

OCTOBER

15 CENTS

RADIO FAN-FARE

*W
1910*
BURNS & ALLEN WERE GAGA EVEN THEN

CAN DANCE MAESTROS DANCE?



ETHEL SHUTTA . . . A house divided by chocolate and tea . . . GEORGE OLSEN

(See page 24)

JEFF MACHAMER • F. G. COOPER

RUDY VALLEE • HARRY EVANS

GOSSIP • HUMOR • REVIEWS



HERBERT MITCHELL

ROSARIO BOURDON

Famous as a composer, concert soloist on the 'cello, and conductor, Rosario Bourdon has just begun his seventh year as leader of Cities Service Orchestra. Before Mr. Bourdon entered radio he had studied, written, or played music in most of the large countries of the world. He was born in Montreal, in 1881, and by the time he was thirteen he had attended the Montclair School and the Jesuit College in Montreal and the Quebec Musical Academy. Then he went to the conservatory in Ghent, Belgium, and at fourteen became soloist with the Kursal Orchestra of Ostend. Mr. Bourdon once worked in a Canadian saw mill and he swears that it was there he first had the idea of becoming a 'cellist. He composes best before breakfast and he likes baseball, football, golf, and tennis. But he says that movie love scenes annoy him to the point of madness.



THE TALK OF THE AIR

What's wrong with Radio?

WE keep hearing rumors that radio is not all it might be and you may have read some rather critical statements of programs in the pages of this magazine. Several bits of news have come to our notice lately, indicating not only what may be wrong with radio but also what improvement may be expected soon. In the first place, it looks as if both the networks and the independent stations will be able to sell more of their time to advertisers during the coming year than they have ever sold before. In this event there can be no excuse for inferior programs on the grounds of economy.

And consider the bulletin from Professor Frank N. Freeman, educational psychologist at the University of Chicago, who recently conducted an intelligence test among radio fans. Professor Freeman's figures show that the intelligence of radio audiences is probably higher than the intelligence of the population as a whole, and that radio programs are probably pitched at too low an intellectual level at present.

"It seems to be a common opinion," remarks the professor, "that the average intelligence of the radio audience is only as high as that of the thirteen-

or fourteen-year-old child. I am sure that there is a large group of highly intelligent radio listeners, and that it is advisable to keep this group in mind when planning programs."

SINCE the beginning of radio, broadcasters have talked much and done little about improving their product. Actually they have known practically nothing about who listens to their programs and they have been afraid to take many chances with anything but moron entertainment. We believe the radio people would be willing to try increasing the quality of their programs if they were sure of a good alibi in case the experiment did not work. Professor Freeman's tests, and others like them, should provide that alibi.

THEN there's the question of who writes the stuff you hear and how it's written. *Variety* prints this:

Stipend for the dramatic serial writer in radio has taken an appreciable boost the past few months. Freelance confectors of the continued plot are now averaging \$50 a 15-minute installment. Not so long ago \$25 was the usual return and \$35 was considered high.

So far radio hasn't developed from

its own continuity writing field one notable specialist in the serial craft. For this class of material it's still depending on newspapermen and the pulp boys, the latter's knack of turning them out in reams being a heavy asset.

Top men among the serial authoring coterie for radio are Bob Andrews and Roland Martini. . . . At the height of their typewriter pounding Andrews ran up a record of 40,000 words a week, involving 22 programs, and Martini had a total of 30,000 words a week with 13 programs.

Shades of Galsworthy! John might be considered to have been fairly prolific, but he had a wonderful week any time he turned out 4,000 to 5,000 words of good writing. And although *Variety* mentions \$50 as the price of a 15-minute script, the price for those used on the majority of stations will continue being nearer \$5 or \$10 for the average sustaining program. (And in many cases the writer will be given the opportunity of doing it for nothing just "for the valuable experience.")

NEXT let's consider the future of announcers: Columbia has now issued a handbook of "don'ts" which

should help the present situation. For instance, the announcer who tells the radio audience what it has been thinking, through the use of some such phrase as "You have just been enjoying . . .", is singled out for rebuke. Under the heading, "Avoiding Comments on Quality," Columbia's handbook has this to say about the practice of divining audience reactions:

"After a speech has been given over the network, do not turn to the speaker and say: 'Thank you, Mr. So-and-so' or 'we appreciate your having spoken' or make any comment of that nature.

"Rather—give just a straight announcement of what has been on the air. In other words, 'You have just listened to Mr. So-and-so talking on such-and-such a subject,' without any additions such as 'the brilliant talk of' or 'the interesting address of' or anything else.

"Avoid the use of such phrases as 'You are being *entertained* by.' Nor should you say: 'We hope you have enjoyed so-and-so as much as we have here in the studio'."

Announcers also are cautioned against excess wordage of all kinds. An organ is to be referred to merely as an organ and not as "the mighty organ" or "the great organ." Ad libbing of song numbers is to be as concise as possible because "the announcer is apt to become tiresome if he attempts to ad lib extended descriptions of some of the selections played or of the setting." (And how!)

Also included in the manual is a list of program restrictions. One of these forbids direct solicitation of

funds by speakers. It is pointed out that in a few instances after a speaker's continuity has been read and approved by the continuity department, he may attempt to inject spontaneous pleas for money in an already approved script. The production man or announcer is instructed to read every speaker's script just before he goes on the air and cut any last-minute insertions of such a character.

"Please bear in mind," reads the rule, "that, though we should be tactful and polite in all instances, these instructions apply regardless of the importance or prominence of the speaker."

IN commercial programs, the instructions repeat the recently formed CBS rule of permitting no more than two price announcements in a 15-minute program, providing the sales talk lasts no longer than one and one half minutes; three price mentions in a half-hour program if the sales talk is restricted to six minutes; and five price mentions in an hour show with only six minutes of sales talk.

Other restrictions which the announcers and production men must enforce in commercial programs forbid exaggerated or doubtful claims; misleading statements; infringement of other sponsors' rights through plagiarism or imitation of program ideas or copy slant; doubtful medical advertising; reflection on competitors' goods; speculation promotion; slanderous, obscene, vulgar or repulsive announcements; overloading of a program with advertising, or any advertising matter that may be deemed injurious to Columbia, broadcasting in

general, or honest advertising and reputable business.

Hail Columbia! It's a step in the right direction and undoubtedly many other stations will follow suit in your new deal.

ALL of which brings us to the difficult matter of good and bad taste in radio. Try as they will, the broadcasters have not been able to beat the movies in bad taste, but they have frequently been accused of not caring whether their programs were in good taste or not, so long as they could make them show a profit. The critics have much evidence on their side. Personally, we believe good taste in radio is increasing and, therefore, we were considerably surprised the other day when we learned of certain auditions that Columbia was holding for a prospective client. The program was not bought, happily, because the advertiser did not like it—not because Columbia had any objections to broadcasting it over its network. The person to be featured on the proposed program was the most famous living member of one of Europe's former royal families. The sponsor was Ex-Lax.

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IT'S contagious, that Kentucky Colonel dialect of Al Jolson's. Al had been rehearsing for several hours at the Times Square NBC studio. The boys in Paul Whiteman's band had sat on the stage all that time accompanying Jolson in his musical numbers. Benny, a little Russian violinist with a thick Russian accent, chopped away with his bow—grunting a guttural remark from time to time. Suddenly Paul, on the stand, darted a question at Benny. He blinked his eyes and replied, "Ah couldn't tell yo'-all that, Mistah Whahtman." His Russian ancestors rolled round in their graves.

So infectious is Al's dialect that a Broadway wisecracker claims Jolson has the Harlem-born elevator operator in the studio talking like a Mississippi River boat pilot.

At a rehearsal a few days ago, Al confessed to the use of a strange theatrical device when he made the picture, "The Jazz Singer." One of the outstanding parts of that famous picture, you'll recall, was Jolson's singing, in Hebrew, of the song, *Kol Nidre*. Audiences throughout the country were enraptured, as Jolson, eyes directed heavenward and hands upraised, sang this ancient Jewish



"O. K., Pete. I'll get him on the next chorus!"

NESTLE'S CANDY KIDS

WALTER O'KEEFE AND ETHEL SHUTTA . . . rehearsing a close-harmony duet—with gestures. The title of the song is, "When I'm Nestling With You For Nestle's." On the right they break clean as they come out of the clinch. (George Olsen probably just walked in. Yes, he's her husband. See the story on page 24.)



DON BESTOR . . . showing what the well dressed maestro will wear. And his music is as slick as his wardrobe.

And here Walter gets all excited as he talks about his product. "Gee whit-taker, folks," he says, "you must eat Nestle's Chocolate. It will make your hair grow, whiten your teeth, soften your skin, improve your mind" . . . or have we got this mixed up with three other plugs?



Left—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present that gorgeous singer of songs, Ethel Shutta." Then (right) Walter steps back and makes a face, just to get the gorgeous singer giggling and make her work harder.



song with great feeling. Al now admits that the heaven-watching eyes were glued to a canvas drop on which were painted, in large letters, the Hebrew words of *Kol Nidre*.

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ON the radio in this country Morton Downey's fame as a whistler is second only to his renown as a singer. But while his whistling here has brought forth only a few letters of complaint and some packages of birdseed, it almost resulted in his arrest in London.

During his recent trip abroad Mort was walking through Burlington Arcade, near Piccadilly, whistling a popular air. A policeman accosted him and threatened to arrest him for disturbing the peace. Mort pleaded for release, saying that he made his living as a whistler in America.

"All right," replied the bobby, "I'll let you go, because you'll never make it doing that here. Move on."

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SIGMUND SPAETH, the Tune Detective, who always gets his tune . . . or his man . . . has gone in for boop-a-dooping.

In his regular programs, the eminent scholar of things musical fills in passages where he loses track of the words with a healthy boop-boop-a-doop!

"It always helps me out of a hole," says Sig, "and everybody knows the words don't mean a thing anyway."

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THE reason Jimmie Mattern insisted on seeing Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians in action as soon as he arrived in New York was because he feels that he owes his life indirectly to Fred.

After a few days in the Siberian wastes near Anadyr, Jimmie was on the point of going out of his mind. Then he stumbled onto a small store which boasted a phonograph with one record—"In My Gondola" by Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. Jimmie says he played it until it was worn out, but he thinks it kept him from going mad because it was his only contact with civilization.

• • •

IRV COBB goes all other authors five better in his new book, "One Way to Stop a Panic." He has long been opposed to the idea of having forewords written for his volumes, saying that forewords either try to establish alibis for what follows or just do a bit of moralizing.

But something has apparently happened to the Cobbian mind, for his new work shows a marked reversal of policy. Instead of having one foreword, he has written six of them which pop up at you in various parts of the book.

When Irv isn't broadcasting his own program, he may often be found listening to the various sounds emanating from rehearsals and broadcasts in other studios. Cobb has been particularly intrigued by the technique of various announcers. In the reception room the other day he defined a radio announcer as "a studio grandee with a drawing room manner and a gold-plated set of oratorical tonsils. Even when he's gargling a sore throat a radio announcer sounds eloquent."

• • •

ALL the stories you've read about Tony Wons being injured in France during the World War and being brought home to die are the bunk. Tony was in the war, but the doctors didn't become interested in him until long afterwards.

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ADD similes: "As uninformed as a radio publicity department."

• • •

LENNY HAYTON, that ambitious young maestro, has turned out a new song, "Dizzy Fingers." When the first printed copies were placed in his hands, he glanced through one to see if everything was all right. But everything wasn't all right. There was one wrong note sticking out prominently in the chorus. So Maestro Hayton ordered every copy already off the press destroyed and the edition reprinted.

Lenny is well known as a hard and thorough worker. He was the lone individual burning the midnight oil (by special dispensation of the authorities) in the New York's Public Library the other evening. Requiring an orchestration of an aria from Puccini's "Tosca" for Grace Moore, Lenny was unable to buy a score at short notice. So he worked all night making his own special arrangement of the aria from the library's only score.

• • •

ALTHOUGH they have made innumerable personal appearances in vaudeville and motion picture houses and in movie "shorts," there still are people who will not believe the Mills Brothers use only one musical instrument—the guitar. When they returned to the air recently for

their first broadcast in many weeks, a phone call came in immediately after their program. It was from a lady who was having trouble with an apartment full of guests. They had just listened to the Mills' program, but not one of them would believe that all the oompahs and things were created by the voices of the boys.

• • •

JANE FROMAN put on her show under rather trying circumstances last week. On Friday afternoon a lingering siege of sinus trouble became acutely irritating, but despite her discomfort Jane stepped up to the mike at her appointed time. As soon as the last notes of the program's theme song had been played by Jacques Renard's Orchestra, however, she hurried from the studio to the office of a doctor who was waiting to perform an operation on her nose.

• • •

ZEKE, of the hillbilly team of Annie, Judy, and Zeke, is having his own troubles these days finding moss for his horned toad. He brought this odd pet with him from the foothills of Georgia when the outfit came North to broadcast. Zeke says if you want to find out how rare moss is on Broadway just go out and try to buy some.

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DURING one of his recent discussions on "the human side of the news," Edwin C. Hill told of some of the thrills of deep sea diving. Among the narratives he recounted was one concerning Jane Gail. Several years ago Miss Gail, a motion picture actress, dove into the shark-infested waters off Bermuda as part of a role in a film she was making. "Despite the dangers," Hill said, "Miss Gail is alive today to tell the story." Ed should know because Jane is now Mrs. Hill!

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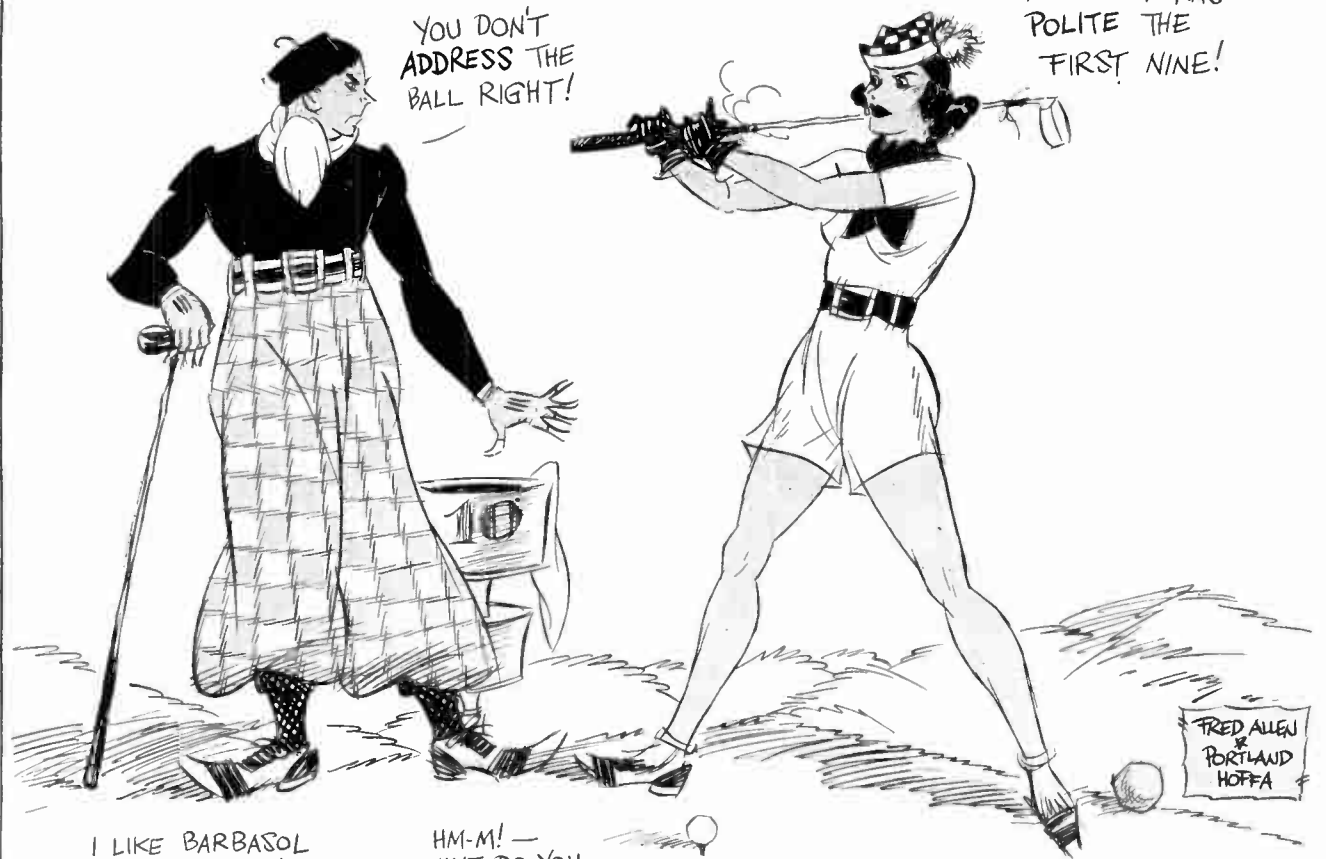
JULIUS TANNEN, the "chatter-box" star of half a dozen Earl Carroll "Vanities," could hardly be called retiring in his new beer program with Phil Spitalny's band. But Julius turned out to be a rather modest fellow when he dropped around to the studios for the first rehearsal of the show. The production man in charge of the program introduced himself and, in a sort of relationship cementing manner, said:

"I've seen you quite often on the stage, Mr. Tannen."

"My sympathy, sir," replied Julius.

—The Editors

"RADIO-GRINS"



YOU DON'T ADDRESS THE BALL RIGHT!

YEAH? — I WAS POLITE THE FIRST NINE!

FRED ALLEN vs PORTLAND HOFFA



I LIKE BARBASOL BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE TO USE A MUG!

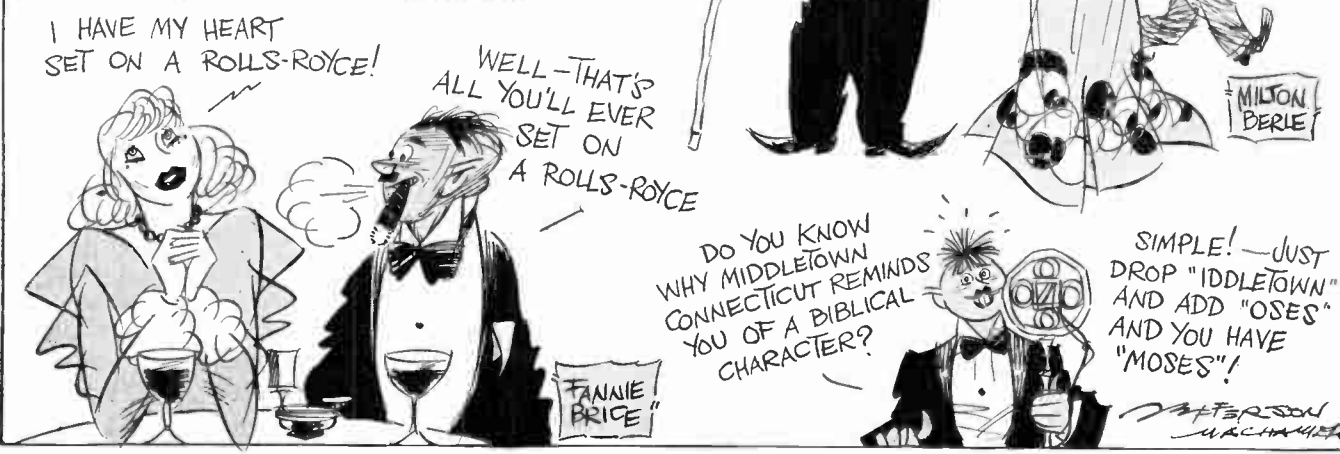
HM-M! — WHAT DO YOU SHAVE?

WHY DID YOU ASK THAT COLORED MAN FOR THE TIME RIGHT AFTER YOU ASKED ME?

I WANTED IT IN BLACK'N'WHITE!

SINGIN SAM

MILTON BERLE



I HAVE MY HEART SET ON A ROLLS-ROYCE!

WELL — THAT'S ALL YOU'LL EVER SET ON A ROLLS-ROYCE

DO YOU KNOW WHY MIDDLETOWN CONNECTICUT REMINDS YOU OF A BIBLICAL CHARACTER?

SIMPLE! — JUST DROP "IDDLETOWN" AND ADD "OSES" AND YOU HAVE "MOSES"!

FANNIE BRICE

WATERSON WACHNER



THEY WERE GAGA EVEN THEN

By HILDA COLE

(Editor's Note: While the venerable Colonel Stoopnagle was frivolously frittering away his summer vacation, we thought it would be an excellent idea to borrow his See-Back-O-Graph as an aid to recalling past events in the lives of radio stars. We wired Colonel Stoopnagle somewhere in the Canadian woods, begging for permission to use his remarkable invention, and he sent word back, "Help yourself stop the key to my laboratory is under the doormat Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle." To our surprise the key was under the doormat and, once we located the See-Back-O-Graph among the automatic rowing machines, mechanical snowshoes, self-winding bandages, and other paraphernalia, we prepared to take notes on Burns and Allen. Here, then, is what we saw in the See-Back-O-Graph.)

GRACIE, four years old, planting a birthday ring in the back yard so that a ring tree would grow! Her family dug around for several days,

but were never able to locate it. Gracie, six years old, living with her aunt in Los Gatos California. Whenever Gracie did anything wrong and her aunt punished her for it, Gracie would inquire, "How did you find out?" The aunt would point to her canary and reply, "Dickie told me." Naturally, Gracie soured a little on Dickie.

One day the aunt heard some kids in the neighborhood calling Gracie "Little Sauerkraut," and after some investigation she discovered the origin of the nickname. It seems that every time Gracie went to the delicatessen store she would swipe a little sauerkraut for her friends. When the aunt scolded her and told her never to do it again, Gracie said, "I suppose that canary told you this, too." The aunt said he certainly had. The next day Dickie was missing, and when auntie asked Gracie if she knew anything about it she said, "Yes. He tried to tell me some mean things about you, so I opened his cage and ran him out of the house. That

bird always did talk too much."

George, singing with the Pee Wee Quartet, comprised of four little boys from the East Side, New York. George was seven—and the tenor! The alto was six years old, and he thought low singing could be accomplished by holding the chin in and down. The Pee Wee Quartet played the Sherriff Street Casino where Eddie Cantor, age 15, was doing a Jewish monologue, receiving \$5 a performance. The Pee Wee Quartet considered that Eddie was doing "big time," since he didn't have to pass the hat as they did! None of the quartet trusted one another, so after every performance each had the right to search the others for stray nickels or pennies—in case anyone was holding out. Each one even had to go so far as opening his mouth!

Gracie, in convent school. On one of her birthdays her father asked her whether she'd rather have an airplane ride or be kissed by Charlie Chaplin. The promises were not exaggerated in either case, because he had a friend

who owned a plane, and he knew Chaplin very well. Gracie chose the kiss, and didn't wash her face until one of the Sisters at the convent insisted.

George playing in a roller skating act called Brown and Williams. George was Williams. It was in the days when eight acts were booked at a theatre and, after the first performance, four were cancelled. Brown and Williams did so well that when the manager came backstage to do his cancelling he intended to keep Brown and Williams and let an acrobatic turn go. However, just as the manager was firing the acts one of the acrobats, who had the reputation of being a tough hombre, came up to the manager and said, "So! You're closing our act, eh?" The manager took one look at the glowering, muscular mugg and said, "No, I don't mean you. I mean them," and pointed to Brown and Williams.

Gracie dancing in an act with her four sisters (who now have dancing schools in the west). The act before them had used talcum powder, and spilled it over the stage. When the Allens came out and started to hoof they slipped, skidded and fell, and the audience howled. At the next performance, much embarrassed, Gracie and her sisters put resin on their shoes to avoid slipping. After the act the manager came backstage

and said he'd close them out if they stopped falling.

George forming a clique of comedians including Georgie Jessel, Jack Benny, and J. C. Flippen. When any of the fellows would think of a good joke, he'd wire it to the others, who were playing in different territories. They had agreed to use each joke for two weeks, and then drop it. On one occasion Jessel and George Burns crossed wires with the same gag, and have never known which one thought of it first.

GRACIE AND GEORGE meeting in Union City, N. J., both having lost their partners. They decided to get together and use George's act. Gracie was to be the stooge and George the guy who gave the funny answers. But the audience laughed more at Gracie's questions than George's answers, so he changed the routine to give her the laughs.

George kissing Gracie for the first time. It was in a taxicab in Boston. They'd been working together for a couple of weeks, but he hadn't



told her he was sinning. The taxi went over a bump. Gracie was jostled in George's direction. He grabbed her—and they've stuck together ever since.

Gracie and George were married by a Justice of Peace in Cleveland. The Justice was hurrying off to a fishing trip, so he made one of the fastest hookups on record. When Gracie and George left the taxi outside it registered fifty cents. When they came back it was only sixty-five.

BURNS AND ALLEN had hard times at first. When engagements were less prosperous, and they
(Continued on page 47)



HAY FOOT

STORY BY BILL VALLEE

AFTER tripping the light fantastic for, lo, these many years this unseemly thought occurred to my depraved mind: "Can these band leaders, who create such lovely music, dance?"

A bit of investigation disclosed this astonishing fact:

Even though your favorite maestro has probably been too busy watching others make certain four-legged animals out of themselves to do any dancing himself, the chances are that he *couldn't dance a step* even if he wanted to and had the time! And that's why a few of the non-dancers have recently tapped a reflective if untrained toe and snukkiied out, grim-faced and tense, to learn to prance the polka.

My slightly *retroussé* (snub, to you) nose for news sniffed a story, and off I snukkiied to Arthur Murray (who receives such maestros to his bosom and studio) to hear more.

You are, perhaps, imagining these masters of rhythm as star dancing

pupils. Your mind's eye conjures up a picture of grace in the men who know the correct speed for the music in their own Palais de Dance . . . you see them whirling about with aplomb, ease, and aplomb. If you do, run to your oculist. The truth is that they are lousy pupils! Why, fellows like Jack Denny actually tremble when they get inside a dance studio. Jack and Mrs. Denny cecided to take dancing lessons. Jack quit after taking two of the ten lessons he had paid for—but Mrs. Denny (previously a stay-at-home, can't-carry-a-tune woman) just won a silver cup as the best tangoist on the Murray lot.

Eddie Paul, featured on WOR, is even a Doctor of Music, yet he pulled a similar stunt. Eddie, handsome and tall, was for some reason placed in the hands of Downs Marshall, star teacher. Downs is clever and capable, but *small*. So when big Eddie stepped onto the floor with little Downs, the course seemed to end right then and there for Eddie. Mrs. Eddie was naturally a bit put

out because her husband would not learn to dance, but Eddie consoled her with a new Chrysler.

ONE exception to the non-dancing bandmaster rule is Paul Whiteman. He's a big man, yes, but is he awkward? Nay, nay, my friend. Whiteman is the star pupil in the Murray Ecole de Dance. Not only that, but he loves it. He admits, however, that he'd rather dance in the studio than in public. They tell me that they lock the doors when they see him coming. He wants to dance all night!

In contrast: Lew White, the organist. Another two-lesson man. Wizard of the organ that he is, White just couldn't find the right stops on the dance floor, or perhaps stops were all he could find. "Stop me if I'm wrong," said Lew—and they did!

Well, little ones, we've mentioned just a few of the boys who can't dance and admit it, but there are still many who make life a burden for the missus or sweetheart or both. These are the gents who should be the most expert of expert, but who, when bugled out onto the floor, fall



CLAY FOOT

DRAWING BY F. G. COOPER

a stricken toe (pardon *me*. Mr. Atwell)—I mean foe. Shall we run down the list together? As if we wouldn't anyway . . .

LOOKA—there's Guy Lombardo. Smooth rhythms from his side of the floor. Crooked, weaving, puffing, grunting Guy on ours. Attention, Gracie Allen . . . looka George Burns. A dancing dope! Switch from cigars to those supposedly milder cigarets and pipe the guy at the helm . . . Lenny Hayton . . . a good bandmaster but what a dancer, what a dancer! Or, as the Greeks might have said if they could have found words for it. "What a dancer!"

Smiling George Olsen occasionally steps out from behind his teeth to favor the ladies with a two or three step . . . but maybe I was wrong when I said "favor." As a dancer he is, to quote many previously happy ladies, not so forte. (Mr. Olsen disclaims being even eighteen, let alone forte.)

Still, not all orchestra leaders are terrible and a few have even been known to gallop gracefully when left somewhat alone on the dance floor.

Let's check them off quickly as we become nonchalant with a borrowed butt and an air of *sang froid*:

Ben Bernie in the witness chair chortles, "Yowzir, yowzir, boss, ah sho does darce . . . why, ah was ah hoover before ah tuhned maestro. Sho nuff."

Rudy Vallee in the now warmed witness chair croons, "Heigh-ho, ah sho nuff does, sho nuff."

Meyer Davis, from wherever he is, lisps, "Does ah dance? Why, honey chile, ah used to run a dancing school, sho nuff."

But now let's desert these synthetic Southerners and contemplate (with the above *sang froid*) the spectacle of Jacques Renard, ponderous pachyderm of the old school, whirling gay ladies about with ease at the St. Celia or any local ballroom. Cruising nearby under a heavy load is B. A. Rolfe, another portly youth who twirls about with *joie de vivre* and a lady. Ozzie Nelson is also in this chain gang and he nods politely to Buddy Rogers, who isn't bad—if he says so himself. Phil Harris

smothers a chuckle as he admires himself and those Harlem honeys—Ellington, Calloway, and Henderson—as they trip the light fantastic. Scotti, of the Montclair, goes in for the Scottische, of course.

ONLY a small group remains to snivel in the corner. Roger Wolfe Kahn remembers Hannah Williams and her many attempts to teach him steps. Fred Waring can be seen nightly with his two sweet girl singers, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane. They toss a coin to see who dances with him. The loser *has to!* Eddie Duchin, maestro and ex-pharmacist, is still a drug on the dance floor. Freddie Martin, whose theme song is "I Cover The Waterfront," is all at sea in the waltz. Leo Reisman gets so absorbed in listening for new rhythms that he can't dance to *any* band.

I could tell you more about hundreds of these maestros, but I must be off for my dancing lesson. I must be off . . .



FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE

By RUTH ANDREWS

THE atmosphere in Studio K was electric in more ways than one. It was surcharged with sinister static, most of which was generated by the glitter in Fay Allen's otherwise beautiful eyes. Her lips, which ordinarily shamed the proverbial bow of Cupid, were drawn tightly over little white teeth that ground inaudibly. The knuckles of her hand holding the tiny uke were livid; but the color of her face and exceedingly pretty neck was the red of an angry sunburn. Diminutive—a volcano in a teacup, perhaps, but nevertheless a volcano!

Tod Wallace sat before the concert grand, his chin grim and defiant—eyes steely gray. The nostrils of his adonic nose dilated perceptibly as he breathed, and there was something ominous in the deliberate way he ran his fingers through his black hair. The toe of his right shoe tapped the pedal; then reached out, hooked Fay about the ankle, and dragged her nearer the piano. The corner of his mouth screwed up unpleasantly and she read his lips, rather than heard his off-stage whisper:

"Keep away from that mike—you little hog, you! Maybe someone would like to hear the piano in this theme song."

As the announcer approached the microphone, Fay ground her French heel, worn but still pointed, into her singing partner's foot; then winced as a vicious kick scraped a run in her silken calf.

The announcer addressed the unseen audience: "And now, the Sweethearts of the Air leave us until tomorrow at the same time . . ."

Fay Allen stroked her uke as Tod's left hand felt out the first soft chord of their closing melody. Their voices mingled in the close harmony of a contralto and tenor:

*Hand in hand and heart in heart,
Along life's twisting road,
With roses' bloom our path is strewn—
True love's an easy load.*

In a pause between measures Tod reached out and roughly dragged Fay back from the mike. Her right hand darted to his wrist and, when he fingered the keys again, spots of blood were on the cuff of his dress shirt. His lips moved silently in words that were not written on the script. Then:

*A kiss each night—each morn a smile,
As Time flies unaware.
With love our guide, naught can divide
The Sweethearts of the Air!*

THE final twang of the uke faded simultaneously in Studio K and in the speaker hidden behind a reproduction of Raphael's cupids in Studio H. There were three men in the latter studio—the manager of the broadcasting company's commercial department and two clients. The commercial manager broke the moment of respectful silence.

"Well, gentlemen, how did you like that? Good, eh?"

One of the men flicked his cigarette meditatively with his little finger. "I should say their theme song is a bit er-too-er-well, rather sentimental."

"Aw, no, Harris," the third man interrupted. "That's just what the public want. They like to hear two people sing about how much they love each other. It's the old hokum, but it's always sure-fire."

"Yes, I guess you're probably right," agreed the other. "Except for that theme song I think they're swell."

Back in Studio K, Fay and Tod glared mutely at each other until the operator in the control room waved through the soundproof glass that they were off the air. Tod spoke to the announcer:

"We'll rehearse in here if it's okay."

"Okay. K Studio is clear for the next two hours."

The inner door closed behind the announcer and the lights went out in the control room.

Fay erupted in harsh grating laughter. "Ha! Ha ha ha! Rehearse! Rehearse what?"

Tod Wallace turned on her savagely. "Ha! Ha ha ha! Ditto for everything. I wouldn't play another program with you, you little hog, if they'd give me a coast to coast hookup and a thousand bucks to boot—"

"Who's a hog? It's just self preservation, that's all. With you imitating a boiler factory on the piano, nobody'd hear me if I climbed into the mike!"

"Who the devil wants to hear you anyway?"

"I suppose you think they want to hear you? You!" Fay threw up her hands. "Oh Lord—and to think I gave up vaudeville to marry you. Cook your breakfasts in a filthy flat, slave, rehearse, and what do I get out of it? A radio career! Ha! Ha again! Twenty dollars a week

on a sustaining program and abuse from a maniac with professional jealousy."

Tod started at the domed ceiling as if praying that the powers above would forgive the blasphemy. He shook his head sadly. "Professional jealousy. My God! What next? What next? All you know is what I've taught you—"

"You taught me—you—Good Lord!"

"Pardon *me*. My error. I should have said tried to teach you. You can't be taught. You're tone deaf. You can't even find the notes on the uke. You don't even know the difference between A sharp and B flat."

"I do so know the difference."

"Yeh—I thought so. There isn't any!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"And so you gave up vaudeville for me? Well, if it hadn't been for you, I'd be in Europe now on a concert tour."

Fay snorted derisively. "You—Europe! With that bel- low the only way you'd get to Europe'd be on a cattle boat. Concert tour! Ye gods! All you do is thump with your left hand and work a tremolo with your right that makes that Steinway sound like a player piano in a tenth rate dance hall. Europe . . ."

Tod's fingers played a rapid rat-tat-tat on high C. Kay's rage flared too quickly for the safety valve of words. In a flash of motion

she flung her uke's carrying case. Tod caught it and returned the serve—with precision. Kay's hand went to her eye.

"You beast! You're the vilest—lowest—"

THE studio door opened, and the commercial manager entered with his clients. Kay dove into her pocket-book and came up powdered wisely and too well. The manager made the introductions—

"Gentlemen—Fay and Tod, the Sweethearts of the Air. This is Mr. Harris—Mr. Carruthers, of the Maiden's Dream Perfume Company. They are bringing out a new perfume which you have inspired—their Sweetheart perfume. They are interested in starring you two in a series of weekly programs. I'll leave you folks to fight it out." The door swung noiselessly behind the commercial manager.

Fay and Tod shook their heads simultaneously.

"Nothing doing!" declared Tod.

Fay agreed. "Mr. Wallace and I have decided definitely to appear on no more programs together."

Neither Mr. Harris nor Mr. Carruthers seemed properly disappointed. Both Miss Allen and Mr. Wallace observed, with slight pique, that Mr. Carruthers appeared pleased.

"Well, well—"Mr. Carruthers rubbed
(Continued on page 48)

Illustrated by GILBERT BUNDY



"Keep away from that mike—you little hog, you! Maybe someone would like to hear the piano in this theme song."

REVIEWING THE CURRENT PROGRAMS

By DYAL TURNER

"NESTLE'S CHOCOLATEERS"

(NBC-WJZ Friday at 8:00 PM-EST)

Cast—Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe, Don Bestor's Orchestra.

Comment—Judging by the first program of this series, it looks as if the sponsors have picked themselves a real air show. In the first place, Walter O'Keefe is about the nearest thing to home folks that the radio has found. He's thoroughly at ease in the capacity of announcer, performer, and master of ceremonies. And he sounds just like what he is—



CAROL DEIS

... she deserves more to do

a clever, good-natured, happy-go-lucky young bird, with a swell sense of humor, and a lack of self-importance which keeps him from smelling of ham. And he is fortunate in his repertory of comedy material, as most of the stuff he has used on the stage and down in Barney Gallant's night club can be used on the air with a bit of re-dating, and a once-over lightly with Flit.

Ethel is, of course, a foolproof radio attraction. She knows how to sing songs, and she knows how to sell 'em. Furthermore, she fits in perfectly with Walter's type of kidding, and between them they should give you many happy moments.

And certainly there can be no complaints about Don Bestor's band. Okay all the way.

The Plug—If the sponsors keep their paws off Walter's sense of humor, he'll continue to pull the sting out of the ballyhoo just as he did



GEORGE M. COHAN

... he should talk more

Opinion—Should go to town with the customers.

"GULF HEADLINERS"

Comment—It is impossible to bat out a review every time these Sunday evening shows switch stars. They change comedians oftener than they advise you to change your oil. So this squib is just to bring the program up to our press date.

The big news of the shows so far was Will Rogers' act with Fred Stone. Their teamwork was a riot, and should be repeated.

George M. Cohan was better on the second program than on the first. His stories in song are cleverly put together and tuneful. Although they offer nothing new they are undoubtedly good popular stuff. (And Al Goodman may take as many bows as he likes for his accompaniments.) In my humble opinion, however, Mr. Cohan would please even more people if he sang less and talked more. Ten minutes of almost continuous singing by one person is too much—unless he happens to be a Lawrence Tibbett. Mr. Cohan is due to go off the air soon, but some sponsor will surely bring him back.

Carol Deis (former winner of an Atwater Kent audition), who has appeared occasionally with Mr. Cohan, is exceptionally good. She should be given an opportunity to do more.

Opinion—These Gulf shows maintain a remarkably high standard of entertainment. In addition to an interesting comedian or speaker, they offer the splendid singing of James Melton and the Revelers; the excellent and colorful music of Al Goodman's band; and Harold Tighe's pleasant announcing and unobjectionable advertising blurbs. The definite personality and consistent pace of the programs indicate that some smart bird is directing them.



JULIUS TANNEN and PHIL SPITALNY

... they're snowed under with superlatives

"THE SALAD BOWL REVUE"*(NBC-WEAF Friday at 9:00 PM-EST)*

Cast—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Phil Duey, Jack Smart, Roy Atwell, Ferde Grofe's Orchestra

Comment—Mr. Allen's first program for his new sponsor was a disappointment. But since then Fred seems to have hit his stride and his material is not only better, but it is also presented with more of the typical Allen showmanship. Fred's humor, at its best, is a nice blend of some of the oldest and worst gags ever resurrected, and others that are

has an orchestra that is as fine as you would expect it to be. And it seems as if Mr. Grofe, or some other good judge of music, should insist on giving Phil Duey better spots on the program. His singing merits it.

The Plug—Except for the unobjectionable and often amusing advertising which Fred Allen springs occasionally, the plugs are just the same old—oh well, you know.

Opinion—At its best this program offers the best comedy now on the air. And the Grofe music is not excelled nor equalled by more than a handful of radio orchestras.

**ROY ATWELL**

... he gets his usual share of laughs.

**THE HUMMINGBIRDS**

Margaret Speaks, Dorothy Greeley, and Katherine Cavalli are the Hummingbirds, Nightingales, and Snow Queens. The man is Whispering Jack Smith, with whom the girls made their first real success in radio.

as fresh as a kid with his first long pants. The good thing about Fred's bad gags is that—thanks to his unemotional, twangy delivery—the worse the gag is the funnier he can make it sound. The bad thing about Fred's good gags is that—because of this same delivery—they never seem so funny as they really are. The Allen personality gives us, however, one of the most unique and fundamentally amusing characters in radio. We should be grateful for even this much relief from the legion of not very funny fellows with completely stale material.

Portland Hoffa makes a perfect stooge for her husband. Her assumed ingenuousness is a delight. Roy Atwell gets his usual share of laughs with his usual word mix-ups, and the veteran radio actor, Jack Smart, is excellent in the sketches.

The musically brilliant Mr. Grofe

THE OLDSMOBILE PROGRAM*(CBS-WABC Tuesday and Thursday at 10:30 PM-EST)*

Cast—Ted Husing, Barbara Maurel, Leon Belasco's Orchestra, the Hummingbirds, and Kenneth Roberts

Comment—Mr. Husing is the star, and while he is not exactly downhearted about himself, he knows how to pat himself on the back without straining a verbal elbow. Ted may consider himself a radio success now because he has joined the ranks of reminiscers. When they allow you to make a living reminiscing, you're in. Ted exhumes a flock of anecdotes which are labelled "Stories Of Championship Performance," and O. K., but something should be done about the spectators who burst in with, "My, how exciting!" and "Too, too thrilling!" This, of course, is

supposed to get old John Radio Fan all worked up. For some reason the birds who run this air business believe that old John is not capable of a single voluntary emotional reaction. Always he's got to be tipped off. Now he's supposed to get excited. Now he's supposed to applaud. Now he's supposed to laugh. And, quite frankly, I think old John is getting a bellyfull of it, to put it plainly. (And Ted. Just as a personal favor, the next time you are discussing a contest do not say they had the game "figuratively won." Tck, tck.)

Barbara Maurel's "songs of romance" are well chosen and well sung—Leon Belasco's music is al-

(Continued on page 45)

**TONY WONS**

... Ring Lardner cheered him

POPULAR TUNES

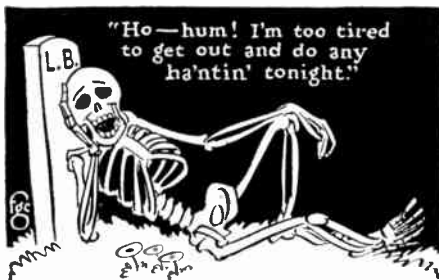
An Analysis and Opinion

By **RUDY VALLEE**

"LAZY BONES"

By Hoagy Carmichael and John Mercer. Published by the Southern Music Publishing Co., Inc.

I'm starting my department this month with "Lazy Bones" because I'm tremendously enthusiastic about this recent hit. And because I find that our audiences share my enthusiasm.



You might expect a person with as odd a name as Hoagy Carmichael to have some unusual talent. Hoagy's genius lies in being able to "sell" almost anything he plays. His outstanding hit was "Stardust" and for the past few years he has been writing tunes for the Southern Music Publishing Co. It was at their suggestion that Hoagy and I got together one Sunday not long ago and wrote "Old Man Harlem." At the time we realized it would never be a good seller, but it has been a good tune for the dance bands. When last heard from, Hoagy was in the Balkans collecting ideas for unusual tunes and when he comes back he'll find that in "Lazy Bones" he has written a song which beats "Stardust" in popularity.

Johnny Mercer, who wrote the lyrics for "Lazy Bones," is a chap with fine breeding and background. Until now he has written little stuff of the commercial type, his lyrics having been for the better kind of musical comedy music. In writing the verses of a great commercial success Johnny has not, however, compromised at all with the quality of his work, for the lyrics of "Lazy

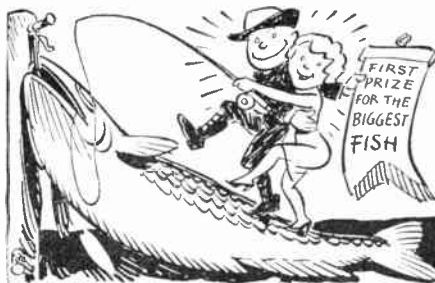
Bones" are highly intelligent and amusing.

One of the greatest tributes to the song is the fact that when it was first played and sung on our Fleischmann broadcast the audience applauded enthusiastically — *even though a glass curtain was between them and us.* That, to you who know your broadcasting, is proof enough that they were greatly pleased.

"WALTZING UP THE SCALE"

By M. K. Irving and Otis Spencer. Published by E. B. Marks Music Corp.

The two gentlemen who wrote "Waltzing Up The Scale" would probably deny that they are amateurs, but so far as I know their names have not echoed within the walls of Tin Pan Alley during the past four or five years. Now they have written a creditable waltz, different in construction and thought. The solfeggio notes of the scale are the mainstay of the lyrics and the melody goes up the scale at the beginning of each phrase. Thus "Waltzing Up The Scale" is unusual



enough to provide a welcome relief from the more familiar type of song.

"MY LAST YEAR'S GIRL"

By Lou Alter and Arthur Swanstrom. Published by Leo Feist, Inc.

Both choruses of this one have clever lyrics, which are somewhat reminiscent of "Kitty From Kansas City." Arthur Swanstrom wrote them. You may recall that he and Bobby Connelly were the producers of that grand show, "Sons O' Guns,"

which featured Lili Damita and Jack Donohue. Now that lean days have fallen on musical comedy, Arthur has gone back to his first love—lyric writing.

Lou Alter is a young, aristocratic looking individual who came down from Boston to write Broadway's and New York City's first musical expression in "Manhattan Serenade." Many of Lou's piano suites and some of his popular tunes are well known. Helen Morgan, who is a close friend of his, has introduced and popularized several of his best songs. Lou has always written the better type of melody and lyrics and I was a trifle surprised, therefore, to learn that he is the author of the odd little idea expressed in "My Last Year's Girl." He probably did it for diversion.



"TO BE OR NOT TO BE IN LOVE"

By Allie Wrubel and Ed Grennard. Published by Harms, Inc.

The chorus of this one is unusual because it has only about 20 measures. The story is the old Bill Shakespeare idea set to music and a good piece of work, too.

Being the schottische type of melody, it lends itself particularly to dancers of the Ray Bolger school, who bring out their best steps, kicks, and taps to that rhythm. Tunes of this type are best when played as the Lombardos play them, which is probably one of the reasons that their music is so enjoyable on the dance floor. This song—"Lazy Bones"—and "Don't Blame Me" will probably be our greatest commercial successes on the Bluebird records.

"DONT BLAME ME"

By Dorothy Fields and Jimmie McHugh. Published by Robbins Music Corporation.

More than a year ago in Detroit, Lew Leslie's "Klowns in Clover" show opened with a good cast and fine songs by Dorothy Fields and Jimmie McHugh. The depression drove the revue out of Detroit into

(Continued on page 47)

MARY McCOY

RAY LEE JACKSON

"This is Schumann-Heink speaking"—it was the voice of opportunity.

Not so many years ago in Great Bend, Kansas, Laura Townsley McCoy was born. When she was three she began taking piano lessons. At nine she made her first public appearance as a musician. A few years later she got a job singing over a Kansas City radio station. One evening, three years ago, she was called to the telephone after one of her broadcasts. A voice said, "Miss McCoy, this is Ernestine Schumann-Heink speaking. I have enjoyed your program and I wish you would come over to my hotel. I'd like so much to talk to you." Madame Schumann-Heink was on her Golden Jubilee tour and when her entourage left Kansas City, Laura went along as companion and assisting artist to the famous contralto. Together they toured the nation, the young soprano alternating with the famous singer in the recitals. The next summer Laura lived at the Schumann-Heink home in California, where the diva coached her protegee in operatic roles and taught her vocal technique. That fall Laura came to New York and the Shuberts gave her the lead in "My Maryland." She played Barbara Frietchie, and changed her name to Mary because it was simpler than Laura Townsley. You'll enjoy Mary's songs on the Richfield Country Club programs. Away from the mike Mary is a demon horseback rider and an aviation enthusiast. She isn't afraid of stunt flying, but roller coasters in amusement parks terrify her.



PEGGY KEENAN and SANDRA PHILLIPS

This pair of redheaded youngsters once loaded a couple of midget pianos into an 18-passenger plane and banged away for dear old publicity's sake while the ship soared two miles up in the air over New York. It was the "first successful broadcast of music from an airplane in flight", but just what it proved we couldn't tell you. Since then the girls have done all their stunts on land. Right now they are polishing off a combination of classical and jazz tunes for Johnson's Auto Polish. Peggy and Sandra don't write out any musical score for their programs. They merely get together in one of the big Columbia studios, decide which classics they'd like to scramble

with which jazz melodies, and then work on the arrangements until they get something they like. After rehearsing the mixture until they think it jells, they put it in their show—and it usually makes novel and interesting entertainment. Both Peggy and Sandra are musicians from way back. Peggy got her start in Los Angeles when she was six and worked her way up to recitals in Paris and Berlin. Sandra is a Berwick, Pennsylvania, gal who started teasing the piano when she was four. She finally made her debut in vaudeville as accompanist for Howard Marsh. Neither of the girls is married, which just goes to show how dumb bachelors are.

The history of Betty Barthell in radio is another one of those Horatio Alger stories. Only a little more than a year ago Betty was just a Nashville, Tennessee, belle who hadn't even considered becoming a professional entertainer. But then one day Betty sang a song at a charity bazaar or some such social function, and the manager of a local radio station heard her. He haled her into the studio and persuaded her to broadcast. She scored an immediate hit and it wasn't long before the networks got enthusiastic. Now the listeners who belong to the Richfield Country Club are tuning in to hear the dark haired, soft voiced southern gal chant ditties of young love under a great, big yaller Dixie moon.

BETTY BARTHELL



ARLENE JACKSON

Her first opportunity was an accident—to somebody else

Lady Luck wandered into station KFI, Los Angeles, one day just as Arlene Jackson was being told that she might get an audition—in six weeks or so. Arlene was leaving the studio when an entertainer who was scheduled to go on the air phoned and said an accident would prevent arrival on time for the broadcast. Arlene was called back and asked if she could do the program without any rehearsal. Could she! And how! Half an hour after she stopped singing she was signing a contract. And in another year she was in New York on a network program. If that wasn't the friendship of Lady Luck, it was probably the fruit of long study and hard work. At the ripe old age of three Arlene entertained a church sociable by rendering that touching ballad, "Dolly, I'm Sorry I Broke You." At six, Miss Jackson first got chummy with a piano. Later she studied voice, dramatics, and piano at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and at sixteen landed her first contract as piano soloist on a Chautauqua circuit. She toured Canada, then went into vaudeville, and later journeyed to England to play in London musical comedies. Next came more trouping in the United States and Canada. Arlene's now on the Buick program and doing nicely, thank you. She works hard and likes it. Every time she broadcasts she's nervous as a kitten and won't sing unless she has a handkerchief to massage in her fist.



RAY LEE JACKSON

SLIPPING *and* GRIPPING

PEOPLE have been complain-
ing about uncomplimentary
things we've said in this depart-
ment. Some ask whether we say
nice things only if we're paid for
it. The answer is "Yes." You
should see all the bon bons radio
artists have sent us so we'll say
they're lovely. (We sent out a
circular letter telling them we
had a "sweet tooth.") And the
fruit! We've had fruit, too, be-
cause the news got around that
we'd do it for a big red apple.
So they sent us watermelons.
Now we've had to establish a
scale of rates (we can't live
entirely on fruit and candy) and
we ask that radio artists be gov-
erned accordingly. Hereafter a
contralto will be "soothing" for
a carton of Chesterfields, an ac-
tor or actress will give a "power-
ful, convincing performance" for
a new pair of shoes (size 13),
and a torch singer will get us "in
a lather" for a new suit (\$16.85
—two pairs of pants). A come-
dian can be "screamingly funny"
if he'll buy us a new radio, a
writer might be able to "hold us
completely absorbed" with a
month's rent, a soprano could
perhaps "put us in a dither" by
buying us a trip to Bermuda, and
an announcer might possibly
persuade us that he has "a beau-
tifully mellow delivery, utterly
without unction"—in return for
a Rolls Royce. The tariff may
seem a trifle steep, but we've just
found out what some of the other
writing boys are getting. A
couple of issues ago we made the
mistake of being complimentary
without getting a thing for it,
but never again. From now on
the boys and girls must "kick in"
(as we used to say when we were
just a mugg) or we pan 'em. Of
course, if they should kick in
with a really good performance,
that would melt us a little and
we'd give them kind words, but
not the pretty phrases mentioned
above.

And if we don't get out of this
business pretty soon we'll have
to mail out another circular letter

and ask them all to send us some
cocaine.

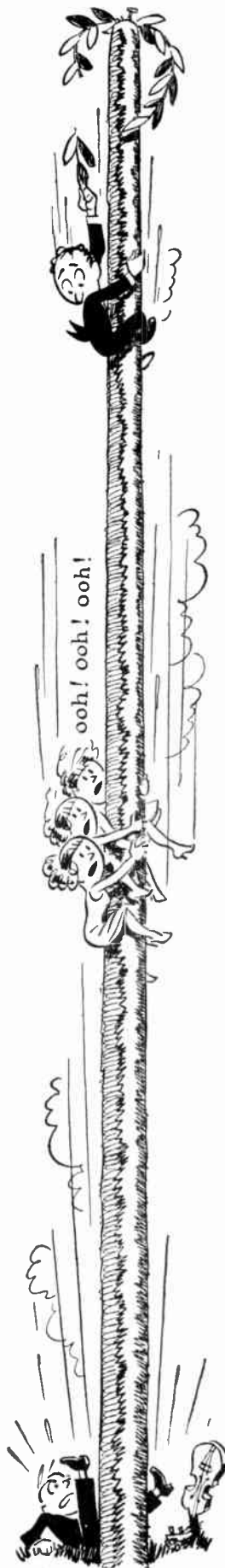
↑ **GOOD FOR WHAT AILS
YOU—A & P Gypsies**
. . . Still an entertaining
program. Nothing spec-
tacular and no tricks—just music
carefully selected for quality and
variety, Harry Horlick's good
band. Frank Parker's pleasant
singing, and advertising that
doesn't make you bristle.

Jack Frost's Melody Moments
. . . Conventional orchestra-and-
singer type of show with Josef
Pasternack as the satisfactory
wand-waver and John Fogarty,
Phil Duey, and the Melody Sing-
ers taking turns warbling the old
timers. Advertising only fair,
with cracks against "unidentified
sugar" which made us realize,
with a start, that all along we've
been eating *identified* sugar with-
out even *dreaming* that we were
doing it.

*American Album of Familiar
Music* . . . with Gus Haenschen's
Orchestra, Frank Munn, Eliza-
beth Lennox, and Ohman and
Arden. This one deserves all of
its tremendous popularity.

Light Opera Gems . . . Harold
Sanford's Orchestra and guest
soloists doing well by that grand
songwriting team, Gilbert and
Sullivan.

The Voice of Experience . . .
Good human interest stuff that
has swept the country. Too bad
there are now so many imitators
because, unless this type of pro-
gram is done exceedingly well,
it's nothing but simon pure ad-
vice-to-the-lovelorn drivel. In
the case of *The Voice of Experi-
ence*, we object strenuously to his
plugging his sponsors. It makes
the listener wonder about the
honesty of *The Voice's* opinions
on the human problems he dis-
cusses. *The Voice* has mentioned
RADIO FAN-FARE in a couple of
his programs and we're grateful
for the free advertising, but those
plugs were entirely voluntary on
the part of *The Voice*. If he
hadn't approved of the recent



article about him in FAN-FARE he could have panned us and we wouldn't have kicked.

John B. Kennedy . . . A trenchant writer whose comments combine sharp humor with horse sense. On our list of required listening.

Death Valley Days . . . Well done Western hokum with friendly personalities in the *Old Ranger* (Tim Frawley) and *The Lonesome Cowboy* (John White). Popular with the Old Folks At Home. Advertising O. K.

The Cuckoo Hour . . . We'd like to recommend anything that kids the ridiculous aspects of radio, but these programs should sound funnier than they do. Perhaps the edge is taken off the stuff burlesqued by Raymond Knight and his troupe by the fact that it's on tap for any listener eighteen hours a day over several hundred stations. Adelina Thomason, Mary McCoy, Eustace Wyatt, and Jack Arthur are the other Cuckoos who deserve a hand.

• • •

➔ **TAKE 'EM OR LEAVE 'EM—Just Relax . . .** We like what Will Cuppy writes for *The New Yorker*, but the same kind of humor, as put on by him and Jeanne Owen, doesn't jell on the air.

Ralph Kirbery . . . Pretty good voice, but anyone who is called *The Dream Singer* goes to bat with two strikes on him as far as we're concerned.

One Man's Family . . . Sermons that usually sound like sermons with ideas that will be startling only to shut-ins. Popular on the Pacific Coast for several years, this program is now on the networks. By taking up the problems of a "typical" family it attempts to be outspokenly modern. Somehow it all doesn't seem to carry conviction. Sorry.

Contented Program . . . Good music but the rest is pretty dull unless you like your singing and your sentiment saccharine. There's also poetry of the homely philosophy type. Need we say more?

• • •

➔ **PIPE THIS—**You can't hate a guy who starts a program by saying, "If hokum's what you want, hokum's what you're gonna get 'cause that's what we've got plenty of"—who calls his entertainment a "disturbance"—who refers to the other performers as "ham actors" and "opera stars of the crossroads"—and who says, "My kingdom for an actor!" That's Pat Binford, folks—the truly appealing master of ceremonies of that row-de-dow Corn Cob Pipe Club show. New entertainers keep bobbing up on these programs and most of them are good. We wish there was space to mention the names of all we've enjoyed. The only regulars who miss are the comedians, *Sawdust and Moonshine*. They need



MORTON DOWNEY

As popular as ever, but sponsors are taking their time. Camel's nibbling



BARBARA MAUREL

She's too good not to be featured. Are ye listenin'?



WILLARD ROBISON

His sermons would please even a confirmed atheist



ANN ELSTNER

She made the hillbilly's heart throb. Swell actress

fresher jokes. Squire Hicks has a swell radio voice. There are, in fact, almost no bad spots in this friendly, impromptu program. You're bound to like its unpretentiousness. Even the advertising is good, except when they make statements like "Men who do things are usually found to be pipe smokers." That's the bunk.

• • •

➔ **WANTED: A FLOCK OF SPONSORS—**Nobody can say Columbia isn't putting on the sales pressure these days, what with all its unsponsored talent. Prospects either won't pay the price or are taking their time, knowing that if they lose one act they can get another just as good, and maybe for less. Bing Crosby has wanted too much money for radio, as he can make plenty in the movies. Morton Downey, as popular as ever, was piped to St. Louis to interest the beer boys. No go. Camels are nibbling for Mort, Jane Froman, and Stoopnagle and Budd. Kate Smith, still a tremendous attraction, is willing to talk terms, but wants to look all around first and get just the right spot. She has plenty of work right now anyway—doing an Elsie Janis as chairman of the stage, screen, and radio entertainment committee of the NRA. With John Mills completely recovered after his attack of pneumonia, the Mills brothers and Don Redman's band are back on the networks, but with no advertising to sweeten the weekly pay check. We can't see that their enforced vacation hurt their value to sponsors, and they were certainly going great guns when they went out from under the ether. Connie, Martha, and Vet are back from Europe with Connie's mumps all gone, and the gals are wondering who's going to find a place for them in his ballyhoo budget. They're still the class of the field, but, with all the sister teams that have been imitating them, the public may be getting a bit fed up with that brand of harmony. All we can say to this raft of talent is, "Happy landings . . . in some nice soft appropriations."

• • •

➔ **BOUQUETS—**Barbara Maurel has a huge following among those who prefer something slightly classical. Her singing deserves to be featured more than it is . . . Willard Robison's "Synco-pated Sermons" and his "Deep River" programs will please even an atheist, probably because they're so unlike real sermons . . . The Southernaires—now *there's* a negro quartet worth losing a little shuteye on Sunday to hear. They've been on the NBC network three years and should be moved to a later spot so more people can hear them . . . Those exchange programs from Canada are good. Caro Lamoureux, the soprano, and everyone else on the *Sous Les Ponts De Paris* half-hour (Continued on page 49)

THAR'S "OLD GOLD" IN THEM STILLS

JOHNNY DAVIS . . . is the "scat singer" of the band. Note the hands. Scat singers always rub the thumb and forefinger together as they yell, "Skeet'n Scat'n Hi-de-ho." Silly?



THE BAND . . . in action, with Poley and Johnny at the mike, Fred Waring waving the stick, brother Tom at the piano, and the Lane Sisters, Babs Ryan, and Mandy Lou looking on. Fred calls his mother in Tyrone, Pa., after each broadcast for her criticism.



BABS RYAN . . . christened Blanche, plays the piano and sings with her two brothers. When she was fourteen she taught music in the home village of Davidson, Tenn. Blonde—5 ft. 3 in.—112 pounds—calls all her friends "Tootsie."



PRISCILLA LANE . . . of the Lane Sisters. Fred and Mandy Lou at the other mikes. (Mandy Lou, by the way, is a college graduate.)

POLEY McCLINTOCK . . . has that foghorn voice you hear at odd moments. When not creating giggles with his froggish croaks, Poley plays the drums.



THE PERSONAL



GRAND DUCHESS MARIE . . . "I beg your pardon. I'm afraid I didn't catch the name."



SIGMUND SPAETH . . . said "Reminiscent of what?"—and was my friend's face red!



LEON BELASCO . . . gasped. The pianist blew a sax—the drummer puffed a harmonica.

THE first time I met George Olsen (who's been doing such a swell job on the Chase and Sanborn Tea program) was in Havana, Cuba. You know, the place where the Presidents always wear their hats, because they never know when they may be leaving. George was playing at the Casino, one of the swellest pastime spots in the world. Not only was he playing with his band, but he was playing with the Casino roulette wheels, and the evening we arrived he hit the house for eight thousand berries.

The gang I was with included Ray Bill, publisher of this magazine; Clair Maxwell, prexy of *Life*; Bill Curley, managing editor of *The New York Evening Journal*; Rodney Boone, Hearst ad executive; and the artists, McClelland Barclay and Jefferson Machamer. Mr. Olsen wears what is usually described as a million dollar smile. This night it was a million and eight thousand dollar smile, and he welcomed us in grand style. (Or, rather, eight-grand style.)

Everything was hunky dooley until someone in the party remembered that I knew the routine of the Five-Step. In case you don't remember it, this was a dance introduced by George White in one of his "Scandals" and it was danced to a tune of the same name. Mr. Bill and Mr. Maxwell also had a slight knowledge of the steps. I can't explain it now, but it seemed like a good idea at the time for us to show the other Casino guests how the thing went. So George agreed to play the tune. In fact, he insisted. Some of the guests liked it, and one very, very nice Cuban boy threw me a rose. I think he took it out of his hair. But a moment later I heard a dark, squat gentleman saying, "This is an outrage. These Americans should be asked to leave." This bird must have had something on the management, because they seemed to concur in his opinion.

However, it was a very nice party while it lasted, and George was charming. As I remember it, he even agreed to leave with us.

AND speaking of policemen, did you ever hear how George started his courtship with his wife,

Ethel Shutta? (Ethel has just started a new series of programs with Walter O'Keefe for Nestle's Chocolate.) At the time, Ethel was appearing in "Louis The Fourteenth," with Leon Errol, and also singing one number in the "Follies." To get from one theatre to the other and back again, Mr. Zeigfeld arranged for a motorcycle escort which led her through traffic.

In addition to this double shift Ethel was rehearsing for "Sally." One day she complained that her music was not being played right. Mr. Zeigfeld said, "Speak to the leader, Mr. Olsen, and he'll do something about it." He did—and how! That night when she stepped in her car to travel from "Louis The Fourteenth" to the New Amsterdam Theatre, where the "Follies" were playing, she found a man in the back seat. "I'm Olsen," he said. "I came to discuss your music." From then on she found George waiting every night, and he didn't quit discussing music with her until she finally said "Yes."

But he always complained that he had to woo her under police surveillance.

AND in case you are one of the thousands who admire Miss Shutta's work on the air, you may be interested (if you don't already know it) in the pronunciation of her name. The accent is on the last syllable, and the word should be pronounced as if it were written "Shu-tay." (Shu as in "shut.")

HERE is one of those stories that sound like gags . . . except that you can't make up gags about such people and get away with it. I was invited to lunch one day—a very nice lunch—and seated next to me was a lady. She was past middle age, had an accent, and was perfectly charming. We chatted, she told me a very amusing story, I told her my latest one, and we had a perfectly swell time.

A few weeks later I attended a dinner at the Central Park Casino given by Miss Beth Leary, famous for her parties. I was talking to my hostess before dinner when I saw her turn suddenly to greet a newly ar-

TOUCH

By HARRY EVANS

rived guest, and as she took the woman's hand she dropped a curtsey. "Either that's *somebody* or her foot slipped," I says to myself. And then taking another look I recognized my former luncheon partner.

"Hello, my friend," she said cordially, giving me a warm handclasp. "How are you, and what new stories have you for me?"

"So you two know each other," said Miss Leary, with a slightly quizzical expression.

"Oh, yes indeed," said my friend graciously, turning to me, "but I am afraid you must tell me again who you are."

"I'm Harry Evans, of New York," I said, being cute. "And now you must tell me who *you* are."

Miss Leary's face was a study.

"This is the Grand Duchess Marie," she said in a coldly calm voice, "of Russia."

The situation was saved by Marie's laugh, and I never heard a heartier one. When she stopped I said,

"I'm really very sorry, but I guess I didn't catch the name the first time we met."

What happened? She requested that our hostess seat us next to each other at dinner, we gossiped, we swapped stories, we danced—and I never hope to meet a sweeter, more regular person.

All this is apropos of radio because the Grand Duchess has appeared several times on the air, and right now several sponsors are trying to get her signature on contracts.

THIS social error reminds me of one a friend of mine pulled when we were both the guests of Fred G. Cooper (who illustrated pages 10 and 11) at the Dutch Treat Club. This organization, as you may know, is composed of the most famous writers, artists, editors, actors, and musicians in New York.

After a pianist had played one of his recent compositions, a gentleman at the next table leaned over to Fred and said, "Good tune—and an original idea."

"Do you think so?" said my friend. "It sounded like a steal to me."

"A steal on what," said the gentleman at the next table, politely.

"Well, I don't know exactly," my friend dodged, "but it's a steal all right."

When the gentleman turned back to his companions, my friend whispered to Fred,

"That guy don't know what he's talking about. What's his name?"

"Sigmund Spaeth," said Fred.

• • •

THERE have been some interesting tennis matches during the past few months. For instance, there were the Davis Cup matches, the Wightman Cup matches, the Southampton and Newport Invitation Tournaments, and the United States National Championships. But standing out as the most unusual tennis encounter of the year was the recent meeting of Paul Whiteman, NBC maestro, and Dudley Field Malone, internationally known lawyer, at the Atlantic Beach Club. I speak as one of the two eyewitnesses of this struggle. The other was the artist James Montgomery Flagg, who was Mr. Malone's weekend guest.

It happened late on a Saturday afternoon, after all the regular tennis hounds had perspired and retired from the courts. I was walking down the equally deserted beach when a tennis ball suddenly fell at my feet. Looking around and seeing no one, I concluded that the ball must have come from the tennis courts, though how it could travel that far from home I couldn't imagine. Picking up the ball with the intention of returning it, I trudged over to the courts and there I saw the explanation.

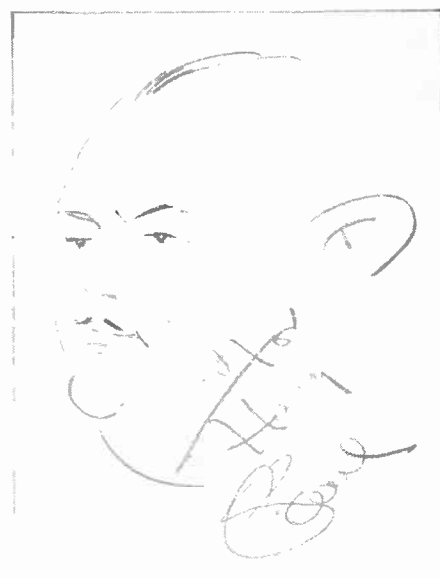
Paul was serving. On his first ball, Dudley ducked, the pill whistled past his ear and hit the backstop on the fly. The next one floated over the net, Dudley charged in with the speed of an antelope and swung at it from Port Arthur, as the boys say. Socko! The ball cleared the backstop by fifty feet and, as Paul ran over to try to get a general idea of where it finally landed, Dudley said,

"Aw, the hell with it."

They played four more points, looked around, walked solemnly to the net, shook hands, and started off the court.



LILLIAN EMERSON HARTS . . . society girl found hiding in the "Show Boat" chorus.



PAUL WHITEMAN . . . he and Dudley Field Malone have their own peculiar tennis rules.



KATE SMITH . . . will not sing "Without Love," because it recalls a most unhappy experience.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't go, fellows. It's fun. Are you tired?"

They both smiled blandly and shrugged their shoulders. Then I looked around and saw the answer. They had run out of tennis balls. When I offered to lend them some more Paul said,

"No thanks. We never play longer than a dozen balls. That's how we know when the game's over."

A LITTLE later I was telling some people about the match, and I mentioned the distance I saw Mr. Whiteman get on his last drive.

"You think that was a wild shot?" snorted Mr. Flagg. "Boy, you didn't see anything. I went out to retrieve a couple of balls they hit, but after I located them I couldn't bring them back."

"Why not," I inquired.

"Because," Jim replied, "I didn't have a guest card to the Lido Club."

(Editor's Note: The Lido Club is several miles from the Atlantic Beach Club . . . at least.)

LATER that evening Kate Smith dropped in at the club for dinner with her manager, Ted Collins, and Mrs. Collins. There's a threesome you seldom see separated. We had a swell time swapping radio gossip, and finally fell to discussing songs. When I asked her which of the recent crop of ditties she enjoyed singing most, she said,

"There have been so many good tunes lately it is hard to pick one. But I really believe my favorite of the past few months is 'The Last Roundup.'"

Then I had what I thought was a real inspiration.

"Look here," I exclaimed in the heat of my hunch, "why don't you ever sing some of the songs you featured in the show, 'Flying High'? For instance there's 'Without Love.' Say, if any one song really established your popularity on Broadway and led to your radio success, it was that one."

Kate shook her head slowly, and all the fun went out of her expression.

"I've had plenty of requests to sing it," she said grimly, "but I'll never sing a song from that show again as long as I live."

Glancing up at Ted, I got one of those unmistakable looks. Then I

(Continued on page 46)

THE SALAD BOWL REVUE

a mixture of crisp wit and musical dressing

1. FERDE GROFE, famous maestro, in four characteristic poses. First—contemplating the oboe player, as that gentleman fixes his mouth and gets set for a solo flight. Second—quieting the brass and lifting the strings. Third—listening intently to Phil Duey's vocal delivery, as he keeps the band in perfect coordination. And fourth—sustaining a note, preparatory for a crescendo finish.

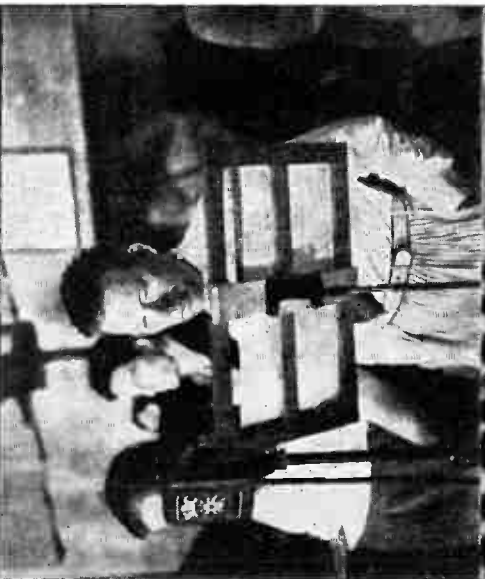
2. PORTLAND HOFFA, Fred Allen's wife and stooge, looking surprisingly sophisticated as she prepares to deliver one of her ingenuous inanities.

3. JACK SMART, veteran air actor. And he is not singing. He's acting. When Jack acts, he acts out loud.

4. PHIL DUEY, between numbers, listens to the announcer. What is he thinking? Well, what do you think when you listen to announcers?

5. FRED ALLEN, prize funny man, looking just as unfunny as these boys sometimes do when they are being humorous over the air. In the first pose he stops up one ear and tries to hear himself think while the singing is going on. In the second and third he assumes his usual nonchalant pose as he hands out laughs. And in the fourth (looking a bit like Jimmy Walker) he seems particularly unhappy as he pulls what is probably the best laugh of the show.





FAN-FARE'S HUMOR CAFETERIA

(RADIO COMEDIANS HELP YOURSELVES)

Minister: Macpherson, I haven't seen you at church lately.

Macpherson: Oh, dinna bother yesel' about that, meenister. Ye havena lost ma' business. I'm not gang anywhere else.
—*Tit-Bits*

You can't blame the bankers for being sentimental about their golf. It's about the only thing they have that is still above par.
—*Judge*

"How can I get my husband to tell me about his business affairs?" a wife asked Dorothy Dix.

Try to get him to buy a new car.
—*Atlanta Journal*

First Man (in art museum)—Look! Here's the Mona Lisa.

Second Man—Aw, come on! That dame's smile reminds me of my wife's when she thinks I'm lying.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

An historian announces that women used cosmetics in the middle ages. Women still use cosmetics in the middle ages.
—*Punch*

Lecturer (giving radio audition): Of course, you all know what the inside of a corpuscle is like.

Studio Official: Most of us do, but you'd better explain it for the benefit of them as have never been inside one.
—*Red Cat*

Did you hear of the Hollywood actress who went to Reno for a divorce and had to wire back for her husband's name?
—*Passing Show*

As the doorman ran down the club steps to open the car door, he tripped and rolled down the last four steps.

"For heaven sake, be careful!" cried the club manager. "They'll think you're a member."
—*Le Rire*

Some folks don't even like to get up to see the dawn of a new era.

—*Atlanta Constitution*

"Can I sell you a burglar alarm?"

"No, but if you've got anything that will keep my wife from waking up when one visits us, trot it out."
—*Benton Times*

Mother: What did your father say when you smashed the new car?

Son: Shall I leave out the swear words?

Mother: Yes, of course.

Son: He didn't say a word.
—*Indiana Bored Walk*

Steamships, stabilized, lose their roll, whereas business, treated the same way, gets it back.
—*Arkansas Gazette*

"How's your daughter's golf?" asked one grande dame of another.

"Oh, she is going around in less and less every week."

"Yes, I know. But how about her golf?"
—*Answers*

A professor at an American university complains that many of his lady undergraduates are more interested in love-affairs than in work. Putting the heart before the course, so to speak.
—*Punch*

Landlady: A professor formerly occupied this room, sir. He invented an explosive.

New Roomer: Ah! I suppose those spots on the ceiling are the explosive.

Landlady: No'm, they're the professor.
—*Annapolis Log*

One way to assure the peace of the world would be to arrange that a nation couldn't have another war until it had paid for the last one.
—*American Lumberman*

"Let me see," said the young man, thoughtfully. "I've got to buy flowers and chocolates and theatre tickets and—"

"Doing mental arithmetic?" asked his friend.

"Sentimental arithmetic," he sighed.
—*Pastime*

"A crocodile is harmless as long as he is occupied," says an African explorer. Still, we shan't take any chances on being the occupant.
—*Atlanta Journal*

Teacher: Now, if I write "n-e-w" on the blackboard, what does that spell?

Johnny: New.

Teacher: Now I'll put a "k" in front of it and what have we?

Johnny: Canoe.
—*Boston Transcript*



"And now, kiddies of the Wee Folks Club, you will all be glad to know that 14-year-old club member Osa Sahib of Ceylon, India, just had a baby."

LEAH RAY

**she was
elected
to a
fraternity!**



How these youngsters do it is beyond us. Two years ago Leah Ray was in high school in Norfolk, Virginia, averaging 94 in all her school work, editing the school paper, and monopolizing the whole football squad. Then she and her folks went to Hollywood, and it wasn't long before she was featured with Phil Harris's orchestra at the swanky Coconut Grove. Maurice Chevalier dropped in one night, heard her sing, and immediately cast her for a prominent part in his picture, "A Bedtime Story"—although she had never had either stage or movie experience. For a gal one year out of high school to make the grade in two such hard-boiled spots as Hollywood and Broadway—well, she must have what it takes, that's all! And here's another amazing thing about Leah: She belongs to one of the oldest and largest fraternities for college men! Last year the Stanford University Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega initiated Leah and, whenever the brothers gather in convention, she's on hand to sing their favorite college ditties. Leah is now broadcasting from New York's Pennsylvania Roof, and we recommend that you tune in on her pronto.

BIG PRIZE CONTEST

By R. R. ENDICOTT

THE Big Prize Contest, of which the broadcasters are the high priests, got its original start selling papers, so to speak. You recall the white hot competition among the nation's youth twenty years ago for Shetland ponies, catcher's mitts and shiny new bikes with, yes sir, coaster brakes! Tame stuff, surely, when one realizes that today any child, with much less effort, can become eligible for a Grand Prize of \$5,000 merely by letting a few simple rules guide him to answer properly the question, "How can I avoid Bird Cage Mouth?" or "Why do Reed's Irradiated Radishes prevent Social St. Helena?"

The whole technique of the Big Prize Contest has, therefore, changed. It is now the headline act on the Big Time, combining the best features of medicine show and pony contest glorified with better than Ziegfeldian artistry. It is designed to appeal to everyone, so the crowds are pulled in here with a hot-cha-cha and there with a bit of Brahms. The stakes have been multiplied many thousand times, making the Big Prize Contest more popular than any other indoor or outdoor sport.

It is not my intention to minimize the importance of the Big Prize Contest as a social phenomenon by treating it lightly. Neither is it my intention to disparage the suppliers of radio entertainment or the makers of advertisements. After all, whether you like what they do or not, their main job is to give the most people what they most want. Unquestionably, right now, they want contests—chances at big money. And advertisers are willing to give them these chances provided they think they can foresee a profit for themselves. Recently there were so many contests on one of the networks that officials of the company began to hear rumblings of "Nothing but contests," "Lotteries," "Cheap entertainment," "Monotonous," and so on. Now if there is anything a network likes to give its radiofans, it is variety, so a big decision, neatly combining good business with a high feeling for art, was

reached: no new contests until one then running was over.

Radio is, of course, the logical medium for carrying the tidings of easy money to the folks because it makes possible a combination of come-on music and the barker's spiel—the old medicine show technique. And add the fact that in the advertising business, as in every other, it is easier and safer to copy than to create (and usually more profitable) and you have the answer to why contests fill the air. Some show a sales profit above the cost of ballyhoo, overhead and prizes; others do what is known in the trade as a swell educational job. The rest are also-rans, but as yet their sponsors either

gentleman who wrote to one of our largest national advertisers as follows:

Last night you announced, on your radio program, prizes for the largest number of words made from the letters in your trade name. It is likely to cause you many a moment of anguish and I suggest that you take out insurance against—well, against a lot of things. It's this way:

Several months ago I heard a peanut company out in Iowa announce that prizes would be given to those who formed the letters in "Happy Days Peanuts" into the largest number of words. Just as diversion I started. Soon I saw it was more of a job than I thought. So I decided to take a small dictionary of about a thousand pages and make the list systematic. Well, I spent spare time for four evenings and then concluded that I'd better get a larger dictionary. With this I found that



don't know it, won't admit it, or don't know what to do about it. Meanwhile many people benefit from them, in ways various and strange.

CONSIDER the word "game" which apparently fascinates millions of people. It is always deceptively simple at first. Its knotty complications never appear until the contestant has gone so far that he will not stop. In fact, he can not, for letters haunt him and mists of words blur his reason.

Your heart will go out to this

my first list was entirely inadequate so I started all over again.

In all it took me eight evenings and two afternoons, fully eighteen hours. I finally had a list of 1,100 words. The prizes were ten watches and some bags of peanuts. When the contest closed the programs stopped. The awards were never broadcast. I never learned who won.

I lay awake nights spelling words and trying to memorize them to copy next morning, only to forget them. I had nightmares in which I thought I had been shipwrecked in an endless sea of alphabet soup. My wife plead with me to quit. No, I said. I never quit unless I'm licked but (Continued on page 49)



RAY LEE JACKSON

Rudy Vallee picked Phil Harris to follow him at the Pennsylvania Roof, New York, and if you know how particular Rudy is, that means something. Phil has had a phenomenal rise in the musical world. He and his orchestra were a tremendous hit for eighteen months at Hollywood's famous Cocoanut Grove. Then they moved on to Chicago's College Inn where they scored another amazing success. Phil has made a couple of movies. One, a short called "So This Is Harris," got good reviews. The other, a feature called "Melody Cruise," proved that Phil is not well suited for romantic movie roles. When he was a student at Lebanon Military Academy he organized his first band. It was made up of his classmates, and after graduation he took them on a tour of the United States and Australia. On his return he went into the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in Los Angeles and has never been away from California for long since. At times there is something reminiscent of the late Bert Williams in Phil's deep and sonorous singing voice. Then, again, he displays vocal mannerisms which bring Harry Richman to mind.

PHIL HARRIS

**Bert Williams' low notes—
Harry Richman's style**

PEGGY DAVIS

**the champion
long distance
radio commuter**

It's gratifying to be able to say truthfully that Peggy's radio acting is equal to her beauty. Nothing further need be said on that point. Peggy plays leading roles in the "Princess Pat" program which is broadcast over an NBC network from Chicago. She can claim the long distance commuting record for radio artists. A year ago she married Hugh Whipple, an announcer who talks to 'em from a Davenport, Iowa, station. Now Peggy makes the trip to Chicago for each of her broadcasts. Although she's only a little more than twenty, Peggy has been in radio about three years. Before that she played in stock a year. She was born in Northumberland, England, educated at Ward-Belmont School in Nashville, Tenn., and at National Park Seminary in Washington. Peggy's a blonde with brown eyes, and without high heels measures five feet three.

LATEST GOSSIP

heard around the studios of

LOCAL STATIONS

Collected by

BARRY STEVENS

KMOX—St. Louis

MERYL FREIDEL, the live wire in charge of spreading the good news at KMOX, reminds us of this and that: KMOX gets many of its sound effects from a comedian known as Checkerboard Sam, whose versatile vocal chords can imitate a pack of hounds chasing and killing a wild cat, two dogs getting a hog out of a potato patch, and early morning on a farm—starting with the rooster and going through the whole routine of barnyard noises. Anybody who needs a little more noise in his life should get in touch with Sam . . . That program with Art Gilham, the well known whispering pianist, and Tommy the Office Boy is one you shouldn't miss. Art, by the way, recently had a railroad car named after him—"The Art Gilham Special." It was put exclusively at his disposal for a trip to the World Fair in Chicago. This was the first time any railroad has ever been so nice to a radio performer . . . Dick Macaulay's "Knutcrackers" sketches should be heard, by all means. Dick is author and chief knutcracker. Not long ago Dick kidded sponsors who offer gifts in return for coupons. He offered a free "Holy Moses Pneumatic Hammer" and the fans sent him stacks of phony cigar bands and three paper monkey wrenches . . . KMOX got a letter the other day from a deaf man in Arkansas, saying he listens constantly to programs by putting a small steel file between his teeth and then touching his radio set. Station engineers explain that steel is sensitive enough to pick up a wide range of frequencies such as are used in modern broadcasting equipment . . . Carl Hohengarten,

KMOX musical director, is a real trouper. A few minutes before an important dramatic audition last week one of the cast phoned he couldn't make it. Frantic search around the studio revealed no actor who could take the part. Although he had never done a dramatic part and with only a few minutes to go over the script, Carl did the job so well that only the producer and the other actors knew a substitute had been used . . . Marvin E. Mueller, youngest announcer for KMOX, is a second Phil Cook. Marv has forty characters he can step into quicker than you can say KMOX . . . Tuesday is audition day at KMOX and about one hundred aspirants to radio fame come in for tryouts. They're of all ages, from all walks of life, and they often travel a good many miles for a chance before the mike. Last week brought a frail, bent, poorly dressed woman of seventy who played concert piano compositions with delicate hands that still showed evidence of artistic sensitivity, but now refused to do the bidding of their owner. Another hopeful was a young boy of seven who, with dotting mother standing close by, did imitations of famous people. And next came a trio of young girls full of hot-cha music; and so on and on and on. Ralph Stein, in charge of auditions at KMOX, is fortunately a swell judge of human nature. With infinite patience he listens to everybody, sympathetically breaks the news to those who won't do, suggests the proper training to those who show promise, and gets all excited over the rare "find" who possesses the talent which good radio shows require . . . J. L. Van Volkenburg, president of KMOX, is probably the youngest

man in radio to hold such a prominent position. Van is only 29 years old. He used to have an act on the Keith circuit. He is a good musician and singer, and knows the entertainment business inside and out. Smart fellow. His life story is almost too good to be true. Too bad Horatio Alger didn't know about him . . . And here's a tip for other radio stations to follow: KMOX has a program, "The Exchange Club," on which ideas and suggestions sent in by listeners are broadcast for the benefit of other listeners. Harold E. Bolande, staff announcer, is the originator and "broker of ideas" of the program. The suggestions range from novel home-making ideas to offers for exchanging services for commodities, like dental service for a sewing machine, or general repairing for a violin. The program has become so popular that it's impossible to broadcast every idea received. So the KMOX Exchange Bulletin has been started. It's published once a week and prints all the ideas not given over the air. Subscribers are charged enough to cover the cost of printing and mailing, and the bulletin now has a circulation of ten thousand . . . Here's one for the book: Two listeners, one in Fulton, New York, and the other in Pine Bluffs, Arkansas, liked the KMOX Farm Folks Hour so much that they actually paid for advertisements in their local newspapers to tell other people how good it was so they could enjoy it, too. There are *real* radio fans for you!

KYA—San Francisco

EUGENE MANCINI, romantic tenor who gained wide popularity as conductor of the "Souvenirs of Italy" program, is now giving a song

recital every Monday evening. Already the fan mail has proven that Eugene is one of KYA's greatest drawing cards . . . Bob Robb, the Sports Reviewer, has a brand new commission in the U. S. Army. Bob is a second lieutenant in the Military Intelligence Reserve. . . . If you're at all interested in art, don't miss that new series of talks by Helen Gordon Barker. Helen gives out dope on the Old Masters that any layman can understand. . . . And while you're at it, be sure and catch the act put on three times a week by Eb and Zeb, those funny, funny fellows from Corn Center. . . . Virginia Miller, staff pianist, is celebrating her tenth year in radio. Judging from her looks, Virginia must have started broadcasting when she was in grammar school. . . . Ted Maxwell and Bernice Berwin, well known NBC dramatic players, are worth hearing in that new skit: "Jack and Ethel in Roads to Hollywood." . . . G. Donald Gray, announcer and staff baritone, is passing out cigars. Are you going to tell the youngster what the "G" stands for, Don? . . . Donald Novis is good in that "Strange Adventures in Strange Lands" show on Friday nights. . . . The San Francisco Department of Education is now using KYA regularly for broadcasting timely announcements to teachers and educators. . . . Lester Malloy, high school student announcer who has broadcast weekly editions of high school news for the last twenty months, is now writing a radio column for a newspaper syndicate. Ten papers print Lester's stuff. Nice going, boy. . . . A prom-

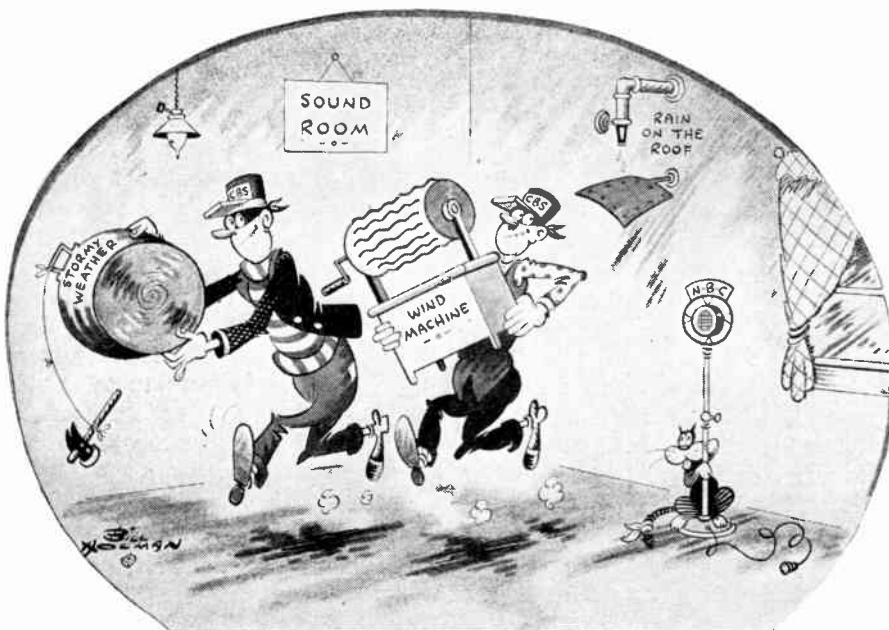
inent railroad official tries to set his watch daily by the government time signal relayed by KYA from Mare Island. If he misses the signal he always calls up and gets the correct time. . . . Chef Hanges has found his fan mail a constant blow to his self-respect. Listeners can't seem to get his name right. The latest laugh he got was a letter which started "Dear Chympanzie."

WSM—Nashville

CHUCK and Ray, the Harmony Slaves, featured for several years with the Sinclair Minstrels, sing with a card index at their elbows. Whenever a request comes in for a number a card is whipped out of the file and the boys give the listener what he wants. Chuck and Ray have on file all of the popular songs of the last thirty-five years and they have never repeated a number except by urgent request. . . . When WSM was started in 1925 it had a ten-foot office and one secretary, Zena Jones. Although the station now employs about 100 people, almost every business transaction still passes through the hands of Zena. Quiet and unassuming, Zena has never had nor wanted publicity. But those who know the reasons for the success of WSM will gladly tell you that the station has had few assets so valuable as the intelligence and pleasant personality of Zena Jones. . . . Except for the Eiffel Tower, which has recently been used for broadcasting, WSM's new single antenna (878 feet high) is the tallest broadcasting structure in the world. On a stormy day the tip of the an-

tenna pierces the low-lying clouds and acts as a lightning rod, discharging the clouds that become charged with electricity. During the discharge, a blue haze appears around the ball on top of the flagpole which caps the antenna. When the charge in the clouds becomes too great, a bolt of lightning runs down the tower and goes into the ground, although it is not visible more than a quarter of the way down. WSM's gigantic lightning rod thus clears the atmosphere for miles around and is a protection instead of a danger to the immediate community. . . . Facts about WSM's Grand Old Opry: Oscar Stone, the fiddler with Dr. Humphrey Bates and his Possum Hunters, is the father of ten children, and Arthur Smith, head of the Dixie Liners, has just as many. Arthur can play a fiddle until it burns. He says he can play about four hours straight and no one has yet dared to doubt his word. DeFord Bailey, the little hunchbacked colored boy who is the harmonica wizard of the Saturday night shindig, receives letters every week from all over the country asking him what special kind of instrument he plays. The answer is that they're just ordinary little mouth organs. It's the way DeFord handles them that makes them sound different. The Delmore brothers, Alton and Rabon, learned to play those guitars that way a good many years ago down in Alabammy. After picking cotton in the hot sun all day they turned to music for diversion in the evening. These two soft spoken but hard fisted boys now have a large repertory of old folk songs that sound as if they might have come out of the Ark itself. Uncle Ed Poplin and the other members of the Poplin Band drive the seventy-five miles between Lewisburg and Nashville every Saturday night just to play in the Grand Old Opry. There's nothing too good we can say about Fred Shriver, the beloved member of the Opry company who passed away a few weeks ago. Blind from infancy, Fred educated himself and studied music. He never whimpered about his affliction. Tapping his way around the city, he did his daily work with a smile and a good word for everybody. He considered that his mission was to entertain people. His entire life was a shining example of courage of the highest order. Little Jimmie Sizemore, the five-year-old radio star,

(Continued on page 38)



Stealing their thunder

MARGARET McDONALD

Not only is Margaret one of radio's outstanding charmers, through her portrayal of Dorothy Regent in the "Chandu" series (over the Don Lee stations along the Pacific Coast), but she also is very much in demand in the movie studios between her broadcasts. She has a face the camera loves to touch (and one that doesn't have to be retouched). For the past three years Margaret has been so busy playing Dorothy Regent, making electric transcriptions, and doing film work, that she hasn't had time for any sort of a vacation. However, we will reserve our sympathy for gals not so generously endowed with talent and good looks.



ALL OVER



STUART BUCHANAN and Betty Webb of the "Omar Khayyam" show on KHJ, Los Angeles. "I loaf you," says Omar, as he hugs the jug and prepares to take a bough.

DIANA CHASE, the Boston deb who gave up Society for the thrills of Broadway and radio. Her rich soprano is heard over WINS, New York.



MARY ROSETTI and Alan Rogers have just received twenty pounds of new gags by air mail. They're two of the principal funsters of "The Royal Order Of Optimistic Doughnuts" program on KNY, Los Angeles.



TIM RYAN, star of "Tim Ryan's Nite Club" on KPO, San Francisco, was born in New Jersey, raised in Oklahoma, got his stage start in Texas, and covered the country in vaudeville with his present radio partner, Irene Noblette. Swell team of air performers.



GINGER, one half of "Bill and Ginger," the popular harmony team that broadcasts from WCAU, Philadelphia. Ginger used to be a dancer, and her real name is Virginia Baker.



FRANK NOVAK, The One Man Band, plays twenty instruments and can be heard over lots of local stations in the recorded "Outdoor Girl" programs.

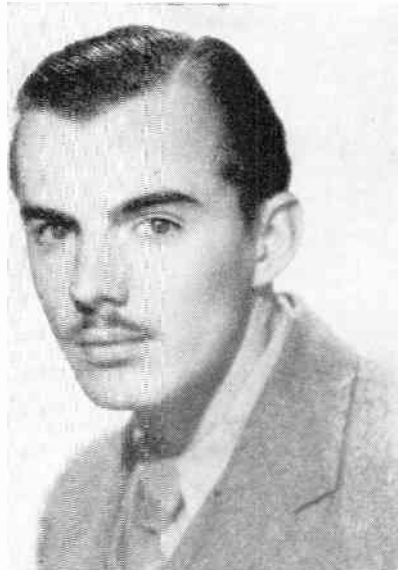
THE DIAL

ART GILHAM, "The Whispering Pianist," who ad libs his way through the program of the Enterprise Cleaning Company over KMOX, St. Louis.



FLORA FERN BLACKSHAW, contralto, and Florence Golden, actress, (who have plenty on the ball) taking it easy at Cincinnati's Coney Island after a hard day at WLW.

"JOE TWIRP," who is the stuttering reporter (and very funny) in the "Royal Order Of Optimistic Doughnuts" skits on KNY, Los Angeles. Joe is radio's Roscoe Ates. If you've seen Mr. Ates on the screen you'll appreciate the compliment



EILEEN WENZEL, famous "Follies" and "Vanities" beauty, has been heard in a series of beauty talks on WMCA, New York. The rumor is that a sponsor is about to sign Eileen up for another series.



BETTY WEBB (without her drapes this time) is the talented Glenvale, California, girl who plays Mercedes in "The Count Of Monte Crisco" every weekday night over WOR, Newark; WBBM, Chicago; KNX, Los Angeles.



COL. BOB NEWHALL, WLW's Mail Pouch Sportsman, interviews the royalty of sport on his weekly broadcast. Recently Jack Dempsey and Max Baer gave Bob's fans the low-down.

once got 13,000 letters after one fifteen minute broadcast. He and his dad just finished a personal appearance tour through the south and middle west during which they broke fifty-one house records over a period of six months. . . . Arthur "Tiny" Stowe, the popular announcer and continuity writer, went home to Texas for his vacation. Velma Dean, Tiny's wife, has been headlining in vaude-

to plan his programs so that they will appeal to the whole family and he has become a welcome visitor in tens of thousands of homes. His deep and mellow voice carries with it a friendliness that will not be denied. Dean shows, for example, that it gives people a chance to express themselves in writing letters, which is good business for

Creek, Davella, Wooten, Hyden, Dry Hill, Stinnett, Beech Fork, Pippapass, Bolyn, Vest, Mars Fork, and Thousand Sticks. Several of the receiving sets put into service are battery sets donated by Kentuckians and residents of nearby states. Mountaineers from miles around come to the centers regularly to listen to educational broadcasts from the university and to other worthwhile programs. Already this method of instruction by radio has been a tremendous success because of the eagerness of the "students" to obtain information and training that they could not otherwise get.

HERE AND THERE

WHEN an orchestra leader can keep the personnel of his band intact for three years without a change in the line-up, it's a pretty good indication that he knows how to get the best out of his men and that the orchestra has become "smooth" through working together for such a long period. Norman Cloutier has done this very thing with his Merry Madcaps. Norm has been a member of the WTIC (Hartford, Conn.) staff since 1926 and is now associate musical director of that station, in charge of dance music broadcasts. Before taking up radio he was a bank clerk, with violin playing and orchestra directing as a sideline. When he found himself writing sharps and flats instead of dollar signs and percentage symbols in his ledgers, he resigned his bank job—to the benefit both of the bank and himself—and devoted all his time to music. . . . Eddie Peabody, master of the banjo and thirty-one other instruments, is certainly pulling the customers into the Safeway stores with his lively program over KDYL (Salt Lake City). . . . Nancy Garner, the Corsicana, Texas, gal who sopranos over WFAA (Dallas), is a niece of John Nance Garner. Remember him?



ville in Texas this summer. She is back now, singing the blues with the two other members of the Three On A Mike trio. . . . Don't let anybody tell you that religious broadcasts don't have a big following. Especially when the speakers are as interesting as Dr. James I. Vance, Dr. Roger T. Nooe, Dr. John L. Hill, and Dr. Ralph W. Sockman. . . . Freddie Rose, the veteran composer and entertainer who is now on the staff of WSM, has just released five brand new songs. Most of Freddie's ditties are what are known as "heart songs." Freddie says he writes about the everyday sparks from the grindstone of life. His latest sparks are: "In My Book Of Dreams," "That Old Leather Pocketbook Of Mother's," "I Am In The Spell Of The Night," "So Happy," and "To Think It Had To Happen To Me." . . . Ole Bill, the Shield Man who broadcasts for the National Life and Accident Insurance Company every evening, has been in radio for more than ten years. His real name is Dean Yocom. He began life on a farm in Kentucky and studied music with several prominent teachers in Chicago. Dean tries

Uncle Sam and releases a lot of steam that might break out in more dangerous ways. To prove his point, Dean showed us a letter he got last week: "My Dear Friend—I come to you in a great hour of trouble because I believe you are someone whom I can really trust. I hope you will advise me to the best of your ability in this grave matter and answer me as you would a member of your own family in trouble. The question I am about to ask is more serious than life and death and the inevitability of taxes. I dare not even sign my name, so think this over carefully and give me your undivided attention. The question is, 'Will Jeff ever be as tall as Mutt?'"

THE University of Kentucky is doing fine work in bringing educational opportunities, through radio, to the sparsely settled and inaccessible sections in the eastern part of the state. Many new "listening centers" have just been established in the Kentucky mountains where schools are few and far between. The names of the communities where the centers have been established may interest you: Caney

Please send us news of your favorite station

We should appreciate receiving all publicity releases about programs and artists (with pictures) from independent radio stations, as well as bits of gossip or unusual information from radio fans about their favorite performers and programs. We'll print all we have room for. Please send them to Gossip Editor, RADIO FAN-FARE, Room 400, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Here's a girl who's burned plenty of young men up. There's something about that throaty voice that gets 'em. Stay away, television! Frances is a contralto by accident. While she was in a Florida boarding school she had her tonsils out. And the first time she sang after that her lyric soprano had entirely disappeared! During Frances' four years at Southern College she sang on a commercial program over a Tampa station. Rudy Vallee, vacationing in the south, visited the studio and heard her. A week later she was a guest star on a Fleischmann program broadcast from New Orleans. It was a good start, but only after months of hard work did she become a star. Frances is just past twenty-one and weighs about 100 pounds. Her complexion is dark and she has coal black hair. When she sings you could shoot a machine gun on the University of Florida campus and not hit a soul. All the lads are squatting, moon-eyed, around their radios, and thinking of the days when Frances was the belle of their hops. You can't blame, can you?

FRANCES LANGFORD



SHORT-WAVE FAN-FARE

A Department of Radio Information

Conducted by **ZEH BOUCK**, The Circuit Judge

WHEN winter comes, old man Boreas will undoubtedly bring along with him the usual improvement in short-wave receiving conditions—notably on the 13 to 25 meter band. Long distance short-wave communication is, actually, far less affected by seasonal variations than is long-wave reception. (This is partly because short-wave reception is consistently carried on between winter and summer hemispheres, and partly because summer static is less violent on the high frequencies.) But, even so, generally improved reception should be noted in the U. S. A. as cold weather sets in. Noise on the 25 to 50 meter band should be reduced, fading will be less severe and of slower periods—unless some unsuspected sun-spots go off on a rampage.

RECEIVING SHORT-WAVES

THERE are available to the short-wave broadcast fan several methods of receiving signals below the conventional broadcast band. If he already possesses a good broadcast receiver, and does not care to splurge in the way of short-wave investment, he can supplement his present equipment with an adaptor or a convertor.

The adaptor is the cheapest—and also the least efficient—system of short-wave reception. It consists of a device, often incorporating only one tube, which is plugged into the detector socket of the broadcast receiver. The detector tube itself is removed, and usually placed in the adaptor. The adaptor, technically, is nothing more than a short-wave receiver—seldom a good one—which utilizes part of the broadcast receiver for amplification and reproduction. The section of the broadcast receiver which contributes the real efficiency on the broadcast waves is eliminated.

The convertor is a more complicated and effective arrangement which is connected between the antenna and ground and the broadcast receiver. It converts the short-wave signal to a broadcast wave and turns it over to the broadcast set where it goes through the usual processes. The convertor system therefore utilizes the full efficiency of the receiver itself. The principal drawback to the convertor is the probability of a high noise level—due usually to poor matching between the convertor and receiver. If, in operating a convertor, you find the noise considerably worse than on the broadcast waves, take the matter up with a good serviceman and tell him, with a perfectly straight face:

"I'm not satisfied with the signal-to-noise ratio on short-waves, and suspect that a lack of impedance balance between the output of the convertor and the input circuit of the receiver is the fault. I sug-

gest that you investigate this—probably changing the input circuit to a better match at the intermediate frequency. I'd do it myself, only my signal generator and output meter are packed-up somewhere in the garage with the Russian crown jewels."

If he's not enough of an engineer to make the alteration, have him communicate with the makers of the convertor and receiver for detailed information on the most efficient method of combining the two units.

Best short-wave results will be secured with a high grade, single control short-wave superheterodyne, operated altogether independently of your broadcast receiver. However, the most satisfactory all around combination is, as we explained last month, an all-wave receiver. There are several excellent ones on the market.

GENTLEMEN ONLY!

ZFB, Hamilton, Bermuda, on 29.8 meters, provides one side of the international daytime 'phone channel with WNB, New York. With the exception of some ship-to-shore communication, this is the only traffic of any importance that is usually unscrambled—that is, intelligible on the usual home receiver. The fact that speech may occasionally be of dubious articulation can be blamed on the well known characteristics of the Bermudian land telephone system, rather than on deliberate messing up by an inverter.

We publish this information in order that all of us—gentlemen of course—will eschew the portion of the dial surrounding 29.8 meters and not eavesdrop on private conversations, particularly when they are of a confidential nature. To date we have heard three telephoned requests for additional funds, one bride asking personal information from her mother, and one description of the ingredients and technique going into the manufacture of a Planter's Punch.

However, most of the ZFB—WNB conversations are explanations by the Hamilton operator of why the party at Paget, or Warwick, or Tuckertown cannot be reached for several hours—usually because he is at Elbow Beach, or at the Mid-Ocean course, or the Riddle's Bay links, or cycling, or has just hung out a "Please do not disturb" sign at the bar.

CUCKOOS AND BUGLE CALLS

IDENTIFYING sounds, borrowed from the zoo and laboratory, seem to be the same order of *sine qua non* to short-wave radio that the theme song was to the early talkie.

Station VE9HX, Halifax, N. S., broadcasts a four gong signal before each half

hour announcement. VE9HX is on the air daily, from 8:30 A. M. to 11:30 A. M., and from 5:00 P. M. to 10:00 P. M., on 49 meters.

CT1AA takes a tip from the ultimate fate of short-wave fans, and broadcasts the notes of the cuckoo bird before and after broadcasts, and occasionally before announcements or between selections. CT1AA is Lisbon, Portugal, broadcasting Tuesdays and Fridays on 31.2 meters. Best reception is from 4:00 to 8:00 P. M.—EST.

Rabat, Morocco (no call letters), accompanies announcements with the beat of a metronome. Rabat is on 32.3 meters, daily, and is heard best early in the afternoons in the eastern part of the United States.

VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia, 31.5 meters, reverts to the zoo, opening and closing the program with the laughing notes of the kookaburra bird (page Doctor Traprock!). VK3ME may be received in America early Sunday mornings—about 5:00 A.M.—EST.

Station T14NRH, plumb on 31 meters, goes in for bugle calls between selections. We prefer the bugle calls. T14NRH is located in Heredia, Costa Rica, and broadcasts a daily schedule from 5:00 to 7:00 P. M.—EST.

Daventry, England (GSE, 25.3 meters, GSD, 25.5 meters, GSC, 31.3 meters, GSB, 31.5 meters, and GSA, 49.6 meters), broadcasts a 1000 cycle tuning signal for fifteen minutes preceding each transmission.

DJD, Zeesen, Germany, takes piano lessons and plays six chords over and over for hours at a time. Transmission follows no set schedule and is on 25.5 meters. The piano is excellent.

We had an idea that we had discovered a new one the other day—up here in our rural listening post. The characteristic signal was the faint tinkle of a bell, and it stumped us every time we tried to center the carrier. When we finally discovered that it was all over the dial our suspicions were aroused. A quick investigation disclosed that it was Guernsey—cow, not England—just outside the shack.

SHORT-WAVE ANTI-NOISE ANTENNAS

JUST what can be done in the way of noise reduction on amateur short-wave antennas is a matter of much argument pro and con—the con part being taken, for the greater part, by the manufacturers of such equipment. These devices work on the basis that if the antenna is high and clear, artificial static, caused by automobiles, power line leakage, etc., will be

(Continued on page 48)

FREEMAN F. GOSDEN

Here we see Amos 'n' Andy doing their daily exercise on the balcony of their office high up in a Chicago skyscraper. It seems a little odd, doesn't it, to realize that the boys are really big business men in Chicago besides being in the taxicab business in Harlem? This exercising is not just a publicity stunt, either, we'll have you know. The boys would never be able to do all the work they do unless they kept in the best possible trim. And just think what would happen if one of them became ill and couldn't go on the air! They're now starting the fifth year of their Pepsodent program and we hope that the next four will be even more successful than the last. Amos 'n' Andy fully deserve their great success. They have written every word that they



have spoken on the air—more than two million words—which would be no small writing job for several men to do in the same time. One of the amazing things about the partnership is the harmony with which Gosden and Correll work. Correll (Andy) is the balance wheel of the combination. His is the jovial personality that always moves on an even keel. Gosden is the dynamo that drives hard as long as there is an ounce of energy left. Both boys live the parts of their brain children when they are writing the scripts or are in the studios. At other times they regard them as separate characters—two people whom they know very well, but who are in no way connected with the everyday personalities of Messrs. Gosden and Correll.

CHARLES J. CORRELL

"OH, WHAT'S AN INNOCENT GAL TO DO?"

By MARGARET D. WORTHINGTON

IT'S getting so you don't know what to believe with all the magazines, newspapers, and now radio advertising everything as the best. If people believed all they heard and saw they would be crazy in no time at all.

Take the radio program that advertises Tangee lipstick. I bet no girl will come right out and say that she lets her friend kiss her and that it doesn't come off—the lipstick I mean. I know my friend says, "What do you put that stuff on for? You know I hate it." But a girl can't go around looking as if she were sick or something. I think this stuff about it giving you more charm is a lot of bunk, too, as I don't see any new men rushing around to date me up.

I'm also kind of disappointed in Walter Winchell. I always read every line he writes and I know he tells the truth about most people even though it hurts, but I can't say the same for the lotion he advertises. Maybe I haven't used it long enough, but I got a bottle at Woolworth's and used it almost all up the first couple of nights. I didn't see any change and so I couldn't figure why I should buy more. Walter's sponsor says it will give you charm and that you will be alluring, but I fail to see it. My friend didn't notice it. All he said was, "What is that funny smelly stuff on your hands?" He smelled it because I tried patting his face as I've seen the stars do in the movies, but he didn't like it. So I guess I'll just keep on using Lifebuoy so they can't say I've got B.O. I thought maybe that lotion might help my nails grow but I guess they don't make it for that purpose. Anyway, it didn't help.

My skin is rather dark and I thought from what they said on the radio that maybe that Linit stuff would help make it white. But I tried it and as far as I can see my skin is just as dark as ever and I have to use just as much powder as always. Linit does smell nice but is sort of gritty on the bottom of the tub. Maybe the water was not hot enough to melt all the powder. Any-

way, it wasn't very comfortable. I'd like to see some of these girls they claim have all that charm just from using a package of some kind of bath salts. Nobody I know ever gets that kind of results.

And doesn't it make you mad to hear all the things they say about coffee? They say "you can do it better on dated coffee." What can you do any better? I tried a can of it to compare with the nineteen-cent kind from the A & P which I have been using. I didn't find that I did anything any better on dated coffee I was late at the office just as often and hated getting up just as much. I got just as sick of trying to curl my hair. I don't think they make those tests on real people. They must use some sort of a mechanical thing which accelerates results because I can't see one bit of difference between the kind of coffee we've always used and the kind they advertise. My mother says she wishes I'd not be such a sucker and buy everything advertised over the radio, but I say to her that she's not progressive. I ask her, "How can you learn anything unless you try new things?" But I guess she wins because we never see anything different after I go and buy the stuff. I guess I ought to take my money and get a permanent wave instead. I wish they would advertise a good place where I could get my hair done to look like Joan Crawford's for about \$5, but now that I consider it, I don't recall ever hearing anything advertised over the air that I really wanted and could also afford to buy.

It's a good thing I don't care much about smoking. I try to do it once in a while just to make my friend mad, but that's about all. I listen to the radio to try and find out which one won't hurt my throat and what I hear just about drives me crazy. One minute they tell you not to smoke a cigaret that's toasted and the next minute they say to smoke one that *is* toasted because it is better for your throat. Then in about fifteen minutes they say that another kind is the only kind that

satisfies, and next you hear about a smooth one. Well, honestly, I am just *sick* from trying to find which one of them is right for me. I guess I'll just have to use one of each in order to be sure that I have the right one, but as long as I don't smoke more than one a day I guess none of them will hurt me.

My friend says he would go crazy if he paid any attention to all the gasoline programs on the air. He says gas is gas and all the poppycock they say about it won't make his car go any faster. I am certainly glad to hear that as you have no idea what a reckless driver he is. He is just a daredevil. I always tell mamma that if I don't come home she'll know I've been killed in an auto accident as my friend just doesn't care *how* he drives. I really like fast driving, but I have to scream and pretend I don't or there's no telling what he might do. He's very funny that way. He says that soon when you buy a gallon of gasoline you'll be disappointed unless a rabbit jumps out of each can.

I pride myself on being modern, but I do think that some things are better left unsaid. Honestly, it seems as if nothing is in bad taste any more. I thought I'd just die when my friend and I were listening to a program and the announcer started to talk about a laxative. I felt that if I turned the program off it would make things worse because my friend might not have noticed it. I've observed that sometimes when I'm talking to him he's paying no attention to me so I was hoping that he wouldn't notice that program. Well, you could have knocked me down with a crowbar when he said he guessed he'd try some of that stuff sometime. He said he remembered his mother used to give him sulphur and molasses in the spring and he guessed it was about the same thing. I just could not answer him, I felt so terrible. I really felt that I wanted to write to the station and give them a piece of my mind. They don't seem to care how they embarrass us young women these days.

SHOW BOAT ON SHORE LEAVE

LAST Sunday some of the Maxwell House Show Boat troupe decided it was about time to get away from it all so they piled into a car, rode up to the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, and had themselves a time. The club photographer thought it was a good chance to get a bit of publicity so he stalked the stars. As long as we're printing his pictures, we'll fill up what space is left with some stuff about the boys and girls which you may not know.

Lancelot Patrick (Lanny) Ross, that old lawyer from Columbia, is about to tangle with the talkies. Paramount has just given him a five year contract. Lanny goes to Hollywood in January. They'll pipe his tenor into the Show Boat program from one of the West Coast stations.

Lanny, by the way, almost had a chance recently to be a Sir Lancelot and rescue a fair maiden in distress. Annette Hanshaw was ill for two weeks and couldn't sing on the program. The script writers were in a fix because they knew listeners would expect her absence to be explained. The brain trust finally decided to have Annette kidnapped (now *there* was an original idea!) and then have Lanny gallop up on his charger, knock the kidnapers for a flock of home runs, and bring little Annette back to her breathless public.

The plan was vetoed by the NBC officials (and quite wisely) because of the recent McMath kidnapping in Massachusetts which was supposedly



ANNETTE HANSHAW

CHARLES WINNINGER



LANCELOT PATRICK ROSS

"inspired" by a radio kidnapping.

Conrad Thibault, who not so long ago was a floorwalker, is celebrating his first anniversary this month as a network warbler. Now he is featured on three important commercial programs: Maxwell House, Buick, and Phillip

Morris. That's a phenomenal record, Conrad, and you deserve all your success.

Muriel Wilson isn't far behind Conrad in the amount of time she puts in on the air. Besides being the Show Boat's heavy love interest she charms the radioaifs (Good God! We're writing like Winchell!) in Light Opera Gems, Light Opera Nights, and National Opera Company programs. Muriel was born in New York City and still lives in the same house where she let out her first high note. She used to have a job checking up on people who failed to pay their income taxes.

Charles Winninger, a Black River, Wisconsin, boy, started entertaining the folks publicly when he was seven. Crashing New York at twenty-three, he did everything possible to get the critics to notice his work. Finally Alan Dale, the famous play reviewer, summed up a Winninger performance with this line: "Something with a German accent came on the stage." Charlie now chuckles constantly when he talks into the microphone. Maybe he's still thinking about Mr. Dale's remark.



MURIEL WILSON



LANNY ROSS

ANNETTE HANSHAW
CONRAD THIBAULT

VOICE OF THE LISTENER

I have been a reader of Radio Digest for years and felt very sorry when it began slipping and finally ended in FAN-FARE, which would be more appropriately Pan Fare. Taking an example from your magazine, I am going to criticize, but I hope that my criticism will be constructive.

First, I do not like the pictures. They are too small and are very poorly printed and arranged. One good picture of an artist is better than many poor ones.

Second, the same artists are played up month after month, with only fragmentary write-ups. One good write-up is worth several sketchy ones.

Third, the department which I particularly dislike, "Slipping and Gripping." In a very short time an artist becomes a dear member of the family and one does not like to have him or her publicly annihilated. Just because Tuna has indigestion and is a little deaf in the left ear, must we forsake our favorites? The only way to judge the success of a program is by popular vote, and even that is limited. It is humanly impossible for an artist to register 100%, twelve months of the year. Tuna has only been on the job four months and is showing signs of skidding. After all, what is one man's (or woman's) opinion?

Perhaps you are not aware that you have a very dangerous rival in the magazine called "Radio Stars." This is just a friendly tip.

I wonder if you are courageous enough to print this honest if severe opinion of your publication.—**J. L. Nesibeth, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.**

• • •

During the past several months I have become an interested reader of your publication and consider it the best radio magazine on the newsstands. This is due not only to your excellent articles, but also to your frank criticism of current programs and popular songs. I particularly admire your practice of not being afraid to mention names in these criticisms, a characteristic notably absent in other radio publications.—**J. Walter Lord, 4314 Roland Court, Baltimore, Maryland.**

• • •

Please send me your next number; the one I have is marked Summer Number.

It really is the best radio magazine printed. I also think that a lot of your criticisms have helped, for some of these programs have either got a lot better, or gone off the air entirely.

We like the music of Richard Humber of the Essex House, New York, and the singing of Joe Marsh; also the Hotel Lexington music.

We like Ben Bernie, too, but we know what he is going to say and play before he

starts; if he were not so likeable, it would be very tiresome.

Thanks again for the pleasure your magazine gives us.—**Mrs. Charles F. Keene, Hotel Park Lane, Chicago.**

• • •

Your stories are interesting; the pictures are new! I'm particularly grateful for the picture and story of Conrad Thibault. The story alone has made me a Thibault listener. I shouldn't be surprised if I'd break out and echo the "call for Philip Morris"—all of which is neither here nor there, but no doubt would please the sponsor.

The most consistent complaint I hear is the absence of the "Voice of the Listener." No doubt you'll find room for it in your next issue. My only criticism, outside of that, is of your proof reader . . .

Other than that, I congratulate you. You've made a rapid stride toward perfection. Keep it up—and the best of luck.—**Mary E. Lauber, 119 West Abbottsford Avenue, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.**

• • •

I have read the last two issues of your magazine. "Tuneful Topics" by Rudy Vallee, "Radio-Grins," and "Reviewing The Current Programs" appeal to me the most of your monthly features. More informal and "action" photographs of radio performers (like those you have in the Summer Number) will improve the magazine. **O. L. Lee, San Francisco, California.**

• • •

The last issue is very good, but I like to read more about the artists. **Marie Thellaberger, 132 North Pearl Street, Covington, Ohio.**

• • •

I have just received a copy of your very excellent radio magazine. It is quite the best thing of its kind I have ever seen. **Len Hunt, News Editor of "Rhythm," 202 High Holborn, W.C. 1, London, England.**

• • •

Today I received a copy of your magazine and I want to say that I like it very much. . . . **Harold L. Roberts, 116 Hobart Street, Jackson, Michigan.**

• • •

I suggest that you run a sort of contest in your magazine in the near future, to note whether the subscribers are willing to pay ten cents more (twenty-five cents in all). If so, you could improve your magazine just that much more. There was a time when I paid thirty-five cents for RADIO DIGEST and it was worth it. Prices are going up and you ought to charge more also. **Norman Richard, 3240 Rochester Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.**

Time after time I have purchased the different radio magazines published in the East only to be disappointed. If you want western subscribers you must give western news. **Mrs. Dorothy Clark, 1437 Chestnut Street, San Francisco.**

• • •

Happening to write the following poem to David Ross in appreciation of his poetry and lovely voice reaching me way over here, thousands of miles away, I thought you might like to put it in your magazine.

To David Ross

On wings of music clear
Through waves of atmosphere,
A voice enchanting, bold,
Dispenses poet's gold.

Through clouds up in the sky
O'er mountains steep and high,
A poet's dreams well told
Rings out your poet's gold.

Your hour of poet's gold
Brings memories of old
To me, my golden share—
The bounty of the air.

The past is far and gone
And life is nearly done;
A heart that's growing cold
Is warmed by poet's gold.

Theodore Carmen, 919 Stone Street, Los Angeles, California.

• • •

I like to read the VOL department in the finest radio magazine yet published, RADIO FAN-FARE.

I have read a lot of All-Star Orchestras as submitted by other readers of your magazine but just because some of them know the names of some of the players in those orchestras they like to tell the world about it. Here's my idea of what I call a real All-Star Orchestra.

- PianoHarry Sosnik
- PianoJohnny Johnson
- BanjoHarry Reser
- DrumsAbe Lyman
- BassIsham Jones
- TromboneBuddy Rodgers
- 1st TrumpetLebert Lombardo
- 2nd TrumpetArthur Weems
- 1st SaxRudy Weidoff
- 2nd SaxMerle Johnson
- 3rd SaxClyde Doerr
- DirectorBen Bernie
- ArrangerTed Weems
- Vocalists—Bing Crosby, Ruth Etting, Irene Taylor, Arthur Jarret, Rudy Vallee

Why don't you give us the lowdown on some of the leading song writers? I'm sure the readers would be interested in reading about the boys who give us the tunes our favorite orchestras play. By the way, will some of you song writers write to me? Especially you amateur melody composers.

Please give us the story of Isham Jones, will you?

With best wishes to the best radio magazine, I remain, **Norman Robinson, Calumet, Michigan.**

REVIEWING THE CURRENT PROGRAMS

Continued

ways worth while—and the Hummingbirds add a great deal to the program with their humming, incidental singing, instrumental imitations, and clever arrangements. General Motors seems to think a lot of this vocal group. Besides being the Hummingbirds, they are the Nightingales on the Buick program and the Snow Queens of the Frigidaire show.

The Plug—You've already guessed that it's tied up with Husing's tales of championship performance. There's also a lot of chat about Oldsmobile being the Style Leader and about smart centers, smart people, and smart cars. All in all a pretty weak attempt to be sophisticated.

Opinion—A good musical show bearing the almost inevitable burden of silly advertising. The whole program would be greatly improved if they eliminated 80% of the blurbs, took the high hat off the other 20%, and got some personality and a little less technical perfection into the talks. As it stands, it's a rather chilly fifteen minutes.

• • •

"LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE"

(NBC-WEAF Sunday at 5:30 PM-EST)

Cast—Dale Carnegie, Harold Sanford's Orchestra, John Holbrook

Comment—An interesting program. Dale Carnegie sounds a bit like Ed Hill and his material is also human interest stuff. It's unfortunate, perhaps, that anyone who now talks over the air about people in a warm and friendly fashion is immediately compared to Mr. Hill, whether there is any conscious imitation or not. However, Mr. Carnegie's material is not enough like Mr. Hill's to cause a conflict. Harold Sanford's music is as pleasing as Mr. Carnegie's talks.

The Plug—Sensible advertising well handled by John Holbrook.

Opinion—An appealing, unpretentious show which will entertain you. It is a pleasure to recommend it.

• • •

"THE GOLDENROD REVIEW"

(CBS-WABC Friday at 8:30 PM-EST)

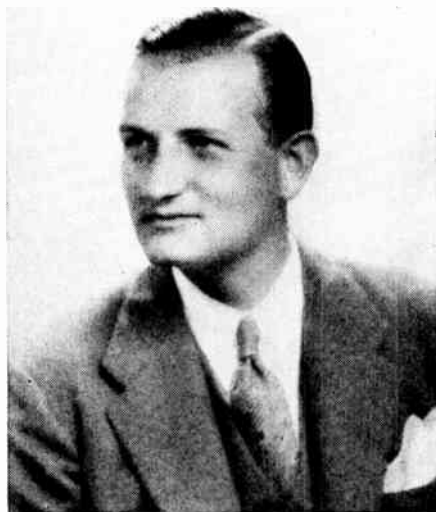
Cast—Julius Tannen, Phil Spitalny's Orchestra, Ethel Pastor, the Goldenrod Singers, and Harry Von Zell

Comment—When are the radio people going to learn that it's bad showmanship to give a program too much ballyhoo? The more you promise, the more critical your audience. In "The Goldenrod Review" the announcer describes what's coming as the "fastest moving" variety show on the air. It turns out to be a conventional orchestra-comedian-singer-chorus program. The announcer describes Julius Tannen as "the sharpest wit on the Main Stem."

Mr. Tannen is, actually, a moderately amusing comedian who used to be a favorite on the Keith circuit and in musical comedy, but who has never really clicked on the air. The announcer also claims too much for Mr. Spitalny, Ethel Pastor, and the Goldenrod Singers. Of all the members of the cast Mr. Spitalny and the chorus come closest to living up to the superlative. Miss Pastor, who is in the show only occasionally, has a voice almost as good as you're told it's going to be. Misrepresenting the talents of the artists not only hurts their reputation, but disappoints the audience.

The Plug—Here again the claims seem too strong. And if Goldenrod Beer is as different from the advertising as the entertainment is from the ballyhoo—I'll take vanilla.

Opinion—This would be a good program if the exaggeration were eliminated and if Mr. Tannen could bring the quality of his weaker sallies closer to his best brand of humor. Phil Spitalny and the singers will surely be enjoyed by most radio fans.



DON ROSS

(CBS-WABC Tuesday and Thursday at 2:30 PM-EST)

Comment—This program, sponsored by Pontiac, is an experiment to determine whether it's smart to advertise automobiles directly to the housewife by radio. The idea is to catch her off her guard, so to speak, with a romantic approach in the middle of the afternoon. Don Ross is using the vagabond stuff on the gals and telling them what a wonderful car the Pontiac is to vagabound around in. This writer has never cared much for shows in which the singer goes folksy and tries to wheedle and cajole the audience into doing something. And I'm a little tired of hearing anyone get cues for sales talks from song titles. Don Ross has a rich voice which should appeal to the women and it's too bad he can't just sing and let someone else sell the medicine.

Plug—It may be a big success in rural sections although I should think that even the farmers would be getting pretty sick of the synthetic down-country stuff by now.

Opinion—Don Ross will probably make money for his sponsor, but I think he'd make more if he changed his act.

• • •

TONY WONS

(CBS-WABC Sunday at 10:45 AM and Monday and Thursday at 11:30 AM-EST)

Cast—Tony Wons, Peggy Keenan, Sandra Phillips, Andre Baruch

Comment—Tony the Boy Wons is the same old Tony, which means that millions of listeners will keep on thinking there's nobody like him. And other millions will agree, only they won't mean it the same way. (Which reminds me of the cheer Ring Lardner suggested for him: "Tony Wons, Tony twice, holy jumping") But it certainly is true that homespun philosophers, such as Tony and Edgar Guest, give enjoyment, encouragement, and courage to perfectly estimable people everywhere. I believe that Mr. Wons does what he tries to do well, although I don't see eye to eye with him when he stops right smack in the middle of a smear of philosophy, and whispers, "Say, you're listenin' to me, aren't you?" It gives too many anti-Wonsers a chance to talk back.

The Peggy Keenan-Sandra Phillips piano team is one you'll want to hear, no matter how you feel about Tony.

The Plug—It wouldn't be so bad if they left out the dramatized part ("Why John, that can't be our old car. It looks just like *new!*"). And say, Mr. Baruch, how's to relax a little?

Opinion—Swell entertainment for Wonsers. Good double piano work. And a chance for those who do not crave Mons. Wons to get a lot of venom out of the system.

• • •

"JACK ARMSTRONG—ALL AMERICAN BOY"

(CBS-WABC Monday through Saturday at 5:30 PM-EST)

Comment—The Rover Boys are back, only this time one of them is a girl. Why is one a girl? Because girls can eat Wheaties, too, and if girls want to get big and strong so they can bust guys in the snoot when guys get frisky, why then girls had better eat Wheaties so they'll get big and strong, etc. I doubt if the original Rover Boys would seem so completely impossible to me now as Jack Armstrong and his little friends do. Jack and Betty and Billy talk as no boy or girl talks. At least, none I know. The conversation is all carried on in clipped sentences delivered in a staccato manner: "Can't be done. Too risky. Tell you what. Guard the door. Don't show yourself. Yell if he comes. What? No. Won't work. Better guard the door." Every incident is supposed to offer a big

thrill, with Jack, the Master Mind, and his two unimaginative but plucky little friends outwitting the big bad bully and X13 and his "desperate gang of international criminals."

The Plug—If you eat Wheaties you'll be like Jack Armstrong—you'll make the football team—you'll catch the international criminals who are trying to steal the secret of your crash-proof airplane—you'll be able to fight for your honor when you get to be a big girl. But to find out all the amazing things you will be able to do you must listen to Jack Armstrong—and is it worth it?

Opinion—The idea of presenting tales for tots that attempt to work the wee ones into a lather of excitement seems foolish and short-sighted. In the first place, it arouses the antagonism of parents, as has been proved by the letters that have flooded the studios objecting to thrillers. Then, too, if the interest of the kiddies is to be held, each episode has to be more exciting than the one before, and pretty soon the hard-pressed script writers have to resort to stuff that has a definitely bad effect on youngsters. And some of the attempts to create excitement become so far fetched that even the gullible adolescents are no longer taken in.

• • •
"RED DAVIS"

(NBC-WJZ Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8:45 PM-EST beginning Sept. 25th)

Cast—Jack Roseleigh, Curtin Arnall, Ethel Blume, Marion Barney

Comment—The Davis family (father,

mother, Red, and a kid sister) is another one of those "typical American families" (which are usually so unlike any other American family you ever heard of). The Davises, however, are pretty believable home folks. The sketches are frequently amusing, and, even if the writing and acting are a trifle exaggerated, we should still be grateful for the program because it is not filled with the usual phony radio "thrills."

The Plug—Pretty reasonable advertising, comparatively. The Beech-Nut people deserve so much credit for resisting the temptation to put on a synthetic thriller that I hope the show greatly increases the sales of their products.

Opinion—While "Red Davis" is pretty conventional stuff, with no more humor than the average comic strip, it should be successful. Certainly Red is much more of an All American boy than Jack Armstrong is. And, in my naive way, I still believe that people prefer naturalness to the usual affectations of the child radio hero. (It may interest you to know that "Red Davis" is the same story that had a short sustaining run over the NBC about a year ago. It was called "Red Adams" then. This is the first time that an abandoned sustaining script has been dusted off and sold to a sponsor.)

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(Continued)

remembered. A girl who was in that show had once told me something about a feud between Kate and one of the other members of the cast. The girl said the affair

had made Kate miserable night after night. I took it the way you take a lot of other chatter you hear on Broadway—with a grain of salt. But this story was true—so true that the mere mention of that show, years later, can change Kate Smith's entire mood in a moment.

• • •
WALKING along Broadway the other evening, I dropped in at The Silver Dollar to get some clams. (They sell you a cocktail with five clams for ten cents.) And who should I run into at the clam counter by Lillian Emerson Harts and her husband. Lillian is the society gal who has been appearing in Broadway shows the past two years.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "Just came from a Maxwell House broadcast," said Lillian. And so it developed that one of my very good friends is a radio performer and I didn't even know it. She sings in the Maxwell House chorus. Good across, Lillian, with a very nice singing voice, and when television comes along . . . well, take a look at her photograph.

• • •
LION BELASCO was the victim of a perfect practical joke the other day. It was framed by Kay Binford, Leon's guitarist, and Kay told me about it in a restaurant a few nights ago.

The idea of the thing was a fake broadcast, and it was entered into not only by the lads in the band, but by two Columbia Broadcasting officials. At ten o'clock the orchestra was playing as usual on the roof of the St. Moritz Hotel, when Leon was suddenly called to the phone.

"Hello, Leon? This is Jim, at Columbia. A program that was supposed to go on the air at ten-thirty has just been called off and we've got to have you to fill in for fifteen minutes, so get all set and I'll send a man right over."

Click went the receiver, and Leon was left with nothing to do but get set. Between dance numbers he made up a routine of selections and gave special instructions to the men in the band. The radio man arrived and got the microphone hooked up. At eleven, Leon, a trifle nervous and excited because he had been so rushed, mounted the platform and stood anxiously waiting for the signal. The sound man nodded, and Leon waved his baton. To his amazement the entire band came in right in the middle of his upbeat, but he followed them and they went through their theme song. On the last note the entire brass section was flat. Leon blinked his eyes, glared at the men, but carried on. There was nothing else he could do. The announcer said,

"Leon Belasco and his masters of harmony will now play 'Lazy Bones'—as only they can play it."

"No, no," Leon whispered, making frantic gestures. "Not 'Lazy Bones.' We will play 'Stormy Weather.'"

The announcer was calmly looking up at the ceiling and didn't hear him. With a look of desperation Leon waved his arms, and the band started playing "Look What I've Got." Leon couldn't believe his ears, and his jaw dropped down on his chest. On the second chorus there was a sudden movement in the orchestra, and Leon's eyes almost popped out.



DISCARD YOUR AERIAL

New Scientific \$1.00 Invention
DOES AWAY WITH AERIAL ENTIRELY

Just place an F & H Capacity Aerial Eliminator within your set—forget outdoor aerial troubles—move your set freely, anywhere.

BETTER TONE AND DISTANCE GUARANTEED

Sensitivity, selectivity, tone and volume improved. After tests, the F & H Capacity Aerial Eliminator was chosen by the U. S. Government for use in Naval Hospital.

WE PREDICT THIS TYPE OF AERIAL WILL BE USED PRACTICALLY ENTIRELY IN THE FUTURE.

EACH TESTED ON ACTUAL 1127-MILE RECEPTION

Connected by anyone without tools in a moment. No light socket connection; no current used. Fully concealed (size 1 1/2" x four inches).

Satisfied Users Throughout The World

Cape Town, S. Africa—Received Capacity Aerial Eliminator and find it a very remarkable instrument. Our nearest station 1000 miles away comes in with full loud-speaker volume. I have also listened on my loud speaker to six overseas stations 6000 miles away, among them being London, Finland, etc. Kindly send us 72 more F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminators. Signed: Copper Silingsby Company.

Schenectady, N. Y.—I take pleasure in expressing my real satisfaction with the Capacity Aerial Eliminator. I can get with loud speaker-volume, KFI, Los Angeles, 3000 miles away. It is not only satisfactory—it is wonderful. Signed: Robert Woolley.

F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES
Dept. 33 Fargo, N. Dakota

TRY ONE 5 DAYS AT OUR RISK! SEND NO MONEY

Mail coupon at once—pay postman \$1.00 plus few pennies postage upon delivery; if not entirely satisfied return in 5 days and your \$1.00 will be refunded without question, or sent postpaid, if you remit personal check, M-O or dollar-bill.

-----JUST MAIL THIS COUPON-----

F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES,
Dept. 33, Fargo, N. D.

Send F. & H. Capacity Aerial. Will pay postman \$1 plus few cents postage. If not pleased will return within 5 days for \$1 refund.

.....Check here if sending \$1 with order—thus saving postage cost—same refund guarantee. Check here if interested in dealer's proposition.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN..... STATE.....

"Look what I've got, look what you've got" went the music, and Leon looked. The guitar player had a clarinet; the pianist was blowing a saxophone; the bass violinist was picking a mandolin; the first trumpet player was poised expectantly over the xylophone; and the drummer was puffing happily on a harmonica. Everybody was perfectly serious. Leon gestured desperately at the announcer. He was still looking at the ceiling. It was more than anybody could stand.

"Say, you idiots," Leon howled. "What is this anyhow? Are you crazy?"

And without a word every man in the orchestra dropped his instrument. Leon's face was worth going miles to see.

"Don't raise your voice at me that way," said the bass violinist. "Who do you think you are, anyway?"

And with that he picked up his instrument and stalked off the platform—followed by the entire orchestra.

Leon looked over at the announcer, and that gentleman was doubled up on the floor. Then Leon got it, and what he said was a classic of descriptive adjectives.

When you run into Mr. Belasco now, all you have to do to set him off is to whistle the first few bars of "Look What I've Got."

THEY WERE GAGA EVEN THEN

(Continued)

played a town in which they had friends, they would be driven to a swanky hotel, wait for a moment in the lobby, and then sneak out to a cheaper one!

Playing the Palace Theatre for the first time! They were on the bill for one week, and made such a success that the manager said he'd hold them over if they changed their routine. In those days Burns and Allen hardly dared change a line of their act for fear of ruining something that they knew was successful. So they decided that, rather than stay over and take a chance of spoiling their excellent record, they'd turn down the extra week and leave. However, Georgie Jessel, who had great faith in the ability of Burns and Allen, called up the Keith office, said he was George Burns, and okayed the second week. So Georgie and Gracie had to change their act—and the new one was a wow.

The time Burns and Allen followed Ethel Barrymore in the "Twelve Pound Look," and everyone in the audience flocked to see Ethel. Burns and Allen were moved from second after intermission to number two on the bill—a humiliating thing! They used to arrive at the theatre early and leave late—to avoid meeting anybody.

Breaking in on the air. Eddie Cantor asked Gracie to go on with him, and George agreed to split the act. Gracie had everybody in stitches, including Eddie and the orchestra. Ten days later Burns and Allen made their debut with Rudy Vallee, and shortly after that were signed for Robert Burns Panatela. George and Gracie thought names they used, such as Clapsaddle and Dittenfest, would be unduplicated, and therefore safe to use on the air. But they heard from both the Dittenfests of Virginia and the Clapsaddles of Pennsylvania. George wrote to the Dittenfests and told them to get in touch with the Clapsaddles, possibly to form a club!

Burns and Allen making "International House"—in Hollywood during the earth-

quake! George started to run into an archway on the set, and Gracie ran into what she thought was an elevator. George dashed back to get Gracie and discovered her still standing in the movie prop elevator. At least, she would have died in character.

Gracie going into Macy's to buy a rolling pin for her cook. The sales girls all recognized her and began to stare and whisper, which got Gracie so fussed that she was ashamed to admit she'd come to buy a rolling pin. (She thought it sounded silly.) So she bought a table—which she didn't need at all!

Burns and Allen, vacationing at Palm Springs. George got on a bicycle and tried to show his wife what a big outdoor man he was. Gracie got on another bicycle and rode down a hill with her feet on the handle bars—scaring George almost to death!

George and Gracie being stopped by a motorcycle cop the other day in Central Park. "Pull over to the curb, you," the cop bellowed. "What do you think you're doing?" "Well," began Gracie, in spite of George's warning look, "it was this way. I saw you riding behind us sort of fast, so I thought you wanted to race, and I didn't want to spoil your fun, so I raced." George holding his breath. "Good Lord, what a story!" said the cop. "You sound like Gracie Allen." Gracie giggled. "No wonder," she chirped, "I am Gracie Allen." She proved it, the cop laughed, shook hands and rode off. As Gracie stepped on the gas, George patted her on the shoulder, shook his head and said, "Boy, what a life! Never a dull moment."

POPULAR TUNES

(Continued)

Chicago, but conditions were almost as bad there and the venture had a short life.

Some of the music was too good for any depression to kill, however, and "Hey Young Feller" became a nationwide hit. "Don't Blame Me," the really outstanding song of the show, was not released for general consumption until recently, although I hoped Robbins would release it earlier.

Ever since Katherine Perry, a clever colored girl, introduced the song on one of our Thursday night broadcasts recently it has been used by the best bands and vocalists. It may well become a sweeping hit, for it has a good melody and Dorothy Fields has done an excellent job with the lyrics.

"MISSISSIPPI BASIN"

By Andy Razaf and Reg Foresythe. Published by Joe Davis, Inc.

Here is another "Blue Prelude," except that this time the scene is Dixie. Andy Razaf, the talented colored boy who wrote "Sposin'" and "My Fate Is In Your Hands," and who has shown real talent in lyric writing, has now given us an unusually good "Song Of The Bayou" type of melody and lyric.

He and his collaborator have kept in mind the limitations of the average dance orchestra vocalist and I am grateful that they have put in no exceptionally low or high notes. I thank them, too, for the beautiful middle part of the chorus.

Diminutive Joe Davis, the publisher, used to manage Rudy Wiedoeft. Joe ar-

YOU SAID IT!

1934

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Ask your dealer to show you a Nozac (no sack). Demand both 1 and 2 in the fountain pen you buy. Compare the Nozac with any other sackless pen. It alone provides quick, easy filling by positive mechanical action and at a glance reveals the ink supply. \$5.00 and more. Other Conklins \$2.75, \$3.50 and more. Pencils \$1.00 and up.

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Conklin NOZAC

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

ranged for me to meet Rudy in 1921 when I first came to New York. I've never forgotten Joe's courtesy and I hope he has all the good luck in the world with this song.

"I MAY BE DANCING WITH SOMEBODY ELSE"

By Phil Kornheiser. Published by Miller Music, Inc.

Phil has recently become one of the chief executives of Miller Music and this song is his first job for them. For more than 20 years Phil has been one of the most prominent creators of popular songs and I wish him great success with his latest. It is extremely tuneful and lends itself easily to a bright fox trot tempo. I enjoy singing it as one of our opening numbers.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT STORY"

By Ray Klages, Jimmy Monaco, and Jack Meskill. Published by Donaldson, Douglas & Gumble, Inc.

Another one of those depressing songs. But Tin Pan Alley wouldn't be itself without its preponderance of Dixie-Mammy songs and its unrequited love stories.

When two old masters like Ray and Jimmy team with a comparative newcomer like Jack, something unusual is bound to happen, and for the kind of song it is, they wrote a good one. Dance bands will find the melody easy and enjoyable to play. For the sake of good old Mose Gumble, of the publishing company, I sincerely hope the song surpasses his fondest expectations.

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE
(Continued)

his hands together—"that fits in more or less with what I had in mind. We were just listening to your program over in Studio H, and it occurred to me that it might be a good idea to make a substitution for one of you—Miss Allen. May I be perfectly frank?"

Fay raised her eyebrows inquiringly. "Of course."

"Well, Miss Allen, I don't think you've got a voice suited to the kind of entertainment we have in mind. I really think we need a singer with a little more training for your end of the program. You see—"

Tod exploded. "More training! How do you get that way? Fay here's one of the finest little natural born singers that ever faced the mike. And even if she hasn't gone the rounds of a half dozen conservatories of music, she can teach a lot of concert stars technique, control, and expression. And she handles that uke of her's like Kreisler does his Strad. Listen—I'm willing enough to go on any program you want. But as far as Sweethearts of the Air is concerned you couldn't substitute Lily Pons for Fay."

"I'M INCLINED to agree with Wallace," Harris interrupted. "I rather like Miss Allen's voice. It has a charming quality. And also, Carruthers, we must bear in mind that the sweetheart angle is better exemplified in the female voice. I think what we should do is re-

tain Miss Allen, and ask Mr. Wallace if he is willing to step aside. You were frank before, Carruthers, so I'm sure I'll be pardoned for expressing my candid opinion. You have a technique, Wallace, a sort of player piano technique—no offense meant, you understand—which hardly fits in with the program we are planning. And your voice is not quite what we should like to have. I really think—"

"I for one don't care what you think," Fay interrupted. "And while everybody's being so frank I don't mind telling you that as a judge of music you may be a good perfume manufacturer. If it wasn't for him plugging away and trying to inject something really high class in radio programs, Tod'd be in Europe right now on the concert stage. And that goes for his voice as well as his piano. Tod can do anything he wants. I won't stand in his way. But as far as I'm concerned, I wouldn't play Sweethearts of the Air with Lawrence Tibbett. So there!"

Carruthers and Harris exchanged puzzled looks. Peabody expressed his bewilderment—

"But Miss Allen—Mr. Wallace. We were banking on at least one of you. And we had planned to start rehearsals this week. We wanted to open in Paris next month—"

"Paris!"—both Fay and Tod at once.

"Why, yes—you see, we want to give a Parisian flavor to our Sweetheart perfume. So we were going to make our first broadcast from gay Paree by means of short-waves with a nationwide long-wave

hookup over here. Now if you two won't sing alone—won't you reconsider the possibility of teaming up again? You can name your own figure. We bow to your superior knowledge of music. We are trying to do exactly what you have been trying to do—put something really good on the air."

Fay searched her pocketbook for lipstick. Tod took a deep breath.

"We'll have to think it over," he said.

"We'll get in touch with you tomorrow," Fay added.

Carruthers and Harris nodded, said goodbye, and left.

AS THE door closed behind them, Mr. Harris smiled. "Very nice work, Bill. I think we can pat ourselves on the back. Excellent psychology."

Carruthers agreed. "But I think we'd better share the credit with the control operator who forgot to cut Studio K off from Studio H when they went off the air. Which reminds me that we might be able to see how things are working out . . ."

The two men stopped before the portals of Studio H. As they opened the inner door, they turned and grinned at each other complacently. From the speaker behind the cupids came the sound of music—the soft twang of a uke, a racing treble tremolo, and two voices in close harmony—

Hand in hand—heart in heart . . .

SHORT-WAVE FAN-FARE
(Continued)

picked up almost altogether by the down lead. A leadin which will not pick up the noise (nor a radio signal either) is accordingly designed—the idea being that such disturbances are not powerful enough to reach way up to the aerial. This may be so for some disturbances, but certainly does not hold for ignition interference from passing cars. Our own listening post is located some four hundred feet from a main highway, and when the receiver is tuned to maximum sensitivity in the neighborhood of 20 meters (where this interference is at its worst) autos can be detected well over a quarter of a mile away. Obviously, a noise reduction leadin would do us no good at all—and, as a matter of fact, would only reduce signal strength.

A noise reduction leadin will be effective only when the down lead passes through a noise area which is greatly attenuated by the time it reaches the antenna. The prevalence of such conditions is, as we have suggested, subject to argument. In the average installation, the short-wave fan should not condemn the equipment if it fails to reduce the effects of artificial static to the expected degree.

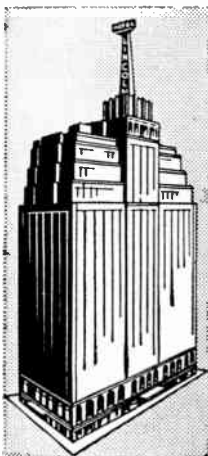
THE LINGUIST AT DJA

DJA, broadcasting daily from Zeesen, Germany, on 31.3 meters, puts over an excellent program of music and news broadcasts. Announcements are made in French, Spanish, English, and German. The French and Spanish announcements are couched in typical high school technique—presumably so, anyway, because we can understand them. We take it the English announcements are of the same variety, because we can't understand them. The German is excellent.

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Special suites and sample rooms for visiting sales representatives.

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JOHN T. WEST, Manager

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UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT "A RELIANCE HOTEL"

ODDS FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

RECENTLY, while tuning the short-wave bands, I came upon a program of current Broadway dance music. The reception was of almost perfect fidelity and of almost local volume. Among the tunes I enjoyed were: "I Cover The Waterfront," "A Night In June," "Maybe I Love You Too Much," and others familiar to the American listener. The orchestra, with its fast, novel, and scintillating tempo, was not a bit hard to listen to. I could hardly believe I wasn't listening to a local broadcast until I heard the accented announcement: "Hello, radio friends, this is Roy Fox and the boys playing for you from the Kit Kat Restaurant, London, over the British Empire Short-Wave Station, at Daventry."

IF WE think our reception is marred by too many program alterations, we should glance for consolation at similar conditions across the seas. One station, "Radio Paris" of the French capital, makes a point of announcing details of its broadcasts three times daily. Three times a day, they believe, is often enough to keep the public informed of changes in the transmitting schedule! Most foreign stations are government owned, of course, and there are no enormous salaries to lure the stars. Thus the program director faces such frequent obstacles as artists refusing to take part in a scheduled broadcast unless they receive additional rewards, authors holding out because they think their rights have been infringed upon, the occurrence of unexpected and conflicting engagements more important to the talent's time, etc. The station manager considers it fortunate that he has the phonograph always by his side.

REBELLIOUS natives in parts of Africa are being greeted with a new

kind of radio reception—in place of bombs! Government airplanes have been equipped with microphones, powerful amplifiers, and loud speakers so that warnings, in the natives' own languages, may be addressed to them. The booming voices from the sky leave the tribesmen awestruck, and this ingenious device has often made it unnecessary to bomb a village.

WCAU, the modern 50kw. transmitter located outside of Philadelphia, is greatly enjoyed by European radio fans. In fact, during the winter months, WCAU is heard better than their short-wave station, W3XAU. While reception fades and is distorted on the low waves, the same program is heard clearly on 1170 keys. The listeners across the Atlantic are extremely well pleased with our "snappy" programs, as they refer to them, and many overseas set owners will stay up until the wee small hours of their morning to hear a favorite program from the land of the free—at least the land of free dialing, for in Europe listeners are taxed every time they use their radio receivers.

RADIO Station KGU, Honolulu, was forced to change its transmitting frequency because KOIN, Portland, Oregon, with no more power, was received in sections of the Islands better than the home station! KOIN is over 2,000 miles from Hawaii and operates on the same channel as did KGU. High mountains, which shield the Hawaiian transmitter's radiations from parts of the Territory, get the blame for this phenomenon. When the natives tuned in American jazz instead of Hawaiian guitars, it was time for KGU to make a change!

—GEORGE LILLEY

SLIPPING AND GRIPPING

(Continued)

should be heard. And *Singing Strings*, with Millicent Russell and Anton Young, is pleasant entertainment . . . Ray Collins and Stephen Fox are good actors. Columbia has just started to build Stephen up in a big way and is referring to him as "the outstanding male actor in radio." Ever generous, we forgive the tautology and wish Stephen luck. The movies are after him and we hope he "makes good." Radio's loss is radio's loss, we always say . . . The "Betty Boop Frolics" is a mad skit, with *Betty* (Bonnie Poe) sounding like a road show of Jeannie Lang, and *Ferdinand Frog* giving imitations of Poley McClintock. But still we like it. Alois Havrilla is the announcer and he's one of the best in the business, except when he puts on the Ritz . . . That old Kentucky colonel, Bradley Kincaid, who's known as the Cumberland mountain minstrel and broadcasts from Schenectady, is one of the few people we can bear listening to when we get up out of the wrong side of the bed . . . Another is Cheerio, whose morning half-hours must bring about as much happiness to people as any programs on the air . . . "Today's

Children" with Irna Phillips, Walter Wicker, Bess Johnson, Lucy Gilman, Freddy Van, and Jean McGregor is a well acted, wholesome program which might be made a little more exciting without overstimulating the young . . . "The Optimistic Mrs. Jones" with George Frame Brown (formerly Matt Tompkins, mayor of Tompkins Corners) offers a couple of amusing characterizations, and some stuff which could be stepped up to first class entertainment . . . Clara, Lu 'n' Em are starting their fourth year on the air and they're just as amusing and worth listening to as ever. But the advertising is certainly written on the assumption that the listeners are half-wits. It goes in strong for soft soaping the audience, but, considering that the sponsor is Super Suds, perhaps that's the most appropriate kind of plug, after all. . . . Phil Ohman and Victor Arden—there's a great piano team, folks . . . Ann Elstner—gosh, we wouldn't want to forget her because she's one of the finest actresses in radio. Too bad her *Hillbilly Heart Throbs* program, with Frank Luther's amusing trio, was discontinued. It was one of the best shows on the air. You can hear Ann now in *Mountain Music* and in *Miss Lilla*.

—TUNA

BIG PRIZE CONTEST

(Continued)

my stubbornness was foolish. For a month my eyes have ached badly. I have had to go to an oculist twice and get a new set of glasses. It will cost about twenty-five dollars for eye trouble. I already had a watch and I've decided that peanuts aren't very good for one anyway. And why spend eighteen hours on words, and punish your eyes and nerves and pocketbook when you can buy a bag for a nickel. What saps we are!

I write this as a friendly warning against suits for nervous breakdowns, loss of eyesight, and loss of earnings by some members of the family as a result of your contest.

Now consider some statistics of the contest held by the company warned against lawsuits: There were twelve prizes totalling \$250, first prize \$100. The rules were broadcast only twice. The contest lasted only ten days. But more than a hundred thousand people sent in lists and some thirty thousand of the lists exceeded a thousand words. The winning list had twenty-six thousand. So, multiplying the probable number of hours of work per list by the number of contestants, we get more than one million hours of work for a total of \$250 cash—less than one-quarter of one-tenth of one cent per hour. How a Chinese coolie would laugh if he knew!

WHEN such contests were new it was believed advertisers would benefit because contestants would say the name of the product over and over as they thought of words. Actually, contestants dissect the trade name into letters, list them alphabetically and never think of the name again as a whole until, in a greatly befuddled and unretentive mental condition, they write it on the envelope that is to hold their entry. Unless, therefore, they have to buy the product to enter, the advertiser probably loses money because now there are so many big word marathons that no single one makes much impression even when it is going on.

But the contests do help paper and pencil manufacturers, alienists, oculists and psychiatrists. Also the telephone and telegraph companies. Often those who finally deliver themselves of a list of a few hundred words (out of a possible 35,000) wire or phone, at a cost of from one to five dollars, to plead with the judges to cross out a word that was put in by mistake, or to put in a word that has just been thought of, or not to disqualify entries that are late, "because the postman forgot to pick them up."

What's more, publishers of encyclopedias, dictionaries, glossaries and other reference works have been refreshed by a mild flutter in their bus-

iness lately. Such books available in public places are quickly mutilated or stolen by contestants, or borrowed and never returned. Those who fail to lay even a gentle hand on free copies have actually been discovered buying their own. Many a hoarded dollar left the mattress when the New York Public Libraries were compelled, because of plunder and pillage, to remove from their shelves those books that would be of help in current contests.

WE may dismiss the big word contest by saying that it is becoming far less enticing to the millions of people who have made what they consider supreme attempts without ever winning. There does seem, however, to be a long and incandescent future for the mammoth slogan contest and for the super-stupendous educational contest. No mere lull in bad times is going to stop the folks from toying with possibilities for getting rich quick. And certainly no such mild antidote as common sense will ever convince them that they are not all potential writers of snappy advertising copy.

The person who is painstaking and intelligent, therefore, is almost certain to have his entry among the one or two per cent that reach the finals. He will then be in competition, of course, with the professional contestants, who are increasing rapidly. They spend many days on each contest, send in many entries, and go to elaborate lengths to have the entries different in wording, handwriting, signature and geographical origin. This they do by having correspondents in many parts of the country. The belief persists, rather without foundation I think, that sponsors of contests spread the winners thickest where their products need promotion most. Unquestionably this used to be the practice, on the theory that if a winner was picked in Dubuque all the unsuccessful entrants for miles around would think they had *almost* won.

SOME of the slogan and letter contests have attracted more than two million entries. About eighty or ninety per cent are eliminated by the judges with no more than a glance, because some contest rule is broken. It has been learned that people who can't follow rules don't write very good answers. For even in contests that cost a dollar to enter most of the entries are unbelievably bad.

The comparatively few papers that remain after the first examination are read more carefully until there are left only a few more than the total number of prizes. These papers are then turned over to the "official"

judges, usually minor celebrities, whose glamor and prestige lend elegance and dignity to the contest. If their critical opinions are not always worth all they are paid for them, the best entries still win, because men from the advertising agency are standing ever ready to guide an expert's erring judgment back to the opinion he is supposed to reach.

The names of the major winners once decided upon, the advertising boys start the check-up to see whether the winners are "worthy." Standards vary with contests. Here is one an advertising man told me: "We've got to be sure none of them are Niggers, or hunks, or anything like that."

It is distressing to have to report that contestants are even more suspicious of advertisers (and with less cause, as I shall presently show) than are advertisers of contestants. Naturally it is difficult for the man who has spent days on his entry and wins no prize to avoid harsh thoughts. Especially if the winning answers are made public is he able to convince himself that his differed from them only by a word or two and that *his* words actually were better. Any Big Prize Contest leaves in its wake a heavy cloud of active ill will, or at least the tolerant assumption that the contest was crooked. Some outraged contestants actually sue, presenting evidence to prove that the winners were picked out of a hat. Most of the losers, however, just say to themselves, "Sure it's a racket, but what of it? Somebody wins, and if I go into enough of them maybe some day I'll get a break."

IT should be emphasized that a heavy majority of Big Prize Contests are entirely on the level; the sponsors and their advertising agents go to much trouble and expense to make the judging fair.

And, take our word for it, attempts at fraud among contestants are common. In fact, they are so frequent and so patent that one begins to wonder if one's fellow man, given a choice, is really honest, as the good books say. In one of the largest contests ever held there were hundreds of thousands of duplicate entries, all of poor quality, and even many hundreds run off on multigraph or printing press. Parents filled out entries and gave their ages as twelve to fourteen in order to get the special consideration given to children. Most of these cheats believed that the contest was dishonest or would be judged haphazardly. They decided, accordingly, to increase the chances in their favor. Even the final judges received scores of letters, a few threatening, but most of them suggesting a split of the prize money.

Many contestants try to be, or just are, "different." Some write their entries in verse, and what verse! Usually, too, these lyricists write: "Please note, this is a poem." Some fill the paper with their life story, or a plea for help in their present misfortunes. There are those who ridicule the contests or write perfectly irrelevant wisecracks and sign names like Franklin Roosevelt, Gandhi, or Cleopatra. (This often happens in the pay-as-you-enter contests.) There are diatribes against the product advertised, the Government, capitalism and what not. Oddly enough, there are almost no papers covered with obscenity—and I confess I don't know why after seeing all the other things entrants have thought of to do.

If there is a rule that a certain contest blank must be used you may be sure that thousands of people will say to themselves, "Well, now, they don't really mean that. If I make my entry unusual enough they'll surely give it special consideration." All kinds of whimsies that take days and even weeks to make are sent in: a beautiful silk patchwork quilt with embroidered words and pictures; tricky electric displays; large books bound in leather with professional art work inside; a volume bound in velvet with a gold cloth bookmark tipped with ermine; wagons, automobiles and airplanes with answers lettered on the sides; and hundreds of less ambitious attempts to be "different."

In most of such entries the quality of the answers is low indeed; almost always simple words are misspelled. A newspaper ran a contest in which entrants were supposed to assemble pieces of photographs of the Presidents as published by the paper daily. One man sent in as his entry a model in wood of the White House, large enough to fill a small bedroom. He neglected to include pictures of the Presidents. He received nothing but the silent maledictions of the contest manager who had already been sent over a carload of similar handicraft.

So America's Prize Sideshow goes, playing to full houses day and night all over the land. Listen for yourself, tonight. As the crooner's voice fades away, as the band is stilled, the barker, radio script in hand, begins: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, and kiddies too, here is the good news you have been waiting for. Here is how *you* may win \$5,000. Just follow a few simple rules—just write a few simple words—and have the time of your life doing it. ('Smile in voice' here according to the script.) Here is all you have to do . . ." And you and I and millions more who say a cynical "Oh, yeah?" are reaching, even while we say it, for our pencils.

Learn at Home to Make More Money



I'll train You Quickly for
Radio's GOOD spare time
and full time Jobs . . .



Jobs in Broadcasting Stations are fascinating, interesting, and pay well.



Set servicing has paid many N. R. I. men \$200 to \$1,000 a year for their spare time. Full-time men make as much as \$40, \$50, \$65 a week.



Television, the coming field of great opportunities, is covered in my course.

Some Other Jobs N.R.I. Trains Men For

- Broadcast Engineer.
- Operator in Broadcast Station.
- Aircraft Radio Operator.
- Operator of Airway Beacons.
- Service Man on Sound Picture Apparatus.
- Operator of Sound Picture Apparatus.
- Ship Operator.
- Service Man on Public Address Systems.
- Installation Engineer on Public Address Systems.
- Sales Manager for Retail Stores.
- Service Manager for Retail Stores.
- Auto Radio Installation and Service Man.
- Television Broadcast Operator.
- Set Servicing Expert.

Mail Coupon for FREE Information

Why slave your life away in a no-future job? Why skimp, why scrape trying to pay your bills? I'll train you quickly for the live-wire field—the field with a future—RADIO. \$50, \$60, \$75 a week—that's what many Radio Experts make. \$5, \$10, \$15 a week extra money—that's what many of my students make in their spare time shortly after enrolling. My free book tells you about Radio's spare-time and full-time opportunities—about my tested training—about my students and graduates—what they are doing and making. Get this book. Be a Radio Expert. The Radio field is big enough to absorb many more properly trained men.

I'll train you for jobs like these

Spare-time and full-time Radio Servicing, Operating, Broadcast, Aircraft Radio, Commercial Land, Ship, and Television stations. A Radio service business of your own. I'll train you for these and other good jobs in the manufacture, sale, and service of Radio, Talking Movie, Sound, and Television apparatus. My FREE book tells you about the many moneymaking opportunities in Radio.

Save—learn at home in your spare time

You don't have to leave home and spend \$500 to \$1,000 to study Radio. I'll train you quickly and inexpensively right in your own home and in your spare time for a good Radio job. You don't need a high school or college education. Many of my successful graduates didn't even finish grade school. My amazingly practical 50-50 method—gives you broad practical experience—makes learning at home easy, fascinating, practical, and rapid.

Turn your spare time into money

My book shows how my special training, instruction material, plans, ideas and my seventeen years experience training men for Radio careers help many students make \$200 to \$1,000 a year quickly in their spare time. My course is famous as "the one that pays for itself."

Your money back if not satisfied

I'm so sure you will be satisfied with my training that I agree in writing to refund every penny of your money if you are not entirely satisfied with my lessons and instruction service when you finish.

Find out what Radio offers you

Act today. Mail the coupon. My 64-page book will be sent free to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. It tells about Radio's opportunities—explains the eighteen star features of my course—shows letters of what others are doing and making. There is no obligation. Mail the coupon.

**J. E. SMITH President
National Radio Institute
Department 3KR3
Washington D. C.**

Here's Proof

\$50 to \$75 a week

"The National Radio Institute put me in a position to make more money than I ever made in good times. I am in the Radio service business for myself, where it is possible for me to make from \$50 to \$75 a week. Service work has increased because people, who in normal times would buy a new Radio, now are contented to have the old one 'pepped up.'" —BERNARD COSTA, Box 83, Station "G," Brooklyn, N. Y.



"Made \$6,000 in 2 Years"

"Soon after the depression started, I found myself without a job, but I was well protected with N. R. I. training. I swung right to full-time Radio servicing and I have made over \$6,000 in a little over two years." —W.M. SPARTIVENT, Spartv Radio Service, 93 Broadway, Newark, N. J.



"\$500 a Year in Spare Time"

"Although doing spare-time Radio work only, I have averaged about \$500 a year extra in addition to my regular income. Full-time Radio work would net me many times that amount." —EDW. H. FAWCETT, Slough Rd., Ledner, B. C., Canada.



"Good Position, Good Pay"

"I am Chief Operator at Radio Station WSMK. This is a good position with good pay. I have advanced in Radio right along. I recommend N. R. I. to anyone who wants to be successful in Radio." —JOHN HAJDUK, JR., 3 Broxey Apts., Southern Hills, Dayton, Ohio.



MAIL THIS for FREE 64 page book

ACT TODAY

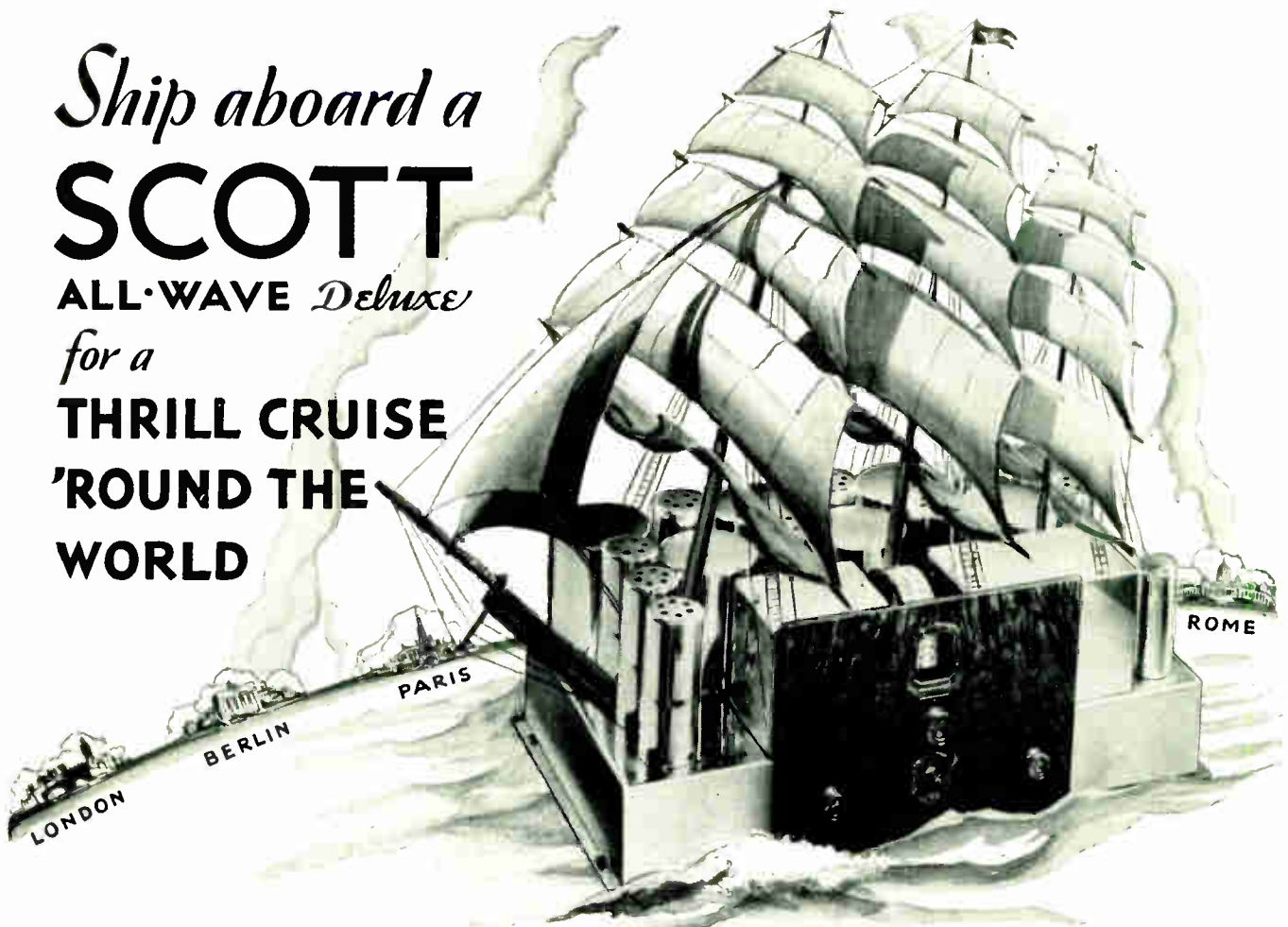
Act today. Mail the coupon. My 64-page book will be sent free to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. It tells about Radio's opportunities—explains the eighteen star features of my course—shows letters of what others are doing and making. There is no obligation. Mail the coupon.

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

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send your book which points out the spare-time and full-time job opportunities in Radio and explains my amazingly practical 50-50 method of training men quickly and inexpensively at home in their spare time to be Radio Experts.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....

Ship aboard a SCOTT ALL-WAVE *Deluxe* for a THRILL CRUISE 'ROUND THE WORLD



If you're an adventurer at heart (and aren't we all?) you'll glory in the thrills of cruising the ether-waves via a SCOTT ALL-WAVE *Deluxe* Radio.

Sit right in your own comfortable living room . . . there's no sea-bag to pack, no dunnage to stow, no passports to secure. Just the twist of a single, simple tuning dial and it's "Ho! You're off for strange lands of romance and allure!"

Supreme for Stay-at-Home Listeners

First a shake-down cruise in home waters. Listen in on American broadcast stations near and far—coast-to-coast is an easy jaunt. Discover the marvelous capability of this dream ship to carry you anywhere at your will . . . with a delightful fidelity of tone that puts you right into the sending studio, giving you every word of speech and every note of music with a glorious perfection that transcends all previous heights of mechanical sound reproduction. Your own ears will tell you so . . . and the evidence is backed up by scientific laboratory findings that prove SCOTT radio reproduction to be the closest to perfection yet attained.

As a first venture in short wave reception listen-in on the crime wave as reported by police calls from one end of the land to the other . . . eavesdrop on gossipy amateur wireless telephony "hams", and hear the air-planes and their ground stations talk back and forth.

Hear Canada and Mexico

Now venture farther! Roam the air-waves to Canada and Mexico. Hear something different . . . something typical of these near-by foreign lands broadcast on wave bands from 15 to 550 meters. Don't fret about the rumors you may have heard that these countries are soon to change wave-lengths . . . your SCOTT can be equipped to receive on all bands between 15 and 4,000 meters at a small extra charge.

Listen-in On All of Europe

And now you've "got the feel of your ship." Head out into the open . . . start on a fascinating exploration cruise for radio joys that are new and different.

Here's England, first! GSB, at Daventry, is sending out the news of the day for the benefit of Colonial

listeners-in . . . there's peppy music from a famous London hotel . . . and at signing off time (midnight in London, but only 6 P.M. Central Standard Time) the chimes of Big Ben, atop the Houses of Parliament, clang sonorously as though you were actually there to hear them in person.

Slip your moorings once again. Cross the Channel and lend an ear to Radio Colonial, Pontoise, France. It's bringing you Parisian music and typically French entertainment.

Varied Programs from Far Countries

Distance still lures you? Then set your course for Germany . . . in a jiffy you're listening to Zeesett, with programs of glorious symphony orchestras, and perhaps a speech by "Handsome Adolph" that will give you a different viewpoint on Hitlerism.

Make port at Madrid, in sunny Spain, and hear EAQ broadcasting typical National music. Announcements from this station are considerably made in English as well as Spanish.

Then swing south to Rome and hear the voice of 12RO's woman announcer tell you it's "Radio Roma, Napoli," that's on the air. Most likely the following musical program will be opera direct from LaScala, in Milan, or some other musical treat worth going actual miles to hear—and you'll be listening to it, with purity of tone and richness of reproduction that's truly amazing, without stirring from your easy chair at home.

And now for an adventure-trek that holds a supreme "kick" for the radio sensation-seeker! Sail away "down under." Listen in to VK2ME or VK3ME, in Sydney and Melbourne, Australia. Hear the call of that famous Kookaburra bird, listen with delight to an interesting and varied program of music and talks on the commercial and scenic attractions of the Antipodes.

Owners' Reports Show Real Ability

And these are but a few of the interesting places to be visited by means of your SCOTT ALL-WAVE *Deluxe* Receiver . . . F. L. Seitzinger, for instance, is a Scott owner who in a six-month's period received 1588 programs from 41 stations in 22 foreign lands. A. G. Luoma got 1261 programs from 75 different stations in 26 countries, and some 200 other SCOTT owners reported reception of 16,439 programs from 320 stations in 46 countries during the same time.

"Can such startling radio performance be true?"

you ask. Do you doubt that any but radio professionals can enjoy the delights of exploring the air-waves the world over, far from the too-familiar programs of broadcast stations here at home? Do you think that it may be possible, but feel that the cost of sufficiently able equipment is more than you can afford for entertainment?

New Value at Moderate Cost!

Then set your mind at ease! For such performance is actually possible . . . we gladly prove it to you, and back the proof by an iron-clad guarantee of consistent foreign reception.

Laboratory technique, employing the world's most skillful, specially trained engineers and craftsmen in custom-building a receiver constructed to the highest standards of perfection known in radio, makes possible the super-performance of the SCOTT ALL-WAVE *Deluxe* for any radio-user, regardless of his experience or skill in operating. In this set top efficiency is coupled with absolute simplicity of tuning.

Prohibitively high priced? Not at all! You can have a SCOTT, and enjoy the supreme thrill of mastering the air-waves of all the world, at moderate cost.

Get Complete Details—Mail Coupon!

Because the SCOTT ALL-WAVE *Deluxe* is one of the truly fine things of the world, custom-built for those discriminating people who demand the best, it is not distributed broadcast, to be casually picked up here, there, or anywhere. To get full particulars regarding it, absolute PROOF of its performance, and all the information you require, simply send the coupon below direct to the modern scientific laboratories where it is built.

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dep't D-93, Chicago, Ill.

Tell me how I can have a SCOTT ALL-WAVE *Deluxe* to take me radio world-cruising. Include all technical details, proofs of performance, and complete information.

Name.....

Address.....

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