of Circleville's best families.

*Continued on page 88*



# Carveth Wells

## Twists *the* Lion's "Tale"

*Celebrated Explorer Debunks the Terrors of Darkest Africa -- Says Lions Are Lazy Cats and Had to Feed Them Red Pepper to Make 'em Roar*

By Don A. Higgins

EVER since Carveth Wells was frost-bitten on the equator he has been a skeptic. This skepticism was increased when he discovered he had to feed red pepper to wild African lions to make them roar. It warped his life to such an extent that any day now he may broadcast to the world that Little Red Riding Hood ate the wolf instead of vice versa.

Most likely Wells would discover that grandmother ate both of them. He has a habit of establishing unusual facts. Some of his stories are so amazing that they provoke mild expressions of disbelief, such as "Liar!"

That appellation has hounded him from Hoboken to the home of the Hottentots, or wherever his work as adventurer and author has taken him. "For instance," he recalled, "when I was telling some natives in Malay about America, I said I had seen some ice coming out of the sky in lumps big enough to break windows. 'Bohong' exclaimed my native audience, meaning 'liar.'"

Wells recently has dared to reveal his natural facts in a series of talks over a network of the National Broadcasting Company. It was a success. Not one listener wired in questioning his accuracy, although he told how he braved a snowstorm in equatorial Africa, perspired in the heat of Arctic Lapland, discovered fish bouncing on the Malay beach and viewed a flock of telegraph poles dashing along the African horizon.



Carveth Wells

The latter turned out to be giraffes.

A day fled by, and NBC failed to receive a single protest against this prevaricator. Then the letters rolled in.

"They are the most surprising and intelligent lot," said Wells as he fingered one asking him to mail back an elephant. None maligned him. A lady wrote, "I am one of those people who never applaud—not even when a trapeze performer breaks a leg." She sent regards.

"You are the only Britisher who speaks clearly enough for we Connecticut Yankees to understand," advised another. Hundreds wrote that his Sunday talks kept them from church. Wells beamed boyishly. At last, truth was being understood for the first time since he wrote, "In Coldest Africa," and compiled his film, "Hell Below Zero."

HE became apprehensive however, on receipt of a letter from a California listener, suggesting "A horseback ride on a gentle, unbridled rhinoceros sounds novel—we are taking Africa into consideration for this summer's vacation." Wells had suggested no such thing.

On the other hand, he has hunted lions armed with hardly more than a pair of binoculars and a feather duster—Wells, not the lions. He had to bump them with the fender of his car to get action for his pictures. The adventurer says lions are lazy. They would rather sleep than eat. So he always went out to look at them while they were sleeping.

He rescued one



Stowmanke Public Museum Photo

Enjoying a friendly romp with a pet bottle-fed lion





A group of Masai . . . These people live entirely on blood and milk

scorched cub from an African bush fire, raised it on a bottle and a nanny goat, shipped it by stateroom and pullman car to the Milwaukee zoo. There, the lion, now full grown, gets playful moods and pulls Wells' hair by its teeth.

The wildest sight he saw in the African jungle—which isn't a jungle at all—was a group of high school boys and girls making whoopee as they rode 40 miles an hour through the African veldt. They sang Rudy Vallee's latest tune.

**W**ELLS' penchant for the peculiar things in nature started when he went to the Malay Peninsula as a railroad engineer. He began an adventurous six years when, on the first night in his hotel, insects as big as lobsters dived from the ceiling into his soup.

"What is carrying on here?" he inquired of the waiter. "What is this horrible creature?" The waiter assured him it was harmless. Wells looked again and saw the monster turn at the edge of the table, place its forelegs in a meditative position and beg forgiveness. It was a praying mantis.

So the author wasn't startled when he saw fish bounce up on the beaches or wink at him from tree tops, not to mention monkeys that picked their teeth after eating, or deer that grew only seven inches tall.

Life in the midst of this sort of thing plus malaria fever brought Wells to America in search of health. He was told he would die, but he lived to head an expedition to the Mountains of the Moon—a mysterious range lost in the mists of central Africa.

"The climate of equatorial Africa is as delightful as that of Bermuda," Wells said. "It is temperate the year round. The greatest discomfort we had was from snow and hailstorms. But when our feet were being chilled by the snow, we were compelled to wear sun helmets and spine pads to avoid sunstroke."

Wells also has traveled in search of queer truths in northern Lapland, the Caribbean, Morocco, Syria, Palestine and Egypt. He saw the inexplicable migration of millions of rodents, called the lemming, in their mad dash from Lapland to death by drowning in the sea. It happens every 21 years.

Wells today is a good-natured adventurer of forty-four years, sweltering over a new book in his musty workshop fronting Madison Avenue, New York. There he was found, handsome and pink-cheeked, dictating his latest work in his best Cornish accent.

"You have said a lot about the freaks of nature," he was reminded, "now tell us a bit about yourself."

"I'm an 1887 Jubilee baby," he began, "I weighed eight and one half pounds when born, and my mother was fifty-one years of age. My father was a Bermudian and my mother a Cornish woman. I am a combination of pirate and Celt. I believe that St. Patrick came over from Ireland to Cornwall on a millstone.

"At four, I went to the village school, and by six I could knit, sew, crochet, make baskets and play the piano, but my hobbies were the breeding of silk worms and white mice. At the age of thirteen, I was at the bottom of St. Paul's School, London.

"Love entered my life when I was fourteen, but ultimately I eloped with my fiancée's younger sister and married her with \$30 in my pocket. For two years we lived in the wilds of

Saskatchewan on the survey of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. We then drifted home to London where I built flip-flaps, wiggle-woggles and scenic railways for White City, London's Coney Island.

"My railway experience stood me in good stead when I next secured a teaching job in the Central Technical College, London's 'Boston Tech.'

"I was now the father of a beautiful boy, but as my responsibility increased, my salary seemed to diminish. I began to quarrel with my wife. Finally, I decided to seek a job in as dangerous a place as I could in order to get more money and at the same time, make my wife miserable and conscious of my martyrdom for her sake.

**I** SAILED for the Malay Peninsula and as soon as I arrived began imploring my wife to join me. Eventually she did, and we lived in the jungle until, broken in health, I came to America to die. A diet of liver and strawberries, combined with work as a laborer in a shipyard, restored my good health, and I discovered that it was far more practical to lecture about engineering than to practice it."

Wells is a fellow of the Royal Geographic Society and member of similar groups. He is not a newcomer to Radio. Ten years ago he talked over WEA before the days of networks. He also participated in the early day fun of the Hoot Owl club of KGW at Portland, Ore.

One of Wells' unusual Radio stunts was the broadcasting of his travel talks to school children while, in different schools, they viewed his films perfectly synchronized to his studio remarks. That was before the days of the sound film. Radio editors viewing these films by Mr. Wells were convinced he had performed a great public service. In fact he had notwisted a badly twisted tale of the African lion's ferocity and proved him a gentle but lazy beast.



Milwaukee Public Museum Photo

Watchful waiting





Above: Trouping in the old days. Willie and Eugene Howard toured the vaudeville circuits with one act which was so good it held out for three long years.

Right: Willie Howard, Mrs. Willie, Eugene and Mrs. Eugene. Taken in San Francisco when they made the Orpheum theatre electric lights.



IT IS the early winter of 1900. The Harlem Museum, at 115th Street and Third Avenue, New York City, is packed to the doors. Amateur night, a weekly feature at this popular music hall, is in full swing. On the stage a boy, just past sixteen, is singing in smooth, though untrained, tenor voice, one of the popular ballads of the day. A boy, much younger, in the audience joins in, his rich soprano voice blending perfectly with the tenor on the stage.

The song is finished. The audience shouts, stamps its feet, whistles for more. (Mere applauding with the hands would have been considered too effeminate in that audience.) The tenor and his boy partner sing their song four more times before the audience will let the remainder of the show go on.

The evening is over. Two boys go to their homes, enriched by \$10. They have won first prize in the amateur contest. They are more determined than ever

That's why he sang tonight from the audience. The law bars child performers.

Thirty years have passed since that particular amateur night in the Harlem Museum. (The Harlem Museum itself has passed into memory.) The same two boys, one a trifle bald, both much fatter, have just finished working ten minutes in front of a microphone in the WABC studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System.\* They will receive approximately \$1,500 for their work from the A. S. Beck Shoe Company, sponsors of the program.

The Harlem Museum was the first and the Columbia Studio broadcast was one of the most recent of many thrills in the careers of Willie and Eugene Howard, who for almost thirty years have been favorite entertainers of America's vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy and talking picture patrons, and who have now established themselves as great favorites

\* This article was written at the time the Howard Brothers were broadcasting from CBS, New York.

# The hoofing Howards

By Leonard

upon having a theatrical career. The larger boy has his heart set on success in the opera. The smaller boy knows he must wait several years yet, because he is too young to be permitted upon the stage.

in the hearts of the Radio audience.

It would not be fair to Willie and Eugene to say that the Radio has brought them a new audience. It would be more truthful to say that the Radio has given to them a new way to reach their millions of admirers, for there is hardly a member of their Radio audience that has not seen them in person. Since the Harlem Museum days the Howard Brothers have appeared in every city and town in the country that boasted a theater. And it is a safe gamble that if that theater was fortunate enough to have an electric sign, the lights at one time or another spelled their names. In the vernacular of the theater, the names of Willie and Eugene Howard have had a longer, sustained place in lights than those of any other American comedy team. And they are still going strong!

THE older folks, who flocked to Proctor's in New York to hear and see Anna Held, Louise Dressler, now the movie comedienne, Jack Norworth and other stars of that day, will probably remember Willie as the handsome curly-haired boy, who sang popular ballads as he carried water up and down the aisles during intermission. Let him tell you about that:

"I was too young to go on the stage," he said, "The children's society was far too strict. So Harry Witmark, the music publisher, devised a way to get by these restrictions. He put me to work as a water boy and it was my job to sing the songs he published as I passed out the water to the audience. Anna Held liked my singing very much, and it sure gave me a thrill when she told Mr. Witmark that she wanted me to sing at every theater she played in. So for more than a year I traveled from one New York theater to another with Anna Held. I was too young to go on the road, so I was limited to New York."

It was Eugene who had his heart set on an operatic career. The closest he ever got to this ideal was a hearing at



*They're Thousand-Dollar-A-Throw  
Radio and Stage Headliners Now, but  
It Was a Long Climb and a Hard One  
from the Music Halls of Thirty Years  
Ago to Stardom for Willie and Eugene  
Stewart Smith*

the American Opera House, shortly after the first amateur night victory.

"I wrote about a dozen letters to the late Henry W. Savage, manager of the American Opera," Gene told me. "One of the biggest thrills I ever got was when I received a letter from him asking me to come in for a voice test. He told me I had possibilities but that my voice needed training. Of course that was out of the question. Money was very scarce in our family. So I got a job in the chorus of *A Million Dollars*, which was to be a super-operetta, starring Cora Tanner, Joseph M. Sparks, Natio Martinetti and Phil Ott.

"THAT gave me a big thrill. At last I was in a show. We rehearsed for twelve weeks. There was no Actors' Equity Association in those days and managers could rehearse shows without pay as long as they wanted to. Well we opened, and within two weeks I was out of a job. The show closed. My father at that time wanted me to give up the idea of being a singer and stick to stenography, at which I was very adept. But it only increased my determination to go on. By the way, Pat Rooney, the much-imitated dancer and singer was in that show, too. He also was far from being a star at that time. His job in the show was to play the hind legs of an elephant.

"I wasn't long out of a job, however. The manager of *A Million Dollars* liked my work and gave me my first part on the stage, a small role in *Quo Vadis*, which ran for more than a year. Wilton Lackaye, Ledo Otis Procter and Carlotta Neilson were the stars in that show. I had to speak about four lines in the show, but it was enough to get my name in the program, and that too was a thrill. I believe I took more programs than they gave out to audiences. I kept hundreds of copies of the programs for years."

"Programs were all over the house," Willie added. "Gene's name was next to the last one. But you would have

thought he was the star in the show the way he showed programs around."

Willie's first appearance on the stage was with a burlesque company—Lizzie Evans in *Cozy Corners*. He was



A rare pose (because it's serious and not clowning) of the two Howard brothers, who are inseparable.

Left: Willie impersonates Al Jolson in the kneeling throes of *Mammy*, while Gene obligingly holds the mike in a convenient position.

a member of the *Cozy Corners Quartet*—all shows in those days, particularly burlesque shows, had to have a quartet—and he stayed with that show during almost an entire season in New York. When it came time for the show to go on the road, Willie, still too young to travel, had to quit.

Gene had returned from a road tour with *The Belle of New York*, and he and Willie decided to work together. They got a job in Williams' Cabaret at 112th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, a favorite rendezvous of the New York sporting class. Here's what Willie said:

"We were hired for \$18 a week, but the first night our tips exceeded \$200. That crowd made money very easily. Gamblers and their sweethearts were, for the most part, the majority of the patrons of the place. These people loved to hear the sentimental songs and Gene could sure sing them. Why, one night a woman gave Gene a hundred-dollar bill to sing

*The Palms*. It was the first time we had ever seen a bill of that size and for weeks we were afraid to try and change it for fear it was a counterfeit. But finally we got up enough nerve to give it to our father, who took it to the bank and found it was authentic. We sure were thrilled with that. After that you just couldn't get Gene to stop singing *The Palms*. Other songs in his repertoire at that time were *The Rosary*, and *Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets*. My favorites were *When You Were Sweet Sixteen*, and *Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fonder*. The folks liked those songs."

What does it take to make a Radio star? Well, here you have the background, the early beginnings of the Howards. When the Big Moment came to do Big things before the mike it stood them in good stead. They are now ready for Radio or television. They believe that a laugh is always better than a cry.





# Maria Georgievskia

*fled*  
*from* **REVOLUTION**



Maria Georgievskia, WLWL's Russian Gypsy Contralto

*to* **Fame**

By  
*Maybelle Austin*

of us mortals.

Although her early childhood was spent in this idyllic atmosphere, she was still in her early 'teens when her father entered her in a university. He, himself, was leaving for the United States on an extended business trip and desired to see his daughter settled before his departure. This turned out to be rather fortunate for the

young lady, as the Great War broke out shortly after her father left Russia. According to Miss Georgievskia, in almost breath-taking time, came clamour, confusion, bloodshed, and the red riot of the revolution. All communication with her father had long since ceased; she was practically bereft and alone and almost penniless. So she decided that the only thing to do was to escape from Russia—almost an impossibility under the new regime which had sprung up after the close of the war. Dauntless and unafraid, she packed a few belongings one night, and along with a few other courageous souls, escaped on horseback to the Russian border where she was promptly arrested by Bolshevik authorities. Here was a predicament! According to Miss Georgievskia, she "made eyes" at the

soldiers, cried a little bit, sang a few of the haunting gypsy songs she had learned as a child, won their sympathy, and charmed them completely. After seeing her in person, it is not difficult to understand their lenient attitude—she is an extremely fascinating and beautiful young woman. They helped her to a train which took her to the German border, where she again encountered trouble in the form of the Teutonic officials. While holding her under suspicion, they examined her baggage and were surprised to discover a volume of philosophy by Nietzsche written in their own native tongue. To find such profound literature in the possession of such a young girl aroused the curiosity of the German lieutenant in charge, and he questioned her.

**J**UST as her beauty and vivid personality won for her the help of her countrymen, here in Germany her intelligence and brilliant mind helped to gain her purpose, and she was permitted to proceed to Berlin. Here she got her first position, that of an entertainer in a cafe. From Berlin, she went to Paris, where for many months she sang in various cabarets and night-clubs in the Latin Quarter. The timbre and vibrance of her contralto voice, the beauty of her native songs, and her own appealing personality, won a considerable measure of fame, and so it was that she received an offer of an engagement from the internationally-famous Cafe Pti-Cant in Constantinople. In this city, she appealed to the American  
*(Continued on page 96)*

**I**F you can visualize the peaceful village of Koorsk in central Russia during the early Twentieth Century in "before-the-war" days, surrounded by jutting snow-capped Ural Mountains, nestling in a fertile green valley; if you can imagine eerie, white, moonlit nights, glistening church spires, deep-toned bells calling to vespers, the pounding hoofs of cavalry horses carrying arrogant soldiers of the Tsar clad in brilliant uniforms, and laughing, happy, people who spent their days hunting, fishing, and sleigh-riding—then you have a vivid picture of Maria Georgievskia's early environment. Had this pre-war mode of existence continued in Russia, Miss Georgievskia would have had no reason to leave her native soil, and then there would have been no story. Thus does life make playthings





DOROTHY (Miss America) Knapp is the first television artist signed up by the National Broadcasting Company. Her charm score is 100 per cent but this is about all you can see of her as she comes through the air from the NBC television studios atop the Empire State world's tallest building in New York.

Dorothy Knapp





Lil

Dagovar

(Left)

**HOLLYWOOD** Radio Newsreel scored some kind of a scoop when its representatives boarded the Ile de France in New York harbor and interviewed Miss Dagovar, European movie queen. The interview was recorded like a talkie and broadcast by electrical transcription.

Natalie

Towers

(Right)

**AFTER** television has scurried around all the corners and someone suddenly pipes up, "Who was the first television star?" Columbia will point to Natalie. You may have heard and seen her on the opening night of the CBS television station W2XAB. Ted Husing introduced her.










## Gamby

ON another page you will see another picture of this great Radio star. At last she is to come into her own, for she has already been introduced to the television audience over W2XCR, New York. Remember way back when Gamby, primere de-seuse, was called tremblingly to the microphone for her Radio debut? She was aghast but Roxy teased and so she made her debut—and now at last she can broadcast her real art.





**Bernardine  
Flynn**

NOW that the Big Chains have taken up television in a more or less big way the lads and lassies who appear in Radio drama are looking forward to the big chance. And that's where you will find Miss Flynn who is in just about everything that's dramatic that comes over the NBC networks from the Chicago studios. She's all set for the flying spot when they begin shooting scenes from the big Century of Progress fair in 1933.






**Ellen  
Jane  
Frohman**

**KING PAUL**, the great maestro Paintman, tuned WLW in at Cincinnati one night and got a thrill. She turned out to be Miss Ellen Jane—and what a heavenly voice! Sweet and low with a soul! King Paul commands, and now Miss Frohman is heard regularly over the NBC network. She was born in St. Louis, 24 years ago and graduated with two degrees from the University of Missouri. You'll be seein' her!





**Georgia  
Backus**

**WHEN** they begin staging dramatic productions over W2-XAB Miss Backus doubtless will be the person appointed to supervise and direct. She has been promoted from one responsibility to another. Probably no other woman is better fitted by experience to present a Radio play. This photo of Miss Backus was taken by Harold Stein especially for Radio Digest readers. Those Television Eyes!



OF course now that radiovision is really here Flo Ziegfeld's Follies will not be overlooked for talent. Miss Brodsley of the 1931 edition recently appeared over the CBS New York station.

**Bobbie Brodsley**







Virginia Gardner

MISS Gardner is a famous star of the NBC dramatic productions in New York. She does all kinds of funny things with the little China dog. And the photo-electric cells pick up every expression.





**William Brenton**

**A**LERT, keen and a very lookable young man is Mr. Brenton who recently became a member of the Columbia announcing staff. It is rumored that both of the big chains are paying close attention to personal appearance of new members who are added to the staff these days.



**Bill Schudt**



**FAMOUS** as the creator of Bill Schudt's Going to Press program. He recently was appointed director of all television programs for the Columbia station W2XAB in New York. He has brought many notable personages to the mike; now he will probably be bringing them to the Radio camera.





## Amos 'n' Andy

FREEMAN F. GOSDEN (left) and Charles J. Correll look like this when they put on their great Amos 'n' Andy broadcast. When they face the electric ray there'll be a job of make-up first, no doubt.



## Mary Jo Matthews

THRICE she won the beauty contest while a student at the University of West Virginia. Then she was chosen Queen of the Apple Blossom Festival. Now she sings for CBS listeners.



## Helene Carlin

MISS Carlin is versatile in her singing and dramatic talents; she comes to the NBC from Picture-land and the stage. Harry Reser discovered her—looks and talent qualify her for future programs.



## Boswell Sisters

SUPERFLUOUS information—you'd know they were the Boswell Sisters whom you hear singing over the CBS system. Connie is at left, then Martha and Vet. Give 'em the Flying Spot, boys, we'll have a look!











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## Ted White

TED is a Tennessee tenor and has been setting feminine hearts a-flutter with that Southern quality of tone and accent. He comes from the Pacific studios over the National network. You'll be hearing more about him before long—and you may see him.

## Transcription

DON'T laugh at the new term "electrical transcription" and say it is "just a phonograph record". On the opposite page you see an electrical transcription in the making. It is a Radio broadcast disc for the Hollywood Radio Newsreel, sponsored by one of the big motor oil and gas concerns. You can read more about it on another page in this issue of Radio Digest.









## Captain Dobbsie

ONE of the outstanding programs from the Pacific Coast is that on which Captain Dobbsie serves as the skipper of the Ship of Joy. And here he is in the garden of his Burlingame home. Look sharp in the crystal ball and you'll see the photographer "shooting" himself. (Story on opposite page.)



# Hugh Barrett Dobbs

## *A Radio Sharpshooter Who Finds His Mark*

By Fred H. Fidler

**W**ESTERN RADIO, denied the stimulation of the huge expenditures by means of which numerous Eastern and Middle Western personalities have been brought to the attention of listeners, has a record of many successes and has produced one Radio showman who is outstanding in popularity. He is Hugh Barrett Dobbs of San Francisco.

Hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic fans have acclaimed his work with approximately two million letters during his six years on the air. And all this has been accomplished by sheer force of personality and showmanship, through the medium of a program essentially simple and unsupported by the glamour and ballyhoo which has served to build acceptance for many elaborate broadcasts.

Morning's fretfulness—that momentary rebellion occasioned by a review of the day's duties and obligations—was his target. And he has succeeded in shattering it for a vast army of regular listeners. But Hugh Barrett Dobbs is more than a good marksman. He has not only dispelled morning aggravation, he has substituted an hour of neighborly entertainment and inspiring fun.

This man Dobbs, affectionately known to his followers as "Dobbsie," was one of the West's outstanding Radio personalities two years ago. Instead of "backsliding" in the public's esteem, he is more popular than ever today. Reviewing his record or listening to a recitation of the mutual loyalty of artist and audience, it is almost certain that a good percentage of the uninformed will underestimate his appeal, deciding that his audience is limited to emotional idealists. Not so.

Dobbs describes his broadcast as the "Happytime" program, representing it to be a "Ship of Joy." He and his artists dispense concentrated good cheer and it is natural—because it is unhearsd. Many of the broadcasts are sentimental. But they touch man, woman and child alike—with a common appeal. The atmosphere of the program is clean, joyous fun. And the audience is quick to respond when a

note of pathos is introduced, perhaps by the relation of the troubles of an unfortunate. On more than one occasion an invalid, orphan or other shut-in has received hundreds of cheering messages and gifts as a result of Dobbsie's interest, transmitted to fellow fans over the air.

"Happy Day" is always Dobbsie's closing wish for his audience. "Happy Day" for the majority of his audience, whose morning fretfulness was but momentary, and a happier day for those less fortunate listeners whose very real burdens he attempts to lighten.

**T**HAT the program is more than a promise and a wish, that it is effective and is appreciated, is attested by thousands of replies to almost every undertaking or offer made over the air; by packed houses in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City and elsewhere whenever Dobbsie and his artists make a personal appearance.

Good music, cheerful patter inspired by fan mail, good humored stories about members of the program's crew, anecdotes and a touching poem or letter inspired by the joy some listener gets out of the broadcast are typical ingredients for an average "Happytime" program.

We said that "Happytime" program was a simple one. It is sincere—there is no gaudiness about it, but it makes use of one of the largest "casts" on the air today. In fact, it is doubtful that any other program makes use of as large a group of artists. But because of its popularity, it has become a much sought after "spot" and many artists consider it a privilege and pleasure to appear on the "Happytime" bill.

More than fifty singers, musicians and entertainers are regularly made use of on the program, in addition to the larger orchestra and singing groups. Internationally famous concert artists and nationally known composers and musicians are included in the cast. Ob-

viously, this group of distinguished artists are not affected by the program's "training school" appeal. Residing in San Francisco, most of them keep alive fond memories of the days when they were building their success through their occasional "Happytime" engagements. Many of the program's stars were discovered or developed for Radio by Dobbs. Others whom Dobbs introduced on the air have become highly paid Radio personalities in their own right and several have used the talent developed in "Happytime" Radio appearances to further distinguish themselves on the stage. Briefly, the "Happytime" group includes:

"Sambo and Ed," two of the most popular Happytimers. The team offers novelty entertainment—songs, anecdotes and improvised instrument numbers. "Sambo" is Sam Moore, former vaudeville headliner and the man who introduced "saw playing" and played a saw in several Ziegfeld shows. "Ed" is Ed Evans, also a former vaudeville star. Evans has also made quite a name for himself as a continuity writer and his versatility has established a brisk demand for his services in extra parts. Mrs. Moore as "Maudy" sometimes joins the team and Dixie Marsh plays the piano accompaniment.

**M**AN DOLIN, violinist and a nationally known record artist, plays for the program weekly and appears elsewhere only under Dobbs' management; the Lindens, comprising Antonio, first flutist of the San Francisco Philharmonic, Emily, composer, and Caesar, violinist—all members of the New York and Chicago Philharmonic Societies, play regularly, and are usually joined by John Faivre, blind cellist; Theodore Strong, musical director; Clarence Tollman, tenor, once a principal in Maritza, is an exclusive artist and, with Curly David forms the popular team known as "The Whispering Cowboys"; Kathryn Thompson, harpist, a pupil of Atli, is one of the most popular Happytimers; Edward Randall, Jr., baritone, was discovered and in-



# "Happytimers All"

The Singing Shells—a chorus of fine voices



Captain "Dobbsie,"  
the "skipper" of  
the Ship of Joy

The Fox Theatre—Happytime ensemble



Richard Jose, "Silver Voiced" tenor



William "Wee Willie" Hancock, accompanist



"The Lindens" and  
John Faivre, blind  
cellist



Daniel O'Brien, tenor



Helen Lowe, soprano



Dixie Marsh, so-  
prano crooner



Max Dolin, violin vir-  
tuoso and composer

roduced to Radio fans by Dobbs; Dan O'Brien, Irish tenor, was brought to San Francisco from Seattle by Dobbs and is known as a successful teacher in addition to his Radio work; Helen Lowe, soprano concert artist is known as "The Happytime Girl."

Others include Charles Kellogg, internationally known "bird man" whose extra set of vocal cords enables him to produce perfectly almost all bird songs and calls; Richard Jose, contra-tenor, whose extremely high-pitched voice is internationally known; Annabelle Lee, former vaudeville star, who sings, plays and composes for Dobbs; Emily Hardy, coloratura soprano, who was picked

from the chorus of "Blue Moon," and developed by Dobbs; Eleanor Barnard, formerly featured accompanist for all of Sid Grauman's productions.

Lee S. Roberts, composer of "Smiles," "A Little Birch Canoe and You" and many other famous songs, also appears on the program. Tom Mitchell, former musical comedy star, sang and played for Dobbs and became a featured Radio artist; Louise Forham, whom Dobbs found employed as a cabaret entertainer and introduced over the air, is now one of Broadway's most popular sopranos.

Dobbsie manages to drive home his morning barrages of optimism. By the many inflections of his voice and inti-

mate interpretation of his program material, Dobbs "reaches" his listeners and convinces them of his sincerity and understanding. His is the ideal personality for the type of program he directs.

Outside the studio Dobbs is a hearty business man. Short and husky, with sparkling eyes and thinning hair, his very unpretentiousness is impressive. That's why his personal appearances "go over with a bang."

Watching other men in a largely feminine audience at one of his personal appearances the other day, I could almost read their thoughts because I was sure mine was the average reaction.



# the "Ship of Joy's" CREW

Charles Kellogg, internationally known as "The Bird Man"



Lee S. Roberts, composer of "Smiles" and numerous other hits



"Sambo and Ed",—Sam P. Moore, left and Ed. Evans



Cy Trobbe (at right of group) and his orchestra



Walt Roesner's 30 piece Fox Theatre orchestra



Theodore Strong, organist, pianist and Happy-time musical director



Eileen Elman, contralto



Walt Roesner



Eleanor Barnard, concert pianist



William Powers, negro tenor

"This Dobbs is a real guy," they were saying. "He's no Radio sob sister or the sentimental pretender I had thought him to be. His reactions and emotions are typical—only he feels them more deeply and has the ability to prod the rest of us into a deeper appreciation and understanding."

Dobbsie has had a varied career. Born in Kentucky, he laid the foundation for his excellent judgment of music listening to negro plantation melodies. There was nothing unusual in his boyhood. His cousin, Richard Pearson Hobson, had been the hero of the Merrimac sinking in Santiago harbor. So it was not strange that he entered the

Naval Academy at Annapolis. A keen appetite for fun led him into a hazing scrape that resulted in his dismissal. An understanding father sent the chagrined and despairing boy on a world cruise. He formulated new plans for a career and, upon his return, entered Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Medical school to fit himself to be a physical instructor.

After completing a four year course, he taught physical training in several sections of the country. He became interested in outdoor playgrounds for children and soon "sold" the idea to officials of New York City, where he built many such playgrounds. His work was outstanding and Judge Ben Lindsey

called him to Denver for similar work. He was still supervising playground construction and maintenance in 1905 when, while in Seattle, he was intrigued by the adventure and outdoor features of life in Alaska. He spent four years there, most of the time with the United States Government Boundary Survey.

Returning to Seattle, he became a salesman in the commercial branch of the motion picture industry, married and settled down. But not for long. He soon moved again, this time to San Francisco, where he sold musical instruments until he financed a small gymnasium for business men.

(Continued on page 90)



## Riding the Crest *with* Morton Downey

(Continued from page 17)

to my rather surprised and perhaps not altogether happy look. "That is the way I catch songs I want to hear. You'd be surprised at the amount of stuff I pick up that way."

It developed later in the evening, for the Radio was used on and off, that this was not altogether true. Downey skipped over the music, both vocal and orchestral, save when he caught a tune he wanted, passed up the drama with equal indifference, but when we caught a really good speaker—Morton to all attention and listened closely to the end.

But to get back to our evening, it was only a few blocks from the Tavern when he shot over to the curb and parked.

"Come on fellows—let's have a drink," was the invitation.

Looked around expectantly for steps leading down to a basement entrance, but nothing met the eye—it being Fifth avenue—save shop windows, some of them lighted, some of them not.

In past one of the latter Morton led us—for a strawberry (fresh) ice cream soda that was nobody's business. (He ought to know where the best sodas are kept for right here and now would state that never in the recollection has there been a man who could consume in the space of a day so many and varied sodas and sandwiches as this fellow Downey. He would save a lot of money if he rigged up a freezer alongside the Radio in his car.)

The next stop was to see a friend in from Connecticut at an uptown hotel. The friend could not come down to see us, so we went up to see him.

It was a good party at that. They had a French renaissance fireplace with a brass guard rail around the bottom and a gas-log inside. You could pull the thing out from the mantle and the fireplace became a bar and the brass a foot-rail. They didn't have it closed up much. Five minutes after we arrived and were introduced they were calling me "Morton" and Morton was "Dick." As for Jim, they couldn't seem to figure by that time what the heck he was doing there at all.

There were two objects of interest there for Morton. One was his old friend, with whom he swapped reminiscent yarns, and a perfect peach of a German shepherd dog. Finally, to prevent mayhem, Morton obliged with a couple of songs and we made our farewells and were off to the studios for the second broadcast—stopping on the way for another soda.

Well—that is one side of Morton—another and equally intimate one is that offered by the man at home—really at

home I mean when he does not feel that there is any particular reason for not feeling fully at ease.

Once I asked Downey when and where and how he got his exercise, outside of driving that pet car of his.

"Oh I do all my exercising at home," said he.

Just a picture folks, of Downey exercising. When Downey gets home first thing off comes coat and vest, and then his tie and collar too, if that will come off that day. Next the shoes are shed and a really disgraceful pair of house slippers adopted. About three shirt buttons undone, his hand run through his hair the wrong way, and Morton is ready for exercise.

He subsides into a nice roomy and comfortable chair in his den with all sorts of magazines and books handy at his elbow, props up his feet on a low stool—and—exercises.

His eye roams over the room—he pulls those inevitable and confounded coins from his pocket and starts running them from hand to hand—puts them back—gets up and smooths a wrinkle out of the couch cover—looks over at the forsaken chair—looks at the couch—lies down and gets it more wrinkled than ever—hums absently while examining the ceiling for a possible crack—spies a picture one one-thousandth of an inch crooked—gets up and makes it more crooked the other way—sits down in the chair again—picks up a book not to read but just to be holding something—then:

"Lover (and no matter what anyone else may tell you that is his real pet name for Mrs. Downey), do you think Charlotte can fix me up a nice meat sandwich—some of that lamb or beef—with mustard?"

He has got a rowing machine or some such contrivance stowed away under the den couch in its case, bought in some moment of weakness or of New Year's resolutions, but to the best of this lad's knowledge and belief that is where it has been since the day he made the purchase—right in its case.

He has a sacred medal of his patron on the dashboard of his car. He has a good luck ring, and if ever the time comes when Morton feels that he has to knock on wood and there is no wood available he is going to pass out right then and there from heart failure. When his manager visited him in the hospital during his recent illness and threw his hat on the bed Morton nearly had a relapse. If they had not been mighty good friends outside of their business associations there might very

likely have been one darned good manager looking for new connections.

And speaking of illnesses, during the more recent and very serious illness of Mrs. Downey an incident occurred which is typical of the sort of thing a chap as much in public favor as he has to contend with. Mrs. Downey came very near to death, and anyone who appreciates the depth of love there is in that family can well realize the state Morton was in at that time.

A priest was called in to administer last rites, and three days later when she had rallied and was out of danger a New York tabloid printed a story of her being then at death's door and used their entire front page for a picture of her asleep in the hospital bed. It is safe to say that had Morton met a certain editor at that time a messy looking editor it would soon have been.

The entire hospital went on the carpet to determine responsibility for that picture—and no one knew anything. Morton heard later that the editor had told a friend he had a camera-man, ready with a concealed camera, who sneaked into the room via a fire escape when the nurse went out. But says Morton:

"There wasn't any fire escape off that d—room!"

The worst of it was that some nitwit let Mrs. Downey see the article, and she promptly staged a perfect relapse. Constance Bennett, her sister, was all for leaving a talkie in the making and flying East from the Coast. Richard Bennett, her father, with fresh and highly combustible fuel added to the permanently smouldering flame within him against newspapermen, strode around tearing his hair, and a nice time was had by all.

But that is all over now. The skies are clear. Mrs. Downey, out in the country, is fast blooming back to health. That alone is enough to make Morton a mighty happy lad, but as if that were not enough he continues, and the prediction of this writer is that he will continue, to defy all his severest critics and the laws of gravity—and go on slipping—up-hill.

He has practically a year ahead of him on his Camel contract, as an exclusive radio artist, and the offering is meeting with great and widespread popularity. The producers of three legitimate stage presentations, scheduled for fall openings are after him as well. Morton will probably close with one of them.

The chart of his course ahead records no menace to navigation, the sky is clear, the wind blowing strong and free, and Love and Confidence stand side by side at the helm. And why should it not be thus? For, as a yachting friend of mine said the other day when Downey came up for discussion: "He's one mighty swell chap!"



# Ambrose J. Weems

## Wants to Know

*Is radio in its infancy? --- Hot debate leads nowhere when the Papa Cuckoo and Mr. and Mrs. Pennyfeather seek answer to vital question*

By Raymond Knight

I WAS entertaining Mr. and Mrs. George T. Pennyfeather at tiffin recently and we got to chatting about Radio over a bottle of rare old gingerale. Some one had left the bottle under the table at which we were sitting which is how we happened to be chatting over it.

I think it was Mrs. Pennyfeather who brought the subject up. (She brought it up on the service elevator, as all deliveries have to be made that way.) Soon we were deep in an excited discussion of short waves vs. long waves, what color network a soprano should use who wears a plaid dress, etc., etc. Many a merry laugh was had as we all gave imitations of static and for some time we debated pro and con. (e. g. when does an amateur broadcaster become a "pro," and is "con" better on the cob or distilled). However we seemed to get nowhere and so we dropped the subject, which unfortunately landed on the bottle of gingerale and for several minutes we were all busy mopping up the floor. Mrs. Pennyfeather, in her whimsical way, contributing her dress for that purpose—(It was very amusing to see her bustle around.)

It was at that moment that some one said, "Radio is in its infancy." I do not know who said it and history shall probably never have the true facts. Suffice it to say that the remark was made. Instantly a hush fell over the room. The women paled and the men looked at each other apprehensively. Sensing the tenseness of the situation, I remarked lightly—"Yes, but remember that the infantry won the war."

In a moment the place was a shambles. Commercial announcements flew wildly about the room and blood ran freely in the gutters in gutter abandon. It was fully six months before order

was restored and by that time the building had been torn down and a new one erected in its place. There were no traces left as the tracing paper had been destroyed.

I escaped by holding a blanket over my head and being led out as one of the horses.

But let us forget that horrible scene and get down to the bare facts. (Note

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**RAYMOND KNIGHT**, radiocal-ly known as *Ambrose J. Weems*, is the *Big Papa Cuckoo* of Station KUKU on the NBC net. He is also known as *Bill Borealis* on the *Cliquot Club* program and is on the *Raising Junior* program as *Tony Pendennis*, the poet, and *Jasper Blitz*. Having attended both *Harvard* and *Yale* as a student, he maintains a seat in both sections when the football teams meet. He changes and roots for the side that needs his encouragement least. He deserted the law practice to become a writer, which led to his present predicament as the *Ed Wynn* of Radio.

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to Editor: In this article the question is—"Is Radio in Its Infancy?") To this question I reply—yes and no. The affirmative is held by some pedants. (A pedant is a scholar, and not as some people believe the word for a flag or banner spoken with a cold in the nose.) They think that Radio is in its infancy because it is constantly changing. Others believe this, because Station KUKU broadcasts on the baby blue network. Both groups are correct and incorrect at the same time. It is all a question of the angle as any sports announcer will testify.

I think at this time it is apropos ("apropos" as used here must not be confused with Edgar Allen Poe) to mention the name of Archibald Finch as an example of what Radio can and will do to the people, for the people and by the people.

Archibald Finch was the father of Condensed Milk. You will not find this in your history books. You will not find it in your telephone books—No. It was left to the power of Radio to bring this to the attention of the American public, and I cite this case as an answer to—"Is Infancy In Its Radio?"

A few weeks ago, Station KUKU, of which I am managing director and first to twenty-sixth vice-president inclusive, celebrated Condensed Milk Week and during the preparation of a jubilee program our research experts discovered the following facts.

As you go to the kitchen larder—(with apologies to Ring Larder after whom it was named), take out a can opener and a can of condensed milk. rip the can open and drain the contents at one exhilarating gulp. little do you realize the romance which is behind condensed milk. Behind that can of milk is the story of a poor farmer lad. Behind that farmer lad is a soft-eyed cow, and behind that cow is a barn—no the cow is behind the barn—well, anyway, behind all this is a background.

ONE quiet summer's day back in 1888, a farmer lad named Archibald Finch, who was known to the country folk as Archibald Finch, sat milking a cow. As he leaned back on the sofa, which he had brought out into the barn to make the milking easier, he thoughtfully regarded the cow, a brown and white one named Henery XIV, and he

(Continued on page 71)



# Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

## Radio Amplifies Happiness

SINCE the early fall of 1929 we have all been watching our whole economic fabric writhe itself through a post-war deflation of major magnitude. For some of us the transition has been personally painful. We have lost stocks. We have lost real estate. We have seen market values of one kind or another literally "shot to pieces."

For others the deflation has been even worse. They have lost jobs and in consequence the means to supply loved ones and themselves with even the bare necessities of life. Willingness to work, hard, long and honestly has not brought a quick and satisfactory answer to their woes. Some of our fellowmen have been denied the right to earn a living and as a result have been torn between alternatives of imposing on friends and relations, of accepting public charity, of turning to racketeer methods or of just plain starving.

For deserving men who are willing to work this is indeed a tragic and threatening period. It is the most significant challenge to the so-called capitalistic system. It must be and will be intelligently and equitably solved or even here in the United States political evolution may give way to political revolution.

Meanwhile there is nothing which can mean more to the American people—or any other people—than contentment of mind and soul. Just plain ordinary happiness can do more to bridge and overcome obstacles and hardships than anything else. It is the accelerator in the victory of mind over matter.

What a marvelous opportunity is therefore presented to Radio! There is no human medium in existence today which can do so much to build happiness among people and at such unbelievably low cost. Think of the places Radio can take you, first hand, in a single month. Think of the famous people and the great events it can bring before you. And add to all this the endless round of music from "low brow" jazz to the very finest symphonic and operatic performances. But why go on? The parade is too imposing and too extensive to begin to enumerate.

Just thinking about it, however, leads to the thought that the manufacturers of the Radio industry are "making no speed rapidly" in arising to the opportunity which is theirs. The Radio industry ought to be advertising and otherwise promoting to the public the bounteous blessings of Radio. Industrial sponsors ought to sell *programs* and what they mean to human happiness. They ought to sell the great economy of Radio as a producer of happiness of many kinds and in many directions for there is no way to spend so little in dollars for so much in pleasure.

If those in the Radio industry were doing the kind of cooperative merchandising job they should be doing, the

sale of Radio sets would be rapidly mounting. No matter how much is done by individual manufacturers to sell their individual sets, there should be a master campaign financed by manufacturers, dealers, jobbers and broadcasting stations to merchandise Radio programs as a common prerequisite for selling their individual wares.

The time for such a campaign is *right now*, when many newspapers are shying off (mostly as a matter of necessary economy) from giving the public adequate Radio news and feature service. The public wants to know more about what to look for and where to get it. Supplying this information properly is bound to increase Radio sales, but what of it? The people have never objected, good times or bad, to buying what they want and know can do the most good for them.

## Kill the Fess Bill

IT SEEMS incredible that so many of our great army of teachers should permit themselves to fall into the hands of schemers. Capable, earnest, sincere in their noble task of preparing the minds of the generation which will carry the destiny of the nation tomorrow they sometimes follow political leaders who must be either pitifully incompetent or brutally unscrupulous.

They are swayed by the demagogues who picture the "American Radio lost in a growth of commercial weeds." They are told that the money powers have taken away their Radio rights, and they believe it. Knowing this weakness and seizing an extremely potent strategical situation nominal leaders have turned to competitive "advertising media" and are boldly trying to get them to lead the assault, and take all the blame, for as unjustified an attack as ever has been attempted on a great American institution.

Like the young lion, still unaware of its strength, broadcasters are permitting themselves to be cowed and restrained. They should stand erect and look facts squarely in the face.

We believe that American listeners—and that includes the majority of school teachers—who are familiar with the various kinds of broadcasting in other countries would resent bitterly any attempt to break up the American Plan of Broadcasting where twenty times more money is spent for programs than in any other country in the world, and where there is a greater variety by a hundred times to supply all the varied wants in Radio entertainment.

Yet the passage of the Fess bill to set aside 15 per cent of all the wave channels for educational institutions would be one of the most telling blows imaginable to the American Plan. It would be an opening wedge to the complete dissolution of the system. Later other blocks of channels would be trimmed out until nothing worth while would be left.

The passage of the Fess bill would be about as heavy a smash as could be managed at one time without bringing down the entire wrath of the listening public.



# RADIOGRAPHS

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

Bernardine Flynn

By Marie K. Neff

**T**HE grape arbor in the back yard was the big "white top;" a clothes line stretched from side to side, about three and a half feet high, was the tight rope; and a little girl of ten years, with long black hair that had been braided to make it frizzy, was the tight rope performer. Her skill three and a half feet above the ground was heralded throughout the neighborhood, consequently, she and the rest of the troupers were above the "two pins" admission stage. They charged five cents and took their circus feats seriously.

Even though the kids from one end of Madison, Wisconsin, to the other all turned out, there were no more enthusiastic members of the audience than mother and father Flynn. They had reserved seats at the kitchen window and through that glass pane John Flynn saw the day when his four little girls and two little boys would swing to and from a trapeze under a real white top billed as the "Six Flynnns." Natalie Flynn could see her husband's chest swell and a gleam of pride shone in his eyes.

But today tells a different story. While Bernardine Flynn, the little mistress of the tight rope, is not performing under a real white top, she is, nevertheless, in the Radio spotlight, the rays of which are not confined to canvas walls. Her audience stretches from coast to coast.

It was during her sophomore year at the University of Wisconsin that she "took stock" and decided it wasn't so easy for her father to keep five youngsters in school at the same time, so she decided to leave. She went to Chicago where she secured a position in the art sections of one of the department stores. During this time her mother died and it was a toss-up between her sister and herself as to who would keep house for the family. Her sister was well established in Chicago and had an excellent position as secretary. This was too



Bernardine Flynn

(See Radio Section for another picture of Miss Flynn)

much to lose so Bernardine returned to Madison for the time being.

After being "homenaker" for a year her father decided she should return to school and finish her work. She enrolled in the School of Speech at the University. The value of her experience in Chicago cropped out at this time. Short as her stay had been, her associa-

tion with art had left an imprint—she had the desire to know more about it—hence she became a student in sculpture and portrait painting. Due to the fact that her interests were so varied she was permitted to graduate and receive her degree without having to take a course in general education along with her art work, which, up to that time, had been one of the requisites established by the university.

While a pupil of M. C. Trautman, one of the country's best known tutors, she became a leader in student dramatics, playing parts which attracted the favorable comments of many critics. At this time her work was brought to the attention of Zona Gale, author, in whose play, "Miss Lulu Betts," Bernardine was taking part at school. Miss Gale became quite interested and following her graduation gave her a letter of introduction to Brock Pemberton, theatrical producer, in New York City. Contrary to expectations, the young graduate did not wish to go on the stage. However, after much urging from her father, who decided he would be just as well satisfied with the footlights, she went. It was a most peculiar journey—she was going to a city where she was unknown and in search of something in which she wasn't interested.

**M**R. PEMBERTON

was well satisfied with her ability as an actress and secured for her the part of understudy to Miss Muriel Kirkland, the heroine of "Strictly Dishonorable." At the close of this show, he suggested she give up understudying leads and try for a part herself. He was just in the midst of producing another show at the time and remarked that he needed a French maid. She suggested he give her a try at it. He just shook his head. He needed a real French maid, couldn't she understand? She volunteered the information that her French was



"pretty good" so he gave her the trial. Her French was excellent, but "Good Heavens, I can't list the name Flynn across from 'French Maid.'" It was then that "Natalie Boisclair" was made to live again in her daughter.

As all things go, Wall Street crashed and so did the show—in Washington. Miss Flynn returned to New York and, still under the guidance of Mr. Pemberton, she secured a part in George Jessel's play "Joseph." The only difference in the fate of "Joseph" was that it went on the rocks in another city.

**B**Y this time the young ingenue was fairly disgusted with plays on wobbly legs and not desiring to go on the stage in the first place, it was an easy matter for her to take a trial balance and close the books so far as the "boards" were concerned.

A relative mentioned Radio. It was food for thought but not so far as New York was concerned. Radio artists had "already arrived" there so she decided Chicago was the place.

Bernardine Flynn came to Chicago with only a letter of recommendation "to whom it may concern" regarding her ability, and made application for an audition at the NBC studios.

And now there comes a coincidence. Frederick G. Ibbett, director of dramatics for the Chicago studios, mentioned the fact that he needed a French girl—not a maid this time, however. He also heard the story about her French being "Pretty good"—it proved to be a good story. In this instance there were no printed programs so "Natalie Boisclair" again became Bernardine Flynn.

She is no longer troubled about deciding upon her career—she's satisfied that it's Radio—and always has been. Since her Radio debut, about a year and a half ago, she has established herself as one of the few outstanding dramatic actresses on the air and is heard in "The Girl Reporter," "Rin Tin Tin Thriller," "The Play's the Thing," and others. She thoroughly enjoys her work and members of the Chicago staff are never surprised to see her come hurrying in anytime from 7:00 o'clock in the morning until 10:00 in the evening. An actress who leads in four or five productions a week has to be on the job but one can see that it's more a pleasure than a job. She always takes time for a smile and a pleasant "good morning," regardless of her hurry.

Even though rushed from morning till night, week in and week out, this pert little "maid" manages to squeeze in time for a few "at homes" to her friends. And those fortunate enough to call at these times are always treated to some sort of rare foreign concoction.

Miss Flynn still plays at keeping house and one of her homemaking hobbies is collecting foreign recipes. Another is furnishing her little apartment on the shore of Lake Michigan. She is keenly interested in antiques—real ones, however. The want ad columns hold a fascination for her. She scans them eagerly to see if some old aristocratic home is parting with a few rare pieces.

Regarding romance, she just looks askance—and really did a "pretty good" job of bluffing. But, she had forgotten that in telling about collecting her furniture she had said she wanted only the best so that someday she could use it in her own home.



John L. Fogarty  
The latest crush in NBC tenors

Her art work is also quite prominent in the apartment, but she has laid aside her brushes for charcoal. She explained that she doesn't have room for an easel and the many other things one needs. And charcoals are so simple. She still models in clay. "A lump of soft clay, a board on which to work it, a few tools and your own fingers are all that's needed," she said, "and that doesn't take much room."

And her last hobby is public auctions.

So far as father Flynn is concerned—all he says, beaming, is "Well we didn't know anything about Radio in those days."

## JOHN L. FOGARTY

**J**UST when it seems a poor girl is already sold heart and soul on one invisible but delightfully audible sere-nader, along comes another even more appealing than the last. Now comes John L. Fogarty who is nothing less than divine with that devastating tenor voice no fair lady with the slightest touch for the romantic could possibly resist.

If you love those big out door men from the open spaces then Mr. Fogarty—Oh, heck, let's call him John and be done with it—then John is your man. He began singing to the mountain peaks in Montana, with his pony and his dog for companions. The mountains loved him and gave back that indefinable something that becomes fibre and soul of a human being so favored.

He is more fair than dark, broad shoulders, lean limbs and blue eyes that seek points above the horizon. He laughs but never gushes and when he's in a crowd he listens more than he talks. There are no petty artist mannerisms with which so many who have gained the spot of public favor seem to become afflicted. Broadway has not softened him. If you do get him to talking his conversation will go back to Montana, and his mother and dad. That's where his heart is.

Don't you ever think that Montana has forgotten him either. His success as a Radio singer, and an acknowledged favorite from coast to coast over the NBC network, has lessened the claim of his home state to him as one of its beloved sons. During the last session of the legislature when John was unable to get home for a visit they rigged up a Radio receiver at the state capitol. The House formally called a halt in its legislative deliberations and listened for one hour while their wandering boy sang to them from New York.

**W**HEN it come right down to plain biography John L. Fogarty first saw the light of day at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. But from early boyhood he lived the rancher's life in Montana. He has always been a great lover of horses and when a very little fellow it was not uncommon for him to play hookey just to follow the strings of horses that were exhibited at state and county fairs.

He grew out of his childhood younger than most boys and when the World War boomed along in 1917 John had reached the glamorous age of 16. Just how he managed to get by is known to but a very few people. At any rate he was presently seen swinging a rifle and marching along with other and older boys on the way to France. He en-

(Continued on page 90)



# MARCELLA

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

**T**ODDLES is home still autographing copies of our photograph which appeared in last month's column—and as usual the task—pardon me—I mean the pleasure—of writing about things and affairs and whatnots—is mine.

First of all, my dears, there was the NBC picnic a few weeks ago—and everyone in Enbee's Pub. Dept. was on the boat. I wish you could have seen Gene Mulholland's pretty blue-eyed wife. She looks like sixteen but I understand that she answers to "Ma" for two little tots at home. Then there was Edythe Jeanne Meserand who arranges interviews between NBC artists and those tireless, patient, worn-out specimens of mankind—called reporters. Bill Thomas salvaged Marcella from the talons of three great big successive waves—and Harold Stein, Prince of Photographers snapped Indi's substantial visage in his magic camera. Everyone is still getting the sand out of their ears—and if you've ever tried to separate spinach from its native soil, you know what a job we're having.

**M**R. AND Mrs. Toscha Seidel were driving something like—sixty on their way to the Columbia Broadcasting System when a—motorcop stopped to make their acquaintance. "Say, where the H?xy\*\*\*) d'ye think ye're goin'," asked the blue-robe, brass-buttoned city official in the King's English. "I'm going to work," replied the famous virtuoso. "What'd'ye do fer a livin'?" questioned this persistent pursuer of Cadillacs, as he eyed Mr. and Mrs. Seidel's evening togs. "Oh, I play the violin," this from CBS' Music Director. "Yeh? I guess ye play this high class music, don'tcha? Well, I like jazz—and ye're goin' to get a ticket, get me!" Standing in a corner of the car was the dear li'l \$60,000 Stradivarius just about shivering in its timbers. Came the sweet voice from charming Mrs. Seidel, "Well, of course, you know how it is—Mr. Seidel prefers to play jazz but he has to do the other for a living." "Well, I guess ye're regular folks—go ahead," and the ticket disappeared into a deep cavernous pocket. That's Mrs.

Seidel—the right word and always at the right time.

**L**OUISE BENNER, I'm surprised at you. John L. Fogarty is not married, thank goodness. It's almost refreshing to find a dashing young person in Radio circles who has escaped from the ravages of wedlock. You'll find his picture and a short history about him a door or so away from this page.

**J**IMMIE MERRELL who recently accused Marcella of having a soft heart for down-trodden announcers, writes that he's landed the job as Studio Manager of WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn. May its tribe of listeners increase and flourish under your efficient management, James. "Most of last year," Manager Merrell writes, "I was just another city boy that made good in the country," in parenthesis he adds, WSFA, Montgomery. "Before that I was the hired help at WKBC, in Birmingham." Awfully glad to have heard from you and shall be glad to get anything you have about WNOX. Hope your next stop is New York not New Jersey.

**P**OOOR Lew Conrad! Or I should say poor Mrs. Conrad! Well, probably I should not have let the cat out of the bag so suddenly—but there is a Mrs.



Lew Conrad

Conrad—his wife. Again, I say, poor Mrs. Conrad! Can you imagine, my dears, how difficult it must be for any woman whose husband's voice so beguiles his Radio listeners that they all—blondes, brunettes, married and single—send him *bûlets doux* weighted with *affaires de coeur*—or to use a more expressive term—mash notes. Now, what would you do—those of you who have a husband under the yoke—if he received letters numbering into the hundreds like this: "I am faithful to you, Lew my beloved. You have the voice of a thrilled soul. I weep to think that others must be writing you the same loving lines as I am writing." If that's the

effect his *voice* has on 'em, what would happen if they saw him—simply irresistible—brown eyes—you know with a merry twinkle—wavy black hair—and five foot six. You're welcome, Mrs. Kidwell, come again some time.

**S**ARAH ROBERTS of Wilmington and Mrs. W. N. Crosby of Amesbury are interested in John Mayo, CBS' popular announcer. He's 32 years, my dears, was born in Providence, went to a military school and to Brown University. As an armament officer in the World War he spent fourteen months in the air—and as a Radio announcer he's spent longer than that on it. Don't know which he likes better but he doesn't seem to consider his job a bit tedious even though he has announced over 3,500 programs over WABC—this last year.



John Mayo

**M**OST of the stars in whom—you are interested, Mrs. Jenkins, have had pictures and articles in Radio Digest. Jean Paul King was in the May issue and there was a fine article about Horace Heidt in the April number. But here's Curt Peterson for you. He's married, has two children, Stephanie, eight, and Janet, five. Is B.S. graduate of the University of Oregon and has a B.S. degree. And talk about getting jobs. I don't think there's another story like it. Way back in the good old days of 1927 when WJZ had its studios on 42nd Street, Curt ambled by that way. There was that mystifying something about the Radio station that "got" him, so in he went, and came out just as quickly with instructions to write the station director, Miss Brainard, and she certainly could have no name that would be more significant of her mental capacity. wrote back this very encouraging note, "Dear Miss Peterson: I gather by intuition, not your letter, that you want a job. I regret to inform you that we have no place for



Curt Peterson



feminine voices on the air." For a moment Curt staggered, but a thought quickly flashed across his mind. He picked up the receiver, and called Miss Brainard on the telephone. "Miss Brainard," said Curt—in his deep baritone voice, "this is Miss Peterson." "I beg your pardon," came from the other end. "This is Miss Peterson," this in a resonant bass. "Well?" was the not-by-any-means-long-drawn-out-reply. "Only it ain't Miss—it's Mister. Does that make a difference?" "Tut, tut, young man, announcers never say ain't. You're going to be announcer, judging by your voice on the telephone, soon as you come in here and let us see that you're not a bearded lady." And that Curt Peterson did not turn out to be a side show at the circus is proved by the fact that he is now supervisor of announcers at NBC and has been "doing" some of the most important programs on that chain.

\*\*\*  
IT WAS an awfully blue Monday—the ceiling had come down and settled on our jade vase—our Radio lost its voice during a favorite program, the dog had puppies and the cat had kittens—so you can imagine what a joy, it was, Edna, to receive your charming note. I want to share it with the rest of the Marcellians. Here it is:

"Tweet, tweet, Marcella!

"What under the sun is the matter with the office inmates of our fair Radio Digest? First Indi-Gest, whose smiling effigy has haunted my nightmares since it first sprang at us from the pages of an otherwise domesticated magazine. And now Marcella and Toddles. I had few doubts about Toddles—but Marcella was something of a shock! However, I was gradually adjusting myself to a painfully sudden optical illusion, and in a frantic effort to fit the new Marcella into the empty corner of my heart so recently bereft, I am forcing myself to appreciate her manifestly good points.

"Hummmmm . . . yes, you have good reason to be proud of your legs, Marcella. (You're a darlin' Edna.) Never since legs wuz legs have I seen such legs!! I can't see why you let Toddles out-do you in the matter of fancy head-dress, but I can see that you beat her to the dressing table and carried off

the family heirloom—real pearls, too, aren't they? And that ducky parasol with the hand-made lace—not to mention the paisley opera wrap . . . would you mind telling me how much Radio Digest pays you and Toddles for knowing everything? Not that I care . . . but you are both SO extravagant! (Well, the next time you come to New York, Edna, drop in and I'll tell you all about it over an ice-cream soddy.)

"Please don't forget to send me that autographed copy, will you? Thank you so much.

"No, I don't seem to have any 'burning questions' on my mind. Other people get them first, and your soothing, Ungentine (that word really should be censored—sounds like advertising)



Mr. and Mrs. Percy Grainger

responses answer all queries before they have time to disturb me.

"But can't I think of something . . . just to be sociable . . . Oh, yes, I'm so glad Nellie Revell made the statement that Lucille Wall is not married . . . What a relief to her host of male admirers!! Her name has been confused with that of her sister Mildred, who is married to Frank Knight. By the way, these sisters' voices are so identical that the keenest ear would have difficulty in distinguishing one from the

other. However, the confusion of the two in the minds of "fans" as regards the marriage of Mildred is partly due to the secrecy with which the Knights chose to surround their marriage. Why do people do it? Why keep the fact of a marriage hidden, as—as though it were something to be ashamed of! Intelligent persons who take their Radio in the right spirit won't have their enthusiasm dulled by the knowledge that their favorites are married, and, like the old woman in the shoe, "have so many children they don't know what to do"! A Don Juan of Radio, whose name is familiar to everyone having a receiving set, married and kept the fact a secret for many months—in the meantime receiving letters and invitations

from lady-friends on whom he had bestowed attention before his marriage, and who thought him still single—ungallantly placing them in the unflattering light of trespassers upon another woman's claims. Rather unsporting of the gentleman. There are certain things that the Dear Public has a right to know—and a marriage is as much everybody's business, for obvious reasons, as birth and death. Don't you agree? (Ah does, quoth I.)

"We have taken Radio Digest ever since its advent into the magazine world and have such affection for it that we can overlook its peculiarities as easily as we appreciate its perfections. "Peculiarities," however, should be singular (and don't shoot me for this unintentional pun!) and not plural—for under this heading is listed but one item, namely, that, under your present publishing schedule, and reversing the usual system, a year's subscription to Radio Digest costs more than the yearly sum of a single copy purchased each month at the newsstand! Ain't that the awfulest!

Just ask Toddles! (Now, Edna, your 'rithmetic must be suffering from the humidity—now I ask you—how much is 25 times 12—if the product isn't three dollars, you can have my paisley shawl and bonnet.) But if it cost fifty cents a copy and twelve dollars per year, I'd still subscribe to it, rather than be met with the usual response at the newsstand—'All sold out!!!'

"And now I've had the grandest gab, but I see Toddles is dozing on your  
(Continued on page 91)



# G A B A L O G U E



Nellie Revell, "The Voice of RADIO DIGEST"

By *Nellie Revell*

*The Voice of RADIO DIGEST*

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

now reside in Cleveland. Gene Carroll married Mary Stuart, of the Stuart Sisters, vaudeville entertainers. They have three children. Glenn Rowell married a girl who looks enough like him to be his twin sister. They have two children. Gene and Glenn are noted for their fishing ability. Not so good at catching—but awfully good at fishing. \* \* \*

The Tastyest Jesters were all raised in Connecticut, and are all married. The three couples now live in Jackson Heights, Long Island. Dwight Latham is Pep; Wamp Carleson is Vim; and Guy Bonham is Vigor. \* \* \*

Vincent Lopez is small and dark—specializes in neck-ties. He owns about 100 but uses only about four—and wears them until his valet takes them away from him. He was born in Brooklyn, and was educated for the priest-hood. \* \* \*

Those Goldberg sketches about the Rise of the Goldberg family are written by Mrs. Berg, who plays Molly in them. Mrs. Berg is the wife of a sugar merchant—and had no previous radio or stage experience before she wrote these sketches. She is the mother of two children. The part of Sammy, the son in that sketch, is played by Alfred Corn. \* \* \*

CLARA, Lou and Em are graduates of Northwestern College in Chicago, and their radio sketch is a result of their fun frolics in the dorms.

\* \* \* Their names are Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King. The characters of Clara, Lou and Em were conceived by the girls in their efforts to make college life less humdrum. \* \* \*

Paul Whiteman was born in Denver and has been playing the violin since he was six years old. His mother told me a rather amusing incident about Paul's childhood days. One day she was on her way to a luncheon, and driving past a corner fruit-stand, she noticed a crowd gathered there. She heard a violin playing—and driving closer she saw that it was little Paul, then about 7. It seems that the fruit vender had promised Paul all the fruit he could eat if he would play the violin and draw crowds for him. And she learned later that her angel child was known at the corner fruit store as "da kid wid de fid." Well, did she yank him home quick! It's a good thing it wasn't piano lessons Paul was taking. Well, Paul has grown to be quite a big boy since then and quite famous too. But no matter how much fame, how many chins, or how many wives he may acquire, when he goes back to Denver, and passes that corner fruit stand, he is still known as "da kid wid de fid." \* \* \*

PHIL COOK left school because he flunked. He flunked because he spent more time drawing pictures than he did studying. Then he got a job tying up bundles in an advertising agency—where he also got some experience in drawing. Soon he became an expert cartoonist. He has also drawn some very fine pictures, some of which have appeared on the front page of the Saturday Evening Post. He married the only sweetheart he ever had. They have a baby girl named Phyllis. (Continued on page 92)

HOWDY, friends. I'm going to try and square myself with a lot of people whom I've shamefully neglected by not answering their inquiries about their radio favorites. So if you'll please forgive me this time, (I'll probably do much worse in the future). \* \* \*

Since, we're talking about cooking, I guess I might as well begin with the Sisters of the Skillett. \* \* \* No, they're not related to each other. They were both born in Indiana and both are married. Their real names are Eddie East and Ralph Dumke. Eddie has a daughter 15 years old who was just given an audition playing the ukelele. Eddie East was a lawyer, and his first client is still in the penitentiary. Ralph was a designer of plows. That's how he learned how to play the banjo. \* \* \*

Gene and Glenn were both born in Illinois. Both are married and both



## TRUE LOYALTY

I AM enjoying your new magazine very much. Glad I am back in the fold again—you see I am an old-timer and I didn't like Radio Digest going to New York, but I'm for you from any town from now on. Don't see how I got along all these years. In mentioning favorite stations I must put WLS at the top of the list with WMAQ a close second. The latter, I think, is the least obtrusive station on the air and even though I have never met the gentleman in person I think much credit should go to that pioneer announcer manager, Bill Hay. Give him a little space some time. (See page 61 of May issue.)—Mrs. J. F. Foster, 4824 Elm Ave., Hammond, Ind.

## WHERE ARE YOU EDDY?

I SHOULD like to get some information concerning Eddy Utt, "The Vagabond Poet" of St. Louis. I was fortunate enough to hear one of his programs and I liked it very much indeed. I should like to learn where I can tune in on him, too.—Judy

## THUMBS DOWN ON RADIO DIGEST AS STAR-GAZER, EH? SEE P. 57

IN the Radio world there is a star, slowly but surely rising to a prominent position in the hearts of the listeners. The Digest's part in bringing him closer to the people's hearts has not been in keeping with his meteoric rise to fame. When I say that I mean Lew Conrad, how many of your readers can say that they know him? Not many, for on the air he is usually a haunting, unidentified voice, while in your columns he is hardly ever mentioned. Won't you do your part and give us some articles and more pictures about Lew?—Musketeer No. 1—Chicago, Ill.

## A COINCIDENCE!

ALL Lew Conrad fans who are interested in joining a club in his honor are cordially invited to write to me. The club has just been organized but we're sure it will be a great success—so c'mon fans! Congratulate you on your thoroughly enjoyable magazine.—Kathryn L. Ellis, 7133 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## THESE LOVE R. D. AS IS

MERCY ME! Please let me say a word about an article in "Coming and Going." Please, please don't besmear your lovely magazine with "scandals, divorces, and domestic tribulations" of Radio-ites. I'm sure the Radio-ites get plenty of "dirty publicity" without Radio Digest ruining a perfectly good reputation in order to air Radio scandals. What's more, I don't hesitate to reassure you that the feelings of the artists will no doubt be in keeping with the above quotation. If enlargement of your magazine is necessary let it be for the better instead of the deterioration of it. More columns of the type of Radiographs, Marcella, Tuneful Topics, Gubalogue and Broadcaster-Oil would be more suitable to advance. Of course it is entirely up to yourselves whether or not you run with the goats or the sheep, but I've had my word.—Miss Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs St., Wooster, Ohio.

SORRY there was no August issue. No, don't write any scandal about Radio stars in your magazine. Keep it sweet and clean, and if any morbid-minded readers want a scandal feast let them get their meal from the newspapers. Please put in more pictures of the men stars in the rotogravure section. Doesn't that sound "femi-

## Voice of the

nine"—but it should be half and half anyway.—Mrs. Arthur Lueck, Mancelona, Mich.

## WOULD FIGHT FESS BILL

JUST read the new issue of your magazine and before I take up the main subject may I say it seemed like a very long wait this month. Your magazine is so interesting I hated to miss the August issue. Now for my real reason for this letter. Read very carefully the article by Mr. Hobart and think I understand the situation as he puts it. What can we do to prevent Senator Fess' bill S5589 from becoming effective? Some programs on the air are not so interesting but I tune out and get another station. But these instances are rare. On a whole the entertainment and educational features provided are good. Only a few days ago I was forced to be without my Radio for forty-eight hours and I realized then just what it meant to me. As far as the advertising talks are concerned I'm sure fair-minded persons do not object to the few minutes devoted to them. And as you pointed out, the advertisers pay for this entertainment so why not be appreciative and generous. PRESERVE US FROM GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF THE RADIO!!! I never cease marveling at the magic of Radio. It's cheering and comforting and instructive. I believe I have at least average good sense and intelligence. I can enjoy the music of the masters and I can also get great pleasure from the popular music played by various orchestras. Heading this wonderful list of programs is Rudy Vallee. Don't tell me he's no extraordinary singer. I know Rudy hasn't a voice for the Metropolitan, but I can honestly say I've listened to all the noted singers starting with Caruso but never felt the tugging at my heart as when Rudy's voice reaches my ears. If the Fess bill means taking Rudy off the air I'm starting for Washington with a bomb in my pocket at once. Let us know as soon as you can just what we can do. We do not want government control.—G. M., Margate City, N. J.

## TWO NEW VOL-ANS—WELCOME!

HAVE enjoyed reading your magazine always but more so since devoted exclusively to Radio. We enjoy reading your well-written, interesting articles, and looking at your descriptive and entertaining pictures. We enjoy reading V. O. L. especially, and would like to join. Would appreciate having pictures and articles especially of the following Radio stars: Bob and Jimmy Palmer, the Utah Trail Boys of KFI and KECA, Los Angeles, Cal., of the Beverly Hill Billies of KMPC, the artists of the Happy Go Lucky Hour, KFRC, Shell Happy Time artists of KPO as well as any others particularly in Southern California. Wish the best of luck to Radio Digest and hope for a still bigger magazine.—S. and A. Kovacevich.

## WE MERELY ASKED YOU

READING page 4 of the Summer Edition of Radio Digest and can't go any farther without stopping to tell you that the day you start gathering the scandal, is the day I quit reading Radio Digest—and I think there are many others of the same mind as I. If you find it necessary to print that kind of "stuff" then quit publishing, because that's the beginning of the end. There's plenty of interesting material to be had concerning "our friends of the air" without dragging in their shortcomings.—Jess Jackson, Apollo, Pa. [We distinctly stated we didn't like scandals for Radio Digest. Editor.]

HERE'S three emphatic answers to the query, "Should Radio Digest go in for scandals?"—NO! NO! NO!—one for each member of our family—and the pussycat—who looks forward to chewing up each copy of Radio Digest after we have finished with it and considers herself entitled to a vote upon the quality of her food! Radio Digest is unique in the fact that it has so far steered clear of everything unclean. Its gossip is of the light, harmless sort which entertains without leaving an unpleasant taste in the mouth and I, for one, should be very sorry to see it go Walter Winchell. For those who get a vicarious delight in learning of the infidelities of the great and near-great of the stage, screen or Radio, there are the movie magazines and metropolitan tabloids to the rescue. Although I have been a regular reader of your magazine since almost its first issue, this is my first letter to V. O. L., and is written in appreciation of the editor's efforts to give us what we really want in the form of a Radio magazine. I sincerely hope that other interested readers will respond to this important question, and if Bigger and Better Scandals is the order of the day as a result of the poll, then I make the motion that those in the minority, who may feel like canceling their subscriptions to Radio Digest, instead turn their energies into organizing a Skipper of Pages Association to see who can skip the fastest!—Edna H. Stanbrough, R. F. D. No. 3, Newburgh, N. Y.

## WANTED: DISTANT STATIONS

JUST a line to tell you that I certainly enjoy reading your fine magazine. I should like to hear from listeners about the distant stations they can get or about their locals—or anything about Radio.—Floyd Smith, R. R. No. 6, Box 52, Greenville, Ill.

## RUDY'S CORNER

IT IS rumored in Canadian as well as American circles that Rudy Vallee, the idol of America, is about to sign a contract for an enormous sum, and departing for Elstree, the Hollywood of England in several British films. This will surely be a loss for America.—L. Fahey, Toronto, Ont. . . . May we soon have an article devoted to Rudy Vallee's famous Connecticut Yankees? And a little picture of each



# Listener

of the boys? This particular orchestra possesses so much individual personality, that such an article would be more than appreciated. Wish you would also publish an article about John S. Young and Lew Conrad. (Lew is in Marcella's column this issue—and John Young in May).

I HAVE always said I would never miss such an interesting magazine as Radio Digest. I can't wait each month for it to come out. Since Rudy Vallee is so happily married, here's hoping it doesn't hurt his popularity and that Radio listeners will always have Rudy's interesting programs to listen to. As Rudy Vallee is my favorite, here's hoping he will always be on the air and in Radio Digest.—Mrs. Maria Jones, Washington, D. C. . . . . After reading Rudy Vallee's *Tuneful Topics* one cannot doubt that he has a magnetic personality. Instead of all or the majority of the men being jealous of his charming voice, good looks, lovely orchestra, wonderful athletic figure and pleasing personality, I should think they would admire him like most of the women do. I'd stay up all night to listen to him. Another young man whose voice bubbles with boyish enthusiasm, namely Ozzie Nelson. Please print a picture of him. Three cheers for Smith Ballew and Julian Woodworth and needless to mention for the one and only Rudy Vallee.—Peggy Wood, 219 Pine Street, Peekskill, N. Y.

## TRY R. D. BINDERS

I THINK every "listener-in" was delighted to see the picture of "This is Douglas Gilbert Speaking" in the last edition of your magazine, and write to ask you if there is not some way you can secure an intimate interview of Gilbert's life. Such a wonderful voice and we hope he receives a fine salary! Can you not print some more of his broadcasts on men of note? Buy your magazine and file in a folder.—A "Listener-In."

## SEE APRIL R. D.

HAS Radio Digest forgotten that the charming Jessica Dragonette is one of the finest and one of the most popular singers on the air? Do let us have some more pictures and articles about this fascinating star. She certainly has no equal—on or off the air.—Marjorie Goetschins, 228 Ray Street, Manchester, N. H.

## A FLOYD FAN

YOU asked for suggestions from readers about what they'd like to read and what pictures they'd like to see. Well—I read the Digest and enjoy it very much—and here goes for what I personally would like—I'd like more nice full page pictures of Floyd Gibbons and interviews and articles about him—in fact you can fill the book about him and I'm satisfied—but not where he travelled with Pershing or about Pancho Villa or the Laconia sinking, etc. I've read that fifty times in every paper, book and magazine. What I want to know is—does he really like lemon pie and ice cream—is he grouchy or jolly—serious or

silly—as talkative off the air as on—and does he like riding, golf or flying—or just plain hiking—does he ever smoke a pipe—does he ever listen to the Radio himself—does he like music and jazz or the classics, etc.—that's the kind of interview I like. Maybe he doesn't—anyhow—that's what I'd like to hear about him. And about another hero of mine—of course he's really not a Radio star but he was master of ceremonies on the Chevrolet program for a long time—Col. Eddie Rickenbacker. These are my two heroes and it's sure hard to get a squirt at a picture of or a word about either. Once again may I say how very much I enjoy this magazine and hope to find what I'm looking for in it one of these months.—Betty of Boston.

## DX'S OWN DEPARTMENT

IN YOUR recent issue the most interesting article was the write-up by Charles J. Gilchrist on DX-ing, in my estimation. Undoubtedly, all DX'ers and Radio bugs will be your constant boosters if you succeed in getting Mr. Gilchrist to continue his articles through the coming winter months. I'm also glad to see more letters in V. O. L. from the "ether hunters," the "rubber ears," etc. The article in your May issue on a new station in Algiers using native entertainers was very, very interesting. You might give us a few more similar stories. While writing, I want to urge you to give us soon, in your dandy magazine, a good write-up on "Billy Sunshine," (Jack Owens), the boy who pulls in such a load of fan mail at KFH. Although he's but 18 years old, his voice is exceptional among crooners and his impersonations range from Henry Burbig to Morton Downey.—Paul K. C. McAfee, R. 4, Salina, Kans.

I WOULD like to say a few words in regard to DX. I have been DX-ing for nearly four years. While I have not set the woods on fire and made any records I have had lots of fun. My log runs between 425 and 450 stations. The best catches are as follows: (I am only giving those that are verified) 2LO London, England; JOGK, Kuamoto, Japan; KGMB, Honolulu, Hawaii; KGBU, Ketchikan, Alaska; WKAQ, Porto Rico; CKMO, Vancouver, B. C.; CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; VAS, Glace Bay, N. S.; Dudenleutscher Rundfunk at Stuttgart, Germany. I have 21 stations in California verified, 3 in Oregon, 5 in Washington. I also have several Mexican, Cuban and Canadian. I have every state in the Union with the exception of N. H., N. D. and Vermont. I have several more good catches that are not verified as yet. Will be glad to give any information that I can on any of my stations listed above. Also have numerous verifications from low-powered stations all over the country ranging from 7½ watts to 100 watts.—Clyde Ham, 1002 S. Lafayette St., Shelby, N. C.

## TCK! TCK! JOHN!

I DISLIKE your magazine more and more every month, as you gradually fill it with fashion notes, what the bride will wear and all that sort of junk. Who cares

what people think about the women of America being happy? I like the way you logged the stations in your April or May issues, but your idea in the June issue was all wet, considering the many mistakes you made. Now what about something in your magazine that pertains a little at least to Radio, also some pictures of some of the good orchestras.—John Drake, 1920 Athol Street, Regina, Sask.

## SOME SOFT ANSWERS

THE Radio Digest gets better and better every month. I really can't tell you what I like the best. I think Marcella is first and then the V. O. L.—when I read the letters from listeners who are always knocking the Radio Digest or some artist, I boil. I do not see how anyone can find a single fault with the Radio Digest. When they say the Radio Digest is "punk" and nothing but "junk" I fear they do not get very much out of life—they are too quick to criticize and not quick enough to give the Radio Digest or the artists some appreciation. As for orchestras I think I like them all—Vincent Lopez, Ben Bernie, Bernie Cummins, Henry Theis, Guy Lombardo, Rudy Vallee and heaps of others. Please forgive me if I have seemed a bit pointed in my accusations to some of your readers. But life is too short to always be criticizing and when anyone says a single word against Radio Digest, I'm ready to fight right back. More power to the Radio Digest.—Virginia "Jinny" Peters, 3021 Fairfield Avenue No. 14, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAY I express my appreciation of a magazine so well-rounded as Radio Digest. I read it with great avidity each month. There are some of us—and our name is legion—who appreciate the simplicity, lack of affectation, and charming presentation of the incomparable Vallee's particular line. It seems to me the facts prove what the majority of listeners think of him. Success is not granted to mediocrity. More power to your publication.—R. M. Walker, Sunmycrest, Seymour, Ind.

I WANT to express my appreciation for your magazine. To me it is the answer to a Radio fan's prayer. You can't please everyone but you're doing a mighty good job. Keep up *Broadcaster Oil* by Ray Perkins. He has the most spontaneous humor I have read in a long time. Also enjoyed Jean Paul King's article on the *Sisters of the Skillet*. I like your pictures. Here's luck—Maurine Sanderman, Marion, Ind.

## TRUE WISDOM

I'D LIKE to say a few words to the men who seem to resent the ladies' adoration of Rudy Vallee. I'd buy my wife a gold statue of Rudy if she would be content to stay home and adore him. You are mighty lucky if your wife is content to worship at the shrine of the Radio. Suppose she stepped out with any Tom, Dick or Harry who happened along.—Just Another Listener Who Thinks Rudy is Not So Bad, Norwich, N. Y.

I JUST bought my first Radio Digest today, and I had to write to tell you how I enjoyed reading the magazine. I have heard a lot about it but I haven't bought it before. Why? I don't know. I would like to hear from more Lombardo fans. I think that Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians have the cream of the slow tempo music. Jack Denny and his Orchestra from Montreal is also a headliner on the CBS and his type of music is also imitable. Hope to hear from Lombardo fans.—L. C. Braddock, 14 West New York Avenue, Somers Point, N. J.



## Out of the AIR

# HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

**T**OLD you about the Little Black Book last month. Well sir, (please 'scuse for stealin' your stuff, Floyd) one of my ver' best friends writes to know if the Little Black Book isn't a Indi-rubber Book—don't we stretch things sometimes? You're wrong, Sylvia, it's a book of concrete facts. Not sayin' that the concrete might not be a bit cracked in places.

You'd be surprised at the Limericksters. Here are a couple of fresh ones which Robert G. Wyatt of Bakersville, Tenn., got 'em off his own limerick tree.

### WHATCHA MEAN "RAW"?

There was a young couple from Arkansas  
Who were not aware of the parking law,  
And with their bathing suits on  
They were told to be gone  
By an old cop who thought they were  
sparkin' raw.

### PRESSING ENGAGEMENT

There was a nice girlie from Butte  
Who turned down a neighbor galoot  
Because he was dumber  
Than the smart city drummer  
Who found joy in pressing his suit.

Stop that! Don't you throw that tomato! Maybe you'd like this one from Nellie Foster Seibert, 3451 W. 30th ave., Denver, Colo., who swears she found it in her own cellar.

Oh, Lady Moon, so frail and slim,  
At first I hardly knew you;  
Last week you were so round and fat—  
Now, I look right through you.

Pray tell me, did you exercise,  
Or follow some strict diet?  
If I but knew your recipe,  
I certainly would try it.



*Edna O'Keefe*

### CUTE THING

Oh Edna O'Keefe, of KFRC  
I love the little dimple  
In each little knee  
Please think me not simple  
And wink at me so  
For loving each wrinkle  
In each little toe.

### IS THAT NICE?

Imagine the scandalized housewives who dote on Col. Goodbody's food talks! John Myatt Napier, 2627 Texas Street, Vernon, Tex., sends this indiscreed clipped, as he says, from the Dallas Morning News. It's from the Radio program listing:

Colonel Goodbody, fool talk (NBC network), WFAA.

### Cash for Humor!

**IT WILL** pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay \$5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, \$3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

Song titles connected with announcements are an invariable source of amusement. Rolf George, 6153 Catina st., New Orleans, La., writes:

While listening to the dance program from the Trianon ball room, 62nd and Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill., and broadcast thru WGN, at ten P. M., (Cent. Time) to-night, I heard the announcer say that the next number would be "I'm dancing in the Dark, by Special permission of the copyright owners."

Hubert Colombe, 44 Albion st., Houghton, Mich., writes:

"I heard this over WHDF; 'You are again reminded that at the Calumet theatre tonight "Strangers may Kiss" with Norma Shearer'."

O. M. Crosby, 272 Elm st., Amesbury, Mass., heard the announcer at WNAC, Boston, say, "Ninety-nine out of a Hundred Want to be Kissed by Ben Selvin and his orchestra."

Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton ave., Lexington, Ky., reports Phil Cook's funny: "Well he will have to buy a new license for his dog." "Nope, no' this dog," replies Crackles. "Why not?" "Because he is just covered with 'em already."

Don't know whether you heard this one. Vincent Sorey, Columbia orchestra leader, gives this as an experience he once had with a dictatorial sponsor who rushed up to him mad and all out of breath:

"You're playing too loud. . . TOO LOUD, I say!"

"The score says forte," Sorey replied.

"Then, for heaven's sake, play THIRTY!" snorted the sponsor.

The Tastyeast Gloom Chasers have aroused a great deal of curiosity about the mysterious Schultz for whom they frequently weep. A fan sent Colonel Stoopnagle a handkerchief for his



tears. Various legends were inscribed on the linen. This was one:

The Colonel stood at the microphone, Whence all but him had fled; He laughed and then broke down and cried, Because our Schultz was dead.

**FAR-FLUNG** is the fame of this whirlwind of Radioscapes or what-chamacallums. Two letters come to Indi, on the same day from the opposite side of the world. First we have this bit from O. B. Ward, P. O. Box 2181, Honolulu, Hawaii.

#### SCULPTOR?

Listening to the police news  
Our interest was intense  
Until the radionouncer said,  
"A statutory offense—"

I would like to print the letter and verses sent in by G. C. Tollenton of Auckland, New Zealand. It's all good, but gotta snap off too quick. We want MORE space! (We WANT more space! We want more SPACE!) You can reach Mr. Tollenton at Box 83. And sezze, sez he—

"Only came across Radio Digest just a few weeks ago and am delighted with its contents. Have just sent subscription for 12 months and am keenly looking forward to their arrival. Your own particular department is most diverting and I get a lot of laughs out of it." He tells about an Orange Trick performed by a broadcasting magician. This is his Indi-script:

"An artist over IYA, Auckland, New Zealand, caught all his listeners very nicely a few weeks ago. They were requested to take out their pocket handkerchiefs and follow the moves as they were given through the air. He got them to fold the hankys first one way and then another until the hanky was in a shapeless mass about the size of an egg. Then he asked them to close their fingers around it and hold it above their heads for one moment. 'Don't forget,' he said, 'this is the Orange trick so just for effect I want you to hold the handkerchief in the air and gently squeeze it. That's right, all squeeze the hanky, now. That's right, squeeze a little harder; harder still. That's right keep on squeezing, squeezing until you get the pip.' Then he went off the air. The mail which poured in immediately showed very effectively how many people had fallen for the hoax." Very funny, what?



#### GENEROUS RIVAL

Who said the gals would all drift away from Rudy now that he has got himself a bride? Miss Mapel of Denver perhaps voices the sentiment of many others who are seventeen. She writes her *bon voyage*:

That this romance down through the years,  
Sincere and true will stay.

A Vallee fan I've always been,  
A Vallee fan I stay.  
Not his alone, but also her's.  
May joy be theirs always.



Frank Watanabe (Eddie Holden) at KNX, Hollywood

#### FAN SONG

A Vallee Fan I've always been,  
Since first he took my eye,  
I heard the beat of courser's feet  
My knight was riding by!

The echo of his wedding bells—  
And seventeen am I;  
Deep, black despair has filled my heart—  
My knight has passed me by!

And then upon a newsteel film  
Their pictures flashed one day;

I saw my lovely rival there—  
And now I hope and pray

#### ROSIN DID IT

Now we know what put the kibosh on Firpo when Jack Dempsey quit laughing, climbed back up in the ring and got down to serious work. It came out during a Radio interview between Ed. Sullivan and Jack (Doc) Kearns over WOR, New York.

Sullivan: "I've often wondered, Doc, what Dempsey whispered to you after the first round in the Firpo fight? Can it be told now?"

Kearns: "Dempsey said, 'Doc, I can't get started. I'm slipping all over the ring.' And I said, 'No wonder you're slipping, you chump; put some rosin on your feet.'"

So Dempsey squashed his dogs in a rosin box and that was the end of Firpo. (Fred Morgan shows how Ed and Doc looked during the muke bout at WOR in the drawing here.)



# Aunt and Uncle Mike

By Evans E. Plummer

**N**OW let's travel down to Atlanta, Georgia, where, I've been told, we'll find a couple who are going to run Gus Edwards out of business if they continue with their present success of finding and starting off young theatrical proteges.

Technically speaking, they don't call themselves "aunt" and "uncle," and they purposely avoid the gushiness that often is found present in the Radio feature supposed to attract the juvenile. But—they already have more than 30,000 children tuning in their daily broadcasts, and they've only been on WSB since last September.

"They," of the above paragraph, are Janet and Lou Zoeller, directors of the Atlanta Journal's "Sunset Club for Girls and Boys." Up to Radio the Zoellers were in vaudeville, playing the RKO, Loew and Pantages circuits. They were billed as "Souls o' Sunshine," and the name has remained with them on the air.

Since joining WSB last Fall, the Zoellers have been appearing over the station every weekday afternoon except Saturdays at 4:30 (CST) p. m. with their young proteges selected from among aspiring tiny listeners. On Saturdays they carry the youngsters down to one of the larger motion picture houses on Peachtree street where they present their coming stars in the fastest-moving juvenile revues Atlanta has ever known. Do the listeners like the idea? Well, an average of 3,000 boys and girls jam the theater for each of these special matinees.

The Zoeller broadcasts are adult in every detail—except the talent. Bedtime



Just see what Uncle Television is bringing to the Little Listeners and Lookers around New York! Here you see Big Brother Mortimer Stewart, director of television for W2XCR, the eyes of WGBS, presenting Gamby, the dancing fairy; Little Billy, the midget, and Felix the Clown

stories, recitations and the like are forgotten as the youngsters, hundreds of them, face the microphone to mimic the songs and dances they've heard on their Radios and at the movie and vaudeville houses.

**O**NE outstanding star is 12-year-old Frances Marie Bess, a crooner who, it is whispered about the studios, is slated for the talking movies and may be in Hollywood when this appears in print. Another is William

Blue McKay, three-year-old master of ceremonies, whose claim to being the youngest announcer in America regularly on the air, is apt to go unchallenged.

Another Sunset Club protege, Maurice Wager, was signed by RKO several months ago and is now touring the country with "Scooter" Kelly, one-time Our Gang screen comedy star.

Chicago has three more children's hours besides Uncle Bob Wilson's over KYW. At WMAQ there's the "Topsy Turvy Time Man"; at WENR, Everett and Irma's Air Juniors, and at WGN you'll hear Uncle Quin.

Russell Pratt, known more widely to the adult audience as one of WMAQ's "Three Doctors," is the originator of the Topsy Turvy Time Club. Daily except Sunday for the past five and a half years, the program has been heard without fail over WMAQ, and the membership of the club is now well over the 400,000 mark.

With the aid of his rather mysterious helpers, Tommy and Harry, Pratt has built an informal, leisurely

and conversational situation, where, but for the distances separating, the listening child might put in his word. Songs, stories, recitations and little talks find a place on each program. Puzzling and beguiling actions are the contributions of Tommy, alias Dr. T. Thomas Toofins, "plain and fancy reciter of T.T.T." and Harry H. Hoozis, the singer of T.T.T. and the official mail man. Strange to say that Tommy and Harry, while ever crowding the mike on the air, are always bashfully absent whenever there are visitors at the studio.

The three T's on the red and gold



microphone pin which is given free to each member signify two things—Topsy Turvy Time and The Club Secret. The latter, I'm told, is so sacred that I must not divulge what it is, but I may say, at least, that the secret is a motto expressing an ideal of behaviour. The club has other ideals, civic services, and activities, too, and is always busy on some seasonal enterprise.

Well, Russell Pratt should make a good director of a children's hour. He has five of his own of assorted ages at home. Another boast of his is that he has never, in all of the five and a half years, used the word "kiddies." This news, I trust, will reach the ears of the Carnegie Foundation, or some other live-wire medal-awarding group, and be taken into immediate consideration.

The five-year-old Air Juniors Club of WENR, Chicago, started by Everett Mitchell, announcer, and Irma Glenn, staff organist, still waves under the banner of NBC, and at present its enrollment is near the 150,000 mark.

Don't tell the children, as they'd probably be off of it for life, but the Air Juniors programs are ninety per cent educational with heavy sugar-coating to insure listening young ears. But there are no long talks or lectures. The education is purveyed by means of stories that bring out educational points. One broadcast, for instance, will deal

with health, another with nature stories, another with safety, the next with pets and birds. This year a garden contest is being staged. The Air Juniors have been told how to plant their gardens and take pictures of them as they grow. Next Fall the boy and girl with the best garden will be awarded a prize. Other civic enterprises of various kinds are conducted.

One night each week children selected by regular auditions take their places before the WENR microphone and supply the talent for the program. The queer part of these amateur talent nights is that they draw as many adults to the loud speaker as children.

THE slogan of the Air Juniors Club is: "The Air Juniors Club—A Club for Happy Boys and Happy Girls." And every night the program is closed by a child's prayer sent in by one of the members.

Quin Ryan, manager of WGN and "Uncle Quin" to the tots of that station's audience, is responsible for the "Punch and Judy Show" heard nightly from WGN.

"I have never tried to be edifying," Ryan replied when asked of the program's activities. "Neither was Tom, the piper's son, nor the unconventional cow that jumped over the moon. I never preach, nor moralize, nor goo-

goo, nor strive to ingratiate myself. Clowning is enough."

Radio has brought a new interval into the public's everyday, he points out—the period of the bedtime story. It is time to confuse images, images to sweeten dreams. Peter Pan hops into the window and Tinker Bell whisks through the room. The magic quality of the Radio enhances its imaginative appeal to the children. Turn a dial and from the set darts music, and voices, and stories, and animals. Such is Ryan's vision.

Uncle Quin started his menagerie oddly. One evening he was inadvertently toying with a kit of whistles and bells that a trap-drummer had left behind in the studio. He proceeded to name each one of them for some animal or bird, and his tiny audience believed him! Out of his bewildered hat they had pulled a cuckoo bird, a wabby calf, an Airedale, a lumbering baby elephant, a kindly lion, a frisky frog, and a garrulous duck who never goes without her galoshes.

"I never allow any children in the studio," Uncle Quin concluded, "because for them the show would be ruined by disillusionment and for me by self-consciousness. In their presence I am just a wooden Indian, but miles away from them—they almost engulf me with their letters, their love and

(Continued on page 70)

## Three Beautiful Jay-birds of the Air



Joan Colburn



Jane Houston



Joan Danton

Joan Colburn, called "The Girl of a Thousand Personalities" will appear under the direction of Sterling Program Corp. in a new series to be announced soon. She is well known for her excellent work in "Dracula," Horace Liveright's stage success in which she played the leading feminine role.

Jane Houston, well known to all radio listeners for her long, long portrayal of the character "Vi" in Graybar's "Mr. and Mrs." sketches over Columbia, is seen here creating a new character in which it is planned to present her under the banner of a prominent national broadcaster, shortly.

Stage audiences know the remarkable versatility of this beautiful actress. Besides playing the part of "Azuri" in the Desert Song, dancing her way into the heart of drama and music lovers over the U. S. she has played highly emotional and sweetly demure ingenue parts, as well. Her character delineations are making her a favorite.



# Station Parade

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

**F**ALL programs are leaning more toward dramatic presentations this year. But vocalists who can both sing and act will doubtless find themselves to a better than usual advantage.

Television is sweeping the country like wildfire. Stations in every community are making preparation for television equipment. This new phase will prove a special boon to the community broadcaster because it is not possible to hook television through a series of stations with the present wire equipment of the telephone and telegraph companies.

\* \* \*

And now let's see what they are thinking about in the various studios scattered across the continent.

\* \* \*

## NINE YEARS OLD

**O**LD WNAC, Boston, is celebrating its ninth anniversary. That puts it in the same anniversary class as Radio Digest.

The celebration held at WNAC came to its climax the night of July 31st. To make an extraordinary occasion of the event Linus Travers, production manager, arranged to bring from various parts of the country some of their former entertainers. It was a particularly happy event for John Shepard, 3rd, who founded the station and who since that time has been actively identified with almost every phase of Radio development.

Station WEAN is now one of the two key stations for the Yankee Network. New studios and transmitting equipment have recently been installed so that it is possible to send out six programs over the system at one time.

\* \* \*

## GONDOLERIOUS

**W**ILL television interfere with some of those fine delusions we now enjoy? What about those jolly Gondoliers at WGY, Schenectady? As you hear them now you fancy a moonlight scene in Venice. It is so easy

when you can't see to imagine a barrel stave swishing around in a tub to be a long, slim paddle dripping and rippling through a glancing moonbeam.

But here are the real Gondoliers in this tower of masculinity just below. Not a Venetian in a boatload! Just read the names in the list below the picture!



The Gondoliers of WGY, Schenectady. Top, down: John Danduard, Clyde Kittel and A. O. Coggeshall (Tenors) and John Finke (accompanist)

## PASKMAN'S PROGRESS

**S**PEAKING of television of course you know that WGBS has it in New York. Dailey Paskman, the guiding genius, of this independent station in the heart of Manhattan simply took the bull by the horns and set his station right down at 655 Fifth avenue, about a stone's throw from the formidable NBC where it has been rather stoutly maintained that television, after all, is more "tell" than vision.

Recent announcements state that Mme. Mariska Aldrich, formerly of the Metropolitan opera, is now one of Paskman's regular television artists. She is presenting a series of programs with associate artists, all made up in costume for the characters they represent. They portray different nationalities. Some of the programs already presented which have been notably successful were Hungarian, Russian and Spanish in theme.

On the Golden Hour you hear organ selections from the studios of Miss Marcia Stewart. Of course Miss Stewart also may be seen through W2XCR, the WGBS television station.

\* \* \*

## THE CYNIC SPEAKS

By Muriel Allen

**I**T WAS after one of his peppiest evening broadcasts that I interviewed WPCH'S incognito misanthrope (yes, they're both in the dictionary). He calls himself "The Old Cynic," and he's a member of the tribe of scribes.

But no newspaper man, present or ex, can be comfortable enough to answer personal questions about himself in the formal atmosphere of an open-to-the-public reception room. It requires a swivel chair and a desk for the victim's feet to rest on. We found it in the press office, and then the fun began.

"How did you come to do it—this cynical sort of a program? (I guess that's the best way to start, isn't it?)"

"H-m-m-m," grunted the Old Cynic. "Good as any. I don't really see what difference it makes to anybody, but here's the answer. Experience! My



forbears couldn't boast of a single divorce in their entire history. I had to break that jinx, so to do a really good job I had two before I was 26. That's how I learned about women. And when you figure a pair of alimony checks on the first of every month, you can judge the expense of that lesson!"

"Do the women like your program?"

The answer to this one came with a chuckle. "Be yourself, lady, would you? But they get so infuriated that they have to let off steam, and so they write to me and tell me what they think of me! And here's another funny thing about the one—or I should really say—two-track mindedness of the 'dear ladies' in my audience. My feminine 'fans' either assail me for overlooking all the romantic elements of marriage, or else they pounce on me for not revering my mother. Now as far as I am concerned, neither one of these accusations shows any indication of common sense reasoning. In the first place, a man who doesn't revere his mother is no man at all. And in the second place, it is romance that is the matter with marriage. When romance wears thin for a man, he's disillusioned. When it wears thin for a woman, the old shopping instinct comes to the surface, and she goes out into the matrimonial market again looking for a better bargain, or buy, than the one she has. And Reno is the exchange desk!"

"And what about the men? What do they say about your program? Anything?"

There was a twinkle in the Old Cynic's eyes and a smile turned up the corners of his straight mouth (cynics always have straight mouths, you know). He almost laughed.



Anita Cheney, dramatic soprano with the Stamford Players at WCHI, the "Voice of Chicago"

"If I should tell you women about some of the letters I get from the men, the male population of this great and glorious country would have to unite in self defense. To a man, they give me a verbal 'pat on the back,' and tell me I'm telling you 'dear ladies'

Fred Hoey who scores highest batting average for baseball announcers



exactly what they've wanted to tell you for years, and haven't had the—well, nerve—to do it!"

A long pull on the glowing pipe as the Old Cynic pondered a while in silence. I asked him if he didn't feel a little ashamed—or, was it fun?

"Fun? You bet it's fun. But you needn't tell them that!" And he wandered out into the jungles of Broadway, leaving me wondering if I didn't see him shift his tongue into his cheek as he turned his back on the inquisition.

\* \* \*

### THAT MAN HOEY

BEFORE the baseball season of 1931 becomes one of those things that have already come and entirely gone let's have a look at that Boston man, Fred Hoey. It is the sports announcer who has the chance to make a name for himself these days. Fred Hoey, of the WNAC staff, acclaimed by his great army of admirers "King of Baseball Announcers." His whole career has been curved around a baseball, it seems, and began back when Frank Selee's Boston Nationals played Ned Hanlon's Baltimore Orioles in the 1897 Temple Cup series. From years of baseball writing on Boston newspapers he turned to baseball Radio reporting five years ago. People who had hitherto been indifferent to baseball became ardent fans by listening to his dramatic and accurate word portrayal of the games as they were being played. He knows everybody in every team, knows them so well he can just about foretell what they are going to do before they do it from what he has seen them do in the past.

The fans thought so well of Hoey's batting at the microphone last spring that they took a day off and made quite an ado for him. They called it Fred Hoey Day and gave him a lot of presents including a certificate of deposit for \$3,000; a purse of gold from the

Boston Braves and a whole truck full of gifts from other players and admirers.

Being a baseball specialist does not prevent Hoey from being good at other sports as the Wnacious will readily testify.

\* \* \*

### ETHIOPIA HEARS KDKA

WESTINGHOUSE stations have always gone after the distant listener—to the Arctic or the Antipodes. Letters from delighted fans from these far points are their reward. Not long ago a special program was broadcast to the United Presbyterian Missionary colony, 8,000 miles away at Gorei, Ethiopia. Many letters have been received from the colonists stating they were able to hear their friends at home clearly and distinctly. "It was like Christmas all over again," wrote Mrs. Ruth L. Walker.

\* \* \*

### DOT AND DICK AT WMAZ

LET'S tune in Dot and Dick who do that intriguing drawl from stations Georgiaward. They're at WMAZ, Macon, for the present although they are very well known to the WBZ listeners at Atlanta. There's a quaint naturalness to their skit which savors of the same dramatic quality that has put Amos 'n' Andy over so successfully. Just a couple of young American Newjwells being themselves.

It's no secret that the skits are written and presented by Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Jones, Jr., of Macon. It was a matter of tradition that this family of Jones should follow the legal profession. But nobody before had anticipated the advent of Radio. Mal simply did not like law. He went to war and eventually became a Radio dealer. Mrs. Jones was formerly a newspaper woman. She teaches speech and dramatic art at Wesleyan Conservatory. They have been married five years and have a little daughter in kindergarten.



### ENGLISHMAN SHOWS US

**I**T TAKES the perspective of an Englishman to get the real slant at Americans, some folks say. That may account for Norman MacDonald, English born and graduate of Cambridge, being able to come to this country and portray American historic characters over WGN, Chicago. He is doing a series of famous men there. The skits are written by Miss Jean Conover. Among the impersonations already broadcast are those of Gen. Gage, Nathan Hale, George Washington, Gen. Custer and Alexander Hamilton.

### MCCORMICK FIDDLERS

**S**OME of these so-called "old time fiddlers," "mountaineers," and "hill-billies" are only Big City tuba players filling in time. They live in hall bedrooms in the tenement districts and never saw the mountains this side of the ocean.

But you can't say that about the McCormick Fiddlers at WLW, Cincinnati. Pa and Ma McCormick come from Owenton; Frank Mills was "bawn 'n' brung up in Mt. Zion; Ohmar Castleman, who tweaks the five-string banjo, came up from Folson and Jerry Foy, guitarist, calls Harrodsburg his native town. They have all just rounded out three years at WLW.

### MAY MAKE KMA PAY

**C**ONSIDERING investment and returns you probably won't find a town anywhere in the world that has earned more money by Radio than Shenandoah, Ia. Last year 250,000 people visited the town which has a population of only 6,500. There are two broadcasting stations.

**EARL MAY**, owner of KMA, Shenandoah, is entertaining at two stations these days since he became owner of KFOR at Lincoln, Nebr. He is a busy commuter between Shenandoah and Lincoln and depends on his big Buick de luxe sedan to speed him back and forth.

Last year he spent \$120,000 for talent on KMA alone. And he gave away \$40,000 in premiums. He sells everything over his station. In one sales drive he sold \$82,000 in dress goods last year.

The Burlington railroad just put in a new \$50,000 stockyard to handle the livestock business developed by KMA.

### NEWSBOY ON KFNF

**I**T WAS Henry Field who launched the first Radio station in Shenandoah. He is said to have cleared as much as one million dollars net in one year through sales made over his station, KFNF.

Mr. Field opens each day with religious service for the farmer listeners. About six years ago James Pearson, an employee of the Field Seed House, began broadcasting news from the papers. This proved a very popular feature and he now enjoys a national reputation as the KFNF Newsboy. He is also known as the Newsboy-Pastor because of Radio church services he conducts.

### Full Length Plays

**E**VEN though she now has four jobs to perform instead of one, Patricia O'Hearn, former Broadway leading lady, finds Radio much less tiring and much more interesting than stage work.

Returning to Chicago, her home

town, after playing a prominent part in the New York cast of Frank Craven's "Salt Water," which followed her engagement playing opposite Glen Hunter in "Behold This Dreamer," Miss O'Hearn joined the Goodman Theatre Repertory company. At the close of the Goodman season, during which she played several important roles, she turned to Radio drama.

It was Miss O'Hearn's idea to apply the Goodman laboratory of the theatre methods to broadcast drama and with this in mind she became associated with John Stamford, director of WCHI and a member of the faculty of the Chicago Conservatory.

The Stamford Players, one of the first groups to regularly present full length plays on the air, under the combined direction of Mr. Stamford and Miss O'Hearn is now broadcasting high class dramatic productions over WCHI each week.

### ART MAKES WILIANS CRY

**S**ALT water showers and blubber-weather are predicted for St. Louis and vicinity. The handkerchief business is picking up. Art Gillham, whispering pianist, and arch apostle of "Syncopated Pessimism," is now wringing tears from the WILIANS. In presenting his lugubrious hoakum at WIL Art is a successful comedian. He has made the circuit of practically all the broadcasting stations in Uncle Sam's domain. Recently he was heard over the Columbia System. In returning to St. Louis Art has meandered back to settle down in his home town. But, ah there you California—

(Continued on page 70)

## Victor Rodman Entertains KPO Artists



KPO entertainers were entertained a few nights ago when Victor Rodman gathered the boys around the grand for a little fun. Left to right: Raymond Marlowe, Victor Rodman, Marsden Argall, Cy Trobbe, Baldwin McGaw. Rear: Hans Neiderhofer and Henry Thompson.



# Watanabe Kids a Cop

**I**T WAS such a pleasant evening. The borrowed automobile spun along the wide and cheerfully lighted boulevards of Los Angeles and Hollywood, with a hardly perceptible purr while the tall, slim young man at the steering wheel called attention to the various and sundry sights.

However, just then a long-drawn shriek of a siren caused Frank to wobble an apprehensive ear. A shiny, radio-equipped automobile pulled up alongside the sight-seers. "Pull over, buddy, pull over,"



For Frank Watanabe (Eddie Holden) of the team of "Frank Watanabe and the Honorable Archie," popular nightly broadcasters from the Paramount Pictures-Los Angeles Evening Express station KNX, Hollywood, was showing his visiting aunt and uncle about the parlous of the allegedly "wicked film capitol."

"Now over there are the famous La Brea pits from which they have taken so many dinosaurs and pterodactyls and . . . er . . . all those things that lived so many thousand years ago," Watanabe explained. "And not far from here we come to Beverly Hills where I'll show you the homes of the famous movie stars."

Hon. Archibal  
Chissellberry  
(right) and  
Frank Watanabe



came the command. One look at the red lights and Watanabe hastened to obey, wondering what was wrong.

"Where's the fire? Are ya in a hurry?" the officer queried as he got out of the siren car and began to pull a packet of "tickets" from his pocket.

"No," meekly replied Watanabe. He quivered a bit and cast a side-long glance at his visiting aunt and uncle. They were apprehensive but brave.

"Well, how come you rode through the red light at the last crossing?" the cop wanted to know.

"Oh, did I?" whimpered Frank. "Saaaaaay! Tryin' to kid me? Where's your driver's license?"

A sinking feeling came over Watanabe. He remembered that in his hurry he had not taken his license, or, in fact, any of his papers from his "other" suit.

"Well, let's see your 'Pink Slip'," continued the glowering officer.

Be it explained that the "Pink Slip" is the certificate of ownership California drivers are expected to carry with them all the time—that is, when the last payment has been made and the car belongs to them.

"Th-th—this is a b-b-borrowed ear," Watanabe tried to explain.

"Oh, it is, is it?" and gruff is no name for the growing suspicion in the policeman's voice.

"Well, why aren't your lights on, buddy, trying to make a sneak?"

Aghast, Frank saw that he had forgotten to turn on the headlights.

"Well, I guess I'm in wrong, officer," he explained. "But I'm Frank Watanabe of the 'Watanabe and Honorable Archie' skits over KNX," he added.

"Yeah," said the cop, reflectively, eyeing Frank as if about to measure him for a shroud. "Well, I'm George Washington. Anything to identify yourself?"

Watanabe suddenly saw a bright light. In his hip pocket reposed the script for that evening's broadcast.

"Look," he said brightly, "here's our continuity for tonight." He pulled out the typewritten pages.

"Gimme," said the cops. Together they read them over. "Sounds all right but does it belong to you? You don't look like a Japanese."

"No, please. I not looking too Japanese. But I feeling just like five, sicka Chinamen. Ah, yes mam."

Hopefully, Frank looked up at the cops. "Gowan!" they commanded.

"But we coulda give you five tickets, young feller, me lad," said the m. e. as the car put-putted away.



## Station Parade

(Continued from page 68)

### MODEL HOME

**D**ON'T talk, do something! Give the unemployed jobs! And in answer to that demand Radio Station KSTP started doing something by building a model home, costing \$20,000. It has just been completed. Some 40 building firms sponsored the undertaking. Daily progress was reported in a special program. The project proved successful.

\* \* \*

**REGINALD MARTIN**, smart young announcer at WGN, Chicago is off the list, girls. Married Miss Jane Neilson of Evanston on July 11th. He was only twenty but he won a nice girl.

\* \* \*

**VISITORS** are always welcome at KHJ, Los Angeles. To keep faith with that policy the studios recently were enlarged to accommodate audiences of about 500. The studios occupy the entire second floor of the Don Lee building. Permission has been obtained for the installation of television, and Hollywood beauties soon will be seen from here through this medium.

\* \* \*

**PRUDY AND ANN** are making singing history over WJR, Detroit.

\* \* \*

**HAROLD TURNER** is being announced as poet of the organ at Lincoln, Nebr. Don't let Jesse Crawford hear about this.

\* \* \*

**FREDERICK O'BRIEN**, author, lecturer and traveler has been taking KPO listeners for some long jaunts into wild places lately.

\* \* \*

**WALTER BUNKER, JR.**, KFRC chief announcer, is getting ambitious to do a little warbling himself. He has been taking vocal lessons several months and may be expected to burst forth into song almost any time now. It sounds baritone.

\* \* \*

**MEREDITH WILLSON** will have no salt on his eggs but makes up by sprinkling it liberally on his grapefruit and so the KFRC, San Francisco, musical features are normally savoured.

\* \* \*

**FREDERICK BITTKE**, KFRC baritone, resigned as a swimming and diving champion after he had an argument with a springboard that wouldn't get out of the way of his head when he was making a "Flying Dutchman." He was unconscious for 36 hours. He finds singing for KFRC less dangerous.

\* \* \*

**HAPPY GO LUCKY GANG COMES TO KFRC FROM SEATTLE SEPTEMBER 12.**

**KENNETH NILES** and bride doubtless have heard by this time of the sad state of affairs at their rabbitery. After leaving KHJ in Los Angeles for a trip to Seattle the rabbits were supposed to be in the care of Paul Rickenbacker, announcer-actor. Rabbit dinners have been thrown right and left. The well known rabbit fecundity has been unable to keep up.

\* \* \*

**ELVA ALLMANN** at KHJ hasn't had a wreck for several weeks. Our correspondent says that traffic has learned to move over on the nearest sidewalk and leave her alone. Ken Allen went away and left his new Chevy on top of the Bixel street hill. When he came back it was a hunk of junk at the bottom.



## Hits, Quips and Slips

(Continued from page 63)

Talk about being embarrassed—and what would you do about that? Imagine those know-all Sisters of Skillet thinking up things to sound funny over a mike and then discovering that all the time they had been carrying on Mike had his face turned the other way and they were talking into the back of his neck. Engineers and officials were running around frantic trying to locate the cause of their voices sounding so distant! Now what would you do crawl under it or get a ladder and go over the top?

A lot of Indi-scribes sent in this one from WGY, Schenectady:

Announcer: "I Left My Girl in the Mountains, with Otto Gray and his Oklahoma cowboys."

One fair listener comments at the end of her letter, "Oh! Oh!"

Mrs. Eugene B. Tinker of Creswell, Ore., writes:

"Little three year old Jane had listened to the new Radio all day. That evening she ended her prayer, 'And tomorrow evening at this same time there will be another prayer.'"

Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 20th ave., San Francisco, quotes Monroe Upton over KFRC where he sometimes works

under the alias of Lord Bilgewater. Quoth His Ludship: "Why does an Indian wear a hat?" (And you dern well know he doesn't.) Hearing no answer from the Radio audience and thinking they are totally flabbergasted the lord replies, "To keep his wigwam, of course."

### SETTING UP, ETC.

B. V. Bloom, 945 Delaware ave., Toledo, O., writes: "My wife has her breakfast by remote control. Every morning at 7 she takes her coffee and rolls in front of the Radio."

W-INDI is now signing off by special permission of the right copy owner on 2,943,852.211149 icicles.

## Aunt and Uncle Mike

(Continued from page 65)

their kisses, till I think of the Bishop of Bingen in his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

"What would you give," he asked, "to be the confidant of an army of children? What would you give to hold the pop-eyed attention of an exacting audience between the ages of one and ten? Well, I wouldn't trade it for whatever you would give!"

In St. Louis at KMOX these days it is the "Once Upon a Time" lady. Georgia McAdams Clifford occupies a unique position among story tellers. Her stories for children are the accumulation of twenty-five years and include folk tales, fairy tales, stories with morals, and story cycles. "Aunt" Georgia has developed her own system of technique and story pattern, and is frank to say that her recent (less than a year old) connection with KMOX is her first attempt at the microphone.

That she is watching the results there and of other stations' children's features, goes without saying. She has her theories—and why not? For isn't she the president of the American Association of Story Tellers, which has its headquarters in St. Louis?

She says that it seems that she has been telling stories all of her life. She began her career at Chautauqua, New York, a quarter of a century ago. During the war her thrift stories were immensely popular and helped Uncle Sam a great deal. Mrs. Clifford is a St. Louis woman and a member of the faculty of Washington University there.

Incidentally, one of her astonishing discoveries is that fairy tales are universally popular! Even the adults go for them.

KDKA, Pittsburgh, has "Uncle Ralph" (R. P.) Griffith on the job, assisted by Purves Pullen, animal mimic, and George Preach, pianist. Based on the juvenile love for animals and out-





The real Raymond Knight and his family. Mrs. Knight is the girl in the center. The other girl is Betty Lou. That man on the left is John.

of-door life, Uncle Ralph keeps his programs educational in effect but never so that his young listeners can detect it.

Pullen's imitations of various animals are so realistic that they even bring delight to fathers and mothers as well as to the younger members of the radio audience. And Uncle Ralph's stories likewise draw mail from the grownups.

As I conclude this review of the air's aunts and uncles, who by the way, number entirely too many to be covered in so short a space, my eye is attracted to a chapter, "Programs for Children," in Peter Dixon's new book entitled "Radio Writing." Dixon, a continuity and script author of some years' experience, and who creates and enacts, with his wife's help, NBC's "Raising Junior," writes:

"The worst mistake any writer can make is to attempt to write 'down' to children. They not only resent it but they develop a positive dislike for the writer. Children like simple stories, but they will not tolerate slush. . . They are mainly interested in what it is all about. . . A good way to antagonize ninety per cent of your child listeners is to make it clear to them that you are going to tell them in very simple words and phrases, calculated to appeal to their childish understandings, just what you are going to tell them. They will promptly desert your program and tune in on the weather reports."

Does this help you to understand lit-

tle Annie and Willie a bit better? If not, just sit down and write a letter to your favorite radio uncle or aunt. He or she will tell you more things, probably, about your own offspring than you yourself had even suspected!

*THIS is the second and concluding installment of the Aunt and Uncle Mike story by Uncle Ev Plummer. It was impossible to tell the story of all of these splendid Radio entertainers, but Radio Digest will keep telling you something about some of them from month to month.*

—EDITOR.

## Ambrose J. Weems

(Continued from page 53)

also regarded a nearby milk can, whose name escapes me at the moment.

Now Archibald Finch was cross-eyed and as he regarded Henery XIV and the milk can, whose name still escapes me, they blended into one and the same thing. As they crossed his vision Archibald leaped up and shouted, "Eureka." At this, his sister, who was named Eureka, came running out of the house, fell into the well and was never heard from again.

But Archibald Finch was not a man easily daunted. "If only I could get that cow into the can," he exclaimed, and forthwith he set to work on the problem.

For days he labored trying to get the cow into the can. At first the cow,

whose name had meanwhile been changed to Edith, protested but after a while she entered into the spirit of the thing better, and also into the can, and after a week she was into the can up to her neck. You see the difficulty lay in her ears. The rent was in arrears, but that's neither here nor there.

However, Archibald Finch came of sturdy stock and when two more weeks had passed, the cow whose name had again been changed, this time to Smith, was entirely inside the can all except her tail—but that's another tale.

The world was quick to see the practical value of combining the cow with the can and in a few years Finch became wealthy, was elected to Congress and disappeared from the sight of man.

If it had not been for Radio these facts would never have been known. (Incidentally this above account can be used in later programs as the story of the invention of canned corn beef hash. It will probably appear the week after the broadcast of how Eustace Winterbottom, the flypaper king, invented blueberry pie.) (Advt.)

AND so in conclusion, in answer to those who ask me whether or not Radio is in its infancy, I reply—"You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time."



# Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

AS I begin the dictation for this issue of "Tuneful Topics," Evelyn, my stenographer, and I are sitting back-stage of the "Scandals," with the opening less than two weeks away. Rehearsals are still conducted with a nonchalance and a laissez-faire attitude, indicating that we are still far from the scenes of feverish activity that next week will bring to us.

So far there has been no complete rehearsal from start to finish; in fact, the chorus girls are rehearsing next door in the Apollo Theatre, while we, the principals, rehearse afternoons and nights back-stage of the Selwyn Theatre which the Selwyns seem kind enough to permit Mr. White to use.

Little by little we are polishing up the various odds and ends of our songs and sketches. But it is of the songs I intend to speak in this month's issue.

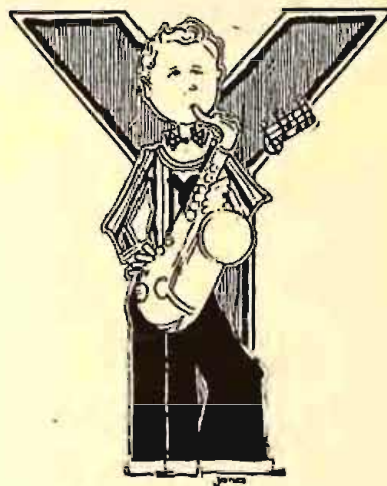
The triumvirate of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson is no more. Following the making of that stellar production, "Indiscreet," starring Gloria Swanson, in which were featured the two songs "Come to Me," and "If You Haven't Got Love," Ray Henderson and Lew Brown returned to New York while, as Lew Brown puts it, DeSylva "treads among the gold" of Hollywood.

IT IS such genuine, spontaneous and truly remarkable witticisms as these that have established Lew Brown in the foremost ranks of writers. One of his sly witticisms, which he dropped before leaving the Coast, has been used all over the Hollywood lots—"There's gold in them heels!" Brown is one of the fastest and most brilliant thinkers of lyrics, situations, and ideas; while Ray Henderson, a thorough student of harmony, counter-point, and a most prolific originator of musical ideas, is an ideal mate for Brown.

Ray plays piano beautifully, and from his nimble fingers have sprung many of the beautiful melodies that have come from the DeSylva, Brown & Henderson firm ever since it began its million dollar career several years ago—January 1st, 1927, to be exact.

I can early remember Ray Henderson's "Just a Memory," before the trio was formed, which he wrote for Harms, Inc., and which was one of the most lovely compositions ever written.

Under the direction of Bobby Crawford the boys wrote the music for "Good News," "Hold Everything," "Follow Thru," and the "Scandals of 1926," from which came "Birth of the Blues," "Lucky Day," and "Black Bottom." For Jolson they wrote, in a hurry, at his special order, while they were writing a show in Atlantic City, a simple little tune which, three or four months later, filled all their pockets with gold. That was "Sonny Boy." They wrote it more as a gag than any-



thing else, and no one was more surprised than they when they found it turned out to be a hit.

When I learned that Brown and Henderson were going to write the book and music for the "Scandals," I knew that I was in the best of hands, and that I would have some fine songs to sing. And as song after song was played to me by the two boys long before rehearsals began, I felt that my belief was justified. Certainly few shows have had as unusual a score, and there is little doubt in my mind but that within several months nearly everyone will be humming and whistling at least two or three of the hits from the show. When it comes to picking tunes one person's guess is about as good as another's, and I would say, in my humble opinion, that the most popular song in the show, from a standpoint of country-wide popularity, urchins whistling in

the street, hurdy-gurdies, phonographs, and radio, will be "This Is the Mrs."

## *This Is the Mrs.*

THE reasons for my belief in its popularity are simply that it is the type of song that may be played exceedingly fast with no damage to its lyric or melody. It is a lilting type of song, with a new thought. The melody is of a novel twist, and will make great "dansapation." I believe I am going to sing this song to a young lady whom I pull away from a group of admiring boys, and the song simply speaks the fact that she is mine—her lips, her eyes, every bit of her—in fact, she belongs to me.

Urban has devised a beautiful little church background from which issue a train of girls in bridal costumes, and so forth, which will be extremely colorful and lovely. The song itself, from a melodic and lyrical standpoint, should be extremely popular.

We will play it at about 40 seconds to the chorus. It will be published, of course, by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson.

## *Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries*

THIS is one of the comedy songs—a rather odd, humorous and daring thought from the brain of Lew Brown, and if treated in schottische tempo it carries one along in an extremely delightful fashion.

It is introduced in the show by the Loomis Twins, who sing it with vim and vigor, and much exaggeration of facial expression, but whose delivery of it will certainly plant it and put it well over before the rest of the characters each sing a chorus specially fitted to their own character.

The idea of the song is that nothing is worth worrying about—that life after all is "just a bowl of cherries." Ray Bolger does a chorus about a cop shot up by gangsters, who, after several months in bed, gets the \$10 "News" award.

Barbara Blair, the delightful comedienne does a chorus of a beautiful but dumb girl who gets nothing else but the beauty cup after being man-handled and kicked around the place.

Willie Howard, whose comedy is al-



ways so refreshing and laugh-provoking, does a chorus at the end of which he makes me the butt of his joke, his job being a daily plunge off the Empire State Bldg., for which he receives little, whereas, as he says, "there's a guy in the show who gets thousands for singing like this!"

Eugene Howard is discovered in the pit as a musician who, after studying the fiddle for years finds himself nothing but a pit violinist.

I predict that everyone will leave the theatre humming LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES—it's that type of song. We will play it in the schottische tempo, taking about one minute for the chorus, in order to give it the right swing.

### My Song

THIS is the pet song of Ray Henderson and Lew Brown. Both of them feel it should be the hit song of the show, but I am not so optimistic as to its hit possibilities. Again it is my good fortune to introduce it. I sing it to Ethel Barrymore Colt, daughter of the first lady of the stage, Ethel Barrymore, the idea being that after finding everything else a failure in my effort to win her, the best I can do is a simple song, which I call MY SONG.

It is a lovely musical thought, mentioning Franz Schubert and Berlin, whose touch I cannot seem to acquire. It provides the opportunity for Franz Schubert later, with lovely glimpses of scenes from the days of Schubert, and the Berlin likewise exemplified. The song will probably be very popular.

We will play it, taking one minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

### The Thrill Is Gone

THIS is the type of song I do best—a song that I will get a great deal of pleasure out of singing in the "Scandals," because of its unusually poignant and rich melodic qualities, which offers me an opportunity to really get a kick out of singing something. There is really nothing specifically or intrinsically unusual about this except that it will be presented in the usual George White fashion, with a real reason for its rendition.

I believe it will be first sung by Everett Marshall, the delightful tenor of the Atwater Kent Hour, and later by two or three other voices, before the final rendition is mine.

### That's Why Darkies Were Born

THE mention of Everett Marshall brings me to the description of perhaps the most unusual song in the show, from a standpoint of grandeur of presentation—THAT'S WHY DARKIES WERE BORN. Ever since the success of "Birth of the Blues," Brown and

Henderson have been seeking its prototype. I imagine it will be presented in somewhat the same style, with a cavalcade of negro folk, as "Yaller" was presented in "Three's A Crowd." Everett Marshall will certainly be in his glory in the rendition of this stirring composition. He has a big chorus made up of the best voices in the cast to answer him with "Hallelujahs" and "ayes" and "noes," but he will really be in his prime when he sings the phrase "Someone had to pick the cotton." The song builds toward the end, and there are terrific passages in triple F, as loud as Everett can sing them. The audience should certainly rise to its feet at this place, if they don't previously.

Henderson has conceived some of the most beautiful descending harmony

### In October Radio Digest

YOU enthusiastic radio listeners who have urged Radio Digest to publish a new picture of Rudy Vallee will have your wishes gratified. There will be a new picture of this popular radio star and it will come to you in the next issue. So, Rudy Vallee rooters, make sure of that October Radio Digest. Visit your newsstand early.

against the melody of the composition, and since the scoring of the music is in the hands of the finest of arrangers, there is every reason to believe that this song, which depends on the orchestral arrangement, the chorus and the full rich quality of a voice like Everett Marshall's, will be sensational.

### I'd Die

WRITTEN along the idea of the songs sung in the synagogue by the Jewish cantors, Brown and Henderson have evolved a song which four girls will sing, and the fifth rendition of which may possibly be mine. It has the very odd title of I'D DIE. The idea of the song is that the fellow or the girl goes on to express the many things that he or she might do, but would not do were he or she to lose the one they love.

Paradoxically, most of the lines are like this: "If I thought I could laugh over losing you, I'd cry," but it is such subtle paradoxical touches that make Lew Brown the lyricist he is.

While the orchestra sustains the beautiful low chords, the singer utters a phrase as rapidly as possible. It is in a minor vein, and should be an exceedingly captivating number in the show.

I believe that the four girls are going to be spotted in four different spots of a large curtain, each being lit up as they sing their spot, while yours truly is to be in the middle, in a sort of microphone setting, not being lit up until the fifth chorus.

### You Don't Live to Love

MARSHALL has another song in the show which he does with Ethel Barrymore Colt—a very dramatic type of song again, one which only his strong type of voice would carry through, a song in which he utters his contempt and loathing for a gold-digging girl who, finally shown how little she really cares for him, and the final blackout ends as he shoots her with a pistol which he has pointed at her through his coat pocket all through the song.

Like all musical comedies there are several other songs of the incidental character, songs that will probably never reach the public ear to any extent, but the above are the outstanding songs of this year's "Scandals."

### Begging for Love

NOT since "Reaching for the Moon" has Irving Berlin written anything really worth while. Now he seems to be in a writing streak again; two songs have followed one another in quick succession. The first, BEGGING FOR LOVE, is one which I recorded last Saturday, and which I think is a very lovely song. It may not assume hit proportions, but for those of us who enjoy the pathetic, really beautiful type of song, just a little bit different and unusual, BEGGING FOR LOVE is this.

It is unusual in the number of measures in its chorus, of which there are 22; the verse is one of the loveliest I have ever heard. Our record of it, incidentally, is the first on which I have ever sung a song in ad lib style. (That is, singing both the verse and chorus ad lib, and not in any strict dance tempo; I am very curious to hear the master, which should come back from Camden tomorrow.)

BEGGING FOR LOVE is published by Irving Berlin, and we play it at about 50 seconds to the chorus.

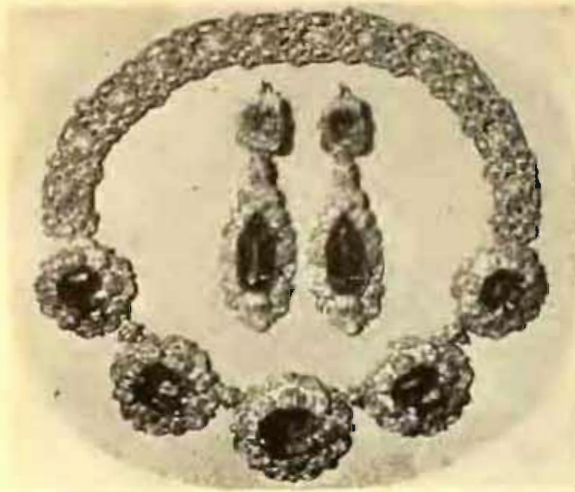
### It's the Girl

I FIND it always a pleasure to discuss songs that are really unusual in one way or another, because it is an unusual type of song that attracts attention. This one is certainly unusual because of the number of measures, having 51, though I sometimes wonder if it is improved by its extra length.

It is written by two of Tim Pan Alley's best liked boys, one of them, Dave

(Continued on Page 96)





Siberian Amethysts Set in Gold, 18th Century

SINCE the beginning of time man has made things with which to adorn himself—and his wife. And we of the twentieth century have no less an appreciation of these things. In fact, there is only one danger accompanying the jewelry of this age—and that is that people often come to value it merely because it spells riches and success to own a jeweled bracelet or a cameo rather than because of any really artistic value. To many the enormity of a diamond is more important than the way it is set, or its appropriateness for the wearer. The semi-precious stones, which are often infinitely beautiful, if worked into designs by the appreciative hands of a real artist in the craft, are often disregarded by women because they are not educated to their beauty.

To many people gems mean no more than glitter. If a setting of a stone does not bring out the maximum illumination, it is considered a loss. But how pathetic that is—and in what poor taste!

Because I feel so strongly that this art of jewelry making is not half understood, I asked Miss Olga Tritt, who is one of the most distinguished women in this field—and has pulled herself up to her present authoritative position by her own bootstraps, as the saying goes, to broadcast for the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

Miss Tritt was born in Russia and comes from a family of goldsmiths. But in her youth, there was no opportunity as a goldsmith or jewelry maker for a woman in Russia—and so, when she was still quite young, she came to our country. Here she started quite at the bottom of the ladder. A good artist, she was also a fine craftsman, with a great respect for acquiring a definite working knowledge in her chosen field. And so no detail was too small or too hard to be fascinating to her. To gain knowledge, she worked on the bench in a factory, but as soon as she felt sure that she had learned all she could, she stepped out, with little or no capital—but with that enormous courage

that some people have—and started in business for herself.

Because she knew her field, and because she had something real to offer the world—original work and authoritative advice and appraisal on antique jewelry—she has been a success. She has become, as well, one of those rare figures—a person who makes few gestures to attract people to her, but to whom connoisseurs, as well as every sort of person who loves beauty, nevertheless find their way. She not only makes lovely jewelry herself, but she has been responsible for bringing into being the famous jewelry collections of several wealthy people.

Miss Tritt has a theory which seems very right—even very important to me—and that is, that jewelry is entirely individual. In most cases it should be made especially for the one who is to wear it. Some people, for instance, cannot wear rubies well; for others they become a part of their natural color scheme and personality.

ALTHOUGH Miss Tritt is one of the leading authorities on pearls and diamonds, she nevertheless honestly feels that there are quite inexpensive jewels that are just as beautiful. She has told me that she enjoys making a little ring that almost any woman can afford just as

# ROMANCE of Jewels

*Olga Tritt, famous Expert on Precious Stones,  
Says Her Happiest Moment Comes when She  
Brings Together Right Person and Right Jewel*

By Ida Bailey Allen

much as she does making the most costly.

When Miss Tritt spoke on the National Radio Home-Makers Club period she said: "Women in this generation have to make or help make a living in so very many cases. Many of them have real talents for various kinds of work, but they are often too shy, too fearful to attempt to follow out their careers in these things independently.

"But you can accomplish almost anything—there are only two requisites. First, you must *know* the work you want to engage in—from every point, and in every detail. And then you must *not be afraid* to venture to compete with those who are already established.

(Continued on page 95)



Miss Tritt and two pearl divers ready for a day's work







Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

**NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—**  
 Dr. Daniel A. Poline.  
 3:00 p. m. 2:00 1:00 12:00  
 WJZ WBAL KDKA KWK  
 WREN KFAB WRVA WJAX  
 WIOD WFLA WFLA KALB  
 WFLA WSUN KGW WPTF  
 KGO KOA KSTP WEBC  
 WMC WSMB KPRC WKY  
 KOMO KHQ WSB WAPI  
 WGAR WTMJ KSL WJDX  
 WSAI WSM WDAY

**DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—**  
 4:00 p. m. 3:00 2:00 1:00  
 WEAJ WEEL WJAR WCHS  
 WTAG KOA WOV WKY  
 WQAI WSAI WJAX WHAS  
 WJDX KVOO KPRC WEBC  
 WDAF WWJ WFLA WBSN  
 KHQ WHO WOC KGO  
 KOMO WCAE WFCJ WRUC  
 KGW WPTF WMC WGY  
 WSM WSB WAPI WBEN  
 WRVA WIOD WGN KPO  
 KHQ WCAE WPTF WTIC  
 WDAY KFYR

**POP CONCERTS — Cleveland Sym-**  
**phony Orchestra.**  
 5:00 p. m. 4:00 3:00 2:00  
 WEAJ WTIC WJAR WTAG  
 WRC WCHS WGY WWJ  
 WPI WBEN WTAM WSAI  
 WOC WHO WDAF CRGW  
 CFCF WCAE WOV WEET  
 KYW

**PASTORALE—Andre Kostelanetz,**  
**Conductor.**  
 5:30 p. m. 4:30 3:30 2:30  
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL  
 WKRW W2BZ W2AN WDRC  
 WYAC W2AC W2AF W2FJ  
 W3XAU WHP WJAS WLWB  
 WCAO WDBJ W2VA WADC  
 WHK WKBN WBT WTCC  
 WQAM WDBO WXYZ WBCM  
 WSPD W2OD WYEC WLAC  
 WBRG W2BZ W2SN W2WO  
 WFBM WBBM KSCJ WMT  
 KMBC KOIL W1BW KFJF  
 KRLL KOH KFPY KDYL  
 KLZ CFRB KFOR

**GRACE HAYES—Songs.**  
 6:45 p. m. 5:45 4:45 3:45  
 WJZ WBAL CFCF WREN  
 WBZ WBZA KFAB WOAR

**IODENT CLUB OF THE AIR—**  
 7:30 p. m. 6:30 5:30 4:30  
 WEAJ WDAF WTIC WJAR  
 WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC  
 WGY WBEN WCAE WWJ  
 WSAI WLS KSD

**THE BOSWELL SISTERS.**  
 7:45 p. m. 6:45 5:45 4:45  
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL  
 WHEC WGR WLWB WEAN  
 WDRC W2AC W2AF W2FJ  
 WYAC W2AC W2AF W2FJ  
 W3XAU WHP WJAS WLWB  
 WCAO WDBJ W2VA WADC  
 WHK WKBN WBT WTCC  
 WQAM WDBO WXYZ WBCM  
 WSPD W2OD WYEC WLAC  
 WBRG W2BZ W2SN W2WO  
 WFBM WBBM KSCJ WMT  
 KMBC KOIL W1BW KFJF  
 KRLL KOH KFPY KDYL  
 KLZ CFRB KFOR

**ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—**  
 8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
 KWK KYW KPY WJR  
 WREN WFAA KPRC WOAT  
 WHAS WSM WTMJ KSTP  
 KDKA WMC KOA WENR  
 WIOD KTHS WSMR KOMO  
 KFI KCW KSL KHQ  
 WLW WKY WSB WPTT  
 WRVA WFLA WSN KFAB  
 KFSO KFDX WDAF WFLA  
 KVOO WBAL WGAR WEBC  
 CFCF

**CHASE AND SANBORN—**  
 8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
 WEAJ WJAR WTAG WSAI  
 WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI  
 KSD WOV WIOD W1BO  
 KSTP WHO WOC WHAS  
 WEBC WMC WSB WSMB  
 WKY KTHS KPRC WOAI  
 WTMJ WTMJ WFLA WFLA  
 WSUN WDAF WTIC WFLA  
 WBEN WLIT WRC

**THE DUTCH MASTERS—Old Time**  
**Popular Songs and Script Act.**  
 9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL  
 WHEC WGR WLWB WEAN  
 WYAC W2AC W2AF W2FJ  
 W3XAU WHP WJAS WLWB  
 WCAO WDBJ W2VA WADC  
 WHK WKBN WBT WTCC  
 WQAM WDBO WXYZ WBCM  
 WSPD W2OD WYEC WLAC  
 WBRG W2BZ W2SN W2WO  
 WFBM WBBM KSCJ WMT  
 KMBC KOIL W1BW KFJF  
 KRLL KOH KFPY KDYL  
 KLZ CFRB KFOR

**ATWATER KENT HOUR—**  
 9:15 p. m. 8:15 7:15 6:15  
 WEAJ WEEL WJAR WCHS  
 WGY WOV WIOD W1BO  
 KSTP WHO WOC WHAS  
 WEBC WMC WSB WSMB  
 WKY KTHS KPRC WOAI  
 WTMJ WTMJ WFLA WFLA  
 WSUN WDAF WTIC WFLA  
 WBEN WLIT WRC

**"WORLD ADVENTURES WITH**  
**FLOYD GIBBONS"—Libby-Owens-**  
**Ford Class Co.**  
 10:15 p. m. 9:15 8:15 7:15  
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
 KDKA WJR KWK WREN  
 KYW WCKY WGAR WHAL

# Blue Ribbon Chain

## Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. (Daily ex. Sun.)  
 9:30 a.m.—WABC—Tony's Scrapbook. His poems and philosophy cheer millions of hearts. (Daily ex. Fri. & Sun.)  
 9:45 a.m.—WABC—The Old Dutch Girl. Who is this mysterious appealing personality? Just stop, watch and listen. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)  
 10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Perkins whose topper and pineapple inspire this Radio savant's even flow of foolish philosophy. (Thurs. & Fri.)

3:30 p.m.—WABC—The Three Doctors and the operations they perform put you in stitches. (Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)  
 6:30 p.m.—WABC—Roy Atwell's Tide Water Inn whose infectious spoonerisms are beginning to worry lexicographers. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)  
 6:30 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas gives thimble notes of important day's news. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n Andy—the indefatigable, affable, lovable pair of Negro dialecticians. (Daily ex. Sun.)  
 7:00 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. Popular vaudevillienne here to stay on ether. (Tues. & Sat.)

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook—The Quaker Man with the versatile voice. (Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)  
 7:45 p.m.—WABC—Camel Quarter Hour—worth turning the dial a mile. (Mon. to Sat.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sanderson & Crumit. Delightful program of comedy and songs. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)  
 8:00 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Pryor's Cremona Military Band.  
 8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Valee—Fleischman Hour—The royal crooner of Radio. (7:00 p.m. Sun. on WJZ)

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Tastycast Gloom Chasers. F. Chase Taylor, the rollicking Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Wilbur Hulick (Bud for short) in person. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Orchestra. (Tues. & Thurs.)  
 10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em, among whose popular indoor sport is dissecting political speeches and pattering in international problems. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

## Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast. For those who are weary of jazz and are anxious for a bit of culture.  
 1:00 p.m.—WEAF—Pop Concerts—Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. And always interesting program notes.  
 5:00 p.m.—WEAF—Gilbert and Sullivan Gems from those charming, colorful operettas.  
 7:45 p.m.—WABC—The Boswell Sisters—They are—Connie, Martha and Vet.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase and Sanborn—Orchestra under masterful direction of Dave Rubinoff.  
 9:00 p.m.—WABC—The Dutch Masters—so that's where Jack Smart—the Mr. of Joe and Vi—has been hiding—is it?

9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent Hour.  
 9:45 p.m.—WJZ—Westinghouse Salute.  
 10:15 p.m.—WJZ—World Adventures with Floyd Gibbons—If the stocks are down and your bank has closed and your neighbor has ruined your lawn-mower—you can at least spend an interesting period listening to Floyd.

## Monday

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Program. A program of high class entertainment.  
 9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Death Valley Days. Stirring tales of western life.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

**WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—**  
 9:45 p. m. 8:45 7:45 6:45  
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL  
 WHAM KDKA WGAR WRC  
 WCKY KYW KWK WREN  
 WIOD WHAS WMC WSM  
 WSMR WJDX KVOO WOAI  
 WKY

**KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—**  
 10:30 p. m. 9:30 8:30 7:30  
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WFLA  
 WHAM WJR WLW KWK  
 WREN WENR

**SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—**  
 10:45 p. m. 9:45 8:45 7:45  
 WEAJ WEEL WJAR WCHS  
 WGY WOV WIOD W1BO  
 KSTP WHO WOC WHAS  
 WSB WMC WSB WSMB  
 WKY KTHS KPRC WOAI  
 WTMJ WTMJ WFLA WFLA  
 WSUN WDAF WTIC WFLA  
 WBEN WLIT WRC

**RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOR—**  
 11:30 p. m. 10:30 9:30 8:30  
 WEAJ WRC WWJ WOV  
 WGY WTAM KSTP WEBC  
 WOC WHO WENR WAPI  
 WIOD WHAS

## Monday

**THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical**  
 Program by Mixed Quartet.  
 11:15 a. m. 10:15 9:15 8:15  
 WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW  
 WLIZ WEAN WDRC WNAO  
 WPG WCAU W3XAU WJAS  
 WLWB WMAL WCAO WTAR  
 WDBJ WKBN WYEC WBCM  
 WSPD W2OD WYEC WLAC  
 WBRG W2BZ W2SN W2WO  
 WFBM WBBM KSCJ WMT  
 KMBC KOIL W1BW KFJF  
 KRLL KOH KFPY KDYL  
 KLZ CFRB KFOR

**NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR**  
 12:30 p. m. 11:30 10:30 9:30  
 WJZ WHAM WJR WRVA  
 WHAS WERC WAPI WOV  
 WMC WSB WGAR KVOO  
 WKY WOAI WRC WHO  
 WDAF WJDX WBAL WSMB  
 KWK KOA WFLA WFLA  
 WOO KTHS WFLA WRUN  
 WJAX KFAB KPRC KDKA  
 WLW WPTF WSM WDAY  
 KFYR KTW

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

**U. S. ARMY BAND—**  
 4:00 p. m. 3:00 2:00 1:00  
 WABC W2XE WGR WNAC  
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WADC  
 WSPD W2OD WLAC WIRN  
 WBBM W2CO WLWB WMAL  
 WTAR WXYZ WDSU WTAG  
 WACO KOH KFCR CFRB

**MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR**  
 AND ORGAN—  
 6:15 p. m. 5:15 4:15 3:15  
 WJZ WBAL WSM KOA  
 KOMO KFAB KGW CRGW  
 KSTP KTR KPO KFSO  
 WSMB WHAM W1BO KFYR  
 KGO KWK WREN WDAY  
 WJDX KECA WRC WLW  
 KSL

**CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kalten-**  
**born.**  
 7:00 p. m. 6:00 5:00 4:00  
 WABC W2XE WHEC WGR  
 WJAS WLWB WMAL WCAO  
 WTAR WNNC WSPD W2OD  
 WTAG KFH WACO KOH  
 KFCR CFRB



# Features

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks—good old-fashioned small town life pricks up ears of sophisticated city listeners.

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—True Story—Didn't you know that Mary and Bob moved over NBC's way?

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Mr. Bones and Company. Paul Dumont in a minstrel show.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Arabesque—gripping dramas of love and intrigue.

12:00 p.m.—WEAF—Paul Whiteman.

## Tuesday

5:15 p.m.—WABC—Adventures in Words. If you don't know your P's and Q's Dr. Vizetelly will take you for a grand ride.

6:00 p.m.—WJZ—Raising Junior—and it sure takes the Dixon's to do it.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing via Mixed Quartet including Richard Maxwell and Arthur Billings Hunt.

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs reveal the Jewish heart in comedy.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Henry George in an uproarious comedy skit.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie—the Old Maestro and his Blue Ribbon Orchestra.

## Wednesday

6:00 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's Going to Press—Editors and Publishers are not the ogres you think they are. Just listen in.

7:30 p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments with Mme. Alda—Frank LaForge at the piano.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Halsey, Stuart Program.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour with Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver and Revelers' Quartet.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Voice of Radio Digest—Nellie Revell, the woman of a million friends. Tune in and hear what she has to tell you about your favorite Radio stars.

## Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)

## Thursday

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Birthday Party. Everything there except the cake and the candles.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Premier Salad Dressers. Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn, inseparable Radio comedians have sure cure for wrinkles.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble.

## Friday

11:00 a.m.—WABC—Rhythm Kings under direction of Nat Brusiloff, Clown King Conductor.

4:00 p.m.—WABC—Light Opera Gems—under direction of Channon Collinge, modest baton wielder.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Armstrong's Quakers—with Mary Hopple and Lois Bennett.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert Orchestra—with Jessica Dragonette.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Interwoven Pair—with Billy Jones and Ernie Hare.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air. Everything from soup to nuts.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Hour—with Floyd Gibbons.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Valspar Saturday Night Club.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Hank Simmons' Show Boat—Hello Folks. How d'ye do everybody is familiar greeting of Harry C. Browne who has been Hank Simmons-ing for well-nigh three and a half years.

11:45 p.m.—WABC—Will Osborne and his Bossert Orchestra.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
<b>GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—</b>			
Robert Burns	Panetela	Program	
10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2NE	WFIL	WKBW
WEAN	WDHC	WNAO	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAX	WMAI	WCAO
WABC	WHL	WRC	W3YZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WMA6
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KHLL
KFJF	KRLD	KTHH	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFFY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

<b>MR. BONES AND COMPANY—</b>			
10:30 p. m.			
WJAX	WJR	WFLA	WFAA
WJZ	WGAR	WSUN	KFRC
WJAX	WREN	WSM	ROA
WBAL	WEBC	WMC	KSL
WHAM	KFYR	W55B	W5B
KDKA	WJAX		

<b>ARABESQUE. Desert Play.</b>			
10:30 p. m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2NE	WOKO	WFIL
WHEC	WKBW	WHLZ	WLAN
WDRC	WNAO	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAX	WLBW
WMAI	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	W3YZ
WBCM	WFDJ	WGOO	WRC
WLAG	WBR	W3SU	W3SN
WOWO	WFBM	WMT	WNAO
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTHH	KTSA	KOH
KOL	KVI	KFFY	KFRC
KDYL	CFRB	KVOR	

<b>THE SIMONIZ GUARDSMEN—</b>			
10:45 p. m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WTIC	WHLZ	WJAX
WCSH	WLIT	WVJ	WRC
WGY	WREN	WSAI	WCAE
KSD	WTAM	WENR	WOC
WTOG	WOW	WDAF	CFCF

<b>BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—</b>			
11:45 p. m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2NE	WOKO	WFIL
WHEC	WKBW	WHLZ	WDRG
WJAX	WJAX	WMAI	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAI	WCAU
WJAR	WDBJ	WVVA	WADC
WKBW	WBT	WTOC	WDBO
W3YZ	WBCM	WDOJ	WRC
WLAG	WBR	W3SU	W3SN
WGL	WFBM	WCOO	KFJF
WMT	KMBC	WNAO	WIBW
KRLD	KTHH	KTSA	WCAO
KOH	KOL	KDYL	KLZ
KVOR			

<b>PAUL WHITEMAN—</b>			
12 mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WRC	WTMJ	KYW
WSB	WENR	KSD	WDAF
WSM	WOW		

## Tuesday

<b>JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—</b>			
10:45 p. m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	W2Z	WJZA	WJAM
KDKA	WCKY	NWK	WMAI
WMC	WSB	WAPI	W55B
WKY	WTMJ	WPTF	WJAX
WJAX	WJHO	WREN	KSTP
WZL	W3A	W3B	KTHH
KYGO	WDAF	KFRC	WJAX
WJAX	WJR	WFLA	W3XAU

<b>WHISPERING JACK SMITH—</b>			
3:45 p. m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2NE	WOKO	WFIL
WGR	WEAN	WDHC	WAAB
WHEC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAX	WCAU	WDBJ	W3A
WADC	WHL	W3SN	WBT
WQAM	WDBO	W3YZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOJ	WREA	WLAO
WDRG	W3SU	W3SN	WGL
WFBM	K600	WMT	KTHH
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTHH
KTSA	KOH	KVI	KFFY
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	KVOR		

## ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Francis H. Vizetelly.

<b>ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Francis H. Vizetelly.</b>			
5:15 p. m.	4:15	3:15	2:15
WABC	W2NE	WHLZ	WGR
WDBO	WEAN	WHP	WJAX
WMAI	WCAU	WJAR	WKBW
W3XAU	WDBJ	W3SU	WRC
WLAG	WDRG	W3SN	WGL
WFBM	K600	WMT	KTHH
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTHH
KTSA	KOH	KVI	KFFY
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	KVOR		

## NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—

<b>NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—</b>			
6:00 p. m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2NE	WHLZ	W100
WHP	WLBW	WJAR	W100
WRC	WPTF	W3XAU	W100
WHEC	W3A	W3B	WGL
WDBM	K600	WMT	KTHH
WJAX	KFJF	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KTHH	KFFY

## RAISING JUNIOR—

<b>RAISING JUNIOR—</b>			
6:00 p. m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WJZ			

## MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—

<b>MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—</b>			
7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WFAA	WTIC	WTAG	WPTF
K600	WJAX	KOA	W3B
K600	K600	WJAX	W3B
W3A	W3A	W3B	W3B
W3B	W3B	W3B	W3B
W3B	W3B	W3B	W3B

## SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WGY
WJAX	WTIC	WCSH	WEEI

## "HOW'S BUSINESS?"—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WRC	KSD
KOMO	WSAI	WDAF	WJDX
ROD	KEGA	KHQ	WFLA
WSUN	WLAN	WHC	WSMH
KGW	KTAR	KFSB	KSL
WMC	WPTF	WIOD	WOC
WHO	WLIT	WCSH	KFYR
KOA			

## DEATH VALLEY DAYS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WCKY	WHEN
KWE	WBZ	WJZA	WJAM
KDKA	WENH	WGAR	WLS
WREN	KFAB	KOA	KSL
KOMO	WERC	KSTP	WMTB
KFYR	KHQ	WJAX	IGO
KFI	KGW	KTAR	KFSB

## GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	W2Z	WJZA	KDKA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WJAI
WKY	KYW	KWK	WJAX
KOA	KSL	KVAB	W3A
WPTF	KGW	KTAR	KFI
KHQ	WRAI	KOMO	KFSD
KGO	KTHH		

## A. & P. GYPSIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WTIC	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WVJ	WSAI
WGN	KSD	WOC	WDAF
WTAM	WOW	WHO	WJBN

## MAYTAC ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WJZA	WJAM
KDKA	WJL	KWK	WJBN
KSTP	WEDC	WJL	WJL
WJAI	KOA	KSL	KGO
KEGA	KGW	K600	KOMO
KYGO	WLW	WFAA	KFRC
WJAR	KFYR	W51	W51
WJAX	KYW	WJAX	W51

## GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WJL
WCAE	WTAM	WVJ	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WRAI
WDAF	WJAM	W51	W51
WSB	KFRC	WJAX	WFAA
WJAI	KOA	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KFI	KOMO
KHQ	KW	KPI	KOMO
WTMJ	WTIC	WHO	WJBN

## CHESEBROUGH'S REAL FOLKS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	W2Z	WJZA	WJAM
KDKA	WFLW	NWK	KYW
WHEN	CRGW	WJL	WGAH
WJAX			

## TRUE STORY—Cecil Searcy and Nora Sterling.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p. m.			
WEAF	WCSH	WJBN	W51
WJAR	WLIT	WCAE	WENR
WEEI	WRC	WTAM	W51
WTAG	WGY	WVJ	K600
WHO	WOW	WDAF	



Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE GOLDBERGS- 7:45 p. m. WEAF WTIC WGY WBNB WCAE WWJ WSAI WENR

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS- 8:00 p. m. 7:00 5:00 WJZ WDJ WBAZ KDKA KRW WKW WIAM KPBC

ROUND TOWNERS- 8:15 p. m. 7:15 6:15 WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAH WDRG WNAO

NATIONAL DAIRY VIRTUOSO- 8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 WEAF WTAG WFI WRC WGY WWJ WSAI WGN

HENRY GEORGE- 9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 WABC W2XE WFBL WGR WEN WDRG WCAU WNAO

FULLER MAN- 9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG WCHS WFI WRC WGY

BEN BERNIE AND HIS BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA- 10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA- 11:00 p. m. 10:00 9:00 WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSE- 10:00 a. m. 9:00 8:00 WJZ WBAI WIO KDKA

THREE MEN IN A TUB- Musical Program by Male Trio. 11:15 a. m. 10:15 9:15 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL

Wednesday

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA-Frank LaForge, pianist. 7:30 p. m. 6:30 5:30 WEAF WTIC WGY WBNB

CONNIE BOSWELL with Freddie Rich's Orchestra. 8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL

MOBILOIL CONCERT- 8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 WEAF WEEI WJAR WGR KRW WTAG WLIT WRC

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT- 9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW WEAN WDRG WNAO

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM- 9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC WGY

DUTCH MASTERS PROGRAM- 9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 WJZ WBAI WIO KDKA

PALMOLIVE HOUR- 9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC

VITALITY PERSONALITIES- 10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 WABC W2XE WOKO WKBW WDRG WNAO WCAU W3XAU

HOWARD BARLOW, with Augmented Symphonic Orchestra. 10:15 p. m. 9:15 8:15 7:15 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL

COCA COLA PROGRAM- 10:30 p. m. 9:30 8:30 WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"- 11:00 p. m. 10:00 9:00 WEAF WEEI WJAR WGR WIOB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Thursday

ENRICH MADRIGUERA'S CUBAN BILTMORE ORCHESTRA. 1:00 p. m. 12:00 a. m. 11:00 10:00 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL

PICKARD FAMILY- 8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30 WJZ WHAM WLS WJR KWK

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET- 8:45 p. m. 7:45 6:45 5:45 WBE WZB WHZA WHAM

THE BOSWELL SISTERS-Connie, Martha and Vet. 8:45 p. m. 7:45 6:45 5:45 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY- 9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00 WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG WCHS WFI WRC

PREMIER SALAD DRESSERS-Brad Browne and Al Llewellyn. 9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00 WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW

THE COTY MELODY GIRL-Welcome Lewis. 9:15 p. m. 8:15 7:15 6:15 WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE- 9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30 WJZ WBE WBAZ WBAL

PETERS PARADE- 10:45 p. m. 9:45 8:45 7:45 WKBW WFG WHP WJAS

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS- 12:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m. 10:00 9:00 WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC

THE BOSWELL SISTERS- 8:45 p. m. 7:45 6:45 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM- 10:15 a. m. 9:15 8:15 7:15 WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC

RHYTHM KINGS-Nat Brasfield, Conductor. 11:00 a. m. 10:00 9:00 8:00 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES- 3:45 p. m. 2:45 1:45 12:45 WABC W2XE WGR WEAN

LIGHT OPERA GEMS- 4:00 p. m. 3:00 2:00 1:00 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY- 7:00 p. m. 6:00 5:00 4:00 WEAF WJAR WWJ WOV

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA-Jessie Dragonette. 8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00 WEAF WEEI WJAR

NESTLE'S PROGRAM- 8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00 WJZ WBAI WIO KDKA

INTERWOVEN PAIR- 9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00 WJZ WBAI WIO KDKA

THE CLICQUOT CLUB- 9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00 WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR

ARMOUR PROGRAM- 9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30 WJZ WBE WBAZ WBAL

THE BOSWELL SISTERS- 8:45 p. m. 7:45 6:45 WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL



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<input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Radio	<input type="checkbox"/> Broadcast Station or Studio	RCA Institutes, Inc., Dept. DR-9, 75 Varick Street, New York, N. Y. <i>Gentlemen: Please send me your General Catalog. I am checking at left the phase of radio in which I am particularly interested.</i> Name..... Address..... Occupation..... Age.....
<input type="checkbox"/> Direction Finder and Radio Compass	<input type="checkbox"/> Talking Pictures	
<input type="checkbox"/> Servicing Home Entertainment Equipment	<input type="checkbox"/> Disc and Film Recording	
<input type="checkbox"/> Television		



Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific	Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific	
<b>PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—</b>				WOC	WHO	WTIC	WOW	
10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00				WWS	WTAG	WFI		
WJZ	WIBZ	WBAZ	WHAM	<b>GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—Floyd</b>				
KDKA	WTMJ	WJR	WLW	Gibbons.				
KYW	KWK	WREN	WRVA	9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00	WEAF	WFI	WJAR	WTAG
WJAX	KGW	KOMO	KHQ	WCSH	WCAE	WRC	WGY	KHQ
KPSD	KTAR	WGAR	KOA	WBSN	RSD	WTAM	WWJ	WOW
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WMC	WBSI	WSTMJ	WOC		
WSP	WID X	WSMB	WOAI					
KEAB	KGO	KECA	WSUN					
WBAL	WPTF							

**EASTMAN PROGRAM—**

10:00 p. m. 9:00	8:00	7:00	
WEAF	WJAR	WCSH	WCAE
WVJ	RSD	WSAI	WRC
WBSN	WLT	WTAG	WGY
WTAM	WOW	WENR	WEEI
WOC	WHO		

**RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—**

10:30 p. m. 9:30	8:30	7:30	
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WLT	WGY	WCAE	WVJ
WAI	WBO	WDAF	WDAF
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WMC
WBS	WSMB	WOC	WJDX
KGO	KTHS	WOAI	WKY
WRC	WCSH	KOA	KGW
KFI	KHQ	KOMO	KTAR
KPSD	WIO	WOW	WTAM
RSL	WFLA	WSUN	WREN
WTIC	WPTF	WTMJ	WDAY
KFYB	WAPI		

WDAF	WJAX	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WAPI	WHAS	WMC
WBS	KOA	WMB	KPRC
WOAI	KGW	KSL	KGO
KFI	KTAR	KOMO	KHQ
RSD	WFLA	WHO	WIOD
WDAF	WIBO	KFYR	WSUN
WTIC			

**HERNANDEZ BROTHERS—Instrumental Trio.**

9:00 p. m. 8:00	7:00	6:00	
WABC	WZXE	WOKO	WFBL
WEAN	WDRG	WNAO	WDRG
WEXAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WTAR	WDBJ	WHR	WKBN
WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WLAC	WBRC	WDRU	WISN
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
WEHC	WKBW	WPC	WCAU
WMAL	WCAO	WBT	WTOC
WSPD	WDOD	WFBM	WMAQ
KMBC	WNAO	KTRH	KTSA
KOH	KDYL	CFRB	

**INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES**

**National Broadcasting Company**

Ke.	Ke.
CFCF	1030
CKGW	960
KDKA	980
KECA	1340
KFAB	770
KFI	640
KFPX	1020
KPSD	600
KFYR	550
KGB	1330
KGO	790
KGW	620
KHQ	590
KOA	830
KOMO	920
KPO	680
KPRC	920
KSD	550
KSL	1130
KSTP	1460
KTAR	620
KTHS	1040
KVOO	1140
KWK	1350
KYW	1020
WAPI	1140
WBAL	1060
WBAP	800
WBSN	900
WBZ	990
WBZA	990
WCAE	1220
WCFL	970
WCKY	1480
WCSH	940
WDAF	610
WDAY	940
WEAF	660
WEBC	1290
WEEI	590
WENR	870
WFAA	800
WFL	560
WFLA	620
WGAR	1450
WGN	720
WGY	790
WHAM	1150
WHAS	820
WHO	1000
WIBO	560
WIOD	1300
WJAR	890
WJAX	900
WJDX	1270
WJR	750
WJZ	760
WKY	900
WLIT	560
WLS	870
WLW	700
WMC	780
WOAI	1190
WOC	1000
WOW	590
WPTF	680
WRC	950
WREN	1220
WRVA	1110
WSAI	1330
WSB	740
WSM	650
WSMB	1320
WSUN	620
WTAG	580
WTAM	1070
WTIC	1060
WTMJ	620
WWJ	920

**Columbia Broadcasting System**

Ke.	Ke.
CFRB	960
CKAC	730
KDYL	1290
KFH	1300
KFJF	1480
KFPY	1340
KFRC	610
KHJ	900
KLRA	1390
KLZ	560
KMBC	950
KMOX	1090
KOH	1380
KOIL	1260
KOIN	940
KOL	1270
KLLD	1040
KSCJ	1330
KTRH	1120
KTSA	1290
KVI	760
WAAB	1410
WABC	860
WACO	1240
WADC	1320
WAIU	640
WBBM	770
WBRC	1410
WBRC	930
WBT	1080
WCAE	1430
WCAO	600
WCAU	1170
WCCO	810
WDAE	1220
WDBJ	930
WDBO	1120
WDOD	1280
WDRG	1330
WDSU	1250
WEAN	780
WFAN	610
W3XAU	6060-9590
WFBL	1360
WFBM	1230
WGL	1370
WGR	550
WGST	890
WHEC	1440
WHK	1390
WHP	1430
WIBW	580
WIP	610
WIS	1010
WISN	1120
WJAS	1290
WJJD	1130
WKBN	570
WKBW	1480
WKRC	550
WLAC	1470
WLAP	1200
WLBW	1260
WLBZ	620
WMAK	960
WMAL	630
WMAQ	670
WMT	600
WNAO	1230
WNOX	560
WOKO	1440
WORC	1200
WOWO	1160
WPG	1200
WQAM	560
WREC	600
WRR	1280
WSPD	1340
WTAQ	1330
WTAR	780
WTOC	1260
WWNC	570
WWVA	1160
WXYZ	1240
W2XE	6120

**Saturday**

**ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—**

4:00 p. m. 3:00	2:00	1:00	
WABC	WZXE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRG	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WHR
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WFMB	KOIL
KRLD	KVI	CFRB	WOKO

**VALSPAR SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB**

9:30 p. m. 8:30	7:30	6:30	
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLT	WRC	WGY	WBSN
WCAE	WTAM	CFCF	WSAI
WENR	KID	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	WEBC
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOB
WFLA	WSUN	WMC	WBS
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KPRC
KOA	WKY	WCSH	

**THE SILVER FLUTE—**

8:30 p. m. 7:30	6:30	5:30	
WEAF	WCSH	WGY	WCAE
WSAI	KSD	WDAF	WJAR

**HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—**

10:00 p. m. 9:00	8:00	7:00	
WABC	WZXE	WIBC	WKBW
WLBZ	WJAN	WDRG	WNAO
WJRC	WPG	WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAO	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKRK
WKBN	WVNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRG
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WHR	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAF	WNAO
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KHJ

**WILL OSBORNE AND HIS BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—**

11:45 p. m. 10:45	9:45	8:45	
WABC	WZXE	WFBL	WDRG
WDRG	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WHR	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	KVI
KFRC	CFRB		

The October issue will contain a more comprehensive list of Chain Calendar Features.

# HER MASTER'S EYES

*Faithful Shepherd Sees Way to Studios and About City for Blinded Veteran*



Reginald D. White and Wickee

**W**ICKEE is a lady. Her best boy friend is her master, Mr. Reginald D. White, a war-blinded veteran, who is heard regularly on the Pacific coast from the NBC studios in San Francisco.

"She freed me forever from the prison of blindness," he explained recently to the Radio audience. They met about a year ago, became pals immediately, and have been inseparable ever since. Wickee leads him safely through traffic, finds chairs, door-knobs, stairs, and even elevator buttons for him. Sailor White says she has human intelligence and, watching her tender and watchful care over him, you are forced to admit he's right.

She even laughs, cries and speaks in his act at the microphone where he tells dog stories for a dog food program—you know, she has a voice as well as eyes. Wickee is a Belgian shepherd. White was an engineer and blinded in an accident aboard a vessel during the war.



# Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list of stations has been corrected from the latest authentic sources. However, station managers are invited to report any inaccuracies.—EDITOR

## K

KBTM.....Paragould, Ark.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
KCRK.....Enid, Okla.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
250 w. until local sunset.  
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.  
50,000 w.—980 kc.—105.9 m.  
KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah  
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.  
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.  
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.  
100 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.  
KEX.....Portland, Ore.  
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.  
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.  
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.  
KFAC.....Los Angeles  
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.  
500 w.—1360 kc.—234.2 m.  
2500 w. until local sunset.  
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.  
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KFDL.....Beaumont, Texas  
100 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset.  
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.  
500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.  
KFEL.....Edgewater, Colo.  
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.  
KFEO.....St. Joseph, Mo.  
2500 w.—680 kc.—535.4 m.  
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.7 m.  
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.  
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.  
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.  
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.  
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska  
10 w.—1310 kc.—328.9 m.  
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
250 w. until local sunset.  
KFJF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.  
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.  
KFJJ.....Astoria, Ore.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.  
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.  
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset.  
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.  
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.  
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.  
500 w.—1220 kc.—345.8 m.  
KFKN.....Chico, Ill.  
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.  
KFV.....Rockford, Ill.  
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.  
KFLN.....Galveston, Texas  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KFMN.....Northfield, Minn.  
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
KPNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa  
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset.  
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
250 w. until local sunset.  
KFOO.....Long Beach, Calif.  
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KPPM.....Greenville, Texas  
15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KPPW.....Fort Smith, Ark.  
50 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.  
KPPY.....Spokane, Wash.  
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.  
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska  
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.

KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KFRK.....San Francisco, Calif.  
1000 w.—610 kc.—419.5 m.  
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.  
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.  
KPSD.....San Diego, Calif.  
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset.  
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas  
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.  
KFUM.....Colorado Springs, Colo.  
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.  
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.  
1000 w.—KFUO until L. S.  
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.  
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.  
KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.  
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.  
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
KFWI.....San Francisco, Calif.  
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.  
KFXD.....Nanassa, Idaho  
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KFXF.....Denver, Colo.  
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.  
KFJX.....Grand Junction, Colo.  
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KFXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
KFXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
250 w.—KFXR until L. S.  
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas  
500 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
250 w. until local sunset.  
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.  
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.  
2500 until local sunset.  
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.  
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.  
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
250 w.—KGAR until L. S.  
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.  
500 w.—1330 kc.—235.4 m.  
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska  
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.  
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.  
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset.  
KGC.....Decorah, Iowa  
50 w.—1270 kc.—336.1 m.  
KGCN.....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.—218.7 m.  
KGDE.....Ferris Falls, Minn.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
250 w. until local sunset.  
KGDN.....Stockton, Calif.  
250 w.—1100 kc.—273.6 m.  
KGDV.....Huron, S. C.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.  
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.  
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.  
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.  
KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KGF.....Shawnee, Okla.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KGFJ.....Oklahoma City, Okla.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KGFK.....Corpus Christi, Texas  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
250 w. until local sunset.  
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
KGFK.....Moorhead, Minn.  
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KGFL.....Raton, N. M.  
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KGFV.....Ravenna, Nebr.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KGFY.....Pierre, S. D.  
200 w.—680 kc.—516.9 m.  
KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KGGF.....South Coffeyville, Okla.  
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.  
KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.  
250 S.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.  
500 w. until local sunset.  
KGGP.....Pueblo, Colo.  
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.  
500 w. until local sunset.  
KGGH.....Little Rock, Ark.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
KGGI.....Billings, Mont.  
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.  
KGGJ.....Butte, Mont.  
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.  
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KGIY.....Las Vegas, Nev.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KGIZ.....Grant City, Mo.  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
KGFJ.....Little Rock, Ark.  
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.  
KGBK.....Brownwood, Texas  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
KGBK.....San Angelo, Texas  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KGGK.....Wichita Falls, Texas  
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.  
500 w. until local sunset.  
KGGX.....Sandpoint, Idaho  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KGGY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
KGM.....Honolulu, Hawaii  
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.  
KGMF.....Eik City, Okla.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
KGNF.....North Platte, Nebr.  
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.  
KGNU.....Dodge City, Kans.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.  
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.  
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas  
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.  
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii  
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.  
KGV.....Missoula, Mont.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KGVW.....Portland, Ore.  
1000 w.—620 kc.—485.6 m.  
KGVY.....Lacey, Wash.  
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.  
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.  
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.  
2000 w. until local sunset.  
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa  
100 w.—1400 kc.—211.1 m.  
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho  
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.  
500 w. until local sunset.  
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho  
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.  
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.  
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.  
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.  
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.  
KJCN.....Blytheville, Ark.  
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.  
KJL.....Garden, Utah  
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.  
KJPM.....Minot, N. D.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KJRA.....Little Rock, Ark.  
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.  
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.  
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.  
KLN.....Oakland, Calif.  
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.  
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.  
1000 w.—500 kc.—535.4 m.  
KMA.....Flanagan, Iowa  
500 w.—930 kc.—315.6 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset.  
KMAC.....San Antonio, Texas  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.  
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.  
KMCS.....Anguswood, Calif.  
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
KMEF.....Medford, Oregon  
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
KMLB.....Monroe, La.  
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.  
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.  
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.  
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.  
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.  
50,000 w.—1050 kc.—275.1 m.  
KMPC.....Deverly Hills, Calif.  
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.  
KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.  
KNN.....Hollywood, Calif.  
50,000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.  
KOA.....Denver, Colo.  
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.  
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.  
1000 w.—350 kc.—545.1 m.  
KOH.....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.  
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.  
KOH.....Council Bluffs, Iowa  
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.  
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.  
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.  
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.  
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.  
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.  
KONO.....San Antonio, Texas  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.  
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.  
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.  
100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.  
KPFM.....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.  
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.  
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
KPO.....Wenatchee, Wash.  
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
KPRC.....Houston, Texas  
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.  
2500 w. until local sunset.  
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.  
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.  
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.  
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.  
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.  
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.  
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.  
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas  
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.  
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas  
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.  
KRRD.....Shreveport, La.  
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.  
500 w.—930 kc.—315.6 m.  
1000 w.—KROW until L. S.  
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.  
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
KSCA.....Manhattan, Kans.  
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.  
1000 w. until local sunset.  
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa  
1000 w.—1330 kc.—226.1 m.  
7500 w.—KSCJ until L. S.  
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.  
500 w.—850 kc.—545.1 m.  
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho  
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.  
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah  
5000 w.—1150 kc.—265.3 m.  
KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.  
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.  
KSO.....Clayton, Mo.  
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
KSOV.....Twin Falls, S. D.  
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.  
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.  
10,000 w.—1400 kc.—204.4 m.  
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.  
1000 w.—500 kc.—535.4 m.  
KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.  
500 w.—620 kc.—481.6 m.  
1000 w.—KTAR until L. S.  
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas  
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.  
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.  
500 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.  
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.  
KTFI.....Twin Falls, Idaho  
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 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.  
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.  
1000 w.—KTM until L. S.  
KNTN.....Muscatine, Iowa  
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.  
KTRH.....Houston, Texas  
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.  
KTTA.....San Antonio, Texas  
1000 w.—1280 kc.—232.4 m.  
2000 w.—KTTA until L. S.  
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KTSN.....El Paso, Texas  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.  
1000 w.—1220 kc.—236.1 m.  
KUJ.....Walla Walla, Wash.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KVOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.  
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.  
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.  
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.  
750 w. until local sunset.  
KUT.....Austin, Texas  
500 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.  
1000 w.—760 kc.—354.5 m.  
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.  
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.  
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.  
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.  
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.  
100 w.—1280 kc.—232.4 m.  
KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.  
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.  
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.  
100 w.—1280 kc.—232.4 m.  
KWJ.....Portland, Ore.  
500 w.—1060 kc.—382.8 m.  
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.  
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.  
KWK.....Kansas City, Mo.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.  
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.  
10,000 w.—650 kc.—542.7 m.  
KWL.....Trenton, Iowa  
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.  
KWSC.....Fullerton, Wash.  
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.  
2000 w. until local sunset.  
KXWV.....Brownsville, Texas  
500 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.  
KNA.....Seattle, Wash.  
500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.  
KXJ.....Portland, Ore.  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.  
100 w.—1800 kc.—169.9 m.  
KXBI.....Aberdeen, Wash.  
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.  
KXNY.....Houston, Texas  
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.  
KXA.....San Francisco, Calif.  
1000 w.—1280 kc.—232.4 m.  
KAW.....Chicago, Ill.  
10,000 w.—1620 kc.—245.8 m.  
KZBI.....Hayward, Calif.  
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

## W

WAAB.....Boston, Mass.  
500 w.—810 kc.—358.2 m.  
WAAP.....Chicago, Ill.  
500 w.—920 kc.—319 m.  
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.  
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.  
2000 w. until local sunset.  
WAAT.....Jesse City, N. J.  
500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.  
WAAY.....Omaha, Neb.  
500 w.—600 kc.—545.1 m.  
WABC.....New York City  
50,000 w.—800 kc.—361.2 m.



WABI.....Bangor, Me. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WCKY.....Covington, Ky. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.	WFDF.....Flint, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WIBU.....Poyner, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WLAP.....Louisville, Ky. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas 1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.	250 w.—until local sunset.
WACO.....Waco, Texas 1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.	WCLD.....Janesville, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WFDW.....Anniston, Ala. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WIBX.....Utica, N. Y. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio 1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.	WCLS.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WFLI.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.	100 w.—until local sunset.	WLBC.....Muncie, Ind. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WAU.....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.	WCMA.....Culver, Ind. 100 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WFIW.....Eopkinsville, Ky. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	100 w.—until local sunset.	WLBK.....Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla. 500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.	WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.	100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WLBG.....Petersburg, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala. 5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.	WCOG.....Meridian, Miss. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.	2500 w.—until local sunset.	100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	250 w.—until local sunset.
WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.	WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WFOX.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WLBL.....Stevens Point, Wis. 3000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WAWZ.....Zarepath, N. J. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	1000 w.—until local sunset.	WLBW.....Oil City, Pa. 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WCRW.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WGAR.....Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	1000 w.—until local sunset.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	WCSC.....Charlestown, S. C. 250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.	WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y. 50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md. 10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.	WCSH.....Portland, Me. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WGBE.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WLEY.....Lexington, Mass. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas 50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.	WDAE.....Tampa, Fla. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.	WGBF.....Evansville, Ind. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WLIB.....Elgin, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WBAX.....Wilkes Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—237.8 m.	WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.	WGBI.....Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WDAC.....Amarillo, Texas 1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WGBS.....New York City 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WLOR.....Boston, Mass. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WDAH.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	500 w.—until local sunset.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	250 w.—until local sunset.
WBDM.....Chicago, Ill. 35,000 w.—770 kc.—369.4 m.	WDAY..... Fargo, N. D. 1000 w.—914 kc.—319 m.	WGCN.....Gulfport, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WLSI.....Cranston, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBDR.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va. 250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.	WGPC.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBFB.....Ponca City, Okla. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WDBO.....Orlando, Fla. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	WGES.....Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBGM.....Bay City, Mich. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WDEI.....Wilmington, Dela. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	WGH.....Newport News, Va. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WLW.....Cincinnati, O. 50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.	500 w.—until local sunset.	WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WLWI.....New York City 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WBEO.....Marquette, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WDFY.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.	WGMN.....St. Paul, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMAA.....Cazenovia, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WBGF.....Glens Falls, N. Y. 50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WDIX.....Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WGN.....Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMAF.....S. Dartmouth, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WBGJ.....Greensboro, N. C. 1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn. 1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—550 kc.—445.1 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—241.8 m.	WDRS.....Hartford, Conn. 500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.	WGST.....Atlanta, Ga. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMAL.....Washington, D. C. 250 w.—430 kc.—475.9 m.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	WDSU.....New Orleans, La. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	500 w.—until local sunset.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	500 w.—until local sunset.
WBND.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WDWF.....Providence, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y. 50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WBQO.....New York, N. Y. 5000 w.—860 kc.—348.5 m.	WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.	WHA.....Madison, Wis. 750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMAZ.....Macon, Ga. 500 w.—1120 kc.—254.1 m.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WEAF.....New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.	WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBR.....Newport, R. I. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.	WEAL.....Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.	WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y. 5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBD.....Detroit, Mich. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WBSE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WEAN.....Providence, R. I. 250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.	WHAF.....New York City 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	250 w.—until local sunset.
WBSP.....Needham, Mass. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.	WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio 750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	WHAS.....Louisville, Ky. 10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBE.....Peoria Hts., Ill. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.	WEBC.....Superior, Wis. 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.	WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	1000 w.—until local sunset.
WBTM.....Danville, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	2500 w.—until local sunset.	WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBF.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass. 15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.	WEDC.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WHB.....Kansas City, Mo. 500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.	WEDH.....Erie, Pa. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WHBC.....Canton, Ohio 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBG.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	WEEL.....Boston, Mass. 100 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.	WHBD.....Mt. Orah, Ohio 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBH.....Joplin, Mo. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y. 500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.	WEHC.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	250 w.—until local sunset.
WCAG.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.	WEHS.....Evanston, Ill. 100 w.—1400 kc.—211.1 m.	WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBI.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WCAL.....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WHBO.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBD.....Auburn, N. Y. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr. 250 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.	250 w.—until local sunset.	WHBU.....Anderson, Ind. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCAK.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WEI.....Boston, Mass. 100 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.	WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBR.....Tampa, Fla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J. 100 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	1000 w.—until local sunset.
WCAN.....Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHDR.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMC.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WCAP.....Ashbury Park, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHDL.....Tupper Lake, N. Y. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMC.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHDS.....Rochester, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	1000 w.—until local sunset.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa. 10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHFC.....Cicero, Ill. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMC.....New York City 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMAA.....Fairmont, W. Va. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill. 50 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	500 w.—until local sunset.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHN.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMAK.....Fairmont, W. Va. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WCBB.....Zion, Ill. 500 w.—1080 kc.—277.5 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHO.....Des Moines, Ia. 5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	500 w.—until local sunset.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHRP.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMAZ.....Macon, Ga. 500 w.—1120 kc.—254.1 m.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn. 7500 w.—810 kc.—370.3 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHSA.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBR.....Newport, R. I. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCDA.....New York City 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHSD.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBD.....Detroit, Mich. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—970 kc.—369.1 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHSH.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	250 w.—until local sunset.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHSL.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMBE.....Peoria Hts., Ill. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.	WEI.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHST.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	1000 w.—until local sunset.





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WDAI.....San Antonio, Tex. 50,000 w.—1100 kc.—252 m.	WRVA.....Richmond, Va. 5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.	CFCT.....Victoria, B. C. 500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.	CMGC.....Matanzas 30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.	XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih. 1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
WDAI.....Whitehaven, Tenn. 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio 500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.	CFCY.....Charlottetown, P. E. I. 500 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.	CMGE.....Cardenas 30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.	XER.....Mexico City 100 w.—650 kc.—461 m.
WDAI.....Trenton, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WSAJ.....Greene City, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	CFJC.....Kaniloops, B. C. 15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.	CMHA.....Cienfuegos 200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.	XES.....Tampico, Tamps 350 w.—890 kc.—347 m.
WDAI.....Union City, Tenn. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WSAN.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	CFLC.....Prescott, Ont. 50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.	CMHB.....Sagua la Grande 10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.	XET.....Montreux, N. L. 1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
WDAI.....Charleston, W. Va. 250 w.—380 kc.—316.9 m.	WSAR.....Fall River, Mass. 250 w.—1430 kc.—206.8 m.	CFNB.....Frederickton, N. B. 500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.	CMHC.....Tuinucu 500 w.—291 kc.—379 m.	XETA.....Mexico City 500 w.—1140 kc.—363 m.
WDAI.....Davenport, Iowa 500 w.—1009 kc.—299.8 m.	WSAZ.....Huntington, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.	CFPC-CNRS.....Saskatoon, Sask. 500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.	CMHD.....Caibarien 250 w.—920 kc.—325 m.	XETF.....Vera Cruz 500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
WDAI.....Jamestown, N. Y. 25 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WSB.....Atlanta, Ga. 5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.	CFRB-CJBC.....King York Co., Ont. 4000 w.—960 kc.—313 m.	CMHE.....Santa Clara 20 w.—1420 kc.—210 m.	XEU.....Vera Cruz, Ver. 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
WDAI.....Paterson, N. J. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WSBC.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	CFRC.....Kingston, Ont. 500 w.—930 kc.—321 m.	CMHI.....Santa Clara 15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.	XEV.....Puebla, Pue. 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
WDAI.....Mobile, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.5 m.	WSBD.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	CFRE.....Edmonton, Alta. 500 w.—930 kc.—321 m.	CMJB.....Ciego de Avila 20 w.—1276 kc.—275 m.	XEW.....Mexico City 5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
WDAI.....Ames, Iowa 500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.	WSDF.....Columbus, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	CFRH.....Edmonton, Alta. 500 w.—930 kc.—321 m.	CMJC.....Santiago de Cuba 20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m.	XEX.....Mexico City 500 w.—1210 kc.—348 m.
WDAI.....Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.5 m.	CFRG.....Hamilton, Ont. 10 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CMKA.....Santiago de Cuba 20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m.	XEY.....Merida, Yucatan 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
WDAI.....Washington, D. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WSFX.....Springfield, Tenn. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	CFRS.....Summerside, P. E. I. 100 w.—1220 kc.—268 m.	CMKB.....Santiago de Cuba 15 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.	XEZ.....Mexico City 500 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
WDAI.....Manitowoc, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WSJS.....Winston-Salem, N. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	CFRT.....Hamilton, Ont. 50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CMKD.....Santiago de Cuba 40 w.—1100 kc.—272 m.	XETA.....Mexico City 500 w.—1140 kc.—363 m.
WDAI.....Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.	WSL.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.	CFRS-CNRH.....Halifax, N. S. 500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.	CMMA.....Guanajay 50 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.	XFA.....Mexico City 50 w.—7143 kc.—42 m.
WDAI.....Bristol, Tenn. 100 w.—1300 kc.—299.9 m.	WSMB.....New Orleans, La. 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.	CFRC.....Quebec, P. Q. 100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CMAB.....Pinar del Rio 20 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.	XFC.....Agua Calientes 500 w.—805 kc.—373 m.
WDAI.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio 200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.	CFRW.....Pilo, Burts, Sask. 530 w.—960 kc.—312 m.	CMBA.....Habana 50 w.—1345 kc.—221 m.	XFD.....Mexico City 500 w.—1111 kc.—27 m.
WDAI.....Newark, N. J. 5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.	WSOC.....Gastonia, N. C. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	CFRW.....Chilliwack, B. C. 100 w.—665 kc.—400 m.	CMBC.....Habana 150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.	XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih. 250 w.—915 kc.—328 m.
WDAI.....Worcester, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	CFRW.....Edmonton, Alta. 500 w.—930 kc.—321 m.	CMBD.....Habana 150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.	XFG.....Villahermosa, Tabasco 2000 w.—638 kc.—470 m.
WDAI.....Jefferson City, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.	WSTP.....Toledo, Ohio 500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.	CFRW.....Sydney, N. S. 50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CMBF.....Habana 75 w.—1345 kc.—221 m.	XFI.....Mexico City 1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
WDAI.....New York City 1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.	WSSD.....Boston, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	CFRW-CJCA.....Calgary, Alta. 500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.	CMBG.....Santiago de la Vegas 150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.	XFX.....Mexico City 500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.
WDAI.....Omaha, Nebr. 1000 w.—590 kc.—422.3 m.	WSSH.....Boston, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	CFRW-CJGC.....London, Ont. 5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.	CMBI.....Habana 30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.	
WDAI.....Ft. Wayne, Ind. 10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.	WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.	CFRW-CJGX.....Yorkton, Sask. 500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.	CMBJ.....Habana 15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.	
WDAI.....Paducah, Ky. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WSUN.....Clearwater, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.	CFRW-CJOC.....Lethbridge, Alta. 50 w.—1120 kc.—368 m.	CMBK.....Mariano 15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.	
WDAI.....Cliffside, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.	WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y. 50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	CFRW-CJRM.....Moose Jaw, Sask. 500 w.—600 kc.—400 m.	CMBL.....Habana 15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.	
WDAI.....Pawtucket, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WSYB.....Rutland, Vt. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	CFRW-CJRW.....Fleming, Sask. 500 w.—600 kc.—400 m.	CMBM.....Habana 30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.	
WDAI.....Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—570 kc.—435.4 m.	WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.—435.4 m.	CFRW-CJAC.....St. Hyacinth, Quebec 5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.	CMBN.....Habana 15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.	
WDAI.....New York City 500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.	WTAD.....Quincy, Ill. 500 w.—1440 kc.—209.2 m.	CFRW-CJCK.....Quebec, P. Q. 225 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CMBO.....Habana 50 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.	
WDAI.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WTAG.....Worcester, Mass. 250 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.	CFRW-CJCC.....Regina, Sask. 500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.	CMBR.....Habana 15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.	
WDAI.....Atlantic City, N. J. 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.	WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio 50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.	CFRW-CJCD.....Ottawa, Ont. 100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.	CMBS.....Habana 150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.	
WDAI.....Patchogue, N. Y. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis. 1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.	CFRW-CJCE.....Vaterloo, Ont. 50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.	CMBT.....Habana 150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.	
WDAI.....Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.	WTAR.....Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.	CFRW-CJCF.....Quebec, P. Q. 50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CMBW.....Mariano 150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.	
WDAI.....State College, Pa. 500 w.—1230 kc.—243.9 m.	WTAW.....College Station, Tex. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	CFRW-CJCG.....Vancouver, B. C. 50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.	CMBX.....Habana 30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.	
WDAI.....Raleigh, N. C. 1000 w.—680 kc.—490.9 m.	WTAX.....Springfield, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	CFRW-CJCH.....Wolville, N. S. 50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.	CMBY.....Habana 100 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.	
WDAI.....Miami, Fla. 1000 w.—560 kc.—435.4 m.	WTBO.....Cumberland, Md. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	CFRW-CJCI.....Fredericton, N. B. 500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.	CMCZ.....Habana 150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.	
WDAI.....Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—800 kc.—340.7 m.	WTCL.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	CFRW-CJCK-CJCR.....Regina, Sask. 500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.	CMC.....Habana 500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.	
WDAI.....Palisade, N. Y. 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.	WTFL.....Tallahassee, Fla. 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	CFRW-CJCL.....Ottawa, Ont. 1000 w.—840 kc.—337 m.	CMCA.....Habana 150 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.	
WDAI.....Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.	WTIC.....Hartford, Conn. 50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.	CFRW-CJCM.....Vancouver, B. C. 50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.	CMCB.....Santiago de Cuba 150 w.—1034 kc.—290 m.	
WDAI.....St. Albans, Vt. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WTIM.....Huntsville, Ala. 50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	CFRW-CJCN.....Toronto, Ont. 500 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.	CMJC.....Camagney 15 w.—1321 kc.—227 m.	
WDAI.....Thomasville, Ga. 50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.	CFRW-CJCO.....Hamilton, Ont. 50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CMJQ.....Habana 250 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.	
WDAI.....South Bend, Ind. 100 w.—1205 kc.—249.9 m.	WTOT.....Savannah, Ga. 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.	CFRW-CJCP.....Fredericton, N. B. 25 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.	CMJW.....Habana 700 w.—588 kc.—510 m.	
WDAI.....Williamsport, Pa. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WWAE.....Hammond, Ind. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	CFRW-CJCR.....Edmonton, Alta. 500 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.	CMJX.....Habana 500 w.—900 kc.—333 m.	
WDAI.....Wilmington, N. C. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WWJ.....Detroit, Mich. 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.	CFRW-CJCV.....Vancouver, B. C. 100 w.—730 kc.—411 m.		
WDAI.....Tifton, Ga. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WWL.....New Orleans, La. 5000 w.—850 kc.—352.2 m.	CFRW-CJCY.....Winnipeg, Man. 5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.		
WDAI.....Hattiesburg, Miss. 10 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WWNC.....Asheville, N. C. 1000 w.—570 kc.—426 m.	CFRW-CJCNRA.....Moncton, N. B. 500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.		
WDAI.....Columbus, Ga. 50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	CFRW-CJCNRV.....Vancouver, B. C. 500 w.—1030 kc.—297 m.		
WDAI.....Greenville, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WWSW.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	CFRW-CJCU.....Edmonton, Alta. 500 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.		
WDAI.....Roanoke, Va. 250 w.—840 kc.—357.5 m.	WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va. 5000 w.—1160 kc.—285.5 m.	CFRW-CJCV.....Vancouver, B. C. 500 w.—1030 kc.—297 m.		
WDAI.....Washington, D. C. 500 w.—950 kc.—315.5 m.	WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich. 1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.			
WDAI.....Augusta, Maine 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.				
WDAI.....Augusta, Ga. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.				
WDAI.....Memphis, Tenn. 100 w.—680 kc.—499.7 m.				
WDAI.....Lawrence, Kans. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—247.8 m.				
WDAI.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.				
WDAI.....Barrie, Wis. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.				
WDAI.....New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.				
WDAI.....Knoxville, Tenn. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.				
WDAI.....Dallas, Texas 500 w.—1200 kc.—234.2 m.				
WDAI.....Gainesville, Fla. 3000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.				

## Television

2000-2100 kc. band

W2XCR.....New York, N. Y. Jenkins Television Corp. 48 lines per picture—5000 w.	WJXX.....Wheaton, Md. Jenkins Laboratories 48 lines per picture—5000 w.	W2XCD.....Passaic, N. J. DeForest Radio Corp. 48 lines per picture—5000 w.	W2XBU.....Beacon, N. Y. Harold E. Smith 48 lines per picture—100 w.	W9XAO.....Chicago, Ill. Western Television Corp. 45 lines per picture—500 w.	W2XAP.....Portland Jenkins Television Corp. 48 lines per picture—250 w.
2100-2200 kc. band					
W2XAD.....Camden, N. J. RCA Victor Co. 60 lines per picture—500 w.	W2XBS.....New York, N. Y. National Broadcasting Co. 65 lines per picture—5000 w.	W2XCV.....Schenectady, N. Y. General Electric Co. —lines per picture—20,000 w.	W2XAV.....Pittsburgh, Pa. Westinghouse Electric Co. 60 lines per picture—20,000 w.	W2XK.....Long Island City, N. Y. Radio Pictures, Inc. 48 lines per picture—500 w.	W2XAF.....Chicago, Ill. Chicago Daily News 45 lines per picture—1000 w.
W2XAK.....Bound Brook, N. J. National Broadcasting Co. 60 lines per picture—5000 w.	2750-2850 kc. band				
W2XAL.....New York, N. Y. Columbia Broadcasting System. 60 lines per picture—500 w.	W9XAA.....Chicago, Ill. Chicago Federation of Labor 48 lines per picture—1000 w.	W9XG.....West Lafayette, Ind. Purdue University—1500 w.	W2XBO.....Long Island City, N. Y. United Research Corp.—500 w.	2850-2950 kc. band	
W2XAV.....Boston, Mass. Shortwave & Television Lab. 48 lines per picture—500 w.	W9XR.....Downer's Grove, Ill. Great Lakes Broadcasting Co. 24 lines per picture—5000 w.	W2XRL.....Long Island City, N. Y. Radio Pictures, Inc. 48 lines per picture—500 w.	W9XK.....Los Angeles, Cal. Don Lee, Inc. —lines per picture—500 w.	43,000-44,000 kcys	
W2XRD (CP-5).....Milwaukee, Wis. The Milwaukee Journal—500 w.	43,000-46,000; 48,500-50,300; 60,000-80,000 kcys		W2XAD.....Camden, N. J. RCA Victor Co.—50 w.	W2XBE.....New York City, N. Y. National Broadcasting Co.—750 w.	W2XAV (CP-1).....Boston, Mass. Short Wave & Television Laboratories—30 w.

## Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal. 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.	XEB.....Mexico City 1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.	XEC.....Toluca 50 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.	XED.....Reynosa, Tamps 10,000 w.—977 kc.—307 m.	XEE.....Linares, N. L. 10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.	XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax. 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.	XEFA.....Mexico City 250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.	XEFE.....Nuevo Laredo, Tamps 1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.	XEL.....Morelia, Mich. 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.	XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih. 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.	XEK.....Mexico City 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.	XEL.....Satilla, Coah. 10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.	XELI.....Tampico, Tamps 500 w.—730 kc.—411 m.	XEN.....Mexico City 1000 w.—711 kc.—482 m.	XEO.....Mexico City 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	XEP.....Tampulipas 200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
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## Cuba

CMBC.....Habana 150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.	CMCS.....Habana 14 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.	CMCF.....Habana 250 w.—900 kc.—333 m.	CMCG.....Guanahama 30 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.	CMCM.....Habana 100 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.	CMCO.....Mariano 225 w.—660 kc.—455 m.	CMCO.....Habana 600 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.	CMCR.....Habana 20 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.	CMCU.....Habana 50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.	CMGA.....Colon 150 w.—834 kc.—163 m.
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## Canada

CFAC-CNRC.....Calgary, Alta. 500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.	CFBO.....St. John, N. B. 500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.	CFCA-CNRT.....Toronto, Ont. 500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.	CFCP.....Montreal, P. Q. 800 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.	CFCL-CKLC-CKNC.....Toronto, Ont. 500 w.—580 kc.—317 m.	CFCN.....Calgary, Alta. 10,000 w.—885 kc.—415 m.	CFCO.....Chatham, Ont. 100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.	CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont. 50 w.—1,10 kc.—297 m.
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*On thousands of cellar shelves you can find the results of*

# BALL BROS.' CANNING TIME

on

**WLS** THE PRAIRIE FARMER STATION  
CHICAGO

For the information Martha Crane has been giving twice every week at



Martha Crane

1 o'clock standard time, is practical and her talks smell of the preserving kettle and the savory chili sauce. Starting with strawberries, Ball Brothers' Canning Time has followed the garden and orchard season straight through, with an occasional glimpse away from fruit and vegetables to the fascinating subject of meat canning. The reason Martha Crane has such a large audience for this program is simple enough. She is talking facts and experience, telling things that the women of the WLS audience want to hear.

Here at WLS we like to build programs like that—programs that serve—and we find that our vast audience on farms, in small towns, and in the city of Chicago, like them too. In building a program we study to make it truly serve its purpose.

Probably you have been listening to Ball Brothers' Canning Time, on WLS, and you understand why it makes the housewife want to reach for the stew-kettle and the paring knife and start filling up the cellar shelves with good things for winter.

## WLS, The PRAIRIE FARMER Station

*Operated by the Agricultural Broadcasting Company*

Burrige D. Butler, President.

50,000 Watts

1230 West Washington Blvd., Chicago

870 Kilocycles



# Chicago asks License

(Continued from page 15)

Eleanor Holm, all under the guidance of Jack Norman, television sports announcer; marionette shows by Remo Bufano; songs of the 'Gay Nineties' by Dr. Sigmund Spaeth in fearful and wondrous costume; Little Billy the midget, and Felix the Clown; international song periods in typical costume by Suzanne Kenyon; piano lessons showing technique of fingering and so forth by Professor G. Aldo Randegger; elaborate theatrical presentations by Chamberlain Brown and his guest stars; Samuel's 'Protegees' period, the Fanchon and Marco 'Radio Idea' and others.

"Noted operatic virtuosos such as Vladimir Radeef, Mme. Mariska Aldrich, Mme. Herma Menthe and Dorothy Edwards have also enjoyed the advantages of television as well as sound representation.

"We have had magicians, jugglers, tap dancers, character analysts, cartoonists, and we have even tried the stunt of putting on a man who plays tunes on ordinary tree leaves, which is one jump ahead of the old tissue paper and comb instrumentation!

"And we are only beginning. In the near future, as we are able to extend our facilities for television broadcasting, we plan to do regularly complete Broadway plays, both musical and dramatic; remote control pick-ups of baseball games, prize-fights and the like; and to stage presentations in our Fifth Avenue studio which will be designed and produced by Mr. Stewart especially for television. The technique of television program production, according to him, is already different from that of radio, screen, or the stage; and we are developing as rapidly as possible the particular style of acting, script, make-up, costume and lighting peculiar

to the needs of visual broadcasting. But that, as Kipling, says, is another story."

## National Broadcasting Co.'s Television Plans

TELEVISION remains the great mystery of Radio broadcasting. Despite research and experimental work conducted for years by engineers in all parts of the world, image transmission has not progressed beyond the laboratory stage. Engineers of the National Broadcasting Company hope, however, that television will be available to the public in the near future.

As the most significant step taken in this direction for some time, M. H. Aylesworth, president of NBC, announced recently that space had been leased on the eighty-fifth floor of the Empire State Building, the world's tallest structure, for an experimental television broadcasting studio. The antenna will be placed atop the dirigible mooring mast, twelve hundred and fifty feet above Fifth Avenue. In the studios will be installed the most advanced and complete image broadcasting equipment, combining all latest developments. The studios will suggest elaborately equipped experimental laboratories rather than points of origin for actual broadcasts, sight or sound.

NBC experimental television broadcasting has been carried on in co-operation with RCA Victor Company and dates back to April 14, 1928, when the RCA technical and test department received a permit to construct station W2XBS, the first of the present group of stations in the metropolitan area. The station began experimental operation a few days later. W2XBS was turned over to NBC in July, 1930, and

moved from 411 Fifth Avenue to the NBC Times Square Studio over the New Amsterdam Theatre. NBC engineers continued experimental broadcasting on a regular schedule.

NBC has not attempted to broadcast actual programs, projecting only small images, a man's face, for example, or the now famous "Felix," a black toy cat. A person could pose before the camera at full length but the image received at the other end would lack detail, so that only "close ups" are used at present.

In further cooperation with RCA Victor, NBC installed an experimental shortwave transmitter at the top of the RCA Building tower at Fiftieth Street and Lexington Avenue, and conducted extensive experiments, studying the influences steel buildings have on the propagation of waves within the television band. Engineers have known for some time that large buildings reflect shortwaves in much the same way as light is affected. The waves bounce about like light rays after striking a group of mirrors.

As a result of these and other tests, C. W. Horn, NBC general engineer, and other scientists, reached the conclusion that television waves cannot be projected successfully through buildings but might travel over them. For this reason NBC is building the Empire State transmitter and will attempt to thrust waves down into New York from that elevated point.

NBC's program and engineering departments are cooperating in the study of program technique with the view to anticipating the requirements of television program broadcasting by devising methods of program presentation suitable for the camera as well as the microphone. A great deal of work is ahead of them in this respect, for many problems still require solution. As an example—it is known that photo-electric cells, the television eyes, are selective as to color—some cells will not transmit red and others will not handle blue, and so on through the spectrum.

# STERLING ARTISTS SERVICE

AN ORGANIZATION OF RADIO TALENT SPECIALISTS SERVING THE INTERESTS OF ARTISTS, BROADCASTERS AND ADVERTISING AGENCIES

Artists are invited to apply for Registration and Certified Audition—Free

Each Artist or Feature is Auditioned Free.

A Record-O-Graph Instantaneous Transcription of each Artist or Feature is made available to Artist Bureaus of Advertising Agencies and Radio Stations without charge —together with Certified Audition Report.

Sterling Artists Service

The Sterling Program Corp.

220 West Forty-Second Street  
NEW YORK, N. Y.



# AMERICA'S PREMIERE REGIONAL STATION

# WMCA

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YORK  
CITY

570 K.C. 100% Modulation 500 Watts

13,000 square feet of modern broadcasting facilities . . . . . 7 perfect studios . . . . . the WMCA THEATRE, first Radio Theatre of the Air with auditorium comfortably seating two hundred . . . . . studios overlooking the Great White Way . . . . . a staff of more than one hundred experts to prepare and present your programs . . . . . a truly modern broadcasting plant.



## THE AIRLINE TO THE NEW YORK MARKET

Twelve million people live within the trading area of New York. Nowhere else in the world is there a greater concentration of buying power. The yearly consumption of luxuries and necessities of these New Yorkers reaches a staggering total.

New York is the world's richest, most compact market for every kind of product and service that human ingenuity can devise. The New York market *alone* has made millionaires of men. Because of its size—the many-sided angles of its life—the cosmopolitan character of its population—some advertisers believe that the New York market is difficult to sell successfully. But radio broadcasting through WMCA has shattered this prejudice; has proven through actual *results* for a varied clientele of advertisers, that New York is *now* one of the *easiest* markets in the world in which to gain a firm foothold.

## NEW YORK'S OWN STATION

WMCA covers practically *every* event—*every* happening that is of *interest* to New Yorkers. If there is an important New York news story WMCA broadcasts it. Banquets of local importance and significance, outstanding ring and sport events, theatrical performances, the smarter night clubs—these are a few of the things that New Yorkers expect WMCA to cover.

We believe that no station has more friendly and personal relations with its army of listeners than WMCA. Because they are always sure of finding something of immediate and local interest on its program, New Yorkers have an exceptionally warm regard for WMCA.

Thorough coverage at rates that are commensurate with service . . . transmission that is thorough perfect and clear . . . a pioneer station that has achieved a unique record of success for itself as well as for its clients . . . literature and rate cards will be forwarded to interested prospective clients.



Knickerbocker Broadcasting Co. Inc.  
1697 Broadway at 53rd Street  
New York City

BROADCASTING - IN - THE - NEW YORK - MANNER





## He didn't count sheep jumping a fence

**N**O SIR! The guest we have in mind had his own cure for insomnia! He asked us to furnish a thermos bottle full of hot milk, so that he could have it by his bed, in case he woke up at night, take a drink ... and then get to sleep again! Thermos bottles and hot milk aren't part of the standard equipment of United Hotels... but we do have large, airy high-ceiling rooms, with a feeling of pleasant freedom... and the beds... well, if you've ever slept in one of our hotels you know how good they are! So there's very rarely occasion for insomnia at any of the 25 United Hotels listed below.

### Extra service at these 25 UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S only United... The Roosevelt  
PHILADELPHIA, PA. .... The Benjamin Franklin  
SEATTLE, WASH. .... The Olympic  
WORCESTER, MASS. .... The Bancroft  
NEWARK, N. J. .... The Robert Treat  
PATERSON, N. J. .... The Alexander Hamilton  
TRENTON, N. J. .... The Stacy-Trent  
HARRISBURG, PA. .... The Penn-Harris  
ALBANY, N. Y. .... The Ten Eyck  
SYRACUSE, N. Y. .... The Onondaga  
ROCHESTER, N. Y. .... The Seneca  
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. .... The Niagara  
ERIE, PA. .... The Lawrence  
AKRON, OHIO .... The Portage  
FLINT, MICH. .... The Durant  
KANSAS CITY, MO. .... The President  
TUCSON, ARIZ. .... El Conquistador  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. .... The St. Francis  
SHREVEPORT, LA. .... The Washington-Youree  
NEW ORLEANS, LA. .... The Roosevelt  
NEW ORLEANS, LA. .... The Bienville  
TORONTO, ONT. .... The King Edward  
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. .... The Clifton  
WINDSOR, ONT. .... The Prince Edward  
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. .... The Constant Spring



Paul  
Dumont,  
little big  
NBC-M.C.

## Ted Lewis—Bad Boy

(Continued from page 27)

Finally he played at Coney Island and the resort somehow survived. So did the Caprice Club and Rector's, the "Greenwich Village Follies," the Columbia Phonograph Company, the Kit Kat Club in London, "Artists and Models," the talkie company for which Ted made "Is Everybody Happy?" and the great vaudeville circuits which bid for Ted's orchestra and Ted. The money-wire days were over with almost miraculous abruptness.

Several times since 1925 Ted has made special Radio appearances but years ago he set his price for sponsored appearances and he told me, when I interviewed him for Radio Digest, that he had not been particularly anxious to have the price met. Why not?

"It's been a real problem," said Ted. "Radio builds reputations so rapidly and on such a grand scale today that it's perfectly obvious one can't neglect it if he expects to remain a real headliner. Yet here I am—I've spent twenty years developing a style and attack which depends in some measure on my own prancings and gesturings. I've spent fourteen years teaching that hat to sit up and beg—it looks like it, doesn't it?" He pointed to the famous piece of headgear, borrowed from a doorman at Rector's in 1917 and not yet returned, looking every day of its age.

"I don't feel that I'm doing my Radio audience justice unless I substitute something audible for the tricks vaudeville audiences have applauded all these years. So I've worked harder on the monologue and orchestra effects in my first series of chain broadcasts than I've ever worked on script in my life.

"I feel completely easy with a stage audience. If something unexpected happens it's easy to ad lib or to fill up with a minute of juggling my hat or clarinet, or with a step or two. In fact, in my first broadcast, when it became apparent that we hadn't made our program long enough by almost a minute, I reached

(Continued on page 90)

# SAVE

# \$1.<sup>00</sup>

by

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to

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receiving each  
issue of Radio  
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Fill in the Coupon and  
Save Time and Money

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Please enter my subscription for  
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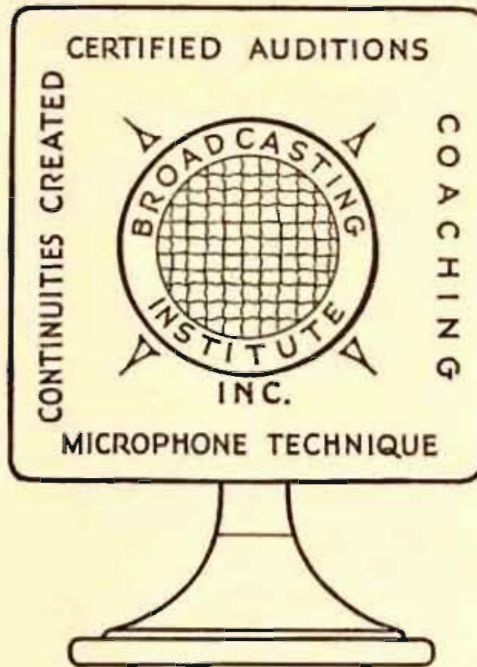
City and State.....



# YOU MAY POSSESS THE TALENT TO BE A GREAT RADIO STAR

Fortunes are being made in Broadcasting  
The demand by Radio Stations for new talent is increasing daily

Knowledge and Ability are the Twin Keys to Success



NOW — Through Broadcasting Institute, Inc., you have the opportunity to select the branch of broadcasting for which you are best fitted.

Get into this new field NOW and in the Right way

## This Advertisement May Open the Door to FAME and FORTUNE to YOU

### Auditions and Broadcasting Courses

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An audition, preparatory coaching, including Test Recording, "Certification of your talent qualifications and ratings, Registration in Audition-Report Service Available to Artists Bureaus of Radio Stations and Advertising Agencies, DURING SEPTEMBER SPECIAL THRIFT RATE \$3.00.

#### INDIVIDUAL COURSES

Broadcasting Institute, Inc., will teach you to express your personality—your individual talent—under actual broadcasting conditions.

#### SPECIAL COURSES

Training in script reading, personality projection, character portrayals, dialects, dramatic delineation, orchestral balance, radio writing and merchandising courses are given by recognized broadcasting authorities.

#### COACHING COURSES

Dramatic artists, groups and speakers will find the courses in dramatic projection, enunciation, diction, dialects and character delineation invaluable. Courses in Broadcasting Technique, radio showmanship, etc., have been designed especially for vocal artists and ensembles. For instrumentalists and musical organizations there is instruction in radio development, novelty technique, tone valuation, etc.

#### EXPERIENCED DIRECTORS

Directors of the various courses are experienced in every phase of radio production, dramatic or musical—assuring expert advice and help.

\*Record-O-graph *Instantaneous* Transcriptions are used to test the talents of each artist applicant without extra charge.

#### THRIFT RATE—THIS MONTH

Single periods, each, \$5.00—Ten periods, complete, \$45.00—Twenty periods, complete, \$85.00—Fifty periods, complete, \$200.00.

TERMS: Tuition payable in advance of each period. Deposit of first and last periods required with application. 5% discount for FULL Payment in Advance.

#### ACT NOW!

Use the Coupon—Your Future May Be at Stake

Broadcasting Institute, Inc.,  
220 West Forty-second St.,  
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am interested in a course  
on \_\_\_\_\_ Please send me  
further information regarding this course.

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for my hat. It wasn't until I'd had time for a second thought that I got really worried; then I signalled the boys and we filled out by repeating our last chorus.

"In some ways Radio work demands more of you than any other form of entertainment. Appearing in person, applause and laughter give you time to catch your breath. On the air you have to be clicking every minute."

For years Ted has opened his appearances with the question he forced into popular slang, "Is Everybody Happy?" In Pittsburgh, while Ted was traveling with the "Greenwich Village Follies" in 1922 his father came to see him. Two minutes before Ted's appearance on the stage at one performance his father had a heart attack and died. Ted walked out on the stage and asked, "Is Everybody Happy?"

## Hugh Barrett Dobbs

(Continued from page 51)

He first went on the air in 1925, giving a series of morning exercises over KGO, San Francisco. Later he tried KFI, Los Angeles, for a time, but finally returned to San Francisco and joined KPO in September, 1926. He has been there ever since.

Dobbs' success with his exercise programs and the possibilities of his idea for mythical "Ship of Joy" Radio cruises appealed to E. H. Sanders, advertising and sales promotion manager for the Shell Oil Company. Sanders retained him and gave him a free hand to develop a program for the company.

By January, 1929, Sanders was so impressed by the success of the program and its promise for the future that he "signed" Dobbs for a period of three years at a salary calculated to net him almost a quarter of a million dollars during that period.

More than a year has passed and Dobbs is even more firmly entrenched as a Western radio success. There have been many impressive evidences of his strong position—proof that his popularity is not waning. Surveys among listeners place the "Happytime" program next to Amos 'n' Andy in point of popularity in the San Francisco Bay area. In Salt Lake City and vicinity, listeners rated Dobbs above the famous Radio taxicab team.

More than 16,000 listeners entered an air mail slogan contest which Dobbs mentioned over the air; Dobbs received 6,000 Christmas and birthday greetings, and 3,000 sympathetic fans wrote him when his father died recently. "Wee Willie" Hancock, the "Ship of Joy's First Mate," received 2,800 letters of condolence following the death of his wife. And there have been innumerable similar evidences of listener interest, loyalty and appreciation. Fan mail re-

ceived includes more than 1,000,000 letters, postcards, telegrams and other messages.

Dobbsie has demonstrated the therapeutics of a chuckle and good fun, and I'll match his "crew" against any comparable radio audience in America for whole-hearted appreciation and support.

## Radiographs

(Continued from page 56)

listed with the Second Montana, 163rd infantry and later got to use his rifle at Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and Argonne. In spite of his youth he was quickly recognized as more than ordinarily able and promoted to the rank of sergeant. After three months in the trenches he was again promoted and at the time of the armistice he had become a second lieutenant in an officer's training camp. Having been through three major engagements part of his job during the latter part of the war was in training commissioned officers how to take platoons over the top.

In the summer of 1919, before returning to the United States, John wore the colors of the United States in the Olympics, running the mile against seasoned stars. In the semi-finals at the Colombe Stadium, Paris, he was accidentally spiked in the heel when coming down the final stretch in the lead. Larry Shields, University of Pennsylvania star, won the race.

John earned his first reputation as a singer at the age of nine. He began his

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first musical training in New York in 1920. In 1925 he made his bow in vaudeville and toured the United States and Canada. He began broadcasting over the NBC networks in 1930. By the time you read this he will probably be on the air with a new sketch called, "Danny of the Finest," which will be written and produced by Edd Russell, formerly of Hollywood, and Jack Shannon, author of the Radio feature, "The Gossipers."

### DADDY AND ROLLO

**NICK DAWSON**, the Daddy of "Daddy and Rollo"... Christened after his birth in Vineland, N. J., as George C... never has been called by his right name since his third grade teacher told him he was worse than Old Nick... Until he became head of the Ideas Department at Columbia, never stayed in one place more than a year... Has been almost every place in the world but the North and South Poles, southern end of South America, Russia and Scandinavia... Was a Second Lieutenant in the United States Infantry because malaria kept him out of the Foreign Legion... Never eats carrots or curry; ate the latter every meal for three weeks once while crossing from Australia to North Africa... Punched cows in California for one winter and boasts he never won more than \$300,000 at the gaming tables... Rode advance cars three seasons for Barnum and Bailey's and Ringling's circuses... Studied portrait painting at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts... Then got a job painting scenery for a theatrical stock company... Graduated from scene painter to leading man in one night... Was in the advertising business, but never wrote a slogan... Chased out of Mexico in 1909 on suspicion of running guns... Loves to cook, particularly steaks and pies, but never washed a dish in his life... Owns a flock of neckties, but keeps wearing one until it is threadbare... His conservative taste in clothes does not affect the splendor of his ties, suspenders, or bathrobes... Never eats breakfast... Reads any book he can borrow... Collects first editions... Loves animals and has owned, from time to time, horses, dogs, cats and two monkeys... Says that he's been to Seattle many times, but never met Addison Sims...

**DONALD HUGHES**, 11 years old... "Rollo" to Nick Dawson's "Daddy"... One of the youngest radio performers to have been put under exclusive contract with a broadcasting company... Makes a hobby of having new hobbies... To date, stamp collecting, swimming, fishing and reading hair-raising scientific fiction... Played the part of Kurt in Channing Pollock's

"The Enemy"... Thereafter, named a succession of assorted dogs, Kurt I, Kurt II, etc. Attends Professional Children's School... Was spotted for a part in "The Enemy" while appearing in a school play... Played with stock companies around New York when only eight years old... Drinks a quart of milk a day, but is not otherwise interested in food... Never eats candy... Hates to write letters, but when he does always uses a typewriter... Has never travelled further west than Chicago, and only went there to appear in "Street Scene" for two weeks... Likes the movies and baseball... Never uses broadcasting as a theme for a school composition... Always wears soft, open-neck pongee shirts... His most prized possession is a Wimbrola presented him by Dale Wimbrow, the designer of the instrument... His most prized toys are an electric questioner he received from Channing Pollock and a complete electric train from Fay Bainter... Is not superstitious, but never tires of having his horoscope charted, his palm read, or his fortune told by cards... Does it just to see if they all come out the same... Is an instinctive actor, but prefers radio work to the legitimate theatre... Says that when he starts to travel he wants to go as far away as possible and take a long time getting there...

### Marcella

(Continued from page 58)

shoulder (that's nothing new, Edna), so I'll take my departure and give the floor to the next comer. But from a corner of the waste-paper basket, I'm just gonna take a peek around, I yam an' see for myself whether I'm in a menagerie or just a pet shop!! Your devoted admirer, regardless, (signed) Edna H. Stanbrough, Newburgh, N. Y."

\* \* \*

**MRS. GRAINGER** recently made her Radio debut over WGBS and delivered an inspiring talk on the form of art in which she is so interested—painting portraits on tiles. Mrs. Grainger and her famous husband are spending the summer in Europe and are expected to return some time in September. In the meantime the concert-going public in America are whetting their appetites for Mr. Grainger's masterful programs which he will give in the fall.

\* \* \*

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# Gabalogue

(Continued from page 59)

and live in Jersey. \* \* \* Phil plays all the characters on his program and can imitate 15 voices. He has a brother, Burr Cook, who is a radio author and who writes the "Harbor Lights" sketches. \* \* \*

Vaughn de Leath, the first lady of radio-land because she was the first American woman to broadcast, was born in Mt. Pulaski, Ill. She is six foot tall and weighs 200 pounds. And is married to Livingston Geer, the painter. \* \* \* They reside in Westport, Conn. \* \* \*

A gentleman from Jersey asks if Olive Palmer speaks any language other than English. I don't know her linguistic attainments, but she certainly knows how to speak music—and that, according to the poets, is the language of the soul. Olive Palmer's real name is Virginia Rea, and she was born in Louisville, Kentucky. She sang in a church choir when she was 12 years old. She took the name of Olive Palmer, just as Frank Munn, took the name of Paul Oliver, when they went on the Palmolive hour, and I understand she has taken steps to legalize the name. Mr. Munn may do the same thing. \* \* \*

I hate to be the bearer of sad news, Evelyn, but—Ray Perkins is married and lives in Scarsdale. His sister is Grace Perkins, the authoress of several best-sellers including: "Night Nurse," "Ex-Mistress," and "Personal Maid." His other sister was on the stage and retired last year. \* \* \*

Yes, Montreal, Jessica Dragonette has appeared on the stage. She was for a short time with Earl Carroll's "Vanities," and also appeared in "The Student Prince." She is unmarried. \* \* \*

Ooh-la-la—smell that! Isn't that nice perfume? It's a letter from a lady who wants to know about John Fogarty, the NBC tenor, and says he is her favorite artist. \* \* \* All right, Theresa, here goes. Mr. Fogarty is a product of Montana. He was 16 when the United States entered the World War—and he ran away from home to enlist in the army. Young Fogarty saw two years of active service in France. His singing career began while there with minstrel shows staged by the men behind the lines. \* \* \*

Hits and bits is played by Helen Board and Edward Lewis Dunham. Mr. Dunham was born in Medford, Mass.,

has two children, and has been broadcasting since 1920. Miss Board, the other half of Hits and Bits, is also to be heard on other NBC programs such as "Gems of Melody," "Twilight Hour," "Classic Gems," and the "Recitalists." Miss Board was born in Louisville, Ky., and went to the public schools there. \* \* \*

Gladys Rice is no relation to Grantland Rice. Gladys is the daughter of John Rice and Sally Cohen, a well-known vaudeville team of yesteryear. Gladys has been on Radio six years, and is not married. Grantland Rice's daughter is Florence, and has never to my knowledge been before the microphone. \* \* \*

Ford Bond is about five foot eleven, weighs 200 pounds, wears white flannels, (weather permitting), is always immaculately groomed and much better looking than any announcer needs to be—since his public can't see him anyway. And he should be very popular in television. \* \* \*

Peter Dixon, who writes and plays Ken Lee in "Raising Junior," is the son of a minister. He had planned to follow in his father's footsteps, when the newspaper game beckoned. He went from there to Radio. He is married to the Joan of the sketch, and they have a little Junior and (whisper—don't tell a soul I told you)—Junior is going to have a little playmate real soon. \* \* \*

Hear Nellie tell it every Wednesday night at 11 over WEFB and net.

## Coon-Sanders

(Continued from page 11)

Sanders, once claimed the second largest bar in the world. Quite a contrast to his singing in the Linwood Methodist Church. In 1915 he came to the Edelweiss Gardens in Chicago, located at 63rd and Cottage Grove.

The war and Camp Funston in Kansas and his visit to the same music store in Kansas City, owned by J. W. Jenkins. Sanders was at the piano playing "I Ain't Got Nobody." Coon must have thought he was singing "I Ain't Got No Buddy" for right then and there they took a liking to each other, and as soon as they were out of service they started a booking agency in K. C. with \$100 borrowed from Coon's father. With it they purchased a desk, davenport, and a couple of chairs and opened an office.

They organized under the name of Coon-Sanders Novelty Orchestra, the "Aristocrats of Jazz." To this day if Sanders mentions this apposition be-

(Continued on page 94)

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## Coon-Sanders

(Continued from page 92)

fore Coon, who did the christening, Joe takes a hasty exit for he fears an avalanche of a tuba and flock of saxophones.

Coon and Sanders were the first in the world to start a radio club with their Coon-Sanders Nighthawks Club in the Muehlebach Hotel in K. C. They were the most militant enemies of sleep in America. And their first Radio hit over WDAF of the Kansas City Star was "Does the Spearmint On the Bedpost Lose Its Flavor over Night." My! what a number. They were humming it and singing it in every college fraternity house in the United States. Can you remember back that far?

One day they received a letter post-marked Morton Grove, Ill. It never occurred to them that this was a suburb of Chicago. Jack Huff, the proprietor of the Lincoln Tavern at Morton Grove, offered them \$1,250 a week to come with their 9-piece band to the tavern. Coon and Sanders caught the next train out of Kansas City. They saw themselves independently wealthy in a few months. From the tavern in the summer time they went into Chicago to the Congress Hotel balloon room which they opened and there started the Insomnia Club, a sister to the K. C. Nighthawks. They were heard from KYW and then in 1926 they moved bag and baggage to the Blackhawk Restaurant and have played there for five winters, taking the Dells, northwest of Chicago, for summer engagements, their hot rhythm going on the air from WGN, The Chicago Tribune station on the Drake Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Coon have four children, namely John Allyn, 18, who is going to the University of Kansas this fall; Nannette, 16; Virginia, 12, and C. A. Jr., 10. Mrs. Sanders formerly was Madeline Baldwin, of Kansas City. They do not have any children and Carleton says he will divide with Joe so that they will both have two.

Both Carleton and Joe are proud of the record made by two of their band members, brothers, John and Harold Thiell, of Joplin, Mo., who have been with the band for seven years. They both play saxophones. Other members are: Floyd Touch Estep, saxophone, of K. C.; Alvin R. Downing, trombone, of Weiner, Ark.; Robert Fritz, trumpet, of Oklahoma City, Okla.; Joe E. Richolson, trumpet, also of Oklahoma City; Clarence Russell Stoub, banjo, of Freemont, O., and Elmer Dinny Krebs, tuba, of Waukesha, Wis. There they are, the two Indians and their whole tribe. And when they get going on their musical warpath—no pale face can stop them. They are "Whoopie" personified, two alive good Indians.

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# Bradley Kincaid, Mountaineer

(Continued from page 26)

to La Porte, Indiana, to work for the Y. W. C. A. For four years, she supported herself while Bradley worked at every job he could find to pay his way through college.

One of his jobs was a position in the Y. quartet that sang once a week at station WLS. One day the director of the quartet mentioned to the station officials that Bradley knew some mountaineer ballads. Bradley was asked to sing some. However, summer vacation came along before he had practiced them enough, and he went off to summer camp at Lake Geneva, where he had work for the vacation season. All through the summer, the directors of the Chicago station kept sending word that they wanted to hear his mountain songs. But Bradley didn't like the idea of singing mountain songs on the Radio. He wanted to be a tenor soloist and go on the concert stage. Besides, he was "mike shy." The thought of facing a microphone alone was enough to give him cold chills. At the beginning of his senior year in college, he did get the courage to sing for the program editor. Immediately that dignitary booked him to sing on the WLS National Barn

Dance on alternate Saturday nights. Bradley traded his typewriter for a second hand guitar to accompany himself.

After a while, Bradley was put on the air every Saturday night. To him that didn't suggest any possibility of popularity. Radio singing was just another way to earn money to complete his education. In fact, Bradley wasn't aware he was popular until one day, several weeks after he had begun singing mountain songs.

"There's some mail out in the back room for you, Bradley," they told him at the mail desk.

Indeed there was. Clothes baskets full were piled in that back room.

"I was flabbergasted," he said. "I took as many letters home as I could carry that Saturday night. All that week-end Irma and my sister and I read those letters—and believed every word of them. When a letter said, 'We're crazy about your singing,' I really thought they were crazy. And when they said, 'We're dying to hear you sing more songs,' I was afraid they were going to die."

Bradley's popularity continued to increase. Demands for copies of his songs came in such numbers that a printer

finally offered to publish a book of them and to wait for his money until enough were sold to pay for them. Bradley announced the book on the air while it was being printed. Before it was off the press he had orders for the first run of 10,000 at 50c each. From that time on, Popularity and Prosperity both have smiled on him and he has been a Radio sensation.

All of his success in Radio he attributes to his wife who, with his three children, is his inspiration. The work of writing down the music for the song books has been her task. In successive summers since he graduated from college, Bradley has gone back to his hill country and has learned new songs from his people. These she has transferred to paper so that they could be published.

Bradley went to station WLW early in 1931 to see how the WLW audience would take to his mountain songs. He "saw" to the extent of 50,000 letters in four weeks, so he returned the first of March to make his permanent Radio home at the Crosley Radio station.

Success has not turned his head in the slightest. He is as unspoiled and as fresh in his viewpoint as he must have been when he was singing ballads as lullabies for Kincaid babies. His ambition beyond Radio entertaining is to be able to retire when he has enough money to support his family.

## Jewelry

(Continued from page 74)

"I love the gems themselves. Therefore, I endeavor to bring out their beauty, warmth and color just in the way that nature endowed it. One of my most famous pieces is made from a natural emerald prism, just the way it came from the mine. I combined its dignified splendor with a visualization of the modern skyscraper. I combined pearls, and other precious stones to give the effect of the setbacks of the modern towering building, and in indicating the idea of windows and so on. Finished, it is a pendant to be worn at the end of a jeweled chain. You see, by using the emerald in its untouched condition it has complete individuality—for in nature, of course, no two things are ever exactly alike.

"I think one of the things I love most in my work is when I go to the distant pearl fisheries myself, to find the treasures of my art. I work among the men, watching them as they bring up the shells, and picking out the pearls that look finest to me right there on the spot.

"And I think of all things my favorite is the black pearl. I don't know of any gem with which nature has been so sparing in quantity and so generous in beauty. And because I have given my especial interest to this kind of pearl, I have come to be considered a connoisseur."

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Radio Consultant

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## Flees Revolution

(Continued from page 32)

Consul to help her find her father, whom she knew to be in the United States. It sounds impossible, but within a few months, the Consul had good news for her, and she was aboard an ocean liner, bound for the U. S. A. and her over-joyed parent. That must have been a heart-warming reunion. One can just imagine the surprise of this man, who left a young unformed child in 1915, and now found her to be an experienced young woman, full of life and laughter, warm with the fire of youth and temperament, and glowing with a dark beauty. Miss Georgievskaja speaks beautiful English now, with just enough accent to be enchanting, but she sings in plaintive Russian.

## American Radio

(Continued from page 21)

as there are in any two European countries combined.

Moreover, we are a unit in the geographical sense, and for purposes of electrical transmission. That enables us to reach, at very short notice, the great majority of our outstanding personages in statesmanship, politics, business and finance, science, art and education.

By comparison with this, Europe is subdivided into so many separate units, although they are no longer warring among themselves, that each country is obliged to work out its own salvation, with much more limited resources.

We must maintain our present cordial relations with such great musical bodies as the symphony orchestras of New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Detroit, Rochester and so on, which enable us to present, with the minimum of didacticism, the greatest possible quota of musical education to millions of people all over the United States, many of whom never could go to a symphony concert. It is my contention that the prestige of these orchestras greatly enhances their value and power in bringing the great masters of music to the attention of the man on Main Street. Inasmuch as the countries of Europe have not been so successful in persuading their great orchestras to take the air I think there is no doubt that we are more fortunate in this respect.

In the educational field we see probably the clearest example of how each country gets the type of broadcasting best fitted to the character of its people. If one were to transplant the European idea of Radio education to American or vice versa, the result would be incongruous if not chaotic. The foreign practice is to offer education to the peo-

ple with little or no sugar coating, labelling the package clearly "Medicine."

I have still to be convinced that we in this country are not also on the right track to reach our own people. Nineteen per cent of the programs broadcast by the Columbia network come under the category of education. It would be difficult to reach that conclusion simply by glancing through our schedules. Therein lies the secret of our method—we believe in an indirect approach in many instances. But we also get results, for the competitive nature of American Radio would not permit us to survive unless we could show we are doing a good job.

We shall make countless changes in method before we reach our goal: but just as I am sure of that, so also am I sure we are on the right track, and that with reasonable care we shall attain our objective as quickly as any other nation.

## Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 73)

Oppenheim, a very dear friend of mine, the millionaire owner of a chain of beauty establishments, who writes as a hobby, but who conceives some of the cleverest titles and lyrics found in songs today.

We play the song very brightly, but on account of its unusual length it takes about a minute and five seconds to the chorus. The voice is quite easily tired before the end is reached. It is published by Leo Feist.

### *Yours Is My Heart Alone*

FROM Germany, whence came "Two Hearts in  $\frac{3}{4}$  Time" comes this, from one of their splendid German operas, a very lovely song, DEIN IST MEIN GANZES HERZ, or YOURS IS MY HEART ALONE. Richard Tauber, the greatest voice in all Europe, a man with a wooden leg who stands there, perfectly motionless, a big hulk, rough, and almost ugly in appearance, yet with such a lovely voice that only recently he sang before the King and Queen of England at a command performance. This same Richard Tauber is responsible for the success of most songs in Germany and on the European continent.

The song is much beyond my meager qualifications as a singer, the high G being something I find extremely difficult to reach unless I am in very fine voice, and since I am rarely that I have a very limited speaking acquaintance with high G.

However, the unusual enthusiasm the song has received from our few presentations of it at the Hotel Pennsylvania lead me to believe that it will be one of the best in my repertoire.





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