

Radio Digest

April

25 Cents



Gladys Brittain CBS

Romantic Rise of a New Star

George Olsen • Letters to the Colonel and Budd • Irvin Cobb

Heroes in Overalls!

WLS

CHICAGO

It's seven o'clock and all is well
By the clock upon the wall
Good morning folks—how do you
do;
We're the Boys in Overalls!



The Lee Overall Boys

That's the way the Lee Overall Boys greet listeners every Saturday morning at 7 o'clock from WLS, Chicago, for the H. D. Lee Company, makers of Lee Overalls. They are assisted by Ralph Waldo Emerson, organist; and John Brown, pianist; who add sparkle to the programs with their brilliant organ-piano duets.

The feature of the program is a tribute to the unknown thousands of heroes in overalls—men who carry the job through. Each week, William Vickland, reader, dramatizes a true story of a man in overalls who has stepped from his role among the workers who carry on while dreamers dream and plan, to the pinnacle of honor in some heroic act toward his fellowmen.

This program is sponsored by the H. D. Lee Company, the world's largest manufacturers of work clothing. For years Lee Overalls, Lee Jackets, Lee Work Shirts, and other Lee work and play clothing, have lead the world in overall value. Lee invites you to listen to this program and hear these interesting tributes to men in overalls, incidents which are sent in by their interested listeners.



William Vickland, Reader

WLS

THE PRAIRIE FARMER
STATION

BURRIDGE D. BUTLER, President
GLENN SNYDER, Manager



John Brown and Ralph Waldo Emerson

Main Studios and Office: 1230 West Washington Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.
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OPPORTUNITIES *are many* for the Radio Trained Man

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est Television equipment. Talking Picture and Public Address Systems offer opportunities to the Trained Radio Man. Here is a great new Radio field just beginning to grow! Prepare NOW for these wonderful opportunities! Learn Radio Sound Work at COYNE on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.

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COYNE Electrical School
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 42-9H, Chicago, Ill.

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Managing EditorHenry J. Wright,
Advisory EditorCharles R. Tighe,
Associate EditorNellie Revell,
Associate Editor

Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST
Raymond Bill, Editor

THEY call her little Organ Annie—she's only four feet eleven and is one of the best organists on the air—member of the House of CBS. Ann Leaf, of course. Heard her yet on Wednesdays at 3:15?



MEET Miss Ruth Matteson, drafted not long ago from the legitimate stage to join the members of the NBC National Players on the Pacific Coast. Can't tell from this picture whether she is twelve or twenty. Just guess. Maybe she's even twenty-one!

April, 1932

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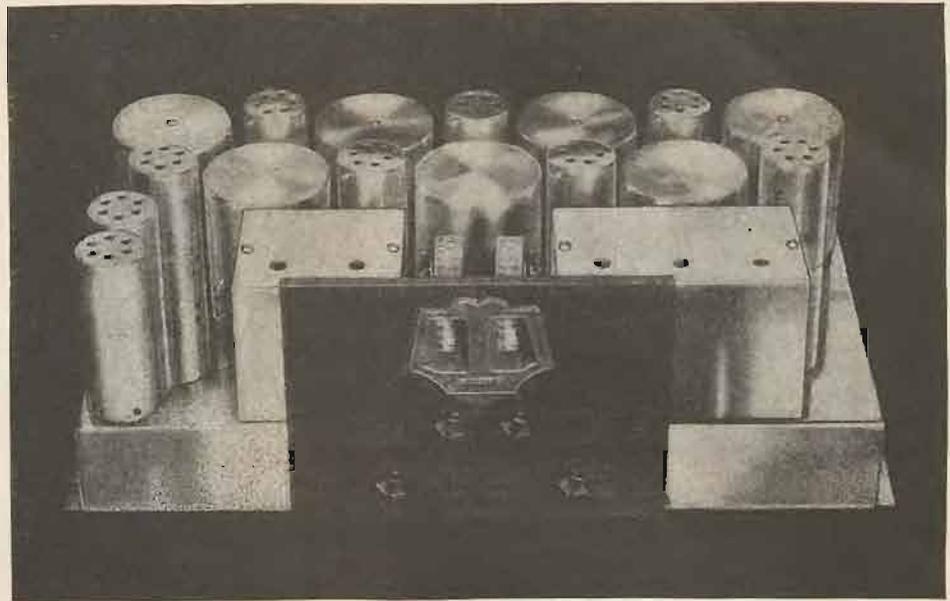
BARBARA MAUREL shuns sensational publicity and of course is always sure to get it—made of whole cloth to be sure. One of Columbia's contraltos—alive with personality but apt to be retiring. Also televises via W2XAB



SHE is only 20—is Mary Ellen Daniels—but she has achieved state-wide popularity as a "blues" singer. And the "bluesing" comes to you almost every afternoon over WCFL Chicago. Mary, by the way, hails from Kansas City, Mo.

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The **ONLY**

RECEIVER that dares to promise daily 'round the world Performance



From all over the world
come letters like these

Excellent Program From Germany
"I have received with ample volume Rome, Italy; FYA, France, its three wave lengths; GSSW, England; ZEESEN, Germany; and half a dozen HK's from South America, not forgetting VK2ME, Australia. I was particularly pleased with the excellent reception from Zeesen, Germany."
F. S., New York City, N. Y.

**Wished He Knew a Dozen
Languages**

"If I knew a dozen different languages I could have put them all to good use today. At 10:30 A. M. today I tuned in a French station and stuck with it until 11:00 A. M. when they quit after playing a phonograph record entitled 'Marselles'. I received two Spanish stations I could not identify. Another station that sounded very much like Chinese, also went by the board. I was well repaid for my patience when I tuned in 12RO, Rome. Here was real reception—volume great enough to fill an auditorium, clear as a bell, no fading and no static at all. I held this station from 1:30 to 3:50 and heard every word uttered although I did not understand much of the language. Their signal was coming in very strong until 5:30 P. M."
S. M., McKeesport, Pa.

Indo-China Every Morning

"I get F31CD, Indo-China, every morning from six to eight our time and enjoy their program very much as it is very clear. Can also tune in stations in South America nightly."
F. L. F., Boise, Idaho

Italy and France All Week

"I have picked up these two stations all last week—12RO, Rome, Italy; FYA, Paris, France, from 2:30 P. M. until 5:00 P. M. with tremendous volume. I was able to listen to a program from England from 3:00 to 4:30 P. M. Sure was good reception. I can also get Spanish and South American stations."
A. M., Louisville, Ky.

- HEAR**
Radio Transmission from
- 1 Foreign Broadcast Stations
 - 2 Airplanes in flight
 - 3 Amateur phones
 - 4 Transatlantic phones
 - 5 Ships at sea
 - 6 Police departments
 - 7 Code stations all over world
 - 8 Domestic Stations

Out of the maze of radio claims and counter-claims—one FACT is outstanding. *The Scott All-Wave not only claims ability to tune in stations clear 'round the world, but presents undeniable proof of its world-wide prowess.* Then it crowns proof of range with proof of *regularity*—thereby establishing the Scott All-Wave as a 15-550 meter receiver you can *depend* upon to bring the whole world to your ears whenever you choose.

Here's the proof: During the last 8 months every bi-weekly broadcast (excepting three) put on the air by VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia—9,560 miles from Chicago—has been received here, recorded on disc and verified. You can hear these recordings at the Scott laboratories any time you wish. You

can also hear records made of reception from Japan, France, Germany, England, and South America; reception picked up by a Scott All-Wave right here in Chicago. In other words, you can have **ACTUAL PROOF** of this receiver's ability *before* you buy it! And if you came here to the Scott laboratories you would see why the Scott All-Wave can promise *daily* 'round the world performance—and why all Scott All-Wave Receivers are identical in capability.

The reason, of course, is advanced design and precision work—every step of the job actually done in the laboratory and to strict laboratory standards. And every receiver actually tested on reception from London and Rome before shipping!

Get the only receiver that can promise *daily* 'round the world performance, and live up to it. Write now for full particulars of the Scott All-Wave. You'll be agreeably surprised at the most reasonable price.

The E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.
(Formerly Scott Transformer Co.) 4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D-42, Chicago, Ill.

*In a class by itself
—above comparison.
The Scott All-Wave
is the unchallenged
champion of the
radio world.*

SCOTT ALL-WAVE 15-550 METER Superhetrodyne

THE E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D-42, Chicago, Ill.

Send me full particulars of the Scott All-Wave 15-550 meter Superhetrodyne.

Set Builder Dealer DXer

Name

Street

Town.....State.....

News, Views and Comment

By Robert L. Kent

CONTESTS! The air is full of them. It seems that every other evening broadcast blasts the ear with a "something for nothing" offer. The idea has been carried to an extreme that is proving detrimental to the best interests of the sponsors. Constant repetition has killed any originality that might have existed . . . although there is nothing new about a contest. Even straight advertising ballyhoo . . . no matter how insistent . . . is better than a long winded description of the rules of a contest. What is sadly needed are some new ideas in connection with radio programs designed to sell the public in a manner more agreeable. In the end the sponsor who spends his money for an expensive hook-up alienates the good will of listeners.

* * *

A FEW months ago television came in for more than its share of attention. At this writing the publicizing of the new art has died down somewhat. However, in broadcasting stations equipped for television, in laboratories spotted here and there, and in homes earnest men are at work experimenting . . . and making progress. About the latter part of May radio manufacturers from all parts of the country stage their annual showing of new models in Chicago. Dealers journey to this Radio Mecca to view the sets that will grace their stores shortly thereafter. There is a growing conviction among those "in the know" that television will come in for unusual attention this year. We hope so. It is about time some progressive and far-seeing manufacturers actually start producing combination television-allwave receivers. Until production and distribution are under way progress in television will be retarded. And while we are on the subject of radio sets . . . how old is the receiver in your home? Are you getting the full benefit from some of the remarkably fine programs now on the air? If your set is too old to give you

perfect service you owe it to yourself to purchase one of the modern sets now. Prices have never been lower and the chances are that the future never will see them as low as they are right now.

* * *

THE effort on the part of certain interests to force by legislation the turning over of fifteen per cent of broadcasting time to educational interests continues strong. The question that persists in obtruding is: What will the educators do with the time if they get it? Do you want to listen to academic discussions on various dry-as-dust subjects that should be confined to classrooms? Do you? If you do not, keep your eyes on some of those misguided lambs in Washington who are being used as tools by unscrupulous individuals who are not so much concerned with the development of broadcasting as they are in filling some nice easy-work-big-pay job and cornering political power.

* * *

WHY is it that the Sunday programs on the chains are so uniformly excellent while during the week, especially in the evening hours, one jazz band follows another with monotonous regularity? Well, perhaps there is some encouragement in the obvious trend toward more and better dramatic skits and the use of outstanding artists. Broadcasters have been paying too much attention to so-called "names." The result has been a plethora of third-rate comedy and jokes that had long white whiskers when grandfather was a boy. These high priced stage comedians evidently save their best gags for the stage or else they have been much overrated.

* * *

I knew him when—

PHIL DEWEY, of the Revelers, on NBC, sold bibles for a living. Frank Ventree, leader of the Bath Club Orchestra, was supervisor of music for Paramount stage productions. . . Art Gentry, of the Four Eton Boys, was a

young announcer at KMOX, St. Louis. . . Charles Carlile, Columbia tenor, used to pound a typewriter and win medals for doing it faster than anybody else. . . Vaughn de Leath, original radio singer, sang on the radio without compensation in the pioneer days of broadcasting. . . Howard Claney, NBC announcer, was an actor.

* * *

Is that so?

JOHN WHITE, NBC's Lonesome Cowboy, first saw the light of day in Washington, D. C. He wears spats instead of spurs. He played around on an Arizona Dude ranch for a while. . . George Martin, Old Reporter on the Musical Showmen program, started his career driving a mule team in a mine; ran a general store in Colorado; graduated to side show barker; sang in a medicine show quartet; gravitated to hotel work as a night clerk, bus boy and waiter. Then he became a newspaperman . . . worked at it for a quarter century before he reformed. . . The actions of some artists while broadcasting are often amusing but usually there is a reason behind the apparently inexplicable. For example, Bing Crosby always wears a hat when he broadcasts; so does John Kelvin. They claim this produces an increased resonance that enables them to hear their own tones as they go into the microphone. . .

The Sisters of the Skillet and their announcer constitute the heaviest trio on the air at any one time. Their combined weight is just 700 pounds. . . Edwin Whitney, NBC artist, can imitate thirty voices on a single fifteen minute program. "Believe It or Not" Bob Ripley didn't so Whitney demonstrated and in addition imitated ten barn-yard animals for good measure. . . Victor Arden, who with Phil Oman, team on the piano and get more money than any other duo in their line, once was in the three dollar a week class playing in a roller skating rink in his home town of Wenona, Ill.

**Radio Digest Publishing Corp.,
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To make sure of every forthcoming issue of RADIO DIGEST I wish to become a regular subscriber.
Enclosed find \$2.00 in payment for my subscription for one year.

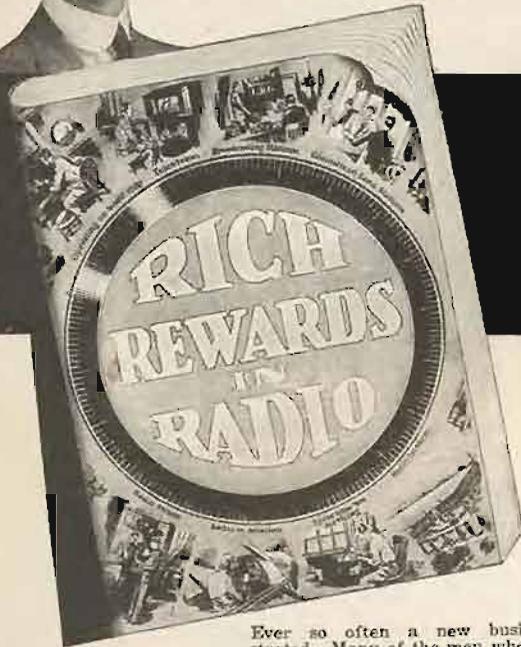
Name Date

Street City, State

To Ambitious Men and Young Men who are awake to the Opportunities in RADIO

This book tells you where the GOOD JOBS are what they PAY how to fill one

Send for your Free Copy Today
I have started many in Radio at 2 and 3 times what they were making before



Ever so often a new business is started. Many of the men who hooked up with the automobile, motion picture, and other industries at the right time are now the \$5,000, \$10,000, \$15,000 a year men— independent, satisfied. The same opportunities they had in those industries—the chances that made them rich, are being offered by continued new radio developments. Radio's growth has already made hundreds of men wealthy. Many more will become rich and independent in the future. Get ready for a good Radio job. I'll help you.

Many Radio Experts Make \$50 to \$100 a Week

I have doubled and tripled the salaries of many men and young men by training them for Radio's good jobs. My training fits you for Radio factories, broadcasting stations, a spare time or full time business of your own, operating on board ship—which gives you world-wide travel without expense and a good salary, commercial land stations, research laboratories, and many other branches. Talking Movies, Public Address Systems, Radio in Aviation, Television, Advanced Servicing and Merchandising, and other valuable subjects are covered in my course.

Many Make Good Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I send you instructions, which you should master quickly, for doing 28 Radio jobs common in almost every neighborhood. Throughout your course I'll show you how to do many other jobs that have made \$200 to \$1,000 for many N.R.I. men while learning. G. W. Page, 1606-B 5th Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn., made \$935 in his spare time while taking his course. Joseph Skrivanek, 20 Telegram Ave., Elmont, L. I., N. Y., says: "My total earnings since my enrollment amount to \$2,892 for spare time work in evenings."

I Will Train You at Home in Your Spare Time

Hold your present job. My 50-50 method of training, half from lesson books and half from the



Seldom under \$100 a Week

"My earnings seldom fall under \$100 a week. My profits for three months were \$577, \$645, \$465. If your course cost 4 or 5 times more I would still consider it a good investment."—E. E. Wignar, 1207 W. 48th Street, Norfolk, Va.



From \$35 to \$100 a Week

"I had the pleasure of earning \$310 last week servicing and selling sets. I have made as high as \$241 in two weeks. Before I entered Radio I was making \$35 a week."—J. A. Vaughn, Grand Radio & Appliance Co., 3107 S. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.



Broadcasting Stations use trained men continually for jobs paying up to \$5,000 a year.



Aviation is using more and more trained Radio men. Operators employed through Civil Service Commission earn \$1,620 to \$2,800 a year.



Spare time set servicing is paying N.R.I. men \$200 to \$1,000 a year. Full time men make as much as \$40, \$50, to \$100 a week.



Talking Movies—an invention made possible only by Radio—offers many fine jobs to well-trained Radio men, paying up to \$200 a week.

experimental outfits I send you without extra charge, makes learning at home easy, fascinating. It is unequalled. It gives you practical Radio experience while learning. You don't have to be a high school or college graduate. Many of my most successful graduates didn't finish the grades.

Your Money Back If Not Satisfied

That is the agreement I make with you. I am so sure that I can satisfy you that I will agree to return every penny of your money if, after completion, you are not satisfied with the Lessons and Instruction Service I give you.

ACT NOW— Find Out What Radio Offers You for Success and Bigger Pay

My book gives you the facts, what your prospects are for a job and quick promotions, how you can get started without delay, what you can make. It explains my practical method of training with my home experimental outfits, what my Lifetime Employment Service means to you, and many other features that have made N.R.I. training unequalled. There is no obligation. Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it. Do it today.

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. 2 DR 3
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.



FREE Information COUPON

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. 2DR3
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:—I want to take advantage of your special offer. Send me your two booklets, "The Principles of Television" and "Rich Rewards in Radio." This request does not obligate me and no salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Special FREE Offer

For the first time this authoritative book on Television is made available to the general public. Until now only my students could have it. Act promptly, and I'll send you a copy FREE, in addition to my big free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." This book on Television gives you the fundamental steps of Television. Get the facts about this coming field of great opportunity. Mail the coupon now.



I Help You Specialize Through My Five New Advanced Courses

My training not only gives you a thorough knowledge of Radio—all you need to get and hold a good job—but, in addition, you may take any one of my new advanced courses, without extra charge. They are:

- TELEVISION
- AIRCRAFT RADIO BROADCASTING
Commercial and Ship Radio Stations
- SOUND PICTURES AND PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEMS
- ADVANCED RADIO SERVICING AND MERCHANDISING

"Rich Rewards in Radio" gives you an outline of these courses. Get a copy. See for yourself how valuable this new idea in Home Study Training can be to you.

400% Increase

"My income is now about \$400 per month, which is 400% increase over my income at the beginning of my enrollment with N. R. I."—J. W. Sessums, 5954 Lewis St., Dallas, Texas.



\$800 in Spare Time

"Dear Mr. Smith: I did not know a single thing about Radio before I enrolled, but I have made \$800 in my spare time."—Millon I. Leiby, Jr., Topton, Pa.



Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the World of Broadcasting

WHAT a pity that the March of Time was discontinued just at a time when it might have produced an epochal program—a dramatization of the kidnaping of and search for the Lindbergh baby! Those of us who have felt that this program represented the top notch of radio achievement were hoping almost against hope that the Dupont program, Today and Yesterday, would pick up the hour-glass and carry on. But this was a program that required the genius of the “nose for news” and the capacity to dramatize news. The new sponsors are not constituted that way. They have become great along other lines. When I asked a representative of the organization after that first program why they had not presented the dramatization of this supreme news event I was told, “We were afraid that by the time we went on the air the worst might have happened, and what we would do or say then might be considered bad taste.”

* * *

NOBODY could blame the new sponsors for feeling that restraint. However, one of the most touching, most expressive dramatizations ever presented on the March of Time program to my notion was the story of the fatal trip of the motor coach that stalled in the snow in Colorado last year. You will remember the children’s voices, and farewell of the heroic driver as he left his little charges in a practically hopeless effort to get help. No listener ever criticized this broadcast unfavorably. It touched every heart. It awakened a new faith in all humanity, that such courage and heroism should manifest itself even in a rural school bus full of freezing children. In the Lindbergh case the Columbia System had established its short wave station right at the scene of the kidnaping and could have connected directly with instant details of this great mystery drama of the hour. The story of how a nation responded to the distress of this outraged family could have been broadcast as a radio epic.

* * *

YOU will notice in this issue of Radio Digest that we are trying out a new way of presenting information about the programs. Chain station listings, which require a great deal of repetition, have been left out because it is assumed that practically every listener knows the most convenient station over which he may hear either of the continental chain programs. By simple mention of the network and time the listener will know from experience where to set his dial. Paragraph comment may prove more interesting.

* * *

IT IS hazardous for us to attempt to present news because we must close our forms a month before you see the magazine on the stands. But one of the interesting rumors of the moment as this is written is that Florenz Ziegfeld, the Great Follies fellow, is going to produce a series of programs for the Chrysler Motor Car company to be called the Chrysler Follies. It is to be on the Columbia System and will cost Mr. Chrysler \$5,000 per broadcast for talent alone. Alas, and now we find there *are* some more corners for television! It is possible some of the beauties may be seen in the New York area over W2XAB of the CBS. The regular program waits a favorable evening spot, perhaps by the time you read this.

IT SEEMS as though half the members of Congress are sitting up nights to think up new bills to be introduced to regulate radio. Thirty bills are now pending in Senate and House. The Senators seem to be getting the most ideas as they have introduced 19 of the 30 bills.

* * *

WHAT is this thing that makes so many of us chronic fault finders? It is almost like a disease. A very respectable gentleman of my acquaintance recently took occasion to vent all his pent up rage about things he didn’t like about radio on me. It seemed he abominated practically everything on the air with a possible exception of one of the morning programs. I tried to remind him of some of the great artists and really very fine things that we hear every day. But he was obdurate. Everything I mentioned was “simply terrible”. It was hopeless. There is no use arguing with this kind of individual. Such persons seem rather to enjoy being miserable. In expressing their contempt and disapproval of some great enterprise that has taken a vast amount of brain power and intelligent construction they doubtless set up in their own minds some sort of compensation for something they lack. By affecting an air of carping criticism they try to convince first themselves, and then others, that they possess some superior perception quite beyond the understanding of the common herd. And in the end they defeat their own purpose by making themselves appear not only obtuse but ridiculous.

* * *

“**WHAT** do you suppose is back of the refusal of the Federal Radio Commission to allow the I. T. & T. a measely little five watt station for television experiments?” asked a caller the other day.

“Something new in a television set-up?” he was asked.

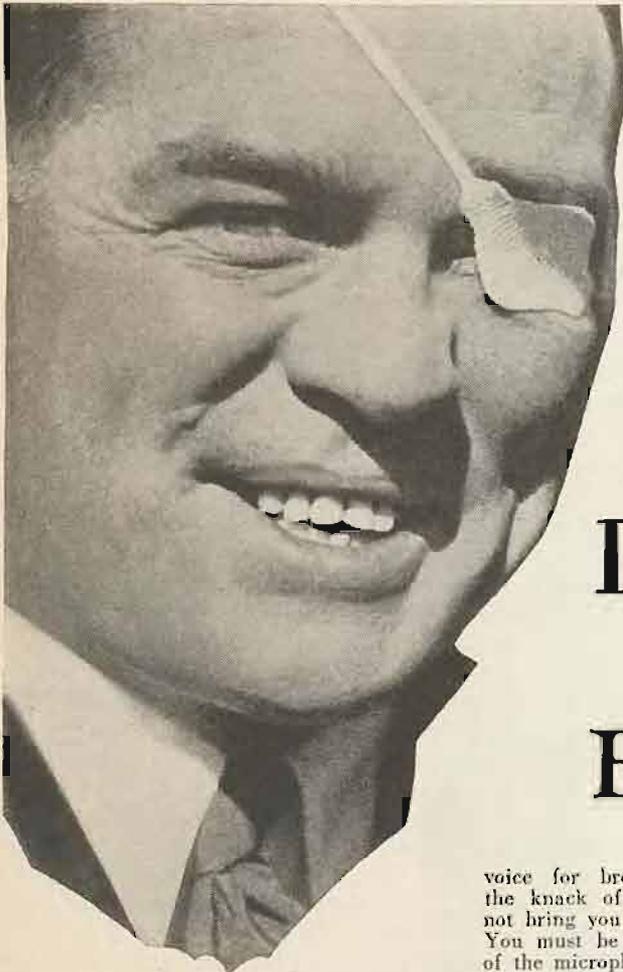
“A Frenchman by the name of Clavier has been doing some startling things in television working on a wave about one foot long. He is employed by the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, only rival here for international communications of the R.C.A. They brought M. Clavier over here and asked for this tiny bit of airway, and the Commission turned them down. There are a few shares of I. T. & T. stock owned in Spain and England. But 6,000,000 of the 6,642,508 shares are owned in the United States. The commission has now asked the Court of Appeals to rule on whether the I. T. & T. is entitled to have any wave channels at all, because some of its stock is owned abroad and four of the 23 directors live in foreign countries.”

“What an alarming situation that presents! Is our war with Spain over yet?”

“No, but do you suppose the R. C. A. is back of it?”

“Heavens no! Why if the I. T. & T. had to give up its waves the poor old R.C.A. would have to carry on all the international work itself. And just consider what all that would mean with all this trans-oceanic broadcasting going on now. That, added to the worries of the new television plans, putting in extra wire lines to carry it, the new sets and all that. How can they ever take care of it all without help from their good friends the Postal Telegraph people!”

—H. P. B.



HELLO, EVERYBODY

If you possess natural talent, you can be trained to enter Broadcasting as an:

Announcer	Program Manager	Musician
Singer	Sales Manager	Reader
Actor	Advertising	Writer
Musical Director	Publicity	Director

or any other field of Broadcasting

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Leo Reisman

JAZZ and Highbrow compositions are both brothers under the din, according to Leo Reisman. The frivolous syncopated young scamp known as Jazz comes from the same family as the classics and there's no use trying to disown him. He's what he is and that's that, like him or not as suits your fancy. Mr. Reisman is better known for the more respectable compositions but he understands the blood relationship of the opposed styles of music and that may be the reason why his interpretations receive sympathetic appreciation from all types of music lovers.

"Classics" and "Jazz" are Brothers Says

LEO REISMAN

*NBC Maestro is Amused at "Pretenders" Who Scorn
in Ignorance of What Constitutes True Rhythmic Art*

SO MANY people throw up their hands and deprecate with horror the very mention of jazz, as it is called! It makes me smile. They are narrow in their understanding for the truth of the matter is, the so-called jazz tunes and the finest classical compositions are so closely akin, musically, that they may be likened to brothers of the same family.

Jazz is the vigorous, active small brother, mischievous, irrepressible. He is running over with impish tricks—some people call it devilishness—and upsets the dignity and calm of the family reserve. Jazz is the devil-may-care young hot-blood, sometimes furious but always fairly bursting with vigor, vim and vitality.

Classical music, on the other hand, is the thoughtful older brother; alive to beauty, contemplative and often philosophical during his best moods. Perhaps he is possessed of a more inspiring quality because he touches the heights of emotion and really expresses the longing of the soul for better things.

Both brothers occupy important places in their musical family. The younger brother, Jazz, is not the family "black sheep" that some would consider him. Neither is the elder brother an angel supposedly not invited to the same places as his brother.

I never can sympathize with the jazz enthusiast who looks on classical music as something quite outside his ken and neither do I agree with the classicist that jazz is a low, common and vulgar type of music. Either opinion is the off-shoot of a closed mind. If either knew more about what they were saying, they would know that both are music and that one derives a great deal from the other. In other words, they truly had the same father and mother.

Often I have heard people say that they do not like classical music. I say "classical" advisedly. I've often heard people who do, or pretend to, like this so-called classical music, say "I don't like jazz." If it is this repetitious

By Leo Reisman

as told to

Carl M. Baumhart

rhythmic dance form that they have persuaded themselves to dislike, then I wonder if they realize that our really, so-called good music is based on rhythmic dance forms, and in main instances where the dance form has been strictly adhered to, the music has been the better for it.

I have heard some very good jazz music and some very poor classical music. I have heard people coming out of symphony concerts rave about poorly written symphonic compositions that really had nothing to offer simply because these people thought it was the thing to do to like classical music. They took it for granted that since the medium through which this music was presented was a symphony orchestra, it must be good music. I have heard these same people say, "Oh, no, I never listen to jazz. It's a waste of time."

WELL, I think that if these people had no intellectual pretensions and were as broad as they should be musically, they could assume the point of view that some of our foremost composers have expressed to me—that they do not object to jazz because it is a rhythmic form and called jazz. They object to it only when it is poorly written.

What, after all, decides whether a piece of music is really good or bad? According to the opinion of some of my friends, the general public does not appreciate art. My argument in return has been that they *always* are moved by artistic things. And the proof of any art object is in its ability to move, and the intensity and extent to which it moves the general public is the extent

to which that art object is great. To me, that is the measure of its greatness.

Sometimes public reaction has been great to many things that are generally not conceded to be works of art. At the same time I feel that the reaction has been somewhat justified artistically, because in the works to which they usually respond there is some particular quality that has an artistic significance, and is probably so moving in itself that it obliterates—in the eyes of the layman—any crudities that may be associated with this particular quality. Things that are of us, closest to us, move us the most, because they are of nature and we are of nature, and as we approach this common denominator, so are sympathetic understanding, reactions and pleasure increased. And the degree to which any art object affects us is the degree of its greatness.

So, when you turn on your radio or your phonograph or listen to a concert or the orchestra in the pit of a movie house—or even myself over the air—please relax and like music for itself alone, and not because your music teacher or your musically trained friend tells you that you should not like this or that. Accept music only for what it is worth to you and its definite power to entertain you. If a simple, lovely tune of which there are many in our light music field as there are in our symphonic compositions, affects you, do not be ashamed to enjoy it and to have an opinion of your own. And if you really like the tune, say so, because after all, the melodic gift is the greatest gift. And in many instances melodic material that is in no way superior to some of our popular tunes, has been built up, through the ingenuity of a great composer, into a great symphony.

Intellectuality and technical understanding are needed only in creating. Only normal emotional capacities are needed for reaction and entertainment, since the creation of any art object is for the purpose of arousing reaction—

(Continued on page 78)



Yas suh, who am dat dere white-faced gen'lman ober dere. Seems to me like as ah knows him. Waal, if 'tain't Paul Dumont. Lawdy, how I does know him!

"HOWDY folks—now dat we is all assembled heer, le's stait de minstrel show. Come on, now, we is gwine to recommence de minstrel—hey, what's dem dere eruptions back ob de rear, folks—oh, oh. Yas'm, yas'm. What kin ah do folt you all—dis cheerful, mohoin, Missy!"

Why, why, I'm a reporter, Mr. Bones. Yes for Radio Digest—the magazine—and I'd like to have an interview with you for our readers. Now, the first question I'd like to ask is, "How do you curl your hair. Oh, do let me run my fingers through it. Such adorable ringlets! Tell me, how do you get such delightful curls?"

"Waal, dat's easy. And ah is plenty surprised—yes plenty. Why, I've know Missy, de first interrogation what folkses axes me in "Why does a chicken cross de street? Dey should know by dis time it's so's de street car conductor kin lah chicken fricasee."

Well, now that I know how you curl your hair, may I have the honor of knowing your first name—yes, you know, your maiden name.

"Oh, sho, mam, sho. Paul—Paul Bones. Mistuh Paul Bones."

"Say, Paul—Paul-I-I. Nellie Revell wants you on the telephone. She asks when in the world you expect to see her about next Wednesday's program," calls a voice from outside the studio.

MISTUH BONES

*Paul Dumont, One of Radio's Topnotch Announcers
Girl Reporter Says "He Sho'*

By Anne

This, dear readers, is the way your interviewer was deceived. The negro dialect of Paul Bones "wuz so plenty pubfect, that it jes' 'bout bowled me over" when I discovered that beneath the smooth dark mask and kinky wig was Paul Dumont, one of NBC's topnotch announcers. The wig—oh, yes—I'm making a careful study of each curl so that I can write an article for those poor souls whose hair remains unruffled even after the painful process of permanent waving.

Paul Dumont, unlike most announcers, is not tall, dark and handsome. His eyelashes are not long enough to get in the soup, and his smile doesn't sweep you off your feet and lift you up into the beautiful azure. He is married, has two grown-up children—both over twenty and his favorite pastime is automobile driving—with Mrs. Dumont.

SO THAT when Paul Dumont receives the admiration and fan mail applause from the radio listeners—it's not because he sweeps the feminine persuasion off its trim dactyls, but because he conveys his genuine ability and personality as an announcer and performer.

Broadcasting studios are flooded each day with letters asking the radio-old question, "How can I become an announcer?"

The way may be narrow but never straight. It leads into all kinds of byways as the lives of announcers will attest, and it would take a modern Plutarch to do justice to the biographies of these servants of the air.

But this is the way Paul Dumont became an announcer. We'll have to go back through many yesterdays—in fact over forty years of yesterdays, and we halt in the Borough of Brooklyn, where Paul was born and reared. It was in the days when steam cars chugged along elevated roads and bleary-eyed steeds pulled street cars along cobblestone pavements with rattle and noise.

The youngest of a round dozen children (six girls and six boys) he was brought up by a fond pair of parents who were both musically inclined and it was from them that he learned the rudiments of singing.

At a very tender age he made his debut before a group of the Ladies Aid Society. And when he appeared on the platform—the wee little lad, dressed in kilts and wearing a bright feather in his cap—exclamations of "Isn't he the dear little lamb" and "what a sweet thing" reached his ears and gave him added courage. The only disturbing feature about the performance was his outfit and especially the garish feather which ornamented his headgear. And as he sang the sentimental strains of "Take back the Heart Thou Gavest Me," he was burning up with resentment at the red feather. The little outfit was most carefully preserved in camphor balls and exhibited for many years after that occasion to special guests at the Dumont household.

It is almost impossible to believe that a gifted young musician like Paul should have pursued fist-fighting as an avocation during those early days. But there was nothing that he quite enjoyed so heartily as a good fight with the kids in the neighborhood, and the gleam and enthusiasm in Mr. Dumont's eyes as he spoke of this accomplishment, removed all doubt of his sincerity. There is still a certain swiftness and agility in his makeup now that speaks of many conquests which he must have had over Brooklyn's boy population.

IT MIGHT have been a desire to give the cat instructions in music at close range—it might have been that the piano needed a little tuning—or it even might have been just another boyish prank—but when the choirmaster opened up the piano—a feline sprang up at him. We're not of course saying that Paul Dumont was guilty of any such mischief—in case the

*Caught Playing His One-Act Minstrel Show,
is What Yo' Call Swell"*

B. Lazar

choirmaster should read this and ask any questions, but where were we—

Oh, yes, at the age of fifteen, Paul was graduated from Commercial High School where he had drifted into the mysteries of stenographic hieroglyphics. As master of this realm—this was twenty-eight years ago—now there are many pretenders to the throne—he obtained a job with a firm dealing in stained glass windows—and for his pains in decoding the letters which the boss gave him, he got One Dollar a day.

His salary jumped to Twelve Dollars a week when he became identified with the DeForest Company. Mr. Dumont's recollections of the father of radio is that of a serious-minded man, preoccupied with his work day and night.

EVEN in those early years DeForest was involved in litigation and all of the testimony which was of a highly technical nature and which was given at the many suits at law, Paul succeeded in taking down at a typewriter.

Having been so near the inventor of radio, even though only in a stenographic capacity, no one had a better right than Paul to become one of the first announcers in a broadcasting studio. It was way back in 1924 when WMCA had its headquarters at the McAlpin Hotel from which it takes its name. He did everything but a soft-shoe dance to entertain the head-phone radio audience.

His duty was to take the station for a whole day's airing, talk, sing, entertain, erosen (this last is not authentic) and then put it to bed. If he experimented with a radio drama, he was the whole cast. Mr. Sniffleborough, Mrs. Sniffleborough, Johnnie Sniffleborough, the iceman, and probably the janitor—having of course first penned the "drammer."

This is the versatility of Paul Dumont—actor, author, director, singer—

which got a good start in the broadcasting studios.

When WABC, now the key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System arrived, Paul Dumont arranged music and wrote shows for its audience in addition to keeping the audience entertained every minute of the day. In those days studios did not have very large artist staffs. As a matter of fact the staff consisted of one versatile person who could repair any nervous breakdown of the radio equipment, answer the numerous telephone calls that would come in from fans, and do everything but polish up the handle of the studio door.

BUT there had to be variety in the entertainment. Paul Dumont early realized that even a head-phone listener could not be asked to listen to a program—such as it was—that did not have some variety. So as an announcer, Paul Dumont introduced himself as the famous tenor, John Fermeather. Executing arias from well-loved operas with exceptional skill, he concluded the program with the announcement that John Fermeather would be heard again the following week. There were no prepared continuities—no schedule for a whole day's features—what could he offer the radio public next? Perhaps some old favorites. This time he would need a baritone. So as Charles Merrivalker he himself delivered a fifteen-minute song recital.

Is it at all surprising then that completing his fourth year at the National Broadcasting Company, he has won high honors—measured by the esteem in which he is held by the radio audience, and has to his credit some of the most noteworthy broadcasting events including the broadcasting of the Post-Gatti reception of 1931.

Of course, Mary and Dick, children of Paul Dumont, twenty and twenty-two respectively, are quite sold on their dad. Although Mr. Dumont has been

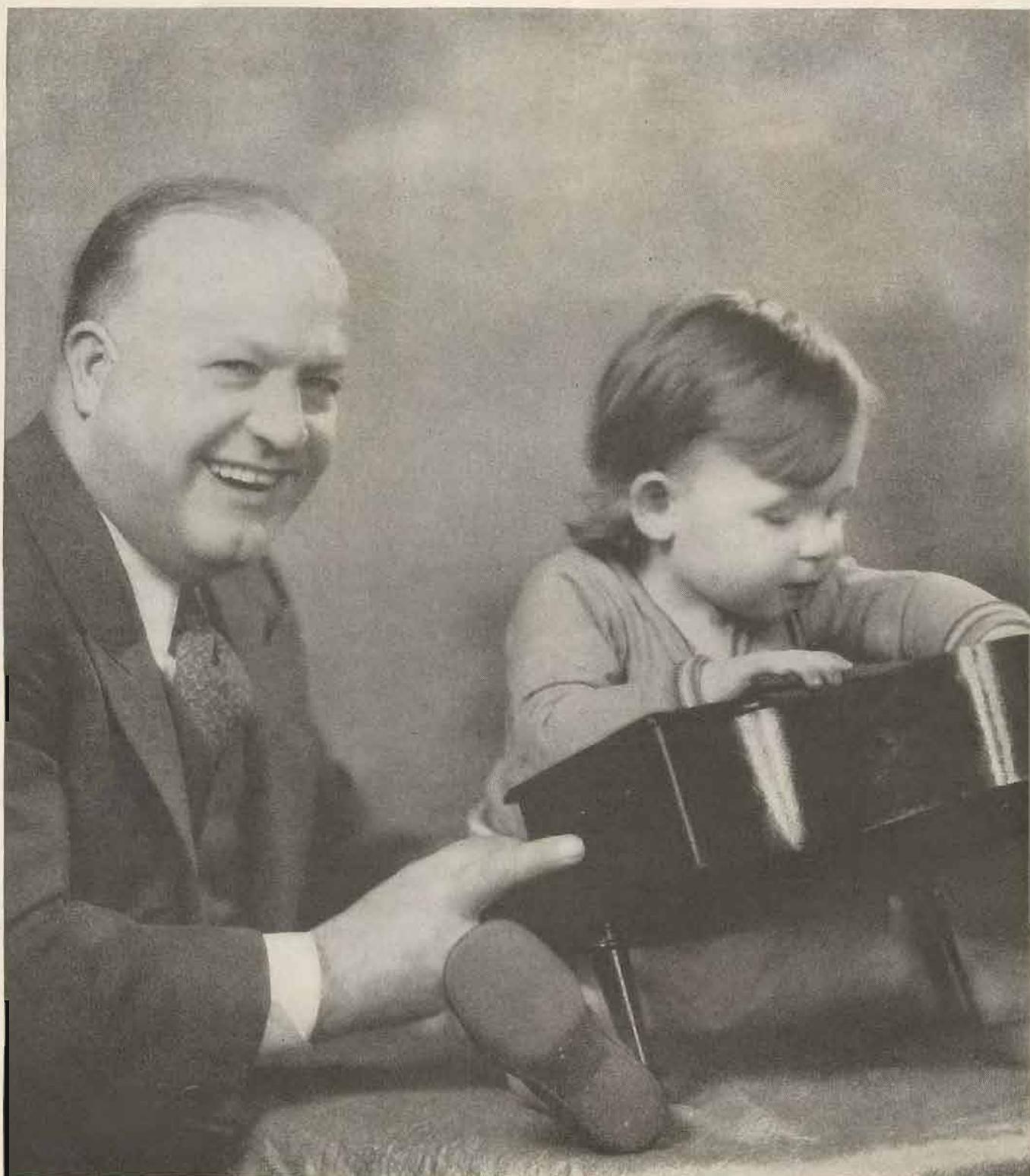


Don't mind him, gentle readers. He's only Mr. Bones, just an old dark who thinks he's funny. Me, Mr. Bones? Well, so that cat's out of the bag, is it?

married for over twenty-four years, his wedded life is just as happy as the day he led his young bride—just before she was graduated from Girls' High School—to the altar. And Mrs. Dumont is now repaying her husband's youthful attentions when he would carry her books home from school or give her the bigger apple, by delivering him to the studios or office every day and calling for him at night.

Mr. Bones puts the curly-headed wig on his head again. Which means dat de rehearsal ob de Minstrel Show is gwine to stait. "Hey, dere, boy," he calls out in his drawling dialect, "tell Nellie Revell I'll be seein' her tomorrow." For as Paul Dumont he has assisted Miss Revell, *Fairer of Radio Digest*, in her program every Wednesday night over NBC. Mrs. Dumont has made the extra trip with her husband every week just for this very late evening feature. "Yes, she's great—that Nellie Revell."

Since the above article was written for *Radio Digest*, word has come to us that Mr. Dumont is no longer connected with the National Broadcasting Company but is now in the Program Department of one of the large advertising agencies. In his capacity as Director, it is to be expected that he will continue to turn out the same interesting programs that he has arranged while directly affiliated with NBC.—Editor.



"Inside Stuff"—Ferde Grofe and Ferde, Jr.

FERDE GROFE, famous arranger of modern blue symphonies and his little disarranger, Ferde, Jr., getting the low down on a baby baby grand. Papa Grofe is known as the Ghost for Paul Whiteman and for twelve years sat in obscurity as the skilled manipulator of various harmonies into the jazz tempo. He began life in New York City but spent the most of his career in California. He comes from a musical family. His grandfather played cello in Victor Herbert's orchestra before the latter began composing. Young Ferde grew up with a real piano for a toy just as little Ferde Junior, here, has the baby baby grand. It's well to start 'em young. Who can tell what genius the next Grofe will reveal?



Doris Robbins

THEY call me 'Angel of the Air,' says Doris Robbins, her big brown eyes laughing right at you. "A group of prisoners in an Illinois jail once wrote me a fan letter starting off with this salutation, and it has stuck ever since. Where do I sing? Oh, I thought you knew. Right now I'm with Herbie Kay's orchestra, at the Cafe Blackhawk, Chicago, and we're heard every night over WGN, and occasionally over NBC. That's all right. You're welcome."

*MISSOURI Maid
with Ambitious
Dreams Becomes Star of
Today and Yesterday*

WHEN one is seven the world is very new and wonderful. There are so many thrilling experiences just ahead, so very many tremendous things to be done. But there is no use just sitting back, chin in hand, and thinking about it. No sir, especially when you were just born to be a great singer. The thing to do is to get out and get started right away.

And that is the way it was with Gladys Brittain, the young woman, who graces our cover this month. Just because she was little and cute and could sing like a grown-up she was the adored baby of the family. She had to sing for everybody that came to the house. It was rather a bore and many a time she would turn two pages of her music at once so as to get through with it and out to play. But one day a very smart lady who knew all about such things caught her at the trick and that was the end of such didoes.

One who is destined to sing must make her stage debut sooner or later and there is no good reason why it should not be at the age of seven. At least so her big brother argued. And very much against the principles of her devout Methodist mother Gladys scampered off to a picture show on a Sabbath afternoon with her older brother and sister.

THERE was a special amateur performance. Gladys suddenly discovered herself on a stage before a wondering audience. She sang School Days. And the audience clapped and clapped, until the manager declared she was entitled to the grand prize of \$5. That was her stage debut and first money for singing. She was quite astounded at having so much money. She didn't know what to do with it because she knew mother would not in the least approve. So the affair—the whole story



Gladys Brittain

Romantic Rise of *A New Star*

By MARK QUEST

of her first theatrical performance—must for the time being be kept a profound secret. Brother took the \$5 and doled it out mutually in daily visits to the drug store soda fountain on the corner.

One day a neighbor came in and casually mentioned "what a cute and lovely little thing" Gladys had been at the picture theatre. Quickly came the hour of retribution and repentance. The disciplinary measure consisted of a banishment to the closet of those nice new roller skates of which the little girl was so fond. One week of that and she decided that she was truly sorry and penitent.

But that was the start as Miss Brittain explained it to a representative of Radio Digest between times as she posed for the picture for Mr. Sheldon, the artist.

"For a short time I went to McKinley High School in St. Louis," she said, "but I did not get into really important things until we moved to Kansas City. I had become very much interested in an actress who lived neighbor to us. I learned about New York and how shows move from city to city. I made up my mind that eventually I would go to New York and become a singer. My father and mother encouraged me to study.

THEY started me in with the piano. Then I took my first singing lessons from Allen Hinckley. Mr. Hinckley gave me a place in his Methodist church choir where I earned my first regular money at \$12 a month, singing with a quartet. Then the minister of a Christian church offered me \$35 to sing in their choir. A little later I was offered more money to sing in a Science church—I mention the money only as an indication of the progress I was making.

"From the Science church I went to the Second Presbyterian at a very considerable increase in compensation. The Second Presbyterian was just about the ultimate one could hope for in the way of choir singing. It was all wonderful. I enjoyed it for I liked to sing and I liked the church and people of the church were very wonderful to me."

Miss Brittain still maintains her ideals. She abhors affectation as much as she does over indulgence of any kind. Sometimes you catch in her face the look of sophistication familiar as the stage and studio type. But she is very sincere, very independent and very fascinating. The color of her eyes changes while you are looking at them. One moment you will declare they are azure blue, in a flash they seem to be as brown as butternuts and then as she twinkles a smile from her expressive lips you discover they are decidedly gray.

"It was Mr. Hinckley who led me into the corridors of the opera," said Miss Brittain. "He gave me operatic roles to learn so that I was later able to sing these parts in productions. Eduardo Sacerdote, formerly of the Chicago Musical College, began making weekly trips to Kansas City and I joined one of his classes. I played the title role of Lakme, Marguerite in Faust and finally Mimi in La Boheme.

"During one of those gloriously romantic days when a girl hovers between

sixteen and seventeen Harry Dunbar brought his light opera troupe to Kansas City. He let it be known that he would be glad to consider young new talent for the chorus. A girl who shared much of my confidences dared me to take the audition. We giggled and mimicked the grand opera notables and then in a burst of bravado I found my way to the back stage where many adult young women were waiting their chance to be heard.

"It was a bleak looking place, dusty and untidy. Mr. Dunbar came out to the piano and looked us all over and then turned to me.

"'Guess I'll call on this little girl first,' he said. The others smiled indulgently. But I felt quite confident when he asked me to sing the Jewel Song from Faust.

"**Y**OU didn't come to try out for the chorus, did you?" he asked later after I had gone with him to the office as he had requested.

"'No,' I replied, 'to be frank with you, I came here on a dare. A friend of mine said I would not have the nerve. So I just wanted to show her that I did. And here I am.'

"'Well, you are a surprise to me,' he said. 'And I'll be just as frank to tell you that I think you have about the sweetest lyric voice I have heard for a long, long time.'

"That was a thrill. He offered me the roles Maid Marion in Robin Hood and also Arline in Bohemian Girl. Later he offered me a contract to go on tour with them but I had to turn this down. When he got to Chicago he wrote and asked me to join their company there. Partly against my mother's wishes I went. But after everything was settled I just couldn't bring myself to taking the step so I returned to Kansas City and resumed my classes with Sacerdote."

Seventeen is quite young for one to start out on a career but Miss Brittain did tour for two seasons as soloist with the Kansas City Symphony orchestra. It came about quite suddenly, just as many of her opportunities have developed. At 9 o'clock one morning she was asked to take the place of the regular soloist who had been taken ill. She was asked if she could sing One Fine Day from Madam Butterfly. She replied that she could. Then she was instructed to be prepared to sing it at 1 o'clock that afternoon. As a matter of fact she had never tried the song. But she borrowed the music, memorized the words, and was on the dot for the audition. She was engaged immediately.

Sometime later she decided to apply for the Julliard Scholarship and sent for an application. She was asked to come to New York.

At last she was to realize the ambitions of her childhood dreams, the dreams she had woven between the lines of a book she read when she had lived in St. Louis. The book told her of the lives of famous women. And it seemed to her then that anyone who ever hoped to become famous would almost necessarily have to begin in New York.

Her trip to the Eastern Metropolis was a revival of those dreams, the romance of ambition and success. Perhaps to become a star!

Then came the day of trial, a period of tense waiting and the glad information that she had won the award—a fellowship which included voice, piano, languages and harmony. Not satisfied with purely an academic life she has reached out for significant achievements.

"I saw the musical world coming into the new day of radio," she said, "and I wanted to get into it. Some of my friends considered my opportunity to sing as a guest star over the great networks, a most happy goal. But I was not satisfied. I determined to get on a sponsored program by my own efforts.

"Learning that auditions were being held for the Evening in Paris program over Columbia by an advertising agency I asked for an audition and finally obtained one. They gave me repeated opportunities on this program. And then I was considered for the new Today and Yesterday programs for the Dupont company over a CBS network."

She was selected after four juries of experts had given her auditions along with many other candidates for the stellar soprano role. With this program Gladys Brittain becomes a radio star of the first order. She says that radio is one of the greatest fields in the world for artistic ambition. She is happy that she has won her niche without any letters of recommendation or intercession by influential friends. Now she is eager to further establish a name for herself in radio as an interesting interpreter of songs.

IN ORDER to obtain the right kind of instruction for radio voice Miss Brittain sought a teacher who had been successful in teaching other radio singers. Her choice fell on Miss Eleanor McLellan whose pupils of radio distinction include Miss Gladys Rice, Miss Evelyn Herbert and others prominent in the musical world.

The last day of Miss Brittain's appearance in the portrait artist's studio was one of intense sadness. She had just received word of her mother's death in Kansas City. It was on the eve of her debut in her new triumph and first experience as a new radio star. Only a

month previous she had been with her mother during a crisis.

"It is impossible for me to go home now," she said as she sat in obvious dejection beneath a beam of winter sun that filtered down through the studio skylight. "I feel that mother would have me do just what I am doing. The fact that my brother and sister are with my dad is a comfort. My memory of her will be as I saw her in life. She has always meant so much to me."

Miss Brittain says that one of her ambitions of the future is to have a home that she can furnish with Eighteenth Century furniture to be selected piece by piece to suit the requirements. She loves to make cheese dishes and desserts. Also she has had a short course in portrait sketching, which she enjoys as a hobby.

WHEN summer days come again Miss Brittain hopes to enjoy some of her brief recreation opportunities with a rod and reel. She yearns for the flashing ripple of a trout stream, the whirr of a spinning reel, the fleck of a finny body against the purple rock—the jerk and haul until the fish gets right up close enough to unhook—and then, well she has never yet caught one big enough to go into a creel. Some day she hopes her many trout fishing expeditions will have their reward. Just now she is staking her hopes on the possibilities that exist in the water environs of New York. Her work won't permit her to wander too far away from CBS studios in Manhattan.

She spoofs at the suggestion of superstitions but is rarely seen without her bracelet of little pink and blue lucky elephants. The girls who know her best in the Tau Chapter of the Alpha Iota Sorority say there is some deep secret about the little elephants which even they have not been able to fathom.

THE Today and Yesterday program of news events have in it dramatization of news events of years ago in parallel with those of today and appropriate music. It extends over a CBS network from 8:30 to 9 o'clock EST. The musical setting is supplied by Don Voorhees and his 24 piece orchestra. The du Pont quartet is comprised of Randolph Weyant, first tenor; Willard Amison, second tenor; Leonard Stokes, baritone; and Robert Moody, bass, with Kenneth Christie as pianist and arranger. The Pacific Coast program will originate in Don Lee studios of the Columbia network.

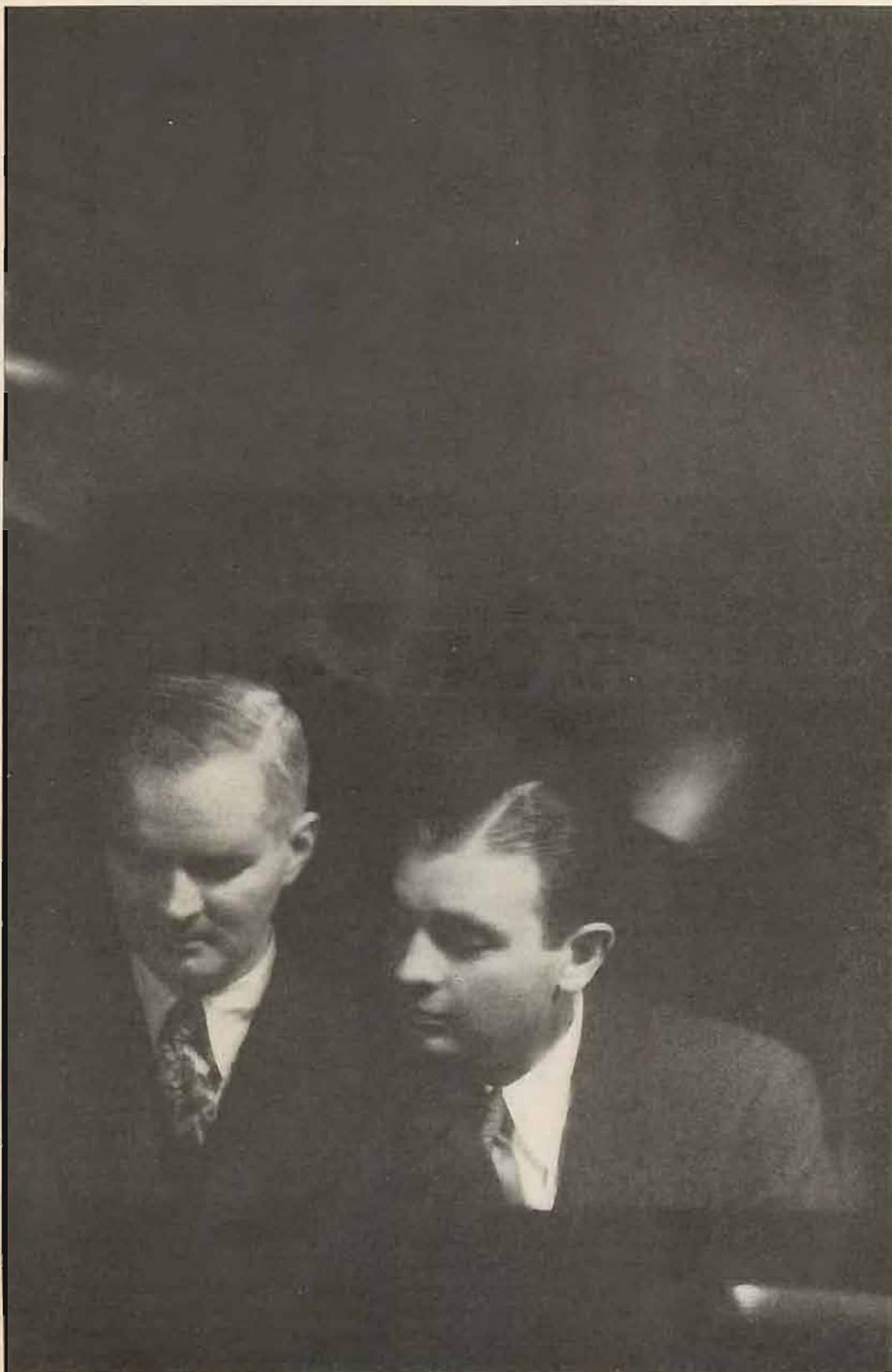
"Another exquisite pastel by Charles Sheldon will adorn cover of your May Radio Digest. This time you will see June Pursell, California singing sunbeam, now become a national radio idol."

Jack *(left)*
Parker

Darryl
Woodyard



THIS is how the Three Bakers, and their arranger, make their dough. But the Staff of Life for them is found on a sheet of music, and the keyboard of a piano is their bread and butter board. Jack Parker is the benign looking gentleman looking down at Darryl Woodyard, above. Jack sings first tenor and tells funny stories. He invites the others to ride on his speed boat,



Will (left)
Donaldson

Frank
Luther

Anjean II. But when it comes to swimming he depends on a rope to keep from sinking. Darryl comes from Pond Creek, Oklahoma and prefers a horse. Luther goes in for odd musical contraptions. Besides his remarkable musical arrangements Will Donaldson does well at arranging a bridge hand. These gentlemen are on various programs other than The Three Bakers and are well known as The Men About Town. You hear them over NBC on Sunday nights.



Joseph Gallicchio (left) and the orchestra which plays *The Perfect Song* for Amos 'n' Andy three times daily except Sunday.

The PERFECT SONG

By James H. Cook

WHEN Joseph Carl Briel wrote "The Perfect Song," little did he dream that it would become the best known melody in the United States, and that it would have more than 4,000 presentations within the space of two and one half years.

It's the theme song of those two southern dialecticians, Amos 'n' Andy, who regulate the bedtime of the nation, and it's played by a group of musicians under the able direction of Joseph Gallicchio, and they never grow tired of it.

For two and one half years they have been playing it, "perfecting" this perfect song, and despite this length of time, the song has not become monotonous, and they still seek to find the perfect instrumentation for it.

Gallicchio tells an interesting story of the selection of *The Perfect Song* as the Amos 'n' Andy theme number. In casting about for an appropriate tune Joe auditioned such numbers as *Deep River*, *Old Man River*, *Mighty Like a Rose*, and a number of negro spirituals. *Old Man River* seemed to be leading the field as a favorite, when one of the Pepsodent officials suggested that they try *The Perfect Song* from the great movie classic,



Bill Hay

"That was right up my alley," Joe remarked, "for I had played the show—you remember—*The Birth of a Nation*, that the song comes from. In fact we had played it in a program that very day so you might say we swung into the number all rehearsed. From then on *The Perfect Song* went out in front and it wasn't long before they decided to adopt it."

A peculiar thing about reviving the number was that for a year the NBC studio was swamped with telephone calls each night after the program, asking the name of the number used on the broadcast.

Music stores were deluged with requests for the song and the publisher was forced to bring out a revised edition. While the song did not attain the popularity of a best seller it remains a constantly popular number which will sell

forever, music lovers say.

Joe has not missed a broadcast in the two and a half years it has been on the air. "There is always plenty of cause to vary its interpretation," he says. "Tonight the boys may run a little short and we make a rubber tune of it—stretch it out. Tomorrow night it may be full and we will have to dash through the closing signature."

"Then we have changed the instru-

mentation from time to time and varied the key and changed the arrangement. We do know the song though."

Many changes have been made in *The Perfect Song* in the successive steps to its present perfection. First Gallicchio, with his violin, led a string trio. Later they added two violins and a tenor saxophone. The last change made was to replace the saxophone with a string bass. It is now actually a string quintet with piano.

With each of these changes of instrumentation, changes were made in the song itself. When the trio began its work with the number they played it in the key of C, exactly as the composer wrote it.

WHEN it became a sextet the key was changed to G Major, with some changes in the arrangement, and this was used the longest of any of the arrangements.

With the latest change of instrumentation the key was changed to G Flat, which, with the addition of the bass, gives the composition a darker color.

But to Amos 'n' Andy fans, here is a tip. Still other changes are contemplated for the signature number. Keep your ears open for arrangements with the harp, or the flute, or as a violin solo with orchestral background.

Perhaps some radio fan with a keen

Musicians Never Weary of Amos 'n' Andy's Theme Song Hint New Variation Soon Will Be Introduced to Program

memory will remember one other variation. On just one broadcast an attempt was made to offer the number as a tenor solo. However when the song came from the loud speaker it did not have exactly the appeal that was intended and the tenor was given up.

Of course the theme song is intimately linked with the network history of Amos 'n' Andy. When the two black-face boys went on the air for Pepsodent Joe played his number twice each night, at the opening and close of the broadcast at 11 o'clock, eastern standard time.

In a short time there came a murmur of protest from the East that 11 o'clock was too late to wait up for the boys. So a change was made—that the boys might be heard in New York at 7 o'clock.

Then came a roar of protest from the middle-west and an avalanche of letters and telegrams. The flood could not be denied and for the first time in the history of broadcasting a program began a "two-a-day" schedule.

Later Amos 'n' Andy did three a day, the third show for the benefit of the Pacific coast, and Gallicchio continued to wield the baton that put the musicians through their paces for the signature.

Gallicchio is well known in the world of music for reasons other than his association with Amos 'n' Andy.

He was, in turn, a violinist with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra and Chicago Civic Opera orchestra, and before coming into broadcasting was director of the orchestra at the Edgewater Beach hotel in Chicago.

With Bill Hay he forms the champion ping pong doubles team of the studios and when Bill and Joe clash in singles—well—if you know ping pong you know that a lot of volleys cross the net when two champions meet.

But they always manage to close up the game in time to go on the air—and then the tempo of the two men changes—from the staccato of the ping pong

table to the measured tones of "The Perfect Song," and Bill Hay's sonorous "Amos 'n' Andy, in person."

The theme song also is "In Person"—directed by Joseph Gallicchio. That in answer to the oft repeated query, Amos 'n' Andy have never been introduced by a transcription.

But for some of the fans who have sets that reach out and bring in the distant stations, they may some day pick up some station in Australia and hear The Perfect Song. That WILL be a recording by Gallicchio—used to introduce the program Pepsodent is sponsoring in the Antipodes—but never on Amos 'n' Andy.



Amos 'n' Andy when they are not Amos 'n' Andy but just plain Freeman F. Gosden (left) and Charles J. Correll.

Believe it or not during all the 4,000 times the Gallicchio orchestra has introduced and closed the act of Amos 'n' Andy the two performers have never seen them do it. The music and the announcements take place in a studio separate from the room in which Amos 'n' Andy sit before a microphone and summon up the Kingfish, Mr. Crawford, Lightnin' and the score of other characters that have been identified with their act.

To be sure there is a window between the two studios but there are curtains on the window and only Bill Hay is permitted to go near them. Not even he peeks into the room unless it is absolutely necessary near the finish or at the start of a program.

This arrangement was all carefully planned when the studios were built

atop the great new publishing plant of the Chicago Daily News which houses WMAQ, one of the first newspaper broadcasting stations in America—or the world. Charles J. Correll, who takes the part of Andy, and Freeman F. Gosden, otherwise known as Amos, had already distinguished themselves as Sam 'n'



Amos

Henry at another Chicago station. They found they could do much better work in their impersonations if they were absolutely free from visual observation.

SO ONE small studio was created opening off from the control room. Adjoining this, with a door to the outer corridor, was the studio for the musicians and the announcer. As the moment approaches for one of the broadcasts Correll and Gosden disappear into their room and sit before a small flat top desk, Amos before the broad side of the desk and Andy at one end. The partition to the next studio is at Amos' back. The musicians are grouped around a piano near the

partition and Bill Hay is at a desk on the opposite side of the room. All watch the second hands of their various time pieces as the instant arrives for the broadcast. Then comes the signal from the control room and The Perfect Song drifts out to the nation. Thus with curtains closed tight Amos 'n' Andy remain unseen and unseeing while the musicians perform on the other side of a wall, sending out The Perfect Song which has become so intimately a part of their amazingly successful act.

For anyone else to use The Perfect Song on a radio program would seem to the listener almost like an invasion of private property. This recognition of the association of a theme song to any single program seems to have developed a point of ethics not hitherto recognized. It is more than a sense of proprietorship—no sponsor cares to have attention diverted from his own product by the suggestion of another through an established theme song.



Andy

Michigan Town Produces That "Typical New Yorker"

GEORGE OLSEN

Featured in Ziegfeld Follies—

Host of Broadway Night Clubs

By Marshal Taylor

IT WAS just like Old Home Week when George Olsen and his musical aggregation came riding their syn-copating Locomotive over the old ether trail last Thanksgiving. You may remember that they opened at the Club Richman. And didn't it remind you of the old days of Olsen and Brokenshire with the genial greeting, "Hello everybody, how DO YOU DEW!"

But the Club Richman with all its glamorous associations was in a bad way and flickered out some months ago. Even Olsen and his merry gang couldn't save it. So they moved away and you hear them from the Montmartre on Broadway now. They come late but they are worth waiting for if you find them on your local CBS station anywhere from 11:30 on, EST. And speaking of Norman Brokenshire you doubtless are aware that he has returned to the Columbia fold.

Like so many "typical New Yorkers" George Olsen originated in the Midwest. Portland, Michigan, is his old home town. But he was born collegiate, and as soon as the public school system had cleared the way he moved to Ann Arbor, and the campus of the University of Michigan. He took up the baton movement and hot rhythm with the result that he developed the most celebrated college orchestra in the country. His pep also carried him to the grid where he distinguished himself as a first string half-back on the university eleven.

GEORGE has a clear eye and a healthy complexion but he might be considered a trifle too plump to rush the pigskin through a mass of hard bone and sinew in a conference game today. He just doesn't quite look that part as you sit at your gay little table and watch him sauntering around the festive room chatting with the guests. He strikes you as a genial good club-fellow with plenty of money and an easy spender.

It is hard to sketch in this college man's return to his home town and set-

ting down to routine of life in Portland, so distant from the bright lights of Broadway. But he used his talents there and his wits to organize a local band. They played at a Portland hotel. Traveling men talked about "that George Olsen band." The fame of it spread east and west. One day Olsen called his boys together and announced that they were going to Chicago. There



George Olsen whose music takes you to the gayest spot on Broadway thrice weekly.

were eight of them who took oath to stick with him through thick and thin, and off they dashed around the curve of Lake Michigan end, and into Old Dad Dearborn's domain.

Eddie Cantor was there. Eddie heard this Portland band and thought so well of it he passed his eulogies along to Flo Ziegfeld, the glorifier. And Ziegfeld listened. The next thing to happen George Olsen and his band were incorporated as part and parcel of the Zieg-

feld show, Kid Boots. Now you have the picture—it wasn't so very long ago. Then they went into Ziegfeld's show, "Sunny" with pretty Marilyn Miller. And this was the show in which Olsen brought out that Jerome Kern hit, "Who." To this day that song is identified with the name of George Olsen.

There were many hits linked up with Olsen during the run of this show. Fran Fry, one of his gang, won a name for himself singing "Sam, the Old Accordion Man" and "She's Just a Corn-fed Indiana Gal." From "Sunny" these Portland boys joined up with "Good News." Surely you remember Zelma O'Neill and that raging "Varsity Rag"? After that they were in a new "Follies" and became associated with Ruth Etting who previously had been discovered as a radio singer on old WLS in Chicago.

And to bring the story right up to date we will mention now that George grew weary of the theatre, decided to settle down, and be a staid old night clubber, sort of quiet-like. He broke in through a season at the Pennsylvania Hotel, in New York. Then he opened "The Chantee" which had a most curious origin so far as a name was concerned. The young bloods who quickly made the place a habit called it "The Shanty," but that didn't deprive it of class in the least. As a matter of fact, the story goes that the place was named for a lucky race horse in France. Other night clubs followed, "Club Olsen," "Club Richman" and now the "Montmartre."

OF course under these various auspices George and his boys, and sometimes girls, were heard over the networks at frequent intervals. They built up a strong radio audience which has gladly welcomed them back after a period of absence. The "Montmartre" is perhaps more ornate and pretentious than any of his previous settings. It is finished in good taste, rich in color but not gaudy. There are royal blues and gilded grills. A golden canopied ceiling

(Continued on page 80)



IN THE very center of the giddy whirl and flutter of a Ziegfeld Follies production George Olsen found Ethel Shutta, and Ethel Shutta found George Olsen. Their names flickered in the bright lights together over the theatre entrance. But in their hearts flamed a mutual respect and affection that grew into love and marriage. Now they are heard three nights weekly over a CBS network from the Montmartre night club, New York.

Ethel Shutta



WHO
?
TRY
and Guess!

HERE is the grandest galaxy of radio orchestra leaders ever brought together on one page. Can you guess who they are? Try it. For correct answers turn to page 79.

This picture is furnished by courtesy of the Music Corporation of America.

Maurie J. Seymour
ARTIST

Lady Luck Smiles as She Beckons

FRANK PARKER

By TED DEGLIN

BACKSTAGE of the George M. Cohan Theatre, where the Greenwich Village Follies were playing, chorus girls and boys, with one hour to show time, were straggling through the stage door and stage hands were moving "props" about. Suddenly the producer, hair disheveled, rushed down from his office, calling for the stage manager.

"Look," he cried excitedly, thrusting a telegram before the manager's eyes, "Bobby's broken a leg and the show goes on in an hour! No understudy—what are we going to do for a juvenile?"

The stage manager grabbed the telegram, then dashed to the telephone booth by the stage door. The producer paced back and forth through the dressing room corridor muttering to himself and running his fingers through his bushy hair. Suddenly he stopped, poised like a pointer.

The stage manager stumbled down the corridor, uttering imprecations, "It's no use, Jake," he said to the producer, "no agent can—ouch—leggo my arm!"

"Listen, you fool," the producer whispered, "Listen, then get that boy out here." The stage manager rubbed the arm the producer had clutched and listened—to a sweet, clear, bell-like tenor voice coming from the chorus boys' dressing room.

And that was Frank Parker's first big opportunity.

THE A&P Gypsies are on the air. Before the microphone

stands a tall dark lad. His head is lifted and he is singing romantic words to a

soft string obligato. Two girls, part of the Gypsies' studio audience, whisper to each other so loudly that Harry Horlick turns from his conductor's stand. "Isn't Frank Parker handsome?" one sighs, and the other sighs back, "He's wonderful!"

Frank's voice, considered the highest tenor on the air, is heard twice weekly with the A&P Gypsies, and also with the Cavaliers' quartette as the Vermont Lumberjacks, Cities Service quartette, and part of the Chevrolet "Big Six." He has been in radio three years, having starred in musical comedy and operettas for some years previous.

Just as an accident was instrumental in making Frank Parker a stage headliner, so another accident (to somebody else, of course) brought him to Radio's ranks.

Frank was playing opposite Hope Hampton in the operetta "My Princess." One night, about three years ago, some officials of NBC attended a performance of that musical. One of them found it necessary to return to the studio before the show was over. There he found a certain sponsor in an uproar because the tenor scheduled to sing on his program had failed to make his appearance, and the broadcast was three-quarters of an hour off. No one else would do—no one else was good enough. The station officials were at their wits' end, when the executive who had attended "My Princess" had a brilliant idea.

"Have you seen Hope
(Continued on page 80)



Frank Parker, "Gypsy" tenor.

HEROES come and go in this radio world. The idol of today may be forgotten for a new idol tomorrow. Sitting on the fickle pedestal at the moment is Mr. Arthur (Not-a-Crooner) Jarrett of Brooklyn, Manhattan, Reading, Chicago and points West to California.

The baritone boys who have been riding the crest for a brief season are going into a slough. The tenors are coming back on a bull market for popularity, and Mr. Jarrett is of that group. His name is comparatively new and that intrigues the feminine devotees who find thrills in discoveries. His voice is described by his biographers as "lyric tenor." But no matter how familiar you are with musical terms and classifications "lyric tenor" is inadequate.

Lonely maidens and restless housewives have other words for it. But the totally unbiased radio listener will surely tell you there is an electrical something in Arthur Jarrett's voice that is exclusively his own. If you have any musical strings in the sinews of your being it sets them going; you feel and thrill a response to a basic something that is fundamentally human.

Arthur Jarrett had to go West to win his laurels before he was accepted in Radio Village-on-the-Hudson. Never was truer word spoken than that of the prophet who was not without honor save in his own halliwick.

JARRETT was born in the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn some 24 years ago . . . now a clean-cut, square shouldered young man, tipping the scales at the Mike-Sale at 185 pounds . . . the good-looking answer in person to the maiden's prayer, and the latest lad on the CBS vine trellis. . . He won his spurs in Chicago where heroes are heroes and they have street parades for Paul Ash and Ben Bernie just because they love 'em so.

He was born with a public . . . his father and mother were both successful stage personalities. . . Dad played leads with Florence Reed, Chummy Oless and William Faverolham. . . Mother was

Art Jarrett IDOL

renowned as May Powers. . . Grandfather played "heavies" with Sobers, and his great grandfather was a theatre owner. . . Uncle Dan Jarrett was a well known playwright . . . and as a sideline diversion Dad played big-league baseball during the spring and summer.

Art made his stage debut at five . . . acted little Indian boy in the "Squaw Man." His mother still has the regalia. At six Arthur had learned to play the ukulele with the assistance of Jimmy Duffy. His first vocal lessons were under the direction of the late Joe Schenck, his godfather. Today he plays six musical instruments.

Toured vaudeville circuits throughout the country with mother and father, playing regular roles. . . When 11 years old, he visited Camp Dix and other military encampments to entertain soldiers. . . The applause of the soldiers kept him singing all evening. . . Couldn't possibly memorize lyrics of all songs they requested. . . He began to fake the words, ad libbing his own sound obligations. . . This marked the beginning of "counter melody" which is a feature of his singing today.

Between vaudeville engagements he attended public school 9 in Brooklyn. . . Clara Bow, Helen Twilvetrees and



"Oh, Mr. Jarrett, you are simply marvelous, just wonderful!" Ethelyn Holt (left) and Mildred Ann Greene say the girls are all just like that. And they know because they are in the same CBS studios with Art Jarrett.



of RADIO MATINEE

Dolores Costello were in his classes. . . Earned his football letter at Erasmus High. . . At Brooklyn Prep he starred in three major sports. . . He picked up "pin-money" by entertaining at various social functions.

AMBITIOUS to be a lawyer, he matriculated at Fordham, N. Y. One evening a friend of the orchestra leader at a neighborhood theatre heard him strumming and singing in his dormitory. . . The orchestra pilot dissuaded him from continuing his studies, and gave him a berth in the pit

orchestra at the Coliseum Theatre.

Possessed with a longing to become a radio announcer, he applied for a job at a New York station. . . Was hired, but when the musical director learned he could play six instruments, the latter advised him to become a professional musician. . . He did.

Joined Ted Weems' Orchestra at Reading, Pa., in 1927. . . Played the banjo and vocalized. . . Became popular for his "counter-melodies," and became identified with the tune "I Can't Believe You Are in Love with Me." . . While in California several movie offers came his way, but the band migrated to Chi-

cago before the signing on the dotted line. . . Became first identified with radio in the Windy City as Ted Weems' talent find. . . Altogether, he remained with the orchestra three-and-a-half years.

Anxious to become a radio soloist, he gave up his \$200-a-week job to sing over WBBM at \$50 per. . . One week later he received his first commercial date. . . Soon his sponsored broadcasts grew to six weekly.

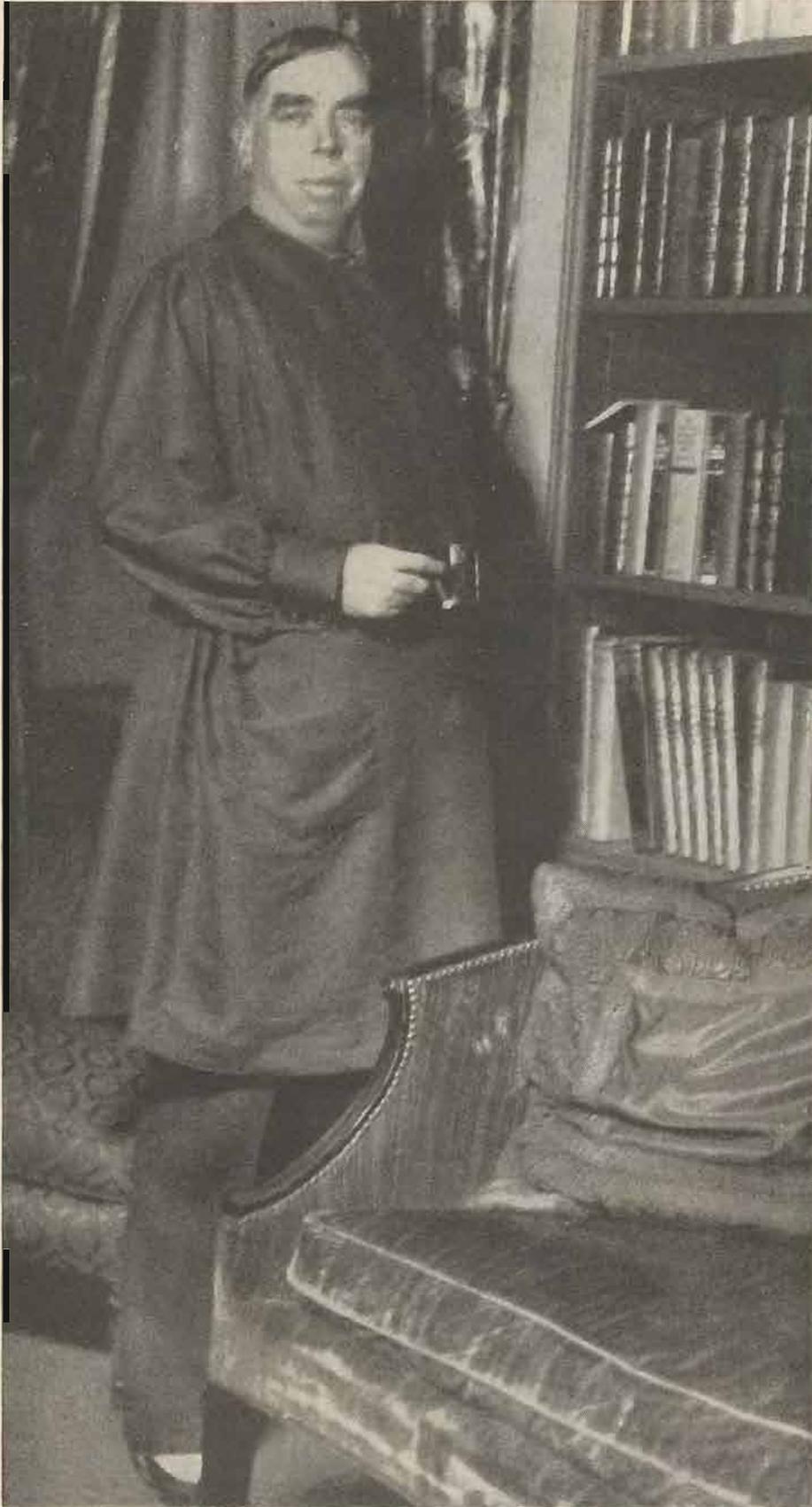
He began to attract a large following in Chicago. . . Was allotted three afternoon programs weekly over the Columbia chain. . . Also appeared sightly with Earl Burnett's band at the Blackhawk restaurant. . . Received offer from Gus Van to take the place of latter's partner, Joe Schenck. . . Returned to New York. . . A new "Pennant Winning Battery of Songland" was formed. . . After a while, he tired of vaudeville and hurried back to Chicago and radio.

ONE afternoon several Columbia officials in New York happened to catch his program. . . Wires were immediately dispatched to arrange for him to come East. . . Commercial obligations confined him to Chicago until the latter part of November. . . Then he came to New York with the Notre Dame team for their Army game. . . But, despite his rooting, it was an old Army game.

His singing with Freddie Rich's band is now gaining him increasing audiences. . . Favorite tune is "Little White House at the End of Honeymoon Lane." . . Possesses a voice with a sixteen-note range, and sings two octaves—from middle to high C. . . Is a bachelor. . . Has penchant for dogs and soft felt hats—also Italian cooking. . . Actually seems to admire other outstanding soloists on the radio—"They're tremendous," he says.

While both of the great chain systems scorn the lowly record the chief executives seem to watch them for new discoveries. And it happens that one of the Columbia chiefs happened to hear Jarrett's voice on a record and thereupon sent for him. Bing Crosby was discovered in the same way by President William Paley.

The Original HAND-OUT



Author Tells of Time He Faked as Cripple for a Bite of Food

(Text of Armour & Co. broadcast over an NBC network.)

I'VE just made a thrilling discovery. I've discovered that I have a public. You know, some writers and a good many actors like to speak lovingly of "their public." But it never occurred to me that I might have one of these devoted followings, too. It seems I was wrong. Because I've had a telegram—not a collect telegram either—from mine, which made me very proud. Yes sir, a regular following with a hat and a mail address and everything. The other day, Will Rogers in an interview claimed that he also had a public. So there you are! The thing's growing. As an after-dinner speaker, getting ready to tell a story, might put it:

"It seems there were two publics named Pat and Mike. And Pat said to Mike: 'Faith an' begorra, I'm that fellow Cobb's public! Whose public are you?' And quick as a flash, Mike said right back at him: 'Be jabbers and wurra, wurra, I'm Will Rogers' public.'" And so on.

Well anyhow, Pat—that's my public sent this long wire in care of the National Broadcasting Company, and Armour & Company and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to parties who try to be humorous over the radio, saying that he had enjoyed listening in on this program here a few weeks ago when I was telling how I, as a member of a group of war-correspondents away back in 1914, blundered into the full staff of the Fifth German Army and incidentally into the fourth son of the German Kaiser, finding him on the whole a very pleasant young person to be thrown amongst. And this devoted admirer of mine asked me in his message to give the next chapter of that experience on some convenient Friday.

Yes, this is Mr. Cobb at leisure in the library of his home. No, we do not know—perhaps it is a clerical robe, or some specially designed dressing gown. Otherwise you might be safe in calling it a smock, if you don't mind those dressy cuffs. Makes him look slender, what?

By Irvin S. Cobb

As I remember, on that previous occasion I described how, our little party, traveling largely on nerve and without any credentials to speak of—that is, we naturally didn't speak of them unless pressed, but tried to turn the talk into pleasanter and less embarrassing pathways—got snarled up with the main German column at a little Belgian town just over the French border north of Maubauge on the evening of the day when the battle of Maubauge began, and how the Germans, with that efficiency which marked their conduct in the fields, stowed us away on straw piles in an improvised calaboose in a cowbarn for the time-being, after warning us not to smoke. It was, I might add, a totally unnecessary warning, because all four sides of that cozy retreat were lined with piles of shells and bombs and other touchy forms of ammunition. I can't recall a time in my whole life when I felt less appetite for a cigar. I'm convinced that you could cure any man of the tobacco habit by locking him up with thirty or forty tons of T.N.T. bombs and dynamite and things, all just aching for somebody to throw a live spark amid their midst.

BE THAT as it may, they kept us snugly housed there with the high explosives for company until they had enough wounded men and prisoners collected to make a full load, and they put 'em aboard a train and started them off for German soil, and at the last moment somebody in command had a happy inspiration and added us to the cargo which took some scrounging, because every car was already overflowing.

I shall never forget the wet rainy night when we started. They lined up the prisoners—mostly Englishmen and Frenchmen in a double file and then the lieutenant in charge told us to fall in on the flanks and help watch the captives. Well, that was very gratifying to have the Germans reposing so much confidence and so much trust in us but we lost some of our enthusiasm when one of our crowd who understood the language heard the young officer say in German to the soldiers of the escort that if any of us tried to slip out of line, just to shoot him dead or insert a bayonet into him and ask questions afterwards. After that, I'd have just loved to see the particular guard who marched with me try to get an inch away from me. I'd have been tagging him so close that they'd have mistaken us for the Siamese Twins.

Well, along towards daylight, they got us all packed aboard, like so many lemons in so many tight crates, and off we started, but not hurriedly. Every few minutes, it seemed, the engineer would remember where he'd left his umbrella or something and go back to look for it. Measured by miles, it wasn't a long journey but measured by hours, it turned out to be one of the most extended trips in the records of military annals during the great World War. It lasted two days and three nights. And while almost every important officer with whom we came in contact while on our travels repeatedly assured us that we were not prisoners but guests of the German army, we finally reached the unanimous conclusion that from where we sat in an overlooked and neglected huddle, the only difference we could see between being prisoners of the German army and guests of the German army was that from time to time they did feed the prisoners.

For, during the entire time—two days and three nights—our party of eight—for by now our company of gathered-up civilian suspects had grown—lived rather frugally not to say sketchily, on one bottle of stale, warm mineral water, one loaf of green and mouldy soldiers' bread and a one pound pot of soured and rancid honey which must have been emanated in the first place from a lot of very morbid and low-minded bees.

ON THE morning of the third day, just at dawn, I awakened from fitful slumber during which I'd been dreaming a homesick dream of a land called America, where eating was still being carried on as a more or less regular habit. I think perhaps my rest was furthermore broken by reason of the fact that owing to overcrowding and whatnot, I slept in the aisle of the car where from time to time, persons who were perfect strangers to me came and walked on outlying portions of me.

At any rate, I arose and made my toilette, as was our custom in these days, by shaking myself, thereby shifting the centre of population, so to speak. You see, we'd just come out of what I may call the Cootie Belt of the Western Front, and far be it from me to brag, but without much fear of successful contradiction, I state that at that moment I was the most densely populated individual in all of Central Europe. So, having given the wild life a thrill by this shaking-up process—the little fellows probably thought a

very violent earthquake was raging—I went out on the platform of our halted car for a breath of air.

And there, haloed about by the red rays of the upcoming sun, I saw approaching me, an angel from Heaven—an angel temporarily disguised as a fat German sergeant in his shirtsleeves, who carried under his arm, like a bundle of golf-sticks, a magnificent bundle of the largest and the longest and the strongest horsemeat—and—garlic sausages I ever beheld. Just for a moment I figured hunger had made me delirious, but while my eyes might be deceived, my nose wasn't—it could smell garlic and there's never any mistake about the smell of garlic. I've been in parts of the world since then where it seemed to me everybody I met either had been eating too much garlic or not enough.

WELL, when my mouth had ceased from watering sufficiently for me to be able to control my riparian rights, I hauled a silver five-mark piece out of my pocket—a great glittering cartwheel of a coin—and I offered it to the sergeant for just one of his delectable collection. I could see that he envied me my possession of such vast wealth but he told me regretfully yet firmly, that the sausages were for the wounded and that I could have none. And then I marked how he walked along the side of the train passing up his offerings to such of the injured men as were able to come to the car windows to get them.

And I had a glorious, a beautiful, a golden inspiration. They say starvation quickens the mind anyhow. Now, the night before, a Belgian gentleman actuated by patriotic motives, had shot the window out of our compartment in an effort to kill him some Germans, and of course the jagged hole his bullets had made was still there.

So I hurried back to our compartment and hastily I drew down the tattered shade and I rolled up a very dirty shirt-sleeve from a very dirty forearm, and through the shattered opening below the shade I let that arm dangle, with my hand open and the fingers all limp—and the angel, bless his dear old rugged heart, put a sausage in it.

On that sausage we fared sumptuously until we reached Aid-la-Chappelle, where when we had been liberated and bathed and fumigated and depopulated—we got in touch with our Consul there and with Ambassador Gerard at Berlin and succeeded in convincing the German authorities that we were not spies, neither were we just plain wandering idiots—although I believe doubt on that point exists even yet in certain quarters. At any rate, they let us go and we saw much more of the war under very different conditions and auspices.

LETTERS TO THE ARTIST

Stoopnagle and Budd

*Columbia's Star Comedians Do Moral Good
Without Trying—and Are Happy About It*

DEAR Mr. Editor:
First of all we want to thank you for honoring us by permitting us to tell in the columns of your magazine something of the mail the radio listeners have so graciously sent us.

May we say just a few words about our program? Ours isn't the kind of a program that sets out to make listeners better people for having listened to it. It's just a matter of our having a good time being silly and trying to make others have a good time with us. We hold the world up to a mirror so it can see itself and laugh at itself, and at the same time we unconsciously, sometimes, put over a truth which may or may not have an effect on what people do and think. Subtleties creep in once in awhile, of course, but we try to have such a pot pourri in each program that at least once during the fifteen minutes, John or Henry or Mary will find something that causes him or her to smile or to actually laugh aloud. We feel that if we accomplish this we have done a good job.

There is really only one way by which we can tell whether or not we are accomplishing our purpose. Stage stars may gauge public appreciation of their efforts through applause, notices in newspapers and magazines and through box office receipts. The last-mentioned item is the most important.

Motion picture actors and actresses measure their popularity by newspaper and magazine notices, box office receipts and fan mail. Once again, box office receipts play the major role.

For radio performers there are no box office figures. While there are the comments of radio editors and columnists, there are no lengthy reviews like

those given plays and motion pictures. Thus, fan mail is the principal, and almost the sole means by which a radio performer may gauge the degree of public appreciation of his efforts.

Naturally, our mail response is of tremendous interest to us. The letters we receive are not to us merely so much applause or comment. They are



Colonel Stoopnagle (left) has just discovered a wild man-eating fly whetting his teeth on the gas jet in preparation for a bloody attack. If you hear a loud report after reading this you will know that either the fly or the Colonel and Budd have fallen in the fray.

a real, genuine cross-section of life.

Perhaps the most touching communication we ever received was a letter mailed to us and received at the WABC studios, in New York City, from Brooklyn, N. Y. It had been torn to pieces and then pasted together again with wax paper. It was dated five minutes after one of our programs went on the air. The letter read as follows:

"Thank God for your program. It saved me from doing the cowardly thing tonight. I wonder what the future will be?"

Yours thankfully,
Carol."

Another letter from Brooklyn contained a clipping from the January issue of a business publication called "Service Echoes." The clipping read:

"Score One For the Radio"

"Good for entertainment, excellent for hearing and enjoying all sporting events, the good old home radio now blossoms forth as an arbiter or peacemaker in family differences. A certain couple (the lesser half spends his days in the proof-room on the Tenth Floor of The Service Building) were not even on speaking terms for a few days when along came the good old 'Gloom Chasers.' One of their jokes caused spontaneous laughter; while mirth prevailed the gallant male offered his superior a drink of the liquid of forgiveness; and now two hearts are back beating in three-quarter time, or whatever time it takes to make true harmony."

In the envelope was a short note from the sender. He was the man in question, and he asked permission to attend one of our broadcasts so that he and his wife might thank us personally "for reuniting them."

Every radio performer will tell you that it gives him or her an unforgettable feeling of gratification and satisfaction to read a letter such as the following, which we received recently: "My Dear Radio Entertainers:

I am not much on the writing but I'm sure good on listening, especially to your program, and believe me, you surely go over big with all of the ex-soldiers lying in bed in various hospitals and the others living at home.

"I was a patient at the U. S. Naval Hospital in Brooklyn for about two weeks and if Budd and the Colonel were not tuned in so the boys with

headsets could listen, there sure was a big kick raised. I noticed the boys especially in the lung wards got a wonderful bunch of laughs from your program, and when I went home, I decided you should know, and if you can give the boys in E7 Ward a special kick from your program it would be more than the doctors can do for them.

"Thomas J. Gray,
Oakmont Ave.,
Buffalo, N. Y."

A great portion of our mail is invaluable to us. Radio listeners who have heard our interviews with such great men-of-industry as Mr. Unh, the man who makes the windows of trains hard to open; Mr. Haa, the fellow who first blew on glasses to clean them; Eustice Shush, the chap who makes the SILENCE signs for motion picture theatres, and the lady who makes the lace petticoats for lamb-chop bones, write in and suggest many persons for us to interview. Others, who have heard of some of our inventions, like the cellophane umbrella so you can tell whether or not its raining, contribute numerous suggestions for inventions. While we sometimes fill the requests for interviews with these fictitious characters, we never use scripts submitted, of which there are quite a few.

Other letters contain invaluable constructive criticism, which we certainly do not hesitate to follow. Radio listeners know much better than we how our programs sound.

SOME of the letters we receive are hilariously funny. We often wonder if the radio audience derives one-fifth of the pleasure from our programs that we do from the humorous letters. Not long ago we received a post card from Atlanta, Ga., on the back of which was a picture of the Federal Prison, at Atlanta. The card was addressed to "Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Columbia Broadcasting System, New York City." On the front was the message, "We are having a good time. Wish you were here." It was signed "The Gang."

Are you familiar with our "Mr. Bopp"? He is the chap who is a combination of all the annoying characteristics. He started out by running engines around railroad yards and bumping them into standing Pullman cars to disturb the sleeping passengers. Then he enlarged on his activities. He would wait for a nice, rainy day and then would drive his automobile close to the curb and splash the pedestrians. At Christmas time he had a dandy time bumping into people and knocking the packages from their arms.

We really believe that there is just a little of "Mr. Bopp" in all of us. There certainly have been a lot of suggestions for new activities for "Mr.

Bopp" to carry on. Here is an amusing letter from two New York girls, Ruth Sternberg and Joan Sternberg, who organized the first "Bopp Club":

"Dear Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd:
We are two devoted 'Boppists'. We have taken the liberty to organize 'The Bopp Club' (without the permission of the copyright owners) and would like your co-operation in securing other 'Bopps' interested in our great work.

"We have made great progress since we gave up our daily lives and 'Boppitized' ourselves anew. So far, we have killed three people with loaded cigarettes. Three broken spines, two fractured skulls and one death resulted from an oiled banana peel. Oh! We have gay times at our club!

"But alas, we have to break off here, because thither lies the iceman prostrate on the floor, as the bomb we intended to throw in the goldfish bowl (oh, a beautiful picture) accidentally landed on him. (We will have our little jokes!)"

All of which may sound horribly gruesome, Mr. Editor, but it really is meant in the spirit of fun.

We expect that any day we may walk along the street and hear someone call "Here, Stoopnagle," "Here, Budd," because our mail has disclosed that six dogs, three cats and a rooster have been named "Colonel Stoopnagle"; four dogs and four cats have been inflicted with the name "Budd" and a Scotch terrier must struggle through the rest of his days, laboring to overcome the handicap of forever being called "Bopp."

WHEN we first made our debut over the WABC-Columbia network and for some time thereafter we used the phrase, "Schultz Is Dead," on most of our programs. For months, until we stopped using the phrase, which was a month or so before we started broadcasting for Procter & Gamble on the Ivory Soap Program, we received hundreds of mourning cards, and other forms of condolence over the departure of the fictional Schultz.

Letters in poetry are often well done as in the following example:

Near the heights of old Manhattan,
On the summit of a building,
Stands the studios of Columbia.
Here it is that every Wednesday
The air is shattered, also Monday;
From which emanates the squeaking
Of the famous Gas-Pipe organ.
Sitting at the mighty console,
Is that King of organ grinders,
Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.
It was just eight-forty-five,
When Bud who blew the bellows,
Filled them full of gases,
All the bellows full of gases,
And the prince of organ grinders,
Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle
Sat him down before the Gas-Pipe
Put his fingers on the key-board,
Put his feet upon the pedals.

Both his feet upon the pedals.
Pulled out stops to make it louder,
Pushed in stops to make it softer,
Pushed and pulled to make it sweeter—
Gamba, Bourdon, Diapason,
Oboe, Flute d'Amour, Viola,
Tremolo, to make it tremble,
Warbolo, to make it warble,
Rumbolo, to make it rumble,
And, to twang the people's heartstrings,
Pulled and pushed the Vox Humana.
With his right-hand played the treble,
But the Bass he played left-handed,
(No less well for that however),
And he used his nose, staccato,
And his elbows, (ma non trappo),
And his feet, appassionato.
So he played them some Staininsky,
And that priceless Spanish classic,
Tayovich Iyenaga.
Just then Bud who blew the bellows,
Of a sudden let it perish—
Let the wind from out the bellows—
All the bellows Wanwantosa,
And the music, so sonorous
Died away and came to nothing
With a squeak, demure and plaintive,
Like a koodoo with the asthma,
Or a tree-toad with Lumbago,
Or an emu with the tetter,
Or an old man with the chilblains,
Querulous and sympathetic.
Then the prince of organ grinders,
Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle
Got quite mad and was offended,
Poured the vials of his anger,
Out on Bud who blew the bellows:
Called him Onderdonk the Bonehead,
HERMAN Onderdonk the booby,
Onderdonk Pasha Nobisco,
Little Twirp, the chronic Nit Wit.
At this interesting moment,
On the scene came Uncle Dean,
To talk of Ivory soap that floats,
Ivory, that pure and non sinkable soap.

Dedicated to
Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Bud,
"The Best Radio Team on the Air."
James D. Armstrong,
26 Brooke Ave.,
Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada.

Numerous well-executed drawings and paintings of the listeners' conception of us and our "mighty gas-pipe organ" are included in the mail. We have kept every one of them.

We're awfully afraid we've taken up a lot of time and space talking about ourselves. May we impose upon you for a few lines more to thank sincerely everyone who has written to us. The serious letters, telling us that we have cheered someone or given someone a laugh or a smile, are among our most prized possessions, for they make us feel that we are accomplishing something. The funny letters more than please us, for we feel on receiving them, that some of the radio audience have caught the spirit of our program and are "with us."

We hope that whoever likes our silly programs will please write and let us know about it. And we particularly want to hear from those who do not like them, because quite often we agree with them, and it's good to be among friends.

Thank you, Mr. Editor, for your patience and kindness. Simply yours,
Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle
and Budd.

LAWS *that* SAFEGUARD SOCIETY MARRIAGE *and the* HOME

By Gleason L. Archer, LL.D.

Dean, Suffolk Law School, Boston

Breach of Promise

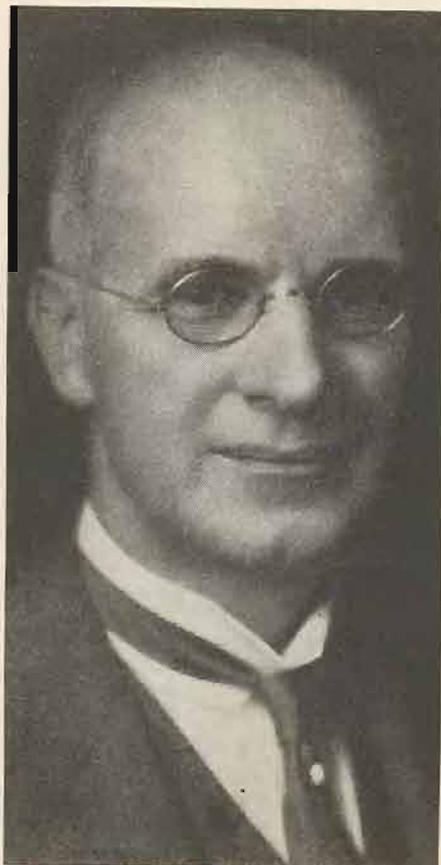
March 5, 1932

Good Evening Everybody:

I HAVE previously pointed out that marriage itself is a contract entered into according to forms and ceremonies sanctioned by the law of the jurisdiction. But the usual preliminary to marriage is the engagement or betrothal of the parties who are later to be married. In some countries, as we know, betrothals of marriage are entered into with much formality, especially where dowries are arranged or property is settled upon one of the parties. A betrothal is, of course, a formal contract to perform in the future a second contract—marriage itself.

Engagements of marriage, especially of the American variety, are usually entered into when the parties thereto are secluded from other eyes, with no witnesses to prove their mutual promises. Engagements are therefore sometimes difficult to establish in court. The lady may declare that she received and accepted a promise of marriage and the man in the case may deny that he ever made an offer of heart and hand. Her word is usually given more weight than the man's, but the circumstances of the case are always important considerations in determining the facts. The previous relations of the parties, whether the man was eagerly attentive prior to the alleged engagement, whether he continued to pay the lady attentions and especially whether the couple gave the appearance to others of being engaged lovers, are each elements of proof with a court or jury.

The important fact is that whether the understanding is evidenced by letters or otherwise an engagement once entered into is a binding obligation upon each. From the nature of things it is the man who is sued for breach of promise of marriage, but there is no inherent reason why the woman who breaks her promise of marriage should not be liable for damages. Let us consider the matter, however, from the woman's angle. The man breaks the engagement. Under the law this breach renders him liable in an action for damages.



Dean Gleason L. Archer

It is undoubtedly true that the right to sue for breach of promise of marriage is greatly abused by the type of woman ordinarily termed an adventuress, or by modern slang "a gold digger." The purpose of the law, however, is not to enable designing young women to collect damages for alleged promises, nor damages for promises actually made under the stress of a spell woven by a designing enchantress. It rather seeks to protect innocent and trusting women whose lives have been ruined, or whose prospects in life have been jeopardized by a faithless lover.

WE ALL know that when two young people begin to "keep company," as it is called, even before an engagement is arrived at, the acceptance of the young man's attentions as a

regular caller upon the girl amounts to implied notice to all other young men to keep their distance. For a young man to monopolize a maiden's social activities for any extended period of time becomes a serious matter. If an engagement occurs, and the man later refuses to redeem his promise by lawful marriage, there is clearly an injury to the lady that not even monetary damages may repair.

An interesting question arises as to the duty of an engaged man when he discovers that his supposed love for the lady, under the influence of which he had proposed marriage, was after all a mere infatuation. His ardor has cooled. The thrill of romance has departed. Should he, or should he not, marry the girl? It might be argued that to marry her under the circumstances would be an injustice to her and result in misery for both. The law makes no allowances however for such fickle swains. An engagement once entered into is legally binding upon the man unless the lady releases him from the engagement. This does not mean that he must go through with the marriage but that he can be made to pay damages for breach.

For example: Samuel N. Neat paid court to a young lady named Hannah Coolidge. In May 1875 he proposed marriage and his proposal was accepted. For some reason that does not appear from the record of the case the wedding was postponed, a new date set and then a further postponement occurred until the engagement lengthened to three years. By this time the young man discovered that his affection for the girl was abating and that marriage, at first so joyously anticipated, was now growing less and less alluring.

Hannah Coolidge and Her Lukewarm Lover

THE GIRL was apparently very kindly and affectionate but, as months passed, her love became more or less of an old story to the man. So one day Neat had a plain talk with his fiancée on the subject, informing her that he had misgivings about the wisdom of going on with their marriage

plans. He suggested that they call the engagement off. Alarmed by this suggestion the girl sought by all her powers of persuasion to talk the man out of what she felt was a temporary mood. She even urged an immediate marriage to which he made half hearted assent. Miss Coolidge began the preparation of her trousseau. Her plans were halted, however, when the reluctant swain came to her and declared that it would be wrong for them to marry when all they could look forward to was a divorce. This occurred in the early part of September, 1878.

From that time forward his calls ceased. The unhappy young woman soon learned the true cause of the breach. Neat had met another girl who had captured his wayward fancy. He became engaged to her in the latter part of September and they were married in February, 1879. Miss Coolidge consulted a lawyer and presently brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. Neat admitted the facts of the engagement; that the plaintiff had always treated him kindly and affectionately, that their relations had been proper in all respects, and that he had no fault to find with her conduct. He testified that long before he left her he had made up his mind that he could not be happy with her, because he had ceased to regard her with that affection which a lover should feel for the woman who was to be his wife. He declared also that he had tried to reason with her on the subject but that she had refused to release him from the engagement. He also asserted that he left her only when convinced that it would be for the happiness of both that he do so. The girl, however, testified that Neat had never made it clear to her that he had ceased to love her. She declared that he had always treated her with an appearance of affection and had continued to do so up to the very last visit that he ever made, parting with her on that occasion in the affectionate manner appropriate to lovers.

The Judge Instructs the Jury

NEAT'S lawyer requested the judge to instruct the jury, among other instructions, that an engagement to marry is always upon the implied understanding and condition that if, at any time before marriage, either party finds that consummation of the promise will tend to the unhappiness of both, then such party has the power to abrogate the agreement, or promise. The judge gave this instruction to the jury but he added this important amendment that a person might break or cancel such engagement only upon condition that the other person might collect monetary damages for any loss or in-

FOR two years Dean Archer has been broadcasting weekly over a constantly expanding network of stations his series of lectures on laws that protect the home and the family. Talks on the Legal Aspects of Marriage have aroused tremendous interest and stimulated a vast amount of correspondence on the part of those who find in Dean Archer's comments the answers to many problems. The talks appearing in this issue were broadcast during the month of March.

jury sustained by such breach of promise. The court also declared that the law would not compel a man to marry under the circumstances recited in this case. It was perhaps wise that a man break the engagement rather than enter into a loveless marriage that must result in unhappiness and perhaps divorce. The court declared that in all cases where an engagement of marriage is broken off not because of fault or misconduct of the other party, the right to collect damages accrues to the other party. On the question of damages the court instructed the jury that they might consider the length of the engagement, whether the girl's affections were deeply involved, her wounded spirit, the disgrace, the insult to her feelings and the probable solitude that might result by reason of the desertion after so extended a period of courtship. The man's financial standing is likewise of the loss sustained because of the breach of promise. The jury returned a verdict for the female plaintiff in the sum of \$3,000. The case was thereupon appealed to the Supreme Court, where the decision was affirmed, as in accordance with law. The case was *Coolidge v. Neat*, 129 Mass. 146.

Lessons Taught By This Case

WE MIGHT indulge in a bit of moralizing on this case, since it so clearly sets forth the attitude of the law toward those distressing and unhappy occurrences incidental to the breaking of an engagement of marriage where the affections or the prospects in life of the other party are seriously impaired. Young men should realize that an engagement of marriage is a serious matter and while a girl may not care to face the notoriety of a court trial, yet she has a legal right to collect damages if she chooses to do so. The woman scorned, if she possess spirit and hardihood, is a dangerous adversary. Young women should realize from contemplation of this case that too extended an engagement has its dangers, lest they become an old story and the man in the case turn elsewhere for fresh romance.

Lovers' Quarrels and Their Effect

IT FREQUENTLY happens that two people engage to marry each other, have misunderstandings and clashes of temperament that in themselves signify very little as to future happiness or unhappiness of a prospective marriage. Since marriage itself is a sort of partnership in which each member must contribute somewhat in self sacrifice and must surrender some liberties formerly enjoyed if the marriage is to be a success, it is inevitable that the engagement period should be at times beset by storms and tempests. Two people from different homes quite naturally have differing backgrounds of life, different training, and a resulting dissimilarity of outlook upon problems of life. It is too much to expect that the mere fact of falling in love will accomplish a harmonious adjustment of all of these natural differences. They must inevitably, in the process of courtship, discover some of those differing points of view. Still others will be discovered after the engagement has been entered into. If they truly love each other, however, they will give serious attention to the problem of reaching a common ground upon which the structure of a home may be founded.

But as I have already pointed out the young couple who wish to make a success of married life must earnestly seek to adjust their differing viewpoints. If lovers' quarrels occur they should treat the cause as one of the points upon which matrimony itself may be wrecked, unless they earnestly seek and find harmonious readjustment during the engagement period.

Law Allows For Human Nature

THE LAW, as I have so frequently pointed out, is builded around the facts of life. It recognizes human nature and human problems, not only in business and industrial affairs but also in the home. It recognizes that lovers quarrel, part from each other and sometimes become again reconciled. For that reason it does not apply the ordinary rules of contracts as will be seen in the following case:

For Example: Sterrett became engaged to the female plaintiff and the couple were for a time as happy and congenial as lovers usually are in the early days of their engagement. A quarrel eventually occurred and the couple mutually agreed to consider the engagement terminated, or at least indefinitely suspended. After a year of separation Sterrett wrote a letter to the plaintiff and asked permission to call upon her. That permission granted and the man was received with all the love and tenderness of the former relation. He did not again propose marriage. Un-

fortunately for the girl, Starrett later broke off attendance upon her and refused to marry her. When suit was brought he defended on the ground that there was no proposal of marriage after the cancellation of the engagement. The court held that his act in resuming the relations of a lover revived the original engagement. Starrett was liable for damages for breach of promise of marriage. The case was *Judy v. Sterrett*, 52 Ill. App. 265.

Damage Element in Breach of Promise

March 12, 1932

OBVIOUSLY, there are various elements that enter into the question of damages for breach of promise of marriage. The first in order, if we are to follow the logical sequence, would be the mental shock to the aggrieved party from the breaking of the engagement. Then comes the grief and loneliness of disappointed affection. The length of time of the engagement is important. The loss of the marriage itself is a very material element of damages. Then, too, there are sad cases where the girl, as it is sometimes delicately expressed, has "loved not wisely but too well" and serious consequences follow in the wake of the desertion by her faithless lover. Let us therefore consider these elements in the order named.

Every worth-while woman has a sense of personal dignity and a natural pride in her own womanly qualities. For a man to pay court to her, to win her affections and then, when it suits his purpose, to cast her off like a worn out garment, is an insult that strikes to the very soul. The law takes cognizance of this fact in awarding damages for breach of promise. The higher the type of woman that a plaintiff may be, the greater will be the damages awarded to her by any court or jury. This is in accordance with simple principles of justice. Man is a spirit and not a mere beast of the field. The greatest injuries that any of us can receive are injuries that shock or numb the spirit within.

The Faithless Carriage Maker

JOHAN M. BENNETT, who maintained a carriage shop, paid court to Mary E. Beam, a virtuous and estimable young lady. She had perhaps had no previous love affair. Bennett's ardent wooing took her heart by storm. When he proposed marriage she gladly accepted the offer. After a period of idyllic happiness the question of a marriage date arose. Bennett explained that his ready funds, as well as his time available for a honeymoon, would be greatly benefited by a delay until a certain order for carriages could be filled.

To this the girl consented; but her lover, in willful violation of the power that by this time he had acquired over her, so conducted himself as seriously to compromise the girl's reputation. Having accomplished his evil desires, like other men of his sort, he deserted the girl. He then consorted with evil female companions and thus aroused disgust and loathing in the heart of the wronged lady.

She brought suit for damages for breach of promise, whereupon he offered, through his lawyer, to settle the case by marrying the girl. This she scorned to accept.

Several interesting questions were involved in this case. Whether the promise to marry when the buggies were completed was a sufficiently definite promise to justify the suit, was answered in the affirmative. The court said that the law would infer that the buggies were to be completed within a reasonable time. Even if they were not actually completed the original promise could not be defeated by the defendant's own delay in performing that which he had asserted his intention of performing. The girl had a right to expect marriage after the lapse of time sufficient for the task to be completed.

Damage to Feelings

THE QUESTION of damage to the plaintiff's feelings was argued at some length. The girl had been permitted to testify concerning the shock to her feelings in discovering the falsity of the defendant. Her father likewise took the witness stand and described the days of anguish and suffering that had been occasioned to his daughter by the defendant's heartless desertion and subsequent conduct.

In commenting on the seduction as an element of damage the court declared that "Respectable society inflicts upon the unfortunate female a severe punishment for her too confiding indiscretion, and which marriage would largely, if not wholly, have relieved her from. The fact of seduction should therefore go a great ways in fixing the damages, since in no other way could amends be made for the injury she sustained."

The last question discussed by the case, viz., whether the refusal to marry the defendant after suit was brought, would affect the plaintiff's right to recover, brought out some very interesting comments by the court, as will be seen from the following:

"A supposedly virtuous man of wealth, refinement and respectability, gains the affections of a young lady, and under a promise of marriage, accomplishes her ruin, then abandons her, and enters upon a life of open and notorious profligacy and debauchery, and when sued he offers to carry out his agreement—offers himself in marriage, when any woman with even a spark of virtue and sensibility would shrink from his polluted touch. To hold that the offer of such a skeleton and refusal to accept could be considered, even in mitigation of damages, would shock the sense of justice and be simply a legal outrage. Such an offer could not in any way atone for the past, or have any tendency to show that the defendant had not acted in a most heartless and outrageous manner." The case was *Bennett v. Beam*, 42 Mich. 346; 4 N. W. 8.

Animosity After Breach

AS BEFORE indicated, the law makes due allowance for human nature, especially in cases where wounded pride and outraged dignity are concerned. It is the most natural reaction in the world for a rejected maiden to voice bitter thoughts concerning the man who has thus wronged her. An intensity of love, upon sufficient provocation, may turn into an intensity of hate, for the simple reason that the individual concerned has an intensity of nature. Evidence of hatred or remarks tending "to save one's face," as it is sometimes called, have no special bearing upon the liability of the defendant.

For Example: In January, 1891 Rosa Robertson became engaged to marry the defendant, the wedding to take place on December 25, 1891. There was evidence

to the effect that Rosa began preparation for her marriage in the usual happy manner of betrothed maidens, piecing quilts and doing that type of fancy work that generally appeals to prospective brides. Her lover, however, was not of the dependable and steady type. He believed in seeking good times wherever he might be and his idea of a good time apparently included feminine companionship as its chief ingredient.

He soon found himself in the dilemma of being in love with two girls. The one of whom he had already made conquest quite naturally suffered in comparison with the romantic and unattained maiden. The unworthy lover apparently forgot his plighted word and gave himself up to the ardor of the chase. Quite unexpectedly in April 1891 he captured the girl but only at the cost of a wedding ring and immediate marriage. The second girl evidently realized the nature of the man with whom she was dealing. She took no chances. The defendant perhaps had some regrets at his hasty action, or possibly he feared the consequences and hoped to smooth matters over. At any rate, before the wronged Rosa Robertson had heard of her lover's marriage to another woman he came knocking at her door. Imagine if you can the shock that Rosa must have sustained when the miserable weakling confessed that his passion for the other girl had separated him from Rosa for life.

She turned him out of her home with proper indignation and bitter reproaches. In fact she afterward declared that she had never cared for him anyway, and that she had been interested only in his money. She later brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. Testimony was offered tending to show that the shock of the news of the defendant's marriage produced a marked effect upon Miss Robertson. Witnesses testified to the fact that she refused to discuss the matter and seemed very downhearted. One of the contentions of the defendant was based upon the girl's remark that she had never cared for him. The Supreme Court reversed the verdict of the lower court because of erroneous instructions given to the jury, but on the question of the remark it declared that angry retorts made by the girl after the marriage of the defendant had no bearing upon the question of what her feelings may have been prior to that event.

The case was *Robertson v. Craver*, 88 Iowa 254; 55 N. W. 492.

Health as an Element

THE MENTAL state of a person, as we all know, profoundly influences the bodily functions. Intense grief may result in illness, particularly if it is the sort of grief that a sensitive woman might feel in losing the love of one in whom she had confided her affections and to whom she had expected to be married. To die of a broken heart is not a common experience, but to suffer greatly from such a calamity is quite possible. In cases of breach of promise, when the woman is utterly devoted to the man, with no thoughts for anyone else, the results may be serious. This fact may be taken into consideration in assessing damages.

Santos Ortiz on May 20, 1893 proposed marriage to Carolina Navarro and was accepted. The marriage was to occur around November 15, 1893. When the time came for the wedding Ortiz found some excuses for delay. In fact it soon became apparent that he did not intend to marry the girl. During the early months of their engagement Ortiz had written to Rosa eight very

ardent love letters. Letters and protestations of affection ceased. In May 1894 Oritz married another woman. Carolina Navarro was so overcome by grief that she cried for several days and became very ill, remaining in this condition for a long time. She brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. The court held that the illness of the plaintiff might properly be considered as an element of damages. The defendant adopted one curious line of defense in claiming that to recover it would be necessary for the plaintiff to prove, if no particular day for the wedding was fixed upon, that she had requested him to set the day of the wedding. In disposing of this contention the court said:

"In an action for breach of promise to marry, it is sufficient if the plaintiff shows that the defendant has violated his promise by refusing to marry her. * * * It can hardly be expected that a lady should say to a gentleman: 'Sir, I am ready to marry you. Pray fix the day and marry me.' It is not in the nature of a woman to talk that way, however anxious and willing she may be."

The case was *Oritz v. Navarro*, 30 S. W. 581.

Damages Presumed

WHILE the amount of damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage always depends upon the special circumstances of the case, yet in all cases where a breach is proven some damages will be presumed by law. However a woman may have cheapened herself by misconduct, yet if a man, knowing the facts, asks her to marry him and she promises to do so she would have a right to collect some damages, however small, if the man should later refuse to marry her. The breach of contract in itself entitles her to at least nominal damages.

This fact was strikingly set forth in a western case where a woman who was illegally and immorally living with another man at the time of bringing suit, sued a former lover for breach of promise of marriage. The facts were that she had formerly lived with the first man without being married to him so that when he proposed to her he knew of her past and present and might easily have foreseen her future conduct. The court declared that some damages would be presumed even though it might amount to almost nothing. Said the court:

"A woman bringing an action for breach of promise of marriage against one man, while at the same time unlawfully living and cohabiting with another, would not be entitled to the same damages as if she were a virtuous woman leading a pure and unspotted life. Damages for the blasted hopes and the ruined life of a pure, virtuous woman might be immeasurably large, and beyond any compensation, while to an habitual mistress, whose life and hopes were already ruined, the damages might be immeasurably small." The case was *Dupont v. McAdow*, 6 Mont. 226; 9 Pac. 925.

Personal Vengeance Before Suing

March 19, 1932

THE VEXED problem of how to match intangible injuries to the affections and the soul of a trusting woman to the cold standard of dollars and cents must ever continue to trouble mankind. From the nature of things we can never

have a perfect solution of the problem.

The appalling and increasing divorce rate in modern society is in itself an indication that the fickleness of lovers before marriage is likely to become more rather than less common in the future. For a lover to break off an engagement before marriage occurs is comparable to a divorce after marriage. All thinking people will admit, I believe, that modern psychology, now doing so much to break down the moral safeguards that have been reared through the ages, must inevitably increase these unhappy spectacles of disillusioned and disenchanting lovers who part before marrying at all.

The maiden who loves not wisely but too well, is her own worst enemy. A man once disclosed this truth to me with brutal frankness when I was upbraiding him for not marrying a certain girl with whom he had been keeping company for years, a girl who was utterly devoted to him. I knew the pair so well that the girl had confided to me her unhappiness that her lover was forever postponing the marriage to a more convenient season.

I shall never forget his words, not because there was anything original about them, but because of the tragedy that later befell the girl. He said: "Hang it all, Archer, I never chase a street car after I have caught it." Within a year from that time I was shocked to learn of the man's death. The beautiful and attractive girl in the case has never married. She had no claim upon her lover's property. For more than twenty years since his death she has been supporting herself as a clerk and stenographer. The man did not break his engagement voluntarily. Death did it for him, but the girl lost in the game of life. If she had been wiser she might have married the man of her choice years before his death—or perhaps he might not have died when he did. Married men, you know, live longer than gay bachelors—despite the current witticism that it only seems longer.

No Independent Means of Livelihood

IN ANY action for breach of promise of marriage, the question of the female plaintiff's financial condition may properly enter into the scale, in determining the amount of damages to be awarded for such breach. If the woman is wealthy in her own right the loss of the expected support and comfort of a home as the wife of the defendant, is not nearly so great as would be the loss to a woman who had no means of support. Facts concerning her financial status are therefore a legitimate element of evidence in the case.

Suit for breach of promise of marriage was brought in the State of Michigan. At the trial it appeared that the plaintiff was residing in California when the alleged engagement took place. The defendant had been attentive to her for some time and finally mustered up sufficient courage to ask the fateful question, which the girl answered in the affirmative. California sunshine and flowers perhaps added to the bliss of the newly plighted pair but both of them felt that the consent of the girl's father was needful to their perfect happiness.

So the evening came when the bashful swain betook himself to the living room of the parental residence to interview the father on this all important matter. According to the evidence, he began by remarking that the father, no doubt, had noticed that he had been calling quite fre-

quently of late. He then informed the father that he desired to marry the girl and that she was willing. The parental blessing was forthcoming. Joy reigned in that home—for a time. The defendant later announced that business would call him to Michigan for several months but that he would return to California for the summer.

The wedding was to occur at about Christmas time. The young couple corresponded after the manner of lovers until the defendant's letters suddenly changed in tone. He apparently sought to quarrel with the girl in order to have an excuse for breaking the engagement. The next thing she knew was that her lover had married another woman.

Under these distressing circumstances father and daughter journeyed to Michigan and settled down to the task of making the faithless lover pay for the injury, injustice and indignity visited by him upon the girl. When the case came to trial the plaintiff was awarded damages. One of the grounds of appeal was that the girl, while on the witness stand, had been asked by her lawyer whether she had any independent means of support, to which question she answered, "No." The Supreme Court in deciding for the girl declared:

"When the suit is for the loss of a marriage and of an expected home, the fact that the plaintiff is without the means to provide an independent home for herself is not entirely unimportant. It may be supposed to be one of the facts which both parties had in mind in making their arrangements; and it is not improper that the jury should know of it also and take it into account in making up their verdict." The judgment in the girl's favor was affirmed.

The case was *Vanderpool v. Richardson*, 52 Mich. 336; 17 N. W. 936.

Indemnity, Not Punishment

THE AIM of the law in granting relief to the injured party in an action for breach of promise is to indemnify the party injured rather than to punish the wrongdoer. Expressed in another way, the wrongdoer is required to pay to his victim a sufficient sum to make good to her, so far as money can do it, for the heartache, mental distress, frustrated hope, loss of the material advantages that might have been hers had he kept his agreement.

Noble Swift paid court to a young lady named Emily Harrison. In due course they became engaged to be married. Before the happy day arrived, however, Swift had a change of heart. He jilted the lady and she promptly haled him into court. At the trial while discussing the question of damages the court instructed the jury that "if the jury found that the defendant had broken his contract, and not acted in good faith towards the plaintiff, she was entitled to receive damages, to be computed on the principle of indemnity and reasonable compensation, and not in any event as vindictive damages."

The court went on to explain that the jury would have a right to consider the disappointment of her reasonable expectations, and to inquire what she had lost by such disappointment, and for that purpose to consider, among other things, what would be the money value or worldly advantages (separate from considerations of sentiment and affection) of a marriage which would have given her a permanent home and an advantageous establishment."

The court further declared that if the jury were satisfied that the girl's affections had truly been set upon the man and that

(Continued on page 72)

Three Zone Winners Selected in Beauty Queen Contest

*Finals This Month to Determine Winner—Preliminary Winners
Are Harriet Lee, Zone One; Donna Damerel, Zone
Two; Hazel Johnson, Zone Three*

WHO will win the honor of being declared the Beauty Queen of American Radio? Radio Digest's campaign to discover the most beautiful girl in radio has reached the finals. Readers from all parts of the country have cast their ballots, with the result that this month we announce the winner in each of the three zones.

This ends the preliminaries and in order to make the final selection as fair as possible, the final vote will be made during the present month and the one of the three beauties receiving the greatest number of votes will be declared Beauty Queen of American Radio. Her picture will be painted by an outstanding portrait painter and she will be the Radio Digest cover girl in a future issue. Also she will be presented with the original painting.

In zone one, which comprises the eastern seaboard as far west as western Pennsylvania, Harriet Lee, formerly with WABC, New York, who was declared radio queen at the Radio World's Fair in New York last September, received the greatest number of votes and enters the finals from that zone. Miss Lee chalked up a total of 827 votes in the preliminaries.

IN ZONE two, which extends from a point approximately at the western end of Pennsylvania to the Mississippi River, Donna Damerel, broadcasting from WBBM, Chicago, is the winner in the preliminaries and will represent her zone in the finals. Miss Damerel scored with 1,715 votes.



Harriet Lee, winner of first place in Zone One, was declared Radio Queen at the Radio World's Fair in New York in September.

In zone three, which extends from the Mississippi River to the west coast, Hazel Johnson, who is on the air at KFYR, Bismark, N. D., won first place with a total vote of 1,654.

Remember, this is the final month of the contest. Be sure to vote for one of the three girls in the finals; also be sure to use the coupon provided for that purpose. Final votes must be in the office of Radio Digest not later than May 3rd. There are absolutely no restrictions on voting with the exception that the special coupon provided for the purpose on page 33 must be used. No matter where you live, you may cast your vote for any one of the three girls entered in the finals—but be sure to use the coupon. It is the only vote that counts.

INTEREST in the contest has been keen and votes have come into the Radio Digest offices from all over the United States and Canada. This is the first time that the radio listeners have had an opportunity of selecting the artist to represent the queen of beauty in broadcasting. Heretofore, the selection has been entirely in the hands of two or three portrait painters and theatrical people. The contest was started because Radio Digest felt that the public should be permitted to act as its own judge of beauty.

Runners up for the finals include Madeline Sivyer of Station KQW and KTAB, San Jose, California, (zone three) with a total vote of 470. Virginia Clarke in zone two (station WJJD, Chicago), won second place in



Donna Damerel, "Marge," of the team "Myrt and Marge," broadcasting out of Chicago, heads the list of contestants in the preliminaries in Zone Two.



Hazel Johnson hails from North Dakota—at least that's where she broadcasts . . . and her attractive features won first place for her in Zone Three.

that zone, with a vote of 435. Jane Froman also in zone two, WMAQ, Chicago, was right behind Miss Clarke with 433 votes. Catherine Fields, WEA, New York was second choice in zone one with 282 votes.

When you cast your ballot for the final vote this month, be sure to mail it so that it is received in the office of Radio Digest not later than May 3rd. In the event that there is a tie for first place between any of the contestants in

the finals, the pictures of all tying contestants will be used on the cover of Radio Digest and the originals will be presented to the artists. Remember, this is your last chance to vote. Use the ballot below and send it in early.

USE THIS COUPON IN FINAL CHOICE FOR BEAUTY QUEEN OF AMERICAN RADIO

Final Ballot—
RADIO DIGEST,
 420 Lexington Ave.,
 New York, N. Y.

My final choice for the Beauty Queen of American Radio is

Name of artist.....

Voters Name

StreetCity, State

MARCELLA

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

TODDLES, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, bundled up some of our fan letters, equipped herself with a monocle, set her Empress Eugenie hat over her left ear and eye, and in this impressive dignity alighted on her bicycle. Pecking me on my right cheek, she bade farewell and said that to Riverside Drive was she bent to read over some of our fan missives—that ere nightfall she would return and help me with this column. When the first shades of evening curtained off the speeding day, and no Toddles turned up, I hopped into my roller skates, and followed the tracks of my partner's bicycle. When I reached that part of the Drive where Toddles always holds her rendez-vous with the setting sun, I found her bundled up in a heap and weeping copiously. She held out to me a letter written by Betty Jamieson who scolded both Toddles and myself for our delay in answering her requests and said she had more confidence in Walter Winchell than in us. Toddles broke out into a fresh series of sobs until I was able to quiet her with a hundred other letters indicative of the high esteem in which they held Toddles—Empress Eugenie chapeau and wilted plume not withstanding. And now let's get down to business, Toddles else Radio Digest will go to the printer and leave us out.

Well, now about Husk O'Hare, as we were saying. You know he recently closed a fifty-nine week engagement at the Hotel La-Salle where he played in the Blue Fountain Room. At this writing he's on tour. Husk is not his official Christian name, but he has answered to it for so long that his own family cannot recall the appellation which they bestowed upon him at birth. Only the records at Maysville, Ky. where he was born can yield that information. When he was fourteen, his family moved to Chicago, and he



Landt Trio and White

has lived there ever since. His two brothers and sister never cease wondering at his trunks and trunks of clothes—his one failing.

* * *

FROM seventeen to seventy—that is the range of ages when listeners are most interested in Landt Trio and White. Pick out Dan, Karl and Jack Landt from this picture. Yes, that's right—the three boys on the right. The one at the left is Howard White. They hail from the good old city of Scranton, Pa.—home of coal strikes, where Dan was a house painter, Karl taught chemistry, Jack was a high school student and Howard White turned out rolls and loaves of bread in a bakery shop. Howard is blissfully ignorant of music and probably thinks that "do" in the scales mean weighing bread. He met the Landt brothers at the local Scranton stations WGBI and WQAN where they soon became a very popular group. The day they arrived in New York was a lucky one all around. They received an audition—a sponsor happened to be present and fate brought sponsor and quartet together over a substantial Contract. Howard White makes his home with the three brothers, their parents and sister in Jackson Heights, Brooklyn and a cheerful little group they make.

* * *

LOWELL PATTON'S *Song for Today* over WJZ furnishes twenty-



Lowell Patton

four hours of inspiration to radio listeners. Most of the music is from his own pen. Mr. Patton set out on the "troubled waters" of music when he was but eight, as a singer in the choir of Trinity Church, in Portland, Oregon, his birthplace, where he was to become organist ten years later. In the meantime he had traveled to every important city in Europe where he studied the organ. Like most musicians he has seen "lean years" but these passed over very quickly for him. Mr. Patton brings to the radio a background of rich experiences and study—experiences gained through his world travels and during his service with the United States Navy during the World War—and the thorough training received in some of the best institutions in Europe including the Royal Academy in London.

* * *

THREE cheers for Thelma Shahan, who sends us "several bits" about Mannie Lowy, first violinist of the original Connecticut Yankees. We also owe this picture to her. Toddles suggests we quote her letter verbatim—so here goes: "Mannie Lowy has been at Pine Crest Manor, Southern Pines, North Carolina since May, 1930. Has been very very



Mannie Lowy

ill, but is now steadily convalescing. Was in bed 13 months. Hopes to be back with the other boys in the spring. Has been playing the violin for 15 years. Started orchestra work as first violinist in the Morris High School Orchestra in New York under the very capable leadership of Mr. E. Tracy, then the leader of the well-known Keith's Boys Band. Previous to the formation of the Connecticut Yankees, he played in the following orchestras: Moss Hallet Orchestra, Bert Lown's Orchestra, Bill Wilson's Orchestra. New York is his birthplace. One of his outstanding characteristics is loyalty—with a capital "L." Happily

married—and his wife is charming. Favorite sport prior to his illness was tennis and football. Considerably interested in New York University's team. Gets an immense kick out of listening to his four year old daughter, Lorraine, try to imitate Rudy singing *Vagabond Lover*. His tribute to Vallee: "That Rudy is one of the finest and squarest men in the music game, especially in the generous way he has treated us boys. All he asks in return is fair play and in this way we boys try to show our appreciation by always giving him our best efforts and loyalty." Of the boys he says: "They are the most regular bunch of fellows I've ever known or worked with. There isn't one in the band who can be called 'high hat.'" Suppose we make it a hundred cheers for Thelma—how about it, Toddlers, old deah?



Dave Bernie

DAVE BERNIE, one of Ben Bernie's many brothers is catering to an audience at the Coral Grill which opened its doors on Broadway the middle of February. There's a family resemblance, isn't there? Broadcasts over WHAP, New York, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11 p. m.

* * *

GENERAL Items: Julia Jacques will find feature story of Col. Stoopnagle and Budd in the Summer Issue of Radio Digest. A paragraph or two about Eddie and Jimmie in October issue, Mrs. Adams. Those interested in Anthony Wons will find something in this column soon. We had his picture and a short sketch about him over a year ago. No, not one of the Landt Trio and White group is married. Dan is 30, Karl 22, Jack 19 and Howard twenty-nine. We'll have something about Gene Hamilton, Janet for the benefit of your fan club.

* * *

WE HAD a paragraph about Paul Small in the January issue—but so many requests came in for his picture that I sent out Toddlers to Paul's home to get a photograph and a short interview. Here are both. Started radio in 1924 over WGN in Chicago. Joined Little Jack Little in 1925. Toured country in radio programs under name of "Little and



Paul Small

Small." Joined Paul Ash at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. Remained three years in one place with him. Came to Paramount, with him and did first N. Y. broadcast on Paramount-Publix program over WABC. Did vocal choruses with Guy Lombardo's band when he

first went on with his cigar program. With Jesse Crawford for two seasons on Royal Typewriter hour. Listeners heard him also on the following programs: Luden's, Life Saver, Davega, and Woman's Radio Review. Has been with Vincent Lopez for the past year. Paul made his debut in the theatre at the tender age of six with his mother as accompanist.

* * *

PAUL CARSON, NBC organist on the Pacific Coast, has appreciative audiences everywhere. Paul was born in Bridgeport, Ill., and at the early age of five and a half his mother taught him to play the organ. His repertoire consisted of two hymns, *Nearer My God to Thee* and *Jesus Lover of My Soul*. This repertoire, limited as it was, saved the day



Paul Carson

for his father one Sunday when the regular organist had not arrived in time for the service. Paul (only six at the time) obeyed the beckoning motion of his father to take his place at the organ. The father announced to the congregation, that they sing *Nearer My God To Thee*. When they were ready to sing the second hymn, the clergyman turned over the pages of the hymnal as if in search of another selection. He then paused and announced, "We shall now sing *Jesus Lover of My Soul*. This young Paul executed with the same skill as the first. But his suspense can just about be imagined when the time approached for the third hymn—and still the regular organist had not put in an appearance. The youngster had exhausted his complete repertoire of two songs—and there was another to come. The father, never at a loss to meet any emergency opened the hymnal and declared that the last hymn was so beautiful that it was worthy to be repeated. Before the World War Paul attended Northwestern University. His part in the War was driving an ambulance and carrying stretchers. After the Armistice, he was transferred to the overseas entertainment committee and put on shows for the Americans who were still stationed in France and Germany. Paul's father and grandfather were both clergymen. His grandfather was associated with the Wesleys in Ireland. His is an intensely artistic nature—loving beauty wherever he finds it. He possesses one of the largest libraries in San Francisco and one of the finest collection of Persian rugs and rare works of art.

* * *

PROBABLY the only education in music Harry Frankel, (Singin' Sam) ever got was in a piano factory where he learned the trade of action finisher—and he never worked at it after he got his Ph.D. And by the way, he's the

same Singin' Sam, the Lawn Mower Man whom you heard on WLW, and the same Singin' Sam, the Coffee Man who broadcast over WTAM. Two weeks after assuming the role of Singin' Sam the Barbasol Man over



Singin' Sam

CBS, he received something like 25,000 letters. We hope, for the benefit of his sponsor, that some of these were from bearded ladies. Harry was born in Danville, Ky., January 27th, A. D. His father was a clothier and discouraged his young son's tendencies toward the stage. But these theatrical inclinations proved irresistible and Harry soon became affiliated with J. Coburn's Minstrel Show. Then came an engagement at the Bijou Theatre which billed artists now well-known on the radio including Frank Crumit. After two years at this theatre, Harry became a member of a quartet that stayed together for nine years—and during that time of steady traveling all over the United States—there was never a cross word or an argument among them. But although they were a very popular group and got a big hand—there was very little in it. So Harry thithered back to Richmond where he opened a camera store in partnership with a schoolboy who knew the photography business. But the popular germ, *reanderlust*, attacked him and again he joined a minstrel show. He stayed with it for three years—and just as it was about to close down—it was during the time when all road shows were on the decline, he was asked by Joe Dunlevy to join him in vaudeville. They toured the RKO circuit as Frankel and Dunlevy, the Two Blackbirds. But after a time it was discovered that vaudeville also was slipping, so Harry decided to try radio. And that's when he became Singin' Sam the Lawn Mower Man for the Great States Lawn Mower Company. He had a three-year contract with this concern, but the officials of a coffee concern in some way came to terms with the G. S. L. M. Co. and Frankel became Singin' Sam, the Coffee Man. The Barbasol Company is now the lucky concern for it holds the contract with Frankel, and he in turn holds the attention to the program. Harry is six feet one, weighs a hundred ninety-eight and is unmarried. He has provided a very beautiful home for his parents whom he calls up regularly over long distance at least once a week.

* * *

MORE Miscellaneous Items: Lew Conrad can be heard, Mrs. Gunther, Thursday evenings at 11:15 over
(Continued on page 78)



For four years the Radio Guild of the National Broadcasting Company has been developing the best possible technique in the presentation of radio drama. In that time it has presented over 200 of the classics. Here is a typical cast from one of the Guild plays: From left—Charles Warburton, Sheila Hayes, Jeanne Owen, Florence Malone, Charles Webster, Leo Stark, Harry Neville and Vernon Radcliffe, director.

Brush Up on Your "Lit" by Tuning in the

RADIO GUILD

RADIO drama has won a complete divorce from the stage. It stands on its own legs, erect, unique and an artistic achievement in its own right.

This is the declaration of Vernon Radcliffe, director and producer of the Radio Guild, at the peak of the 1931-32 season over the NBC network. And out of the months of study, trial and endeavor the radio drama has evolved a certain dramatic technique more akin to music than any dramatic form the world has ever known.

In making this analogy Mr. Radcliffe compares the effect on the basis of subtlety, emotional range and intimacy. Greater scope in all three, he claims, is possible by radio because the listener is freed from the limitations of the physical stage and is carried through the full range of his own imagination to interpret every suggestion according to his own natural conception.

Just as the director of the symphony stands in view before the members of his orchestra, leading them through the emotional phases of their music so does the director of the radio drama find it possible to step from a mere rehearsal to the actual conducting of the performance—that single vivid, spontaneous enactment before the million. The unifi-

By JOHN A. NEAGLE

***D**ON'T let this spoil your pleasure but you have been hearing a great deal about the problems of presenting education by radio. If you'll let professional radio showmen do the job you'll certainly like it. And that's why we say follow the dramas of the Radio Guild and you'll get a fine show by the best talent in the world, and you'll be refreshed by hearing something you ought to know for the cultural improvement of your mind.*

cation and power that this makes possible is regarded by many as one of the most interesting factors of radio broadcasting.

John W. Elwood, vice president of the NBC in charge of the educational programs, considers the work of the Radio Guild more than just another entertainment feature. The character of the selected dramas and the method of their presentation contribute immeasurably to the cultural welfare of the nation.

The refined radio drama's influence

may eventually have such an effect on the popular mind that a more wholesome character of play will be demanded of the visible stage. Such an eventuality, however, would be only incidental to the general plan of the broadcasters. The work of the Guild is offered as an extra-curricular course in appreciation of the drama. Mr. Elwood is quoted as saying:

"It aims to do for the drama what the Music Appreciation Series of Walter Damrosch has done for music. The series represents the best that we have in the drama and presents actors and actresses well known in the roles.

THE plays have been selected from the required or suggested reading lists of the standard schools and universities. Although there will be no direct educational approach—the plays simply being offered for their obvious and intrinsic worth—Radio Guild provides a worthy tie-in with the extra-curricular activity of literary classes."

Thereafter at the same period, 4:15 to 5:15 p. m., E. S. T., the NBC guild cast has presented fine drama chosen from the reading lists of American colleges and secondary schools. The plays range from Greek to modern dramatic

literature, including the works of Shakespeare, Moliere, Goldsmith, Ibsen, Sheridan and Barrie.

Such stars of the legitimate stage as Margaret Anglin, Tom Powers, Eva Le Gallienne, Dudley Digges, Constance Collier, Margaret Kennedy and Basil Rathbone, to mention only a few, have been identified with the guild series.

Constance Collier, dramatic star of the English and American theater, headed the cast of the Radio Guild 1931-32 premiere, "Agamemnon," which was broadcast on October 9. She portrayed the role of Clytaemnestra, treacherous wife of Agamemnon, in the Greek tragedy by Aeschylus.

The second vehicle presented by the Guild was "Faustus," the interesting work of Christopher Marlowe.

IN THE following five weeks, four works of Shakespeare were offered. They were "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," presented in two parts, and "Merchant of Venice."

There then followed many pieces familiar to most every listener and student in the country such as Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," "School for Scandal" by Sheridan, Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" and Barrie's "Dear Brutus."

The cast which usually presents the Radio Guild dramas comprise William S. Rainey, production manager of NBC; Florence Malone, William Shelley, Charles Warburton, Jeanne Owen, Leo Stark, Peggy Allenby, Harry Neville and Wright Kramer.

"A word of appreciation is due the American audience," according to Vernon Radcliffe, director of the series, the real creator of radio drama. "It requires a high degree of concentration, intelligence, and imagination on the part of the listener to receive the illusion projected from the studio," he says. "Thousands upon thousands of letters from all states and all walks of life have convinced me in a breath-taking way that radio marks the dawning of a new spirit, the craving of an imaginative, idealistic people for the finest in drama as in everything else."

The series will run through to April 29, coincident with the balance of the school year. The booking dates have been made rigid for the benefit of classes desiring to follow the series.



Eva LeGallienne

The final nine plays scheduled for each Friday afternoon on the guild program follows:

MARCH

Mar. 4, Rostand, "Cyrano de Bergerac;" Mar. 11, "The Dover Road," Milne; Mar. 18, "The Great Divide," Moody; Mar. 25, (Good Friday) "The Terrible Meek," Kennedy.

APRIL

April 1, "The Truth," Fitch; April 8, "The Doll's House," Ibsen; April 15, "The Melting Pot," Zangwill; April 22, "The Jest," Benelli (especially translated); April 29, "Beggars on Horseback," Kaufman & Connolly.

MORE than any other factor perhaps in vividly presenting dramas over the radio has been the development of sound effects—and in this important work of adding to the elusive word something of the reality of events, Vernon Radcliffe has taken a very major part. The slam of a door, the patter of the rain on a roof, and as much color to a radio play as the voices of the actors and actresses. And these sounds have to be interpreted in a tongue of studio mechanism—unpoetic it may be to hear the rustle of leaves over the radio and to know that these soft murmurs issue from an ugly contraption made of wood and steel—but the tenseness of the play and the interest with which it grips you should outweigh any of these considerations.

During one of the rehearsals which Mr. Radcliffe was directing, there was a scene of fugitives making their way through a deep swamp. The *plot*, did not come through with the realism of the suction of marshy ground. "Here," cried Mr. Radcliffe as he strode from the control room where he closely listened to every shade and inflection of sound, "I'll sacrifice a handkerchief—let's see how this works." He dipped it slowly into

a basin of water and the ear immediately caught the realism of men stalking through the spongy land.

Mr. Radcliffe is a tall, angular person—impatient with imperfections, and that is why listeners get such excellent performances at the mere cost of a dial twist.

Even the most inveterate theatre-goer can listen to dramatic presentations over the air without missing the costumes and settings which his own imagination can conjure up to complete the picture. And that is why the Radio Guild enjoys such a tremendous following not only in rural sections where people depend upon radio to a great extent for their entertainment, but also in urban sections where just a few squares lead to Broadway, the home of the theatre.

While the Thespians, in sackcloth and ashes, mourn over the gradual decline of the theatre, we hear sounds of rejoicing here, there and everywhere, "Long live the Radio Guild." It's just a four year old infant but it has in that time exhibited its strength, character and prodigality.

The most obvious disadvantage that drama suffers by radio is that it is invisible. A radio audience is to all purposes a blind audience. Gone is all the showy scenery, the elaborate lighting effects, and the pantomime of the actors. In its place radio must rely on a greater appeal to the imagination. The listener has an opportunity to paint his own scenery in his mind's eye—an opportunity indulged in by the audiences of Shakespeare's day, but a forgotten art to the moderns.

The very nature of radio drama, appealing as it does to the ear alone, literally impels the listener to use his own imagination. However much he may crave realism, radio can supply it but partially. The complementary elements of realism—a visualization of scene and action—must come from within the listener. Any person who listens through a radio play has necessarily participated in the production. He must have imagined what he has not been able to see. He has become an active part in the cycle of dramatic creation.

This element of radio drama, which may seem from some points of view to be a handicap, may also be interpreted as a positive virtue. By forcing the listener to become active in the play.



Vernon Radcliffe, Director of Radio Guild.

Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

Just a Baby Boy, the Radio and the Press

IT TOOK one little two year old child to set the nation on fire. It took one little curly haired boy snatched away from his mother in the dead of night to make men and women forget their sordid quarrels and turn anxious eyes to the latest editions of the newspapers, to keep their radio receivers alive and tuned to the latest reports from the stricken home near Hopewell, New Jersey.

What a leveler this dreadful incident turned out to be! Only a few hours before there had existed a world of petty strife, keen edged rivalry for supremacy, and plots for concerted offensives. Then came a young mother's call for her vanished babe, a father's urgent appeal for help and all of rancor and bitterness disappeared as if by magic.

Arm in arm the "foes," as it seemed, rushed forward to cooperate in the most intensive man hunt the world has ever known. Radio and the press worked side by side, helped each other, told of the other's exploits. Day and night the receivers were kept alive tuned to the frequent bulletins from the front. Emergency short wave stations were established at the line of action. Reports were flashed to the broadcasting stations and then relayed to millions of eagerly hopeful listeners. The radio flashes were followed by suggestions that "full details could be found in the local newspapers in every community."

Who said the newspapers were out to fight radio? Where were those boisterous shouts of yesterday? What had happened to those maps of strategy? Why, a sleepy little fellow who had been tucked away in his crib for the night had been caught up by alien hands and carried away into the dark unfathomable night. He had to be found. It had become necessary to spread the alarm throughout the land, and then an aroused nation waited almost breathlessly for every scrap of news hoping at any moment to hear that this helpless little boy had been restored once more to his mother's arms—just a sunny haired little fellow who couldn't possibly know that he had become the most talked about baby in the world.

Three Cheers for Cheerio!

ONE of the most extraordinary characters in radio is the gentle voiced speaker over the WEAJ network known to listeners from coast-to-coast only as Cheerio. His name has been published—but not by Radio Digest. We have his full name before us at the moment but it has been his wish that his radio audience should know him only as Cheerio. There is no valid reason to violate that request. We know the author of an article published in a national story magazine wherein Cheerio's private name was revealed for the first time. That

writer heard from the Cheerio fans very shortly and has not been quite the same since.

If ever a man of the air deserved to have his anonymity respected it is Cheerio. His mission is one of love toward humanity. He seeks no profit in any way other than the good that comes to his soul from spreading good cheer. He is well to do, the owner of a successful business. Money does not interest him when he dons the golden cloak of Cheerio.

It is his personal creed to maintain the personality of Cheerio as a friendly Voice almost mythical in character. He prefers to leave to the listener's imagination the picture created by the character. Newspaper radio columnists have searched in vain for a photograph of the man who speaks with the voice of Cheerio. He has been very careful about avoiding photographs. It is said that he happened to be in a gathering of alumni recently when it was proposed that a group picture be taken of the old grads. When the lineup was complete and the photographer was ready to snap the picture the face of the man who stands before the mike as Cheerio had disappeared.

INSPIRATION, hope, good fellowship radiate on this program. Children who have been careless listening to Cheerio are reminded to write to their mothers or fathers. Parents feel a kindlier philosophy toward life. The story of how it all started is told somewhat in this manner:

Years ago Mr. X was a classmate of President Hoover at Leland Stanford University. More recently, about the time the NBC was catching its first breath, these two men were driving together along a California highway. Mr. X, who has since become Cheerio, said to the President who was then Secretary of Commerce, that he would like very much to do something to spread sunshine into the hearts of all who felt troubled and downcast. He particularly wanted to bring cheer to those who had passed over the summit of life and were going down the far slope.

And so he did. He began broadcasting in California under the name of Cheerio. He wanted his listeners to think of him only as Cheerio—and not as of any other kind of individual whatever. His eagerness and sincerity radiated through his voice. His idea of spreading sunshine worked. Withered hearts expanded and bloomed under his warm and friendly glow.

People who had lost faith in human kindness watched in vain for some catch. They waited for "The Pay-Off." But the "Pay-off" was only more sunshine and good cheer. His broadcasts were discussed in all parts of the country. He was invited to spread his sunshine over the NBC network, thus reaching an audience of countless thousands. He transferred his activities to New York.

For five years he has been carrying on this mission, doubtless the most purely altruistic program yet conceived. Cheerio fans during the past few weeks have been hanging the letter C in their windows or over the fireplace to celebrate the occasion.

Here's to Cheerio, good Mr. Cheerio! Would to God there were more of you!

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

Phil Fisher

By James David Brice

THE story of Phil Fisher, who broadcast from the Ten Eyck Hotel via CBS, unlike that of some who have presented their orchestras over the air, is in no way similar to a fairy tale. There was no genie at hand to work miracles for him. It was hard labor.

But an interesting story, none the less.

Born in the little village of Elizabethtown, Pa., on April 27, 1906, Phil grew up amid the farm lands of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Another case of the "Dutch" doing it.

Showing an early aptitude for music, the first real step toward his present success was made during his high school days when he acted as conductor and concertmaster for the high school orchestra.

At that time Paul Specht, born but a few miles from the Fisher home, was at the peak of his fame and the one ambition in young Fisher's life was some day to emulate his neighbor's success.

To the present day, Phil maintains it was this boyhood worship for a noted orchestra leader which decided his course in life.

"Immediately upon finishing my high school course," declares Phil, "I organized my own band and for two years played throughout the state."

In this venture he met with more than usual success attained by a youngster of less than twenty, but was not satisfied.

ONE character of his Dutch ancestors, that of patience and study, was deeply embedded in the young musician. He believed that greater experience might come from being a part of a more nationally known orchestra and, when offered a place in Tommy Christian's band, he promptly turned his back on leadership and joined.

For five years he played with Christian, traveling all over the country and appearing on the air from WLW in Cincinnati and KMOX in St. Louis, as well as from the Paramount Grill in New York.

And he not only secured the experi-



Phil Fisher

ence he desired, but also the nucleus for his present orchestra.

"It was during the last few weeks with Tommy Christian that I again had the idea of forming my own band," Phil says. "Previously we had been joined by two or three members of one of the most famous orchestras in the south at that time—the Watson Bellhops, including Ezelle Watson, their leader.

"What finally decided me can be attributed to two things. One, the decision of Christian to retire from the game; the other, my meeting with Marty Britt."

The present conductor and featured singer with Phil's band, previous to that meeting, had embarked upon a career in many ways similar to that of Fisher.

Born in Meridian, Miss., on May 17,

1900, he had later been concertmaster for the Meridian High School Glee club. Leaving school for thirteen months in the army, he returned to form his own band, just as Phil had, and not long after.

For three years Marty Britt's orchestra enjoyed the same success throughout Texas and the southwest that Watson's Bellhops were securing further east. Then Marty broke up his band and gave his time to recording for the Victor Company, where his reputation was soon made as a singer of Southern "Blues."

Until finally he, too, joined Tommy Christian's band, just prior to Christian leaving the field of music.

"Both of us had already been over the air," declares Phil, "and from the experience we had secured in our other connections we felt assured that a Phil Fisher orchestra could be made a success.

"At any rate, upon Tommy's retirement, we selected an orchestra, the same one now playing, composed of members from Christian's, Watson's and Marty's own bands."

Truly representative of the country which now hears them were the selections.

FROM Pennsylvania comes Phil Fisher and his brother, Ted, also Chet Shaeffer, the latter from the city of York. Ohio contributes two members; Herbert Lessner from Youngstown, and Fred Tupper from Cleveland. New York State presents Andrian Tei, a native of Binghamton. The south is present with three members: Ezelle Watson from Dothan, Alabama; Webster Gillen from Orlando, Florida, and Marty Britt. The two remaining players are "Buck" Kelly from Benton, Illinois and Bill Robertson, who hails from Minneapolis, Minn.

The new band a reality, Phil secured several short engagements in New York city, shortly after taking the step which was destined to bring him national prominence.

Again it was the "Dutch" which sent him to the Ten Eyck hotel in Albany, N. Y., where he succeeded Huston Ray, instead of continuing in New York city where some many well established orchestras offered competition.

The transfer occurred but a short time after Station WOKO, under the direction of Harold E. Smith had moved up the Hudson from Rip Van-Winkle land into the capitol city of the state.

But in the same way that Fate had brought Phil and Marty Britt together down in Texas, it now brought Phil Fisher and his orchestra to WOKO. Both new in their fields and both destined to help the other.

From his first local broadcast Phil's orchestra clicked with the radio audience, despite the fact that Albany had two other leading bands at the time, both "Sleepy" Hall and "Doc" Peyton being on hand.

But click it did, and Harold Smith realized that WOKO, still an infant so far as national radio prominence was concerned, had a real asset.

That is the story of Phil Fisher, a Pennsylvania Dutch boy, who will tell you with a smile that he put in some pretty good efforts to make the big time in radio.

All those efforts can be summed up in four little words, however.

"The 'Dutch' did it."

(Phil Fisher, at the time Radio Digest is going to press, is touring the states, and by the time our magazine reaches the readers he will be broadcasting from some hotel in the west. —Editor.)

Fanny May Baldrige

By Marie K. Neff

FANNY MAY BALDRIDGE, the author, producer and actresses of "Miracles of Magnolia," that sketch of wholesome philosophy—in other words the whole show—hails from down New Martin, Tennessee way, but while still a child her parents made a stop-over in Louisville, Kentucky, and liked it. From



Fanny May Baldrige

that time on she has been a Louisville girl.

When asked the question, "What is responsible for your sketch?" Miss Baldrige just shook her head and a bewildered expression shone on her face. "Why, why," she stammered, "I don't know, it's just a part of me, I spec." After thinking over the question for a minute or so she told me that it was the days back in New Martin and days even beyond that together with childhood visits to plantations in Athens and Mooresville, Alabama, that furnished her material. Miss Baldrige has taken her characters from childhood's happy memories and has brought them up-to-date. Aunt Ellen and Aunt Patsy, her own mammies are made to live again in Mammy Magnolia and even though brought out of the past and made to face present-day problems their philosophy remains unchanged and is just as applicable today as it was in those days

UNCLE ESSEC, a body-guard during the Civil War and who died at the Richardson homestead in Athens, Alabama, just three years ago, is responsible for many of Mammy Magnolia's biblical quotations while Janie Jones, a farm negro who followed the Baldrige family from New Martin to Louisville, is the originator of a great number of Josie's crazy word concoctions.

Just as many other mothers are hidden in the background of their daughters' careers, so is Mrs. Sally Ryan Baldrige at the wheel of her daughter's ambitions. To her, Miss Baldrige gladly admits, belongs fifty per cent of the credit for if it were not for her mother's memory Mammy Magnolia would sometimes be wanting for interpretations as well as many quaint expressions. Mrs. Baldrige is her daughter's severest critic. "She is a daughter of the old south and to her friends and those servants of her day who are still living she is the 'one and only Miss Sally.'"

Miss Baldrige started her negro impersonations when only eleven years of age. At this time she studied with Miss Betty Lewis, considered the finest negro impersonator in the south, who called her the "perfect little nigger." During this time she made frequent stage appearances in Louisville and towns about.

Immediately following her graduation from the Louisville Girls High School the author of this skit went to southern Tennessee where she taught dramatics, expression and voice for two years. While teaching she decided on a pro-



Mary and Bob of True Story Hour
(A Radiograph about this pair is scheduled for May issue)

fessional career and when her contract expired she came to Chicago where she became a student of Elias Day, teacher of dramatic art for the Lyceum Arts Conservatory.

At the end of the summer course Mr. Day persuaded her to remain for the winter one. Her stay lengthened into five seasons with the Affiliated Lyceum and Chautauqua Bureaus, managing her own company. As the "Dixie Girl" she gave to the platform the first group of mountain and negro camp meeting songs ever given. During the World War she was an official Y. M. C. A. entertainer, her duties taking her to six of the largest training camps in the country. Later she taught public speaking in Louisville being in charge of that department at Kentucky Military Institute. She also attained note as the coach of Anne Hardin, national oratorical finalist.

Miss Baldrige bases her perfect impersonations on a real understanding of the people to whom music and laughter are life. She has delved into their superstitions and signs. Superstitions are their heritage having come down from the dark ages; and their signs—to quote an old negro, "De's just the Lawd talkin' to us." Just as the white folks are directed by what they read so the negroes are directed by their signs. Even if their signs fail to materialize they conclude that the Lord knows what's good for them and doesn't want them to have whatever their sign promised which is very much equivalent to the unanswered prayers of the white folk.

MISS FANNY MAY'S continuities never contain a word that might reflect on the negro and this is borne out by the fact that an old negro man greeted her one day as she was leaving station WHAS, Louisville, after having had completed her day's broadcast of "Janie Jones," and said, "Miss Fanny May, I jus' waited case I wunts to tell you you sho proved you know us colored folks from the hide in and we wunts you to know we was listening to you and the nice part of it is you never
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"It's a sax!" and Don Voorhees handed Andy Sannella the instrument specified in the slip drawn from the hat which Nellie held. From left: Andy, Hugo Mariani, Harry Reser, Don, Nellie Revell and Cesare Sodero.

G A B A L O G U E

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of Radio Digest

"WAIT till the sun shines, Nellie."

That's what a chorus some very high priced voices sang spontaneously when Nellie Revell commenced putting on her Arctics as evidence that it was time to go home. Since it was about three o'clock in the morning she could not be blamed even if the party had been in her honor, and the guests were mostly friends who had come from the National Broadcasting Company studios to help celebrate her first year on the air as THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST.

Hugo Mariani was the host. With four other famous orchestra directors he had taken part in Miss Revell's program over a WEA network. The merriment had begun in the studios. Listeners in all parts of the country were invited to enjoy the fun as Nellie put slips of paper in a hat and had the maestros draw them out one by one. On each slip was the name of some musical instrument. The holder was warned he would have to play a solo on the instrument and then all five would have to join in the use of them for a concert.

Andy Sannella, as shown in the picture above, drew the saxophone. Harry Reser drew the xylophone, but after a few bars Nellie advised him to change over to his famous banjo (not that Harry couldn't make the xylophone perform to the queen's taste); Hugo Mariani drew the violin; Don Voorhees drew the piano and Cesare Sodero, operatic conductor and composer, drew the 'cello.

They were introduced individually to the other guests in the radio audience and finally were directed by Nellie herself in a jazz number. Mr. Sodero claimed it was his first experience at playing jazz. After the program, that had sounded so merry over the air, adjourned to Mariani's apartment. The climax was a huge birthday cake with one candle. Following is part of the program as broadcast by Miss Revell:—Editor.

HOWDY, friends. In the year I've been on the radio, I've had barrels of requests for information about orchestra leaders. They are the unsung heroes of the air. They spend years acquiring the technique of their profession and vast sums of money in training under great music masters. With their skill and knowledge, they come to the studios and build up programs which otherwise would be drab and dull, and they decoy you to the dials. You're lured to listening to them, and the first thing you know, you find you're buying a pack of cigarettes, a bottle of salad dressing or a pound of coffee, which you would have had to buy anyhow. And just

think of getting a fine concert with it!

I have assembled here the five orchestra leaders about whom I have received the most inquiries during the last year. Knowing, as we do, what fine musicians they must be to conduct the orchestras they have under their supervision, the thought occurred to me—can they also play the various instruments as well as instruct others to. And they, too, are wondering if they can.

To preclude the possibility of anyone practising up on any particular instrument, no one here knows what instrument he is going to play tonight. We have here in front of us almost every instrument used in an orchestra, and

the names of the different instruments are written on separate slips of paper, placed in sealed envelopes, and put in a hat. The baton wielders are to each pick one out and then play, or attempt to play the instrument designated."

Daly. . . "Sort of win, lose or draw."

Nellie. . . "Yes, they draw and the audience either wins or loses. It's all in the spirit of fun, and is in no way to be regarded as a sample of their musical art. * * * Maybe they'll be like the story my beloved Irvin Cobb tells about the newly rich man who built a fine home with all the latest whoosits and gadgets in it. He was taking great delight in showing a friend through the house, and asked the friend what he thought about it. His friend said: 'Well, there's only one thing it lacks. There should be a chandelier in the music room.' 'All right,' said the owner, 'I'll order one tonight by telegraph, but I don't think there's a soul in the house who can play one.' * * * I don't know whether these baton brandishers can play a chandelier or not, but if they draw a chandelier, they'll play it. George, please pass the hat. The first victim is to be Harry Reser."

Hicks. . . "You mean the first victim is the audience."

NELLIE. . . "Harry Reser, leader of the Cliquot Club Eskimo orchestra. Mr. Reser has conducted that popular polar club band for the past six years. Harry is one of the world's greatest, if not the greatest, banjo player. Time was when the banjo was played only by the levee negro, but the fine artistry of Harry Reser landed it in the salons of the socially elite. Transported, as it were, from the levee to the Lido. * * * All right, Harry, let's go. Hang on to your arm chairs, everybody. Harry is going to play . . . what did you draw, Harry?"

Hicks. . . "He drew a xylophone!"

(Everybody laughs).

Harry. . . "This is a frameup. I'm a banjoist . . . and here they hand me a xylophone."

Nellie. . . "Can you play a xylophone?"

Harry. . . "I don't know; I never tried."

Nellie. . . "Well, try it."

(Harry plays the xylophone).

Nellie. . . "Aw, Harry, let someone play the xylophone who knows how. You go back to the banjo." (Hands Harry his banjo).

(Harry plays the banjo).

Nellie. . . "Thanks. * * * Harry Reser is a native of Pickwee, Ohio, and is a direct descendant of David Crocker, the famous pioneer. He is of medium height, slim build, wears a small mustache, has sandy hair, and twinkling

(Continued on page 75)

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Catch That Slip!

THERE'S many a slip twixt the lip and the mike. Next time you hear a good one jot it down and send it to Indi-Gest, care of Radio Digest. We pay contributors from \$1 to \$5 for material accepted for this department. Indi likes short verses on the same terms. Suggestions welcomed.

WELL sir, did you ever see such a rush for new radio publications! Here we are ten years old and from these new upstarts you'd think radio was just discovered as a field for journalism. But heaven bless 'em! We love company, and we hope they all prosper. We don't care if they even pick up some of our old established features such as this department. We note that one of them is even offering the same huge rewards we do for the slips—and maybe if you miss fire with Indi you can palm it off on the other fellow. The very latest has paid us the compliment of taking the line we originated, "Slips That Pass in the Mike." Of course really that's hardly sporting, but what to heck, thinking up

lines like that is one of the easiest things we do and we're always glad to help a less fortunate neighbor. Besides we got rather tired of that line and put it away on the shelf for a rest several months ago.

* * *

Thanks to Helen Lissner, 1327 Union St., Brunswick, Ga., we find how Lowell Thomas explains the system by which Fung Chow takes his ether. Says she: "According to Mr. Thomas Fung Chow, was suffering from a broken hip, 'two nurses and a doctor held him so that the ether could be *administrated* under pressure.'" Tim, see that Helen gets one buck for spearing that one out of the air at the expense of Mr. Thomas' pride and our pocketbook.



Suburban Holmes and Silk Hat Sammy at WAAT in "Shadow the Shadow."

Defective Derwentives

SUBURBAN HOLMES: "Aha! My very Shadow! None other than P. Q. Clews, my assistant who turns out to be Silk Hat Sammy, alias Sammy the Swatter. But I must not let him know that I suspect. 'Twas he who spilt the claret in Somnia's soup! What do I see? The fur de chapeau rubbed the wrong way, the very fur found caught in Somnia's finger nails. 'Tis plain to see exactly where it was torn out from the crown by the roots. That glass—the fry glass—the instrument by which he used the sun to burn his fatal sign of the Sure Shot Swatter on the Fly leaf in Somnia's Diary! By my Grandfather's Calabash pipe I swear I'll have him shackled to a mike at WAAT, Jersey City, ere dawn, or I'll know waat."

* * *

AIN'T IT AWFUL!

There was a young lady announcer,
Who, slipping, said 'Ain't' so they bounced
her—
"Why I ain't never heard
Such a illiterate word,"
Said the boss as he seized her and trounced
her.

—Violet Hayes Peterson,
634 Insley Ave., Portland, Ore.

* * *

Lum 'n' Abner

"**H**AIN'T no patience whate'er," says Lum to Abner, "with this effort on th' part of the gov'munt to turn the navy into a skeeter fleet to annoy the rum runners. If I was in Washington I'd spy around to see who's



Abner and Lum who discuss cracker barrel politics daily over WJZ net from Chicago.

who an' what's what behind all the gab to scrap the battleships without battles. Like as not you'll find some forrin power is back of it all, jest pallaverin' to undermine our strength so's if somethin' should happen we'd need our fightin' ships to keep 'em from shellin' our seaports like the Japs have been doin' at Shanghai we wouldn't have nothin' to back up our side the argyment."

"Mebbe so, Lum," says Abner who had been whittlin' his initials in the top o' the cracker barrel, "but you know Tildy Perkins says we ain't goin' to have no more wars 'cause the last war was to end wars—and she says it did."

"What's Tildy Perkins know 'bout sech things, Abner?" asks Lum. "She probably don't know China had the same idee until Japan took a notion she wouldn't stand for China boycottin' her goods. Jest imagine that for an excuse to start blowin' Seattle, Boston or New York out of existence because we git together an' say we ain't goin' to buy no more Japanee tea, rice an' stuff! Imagine the Japs rushin' over a string of battleships, pointin' her guns on Frisco or Los Angeles an' sayin' 'You Yankees git out an' buy some of our kimonos an' fans or we'll bomb you into kingdom come. So pony up your wallets, an' dig down while we count ten.' That's what they did to the Shanghai folks when they didn't have no fightin' ships to argy the matter out to sea."



Eddie Cantor, on his cantering "Chimmie," as they arrive in Hollywood.

Cantor Still Running

DEAR INDAJEST: Whoop-la! Steady, there Chimmie, whoa! Well here we are in Hollywood, Chimmie and me. Chimmie, you know, is not the fickle announcer who is now making a mikey out of George Jessel. Chimmie is my faithful steed (see the post-card enclosed) and he brought me here all the way from Chicago without stopping. Ah but it is lovely here in California! How I wish all my dear radio listeners were here with me now—all six of them—tomatoes are cheaper here. But that would be silly, what do they care about Cantor now that they have Jessel. Even Chimmie Wallington, my pal, he has gone Jessel too.

But wait, look, look! The dark horse! As we canter through town after town the great masses are chanting at every middlesex, village and farm:

"We want Cantor, we want Cantor!"

Oh when I'm the pres-i-dent, when I'm the pres-i-dent—what? Oh, is that so? Who said I was out of the race? Too much coffee, huh! Who said I was a dead candidate. Say, let me tell you something, you never saw a liver one. Remember this:

It wasn't the coffee that carried him off,

It was the coffin they carried him off in.

Whoa, Chimmie! What's biting your wooden leg? A sap-sucking fly, is it! That absent minded horse carpenter never blessed you with a tail did he. But never mind, Chimmie, I'll get him. What? Why, look Chimmie! It's not a fly—it's a wood pecker! When, when—giddy-up, Chimmie—when I'm the pres-i-dent we'll end the war in China and have chop suey for breakfast every day.

Eddie Cantor.

* * *

Lu's Idea

DEAR MR. GEST: Em says as how something should be done about all the cities and towns and counties being so hard up they can't pay the school teachers or the police and what's going to become of us. So I says to Clara why don't you write to Indi-Gest and suggest for all the people to write in and say what they think should be done. Then out of the millions of letters that would come probably there would be hundreds of letters that would have just the right answer.

But Clara says, why Lu, that's a splendid idea and I wouldn't think of doing it when the credit all belongs to you. Well, anyway somebody should do it. Now you see they are talking about putting a tax on everything except just things that you eat so I thought that ought to stir up a lot of thinking especially on the part of people who are living on borrowed money or on help they are getting from money



Clara, Lu and Em, famous gossipers who discuss world affairs.

that is being given for the unemployed.

Is it right that people who have just barely enough to exist should have to use part of their borrowed money or money that has been contributed for those who have no jobs to give in taxes on shoes to the government?

Just think of the Elisha Bixwells over on the other side of the tracks. Elisha ain't had a job since he helped shuck corn for farmers last fall, an' they got five young ones in school and three more not old enough to go. An' the treasurer of the Unemployment Relief Committee has just been keepin' 'em body and soul together since long before Christmas.

Suppose they have to pay a tax out of the pennies that go to buy socks for them Bixwells? Is that right? But what can be done? Why the school teachers in Chicago haven't had but one month's pay since almost a year. And if that's the case in the big rich cities what must it be in towns where they may not have any very rich people? Still and all money must be raised.



No blondes here. Miss Ruth Westgate, chief hostess at San Francisco NBC studios likes her official receivers tall and brunette.



Believe it or not this professional lightweight pugilist has won a singing contest and sang over a coast-to-coast network with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. His name is Billy Wallace and he lives in Cleveland.

Isn't it just terrible! I see Henry Ford is going right ahead an' making a lot of cars just as though there ain't hard times at all. An' then those idiot Reds who hate work riot because others get jobs. Maybe Ford has the right idea. If everybody would just shut one eye and go right ahead as though there wasn't any depression why everybody would miss seein' it and forget all about it and there would be plenty of everything for everybody. Goodness knows I hope somebody will have the right idea. And that's what Clara and Em say too. Yours truly, Lu.

* * *

Oh, Doctor

KISSSTAKES will happen in the best of families, as the maiden with downcast eyes remarked when she found herself entirely surrounded by the Three Doctors of WMAQ on a dark and stormy night. It was a ticklish situation under any circumstance, to say nothing of the threatening possibilities of the mysterious sachem suspended over her head by one of the tall and indomitable medicine men who barred her only retreat.

Lips to the right of her, lips to left of her puckered and twisted.

To kiss or not to kiss, that was the question.

What could a poor girl do?

What would you do, dear reader, supposing you were a girl chin to chin with such a problem? Closer and closer came those twitching e-lip-tickle devourers. Her heart was in a flutter. Quickly she turned from one to the other with questioning glances. Suddenly—!! ***
(to be continued).

You have been reading, ladies and gentlemen, an episode in the kiss clinic of the Three Doctors as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company from Chicago.

* * *

Dear Indi: Our local announcer (KGBX, St. Joseph, Mo.), telling in glowing terms of the Fiftieth wedding anniversary of a prominent couple said "Fifty years of *marital* life and happiness." Maybe he wasn't so far wrong at that. E. C. Baird, Box 223, St. Joseph, Mo.

* * *

Sir (or is it Madam): Some years ago before advertising held broadcasting in its grip Peter McArthur was announcing a classic program at WOC, Davenport, Ia. He had lost the slip of paper with announcement but remembered the title and said, "The next selection will be The Flower Song from—er—er—Washburn, Crosby—I mean—." Anyway WOC would get dough for that announcement today.

Gilson Willets, 890 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.—Okay, Tim, give him one simoleon; but let me tell you, Mr. Willets, you made a slip about that "Sir or Madam" because one of them is wrong, Indi.

* * *

Village Talk

INDI regrets two things very much this month, one is that we lost the letter written by a lady in Cleveland who wrote in blue vitrol her protest that London, Ontario, is not a village; and the other is that we ever let it appear in our errorless pages that London was described as a village like we did in the Lombardo story. That letter was a gem for caustic comment.



The Two Professors, Don McNeil (left) and Van Fleming.

So if London, Ontario, feels that an apology is needed it is herewith tendered, and all we can say is that it was just one of those slips that went into type instead of the mike.

We shall take Hilda Cole who wrote the story, out in the woodshed and give her a good talking to.

Tea Tattle

SPEAKING of tea leaves, my dear, there is absolutely nothing you can do about it. Your fate is settled just as the grounds are settled in the bottom of the cup. The question arises, should one drink tea and thus put one's fate in the fragile shell of china that holds the grounds which fix your fate. Ah, there is a problem of life which everyone must settle for himself.

For so many of us the wilted mess in the bottom of the cup appears totally impotent, whereas beneath the eye of an expert like Eugenie Leontovich it becomes charged with dynamite. Jill at left in the picture shown here, looks calmly at her life in the hands of this famous actress. She seems little concerned that the slightest mishap might cause the dainty cup to fall and smash her future to disaster.

But Eugenie knows, her face is serious. She may see in the cryptic arrangement of the leaves in the bottom of the cup a message to the effect that Jill may or may not slip on a banana peel as she leaves the door, be taken to a hospital with a broken elbow and while convalescing make the acquaintance of a rich but semi-crippled racketeer with six motherless children. Later the leaves may decree she will marry the racketeer and inherit his fortune as he is disposed of by a rival gang. There



"Aha, so you think I am joking! But jus' you wait, my dear young Miss Jeel. The tea leaves do not lie," said Eugenie Leontovich to her radio interviewers, Jill and Judy.

are so many things to be discovered in a slither of tea leaves after you have sipped off the brew.

The occasion for the picture was when Jill and Judy interviewed Miss Leontovich for listeners on the Blue Network.

* * *

SHOO! gal, get away from my door. Short fuzzy blondes take warning. As a hostess in a ritzy broadcasting sta-

tion you simply won't do. Now don't stand there and gape. Go on away. How do we know? Only try and get by Miss Ruth Westgate, chief hostess, and her measuring stick if you think you would like to try hostessing in the San Francisco studios of the NBC.

Please now, you little Miss Honeyenviolets, don't bring that up again. Suppose they do, who said anything about what gentlemen prefer. Besides, "them ain't gentlemen, them's tenors." Miss Westgate says tall dark brunettes always do the best hostessing. They have to be tall, so no peewee blondes can put anything over by dyeing their hair. What's the matter with the blondes? Isn't it funny, people are always asking questions like that. Probably it's brunette wives.

* * *

THERE have been numerous hollers from various VOLLers for a picture of The Two Professors who co-llecture over the NBC Pacific Coast Network. As each one is just a little bit more shy and reticent than the other it was difficult to drive them into a corner so they could not escape the photographer. At last, however, with aid of a trench mortar and a sub-machine gun they were cowed into a niche and a flashlight fired. The one with the rubber clarinet is Prof. Van Fleming, the other greybeard with the detachable automatic swing-back double-action guitar is Don McNeil.



"Lips to right of her, lips to the left of her puckered and twisted." The Three Doctors of WMAQ, and the maid.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

By the Fireside

MOST publishers of popular songs consider themselves fortunate indeed if their number one song reaches the 200,000 mark; GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART has already passed the 700,000 figure, and is well on its way to the 800,000 mark, which indicates that it was just "one of those things." However, few of the publishers dare to hope for tunes like GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART; I feel that they should; in fact, my theory has always been that one should hitch one's wagon to a star, and not be contented with small sales when outstanding sales, even in popular songs, may be had, and it was with a note of optimism that I introduced on the Thursday's Fleischmann Hour another song by the writers of GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART, called BY THE FIRESIDE.

Most writers would have followed their first hit with a song of a similar nature, either similar in title or similar in melody, enough so to feel that the second song could repeat some of the advantages of the first. But Jimmy Campbell, Reg Connolly, and Ray Noble have elected to select as their theme a fireside, and the song is indeed worthy of the first place on any dance or popular music program.

While I am doubtful as to whether the song will reach the great heights of GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART, yet I feel that it will do exceedingly well for Jack Robbins, its publisher. We play it, taking almost a minute and ten seconds for the chorus, which gives it, in the words of its composers, who gave it to me the night after they arrived from London, "the right treatment."

Wooden Soldier and the China Doll

THE Welch coal-miner to the front again. Isham Jones, the composer of so many big hits of the past, "I'll See You In My Dreams," "It Had to Be You," "Spain," and lately, "I Wouldn't



It's almost straw hat time again and Rudy looks at Maurice Chevalier's famous chapeau.

Change You For the World," has written with Charles Neuman a novelty song that has captured the public's fancy. Novelty songs have always been difficult of prediction, and the person who could foretell the hit qualities of a song of this type would be a clever person indeed; they either catch on, or they die a quick death. This is one of the few that has survived.

Not since the "Broadway Melody" and its "Wedding of the Painted Doll" has there been a song of this type quite so much requested and played. The chorus is half the usual length, and played in a brisk, snappy fashion it provides extremely good dance music.

There is also a lilt about the opening measure of each phrase which, if properly played, cannot help but exhilarate the listener. If I do say so, I believe our Durium record of it is one of our best recordings.

Rocco Vocco, of Leo Feist, may take the bow for this song, which takes about 40 seconds in the playing of the chorus as we do it.

When a Pal Bids a Pal Goodbye

SAMMY STEPT, writer of "I'll Always Be In Love With You," "That's My Weakness Now," "I Offer You Congratulations," and "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," and who has written most of his past hit songs with Buddy Green has elected to break up the team and become the chief writer, as well as investor, in the firm of what was once Freed & Powers, but which now becomes Stept & Powers.

Sammy has been fortunate enough to be able to spend some glorious weeks in Miami, where, lying on the beach in the sunshine, the muse evidently has come to him in good measure, because he came back with a flock of ideas, and this is one of the first.

While it is quite reminiscent in the first and third parts of the chorus of "Some Day I'll Find You," and the middle part hauntingly reminiscent of several other songs, it is a fine waltz, and the thought is a good one. We are introducing it this Thursday on the Fleischmann Hour, and I sincerely hope it steps out for the new firm.

There's Something in Your Eyes

GERMANY, using England as a round-about route, offers to America THERE'S SOMETHING IN YOUR EYES. Jack Robbins, on his tour through the continent and England became convinced the song had merit. Campbell-Connelly had it in London, as they have had so many past hits, and the American version fell to the good fortune of my esteemed colleague Carmen Lombardo, and he has done a very fine job.

The melody is quite continental in flavor, and has the different twist that popular songs must have in order to attract attention. The German flavor is certainly there, and it is a most delightful song to play and sing, though just what its sales will be is another matter.

You will have heard it many times, ere this reaches your eyes, played by the best bands all over the country, as the Robbins organization will see to that. We take about one minute in the playing of a chorus.

Paradise

POLA NEGRI, to my way of thinking, one of the loveliest women who ever graced the screen, made an appearance in New York at the Mayfair Theatre with the debut of her picture, "A Woman Commands." Although I was unable to attend the premiere or even to see the picture, word of mouth advertising brought my attention to the song which is featured in the picture, called PARADISE.

When informed it was written by Nacio Herb Brown, writer of "You Were Meant For Me," "Broadway Melody," "Doll Dance," "Pagan Love Song," and "Wedding of the Painted Doll," I knew that musically the song would have something. Gordon Clifford, who wrote "Who Am I," did a very fine lyrical job. The song has created no end of gossip and talk among the boys of Tin Pan Alley and the orchestra leaders. Feist again may take the bow for PARADISE.

"Face the Music" Tunes

THE long heralded event of events has contributed an important chapter in musical comedy history, for its opening in Philadelphia was an unprecedented hit; I refer to Irving Berlin's newest musical comedy FACE THE MUSIC, which name was decided upon four or five days prior to the opening.

The name originally decided on was LOUDER AND FUNNIER, and after the producers had gone to great expense for printing of advance material under the title of LOUDER AND FUNNIER, and the publishers had printed their copies also showing the same title, Mr. Berlin finally decided on FACE THE MUSIC—and—FACE THE MUSIC it is, and like the saying "A rose by any other name smells just as sweet," it really made no difference what name it would have had, because the show had natural hit qualities.

Your writer had the honor to be the first one to introduce Irving Berlin's incomparable new score over the international network, sponsored by the Fleischmann people, Thursday night, February 11th, and judging by the deluge of complimentary remarks about this music, it is a foregone conclusion that the songs I introduced are going to be outstanding hits. The titles are SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC, LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE and ON A ROOF IN MANHATTAN.

Irving Berlin told me that he wrote

more than fifty songs for this new revue, but by process of elimination, decided to use 12 in the production, and published the five outstanding hits. The production was in rehearsal six weeks, and probably half the lines originally written for the show were rewritten, and if you were one who attended the rehearsals the first few weeks, then waited for the opening, we assure you, you would not have recognized the show, for it was rewritten several times during the rehearsal periods, with the result that each time the best stuff was picked and again by process of elimination, the final week's rehearsal found it shaping into a stellar production.

MARY BOLAND and J. Harold Murray share the starring honors—book is by Moss Hart—music by Irving Berlin—production staged by Hassard Short—the dances arranged and created by Albertina Rash, and book directed by George S. Kaufman, and judging by the write-ups received, it is one of the most unusual and finest musical comedies ever produced.

Berlin's last production was the "Music Box Revue," written about five years ago, and the scores which he contributed to the various revues will never be forgotten. I will just mention a few: "Say It With Music," "Lady of the Evening," "Crinoline Days," "Pack Up Your Sings," "Everybody Step," "Orange Grove in California," "Tell Her In the Springtime," etc. •

How Long Will It Last

JACK ROBBINS and M-G-M again on the job, almost an unbeatable pair. With a wonderful picture such as "Possessed," featuring Joan Crawford, and Clark Gable, and the song featured in the picture, it is not hard to understand that in spite of its unusual and "tricky" composition the song is rapidly becoming extremely popular.

Although I have not seen the picture myself, I have been told it is an excellent one, and I believe Miss Crawford sings part of the song in the picture in several languages, finally singing it entirely in English. It is in an extremely haunting minor vein, and begins on the second beat of the measure, which makes it extremely difficult for an orchestra in starting unless well-directed. There is something fascinating about the tune, although its thought is extremely disillusioning and unhappy.

We receive many requests, both at the stand at the Pennsylvania, and through the mail, for its inclusion. Unquestionably the picture has much to do with bringing the song to the attention of the public at large. Just as the "Pagan Love Song" was extremely popular in the picture "The Pagan," likewise does M-G-M continue to demonstrate

the efficiency of a picture as a disseminator of good melody and lyrics. I believe the song was published more or less as an obligation; Robbins Music Corp. have now good cause to be extremely glad that it is in their catalogue. We take about a minute in the playing of the chorus.

Keep a Little Song Handy

AS I DICTATE this I am just feeling the reaction of making a Paramount short, which shorts are made in Astoria, L. I., where the Paramount Studios in the East are located. Although the studios close shortly, in March, they are rushing with all speed possible to complete their schedule of shorts before the closing down. I was scheduled to do three shorts before "Scandals" went on tour, but owing to the fact that I felt I must have a vacation before I embarked, I have been forced to forego making the three shorts.

The one which I completed yesterday was called "The Musical Doctor," and was written, as was "Musical Justice," and "Know More College," by two of the cleverest writers in the business, Sammy Lerner and Sammy Timberg. Not only do the boys write the songs in the shorts, but every bit of the short is written by them. True, Dave Fleischer, who is responsible for so many of the wonderful Fleischer Animated Cartoons, and Lou Diamond, who has charge of the Short Production, both of these gentlemen are responsible for many of the cute touches in the pictures themselves, but Lerner and Timberg may take the bow for the original idea, and for some of the unusually good songs I have had to sing in the pictures, such songs as "The Rhyming Song," and "When I Look in the Book of My Memory," in "Know More College," and "Don't Take My Boop Boop A Doop Away," in "Musical Justice."

In this last short they provided me with a most unusually cheery type of song, a song which I sing for a group of internes at the end of a short lecture to them; the idea of the entire short is that pills and drugs have outlived their use and songs alone can cure ailments. I believe it is the best of the three shorts we have made, and I think you will agree with me after seeing it, if you do. We are introducing the song on our Fleischmann Hour this Thursday, and will probably reiterate it many times throughout the course of Spring; more comment on it will be quite unnecessary.

It puts me in mind of "Happy Days Are Here Again," inasmuch as it lilts along in an extremely optimistic and happy vein, which is something we all are looking for these days. If published,

(Continued on page 79)

Billy & Ernie JONES & HARE

These funsmiths are almost twins except by relation. Same birthday, same height, same weight. Both are equally happy manufacturing gags.

By

E. T. Ingle

WHEN two comedians addressed each other with "Hello Billy!" and "Hello Ernie!" in a New York phonograph recording studio some fifteen years ago, there was born that inimitable team of Jones & Hare, now heard over National Broadcasting Company networks in a new coast-to-coast offering from New York.

Fate or destiny seemed to bring them together because, both were born on the same day—March 15, both are the same height and the same weight and their mothers have the same maiden names.

Ernie began life in Norfolk, Virginia. He was educated at the Xavierian Brothers School and after graduating began selling baking powder. Ernie sang in a church choir. Then, the romantic role of traveling salesman called, but the youth finally gave it up for a vocal career. Ernie tells that when he was on the road and found himself stranded in some small town on Sunday, he hurried to the nearest church to offer his services as a soloist.

THE youthful singer even considered an operatic career and for a time sang as a member of the Peabody Oratorio Society of Baltimore. But soon Ernie discovered that the theater was his forte. In 1905 he sang in small theaters in the East and made Broadway in four years. His record there includes fourteen musical shows, among them "Sinbad" in which he understudied Al Jolson. He also appeared in *Havana* with John T. Powers and *Up and Down Broadway* with Emma Carus. Four *Passing Shows* also remember the quips and songs of Ernie Hare.

Then something happened, something important. He met Billy Jones. It was a case of friendship at first sight. The phonograph company was looking for a tenor to sing duets with Hare. Some one suggested Victor Roberts, the name Jones had adopted as a professional cognomen. In the years the two have been singing for the stage and radio they have made more than 4,500 records.

Jones is a native New Yorker. He



Away with care. We're the happiness pair.

also started life as a choir boy, but quickly abandoned the thought of a musical career and went to work in the U. S. Custom House. Then he went into banking, which in turn he gave up for manual labor.

Billy came of Welsh parentage. This led him to make a trip to Wales to see what the little country really looked like. He visited his uncle in North Wales and there he was put to work as a shepherd. Then he also tried mining, but gave up the idea of staying permanently abroad and sailed for home a few months later. He soon landed a job in an iron mine in upper New York state.

Then Billy decided to quit for a telephone job. He became a "pole hiker" and then again shifted to making cable for the Western Union Telegraph Com-

pany. In succession he became a carpenter with the New York Central Railroad, fired boilers at the Croton Dam and finally became a blacksmith's helper.

All the while Billy was singing. He kept at it even when he was doing rough labor and later when he discovered he had more than a passable voice. His friends urged him to try professional singing. Billy wondered. Finally, he decided he would make a try in the small towns. They would be less critical, he said, these small town audiences. They wouldn't care if he wasn't exactly a Caruso.

But his voice really impressed his listeners. The purity of tone and the clarity of his Welsh tenor, brought enthusiastic applause.

THEN, something important happened. Lew Fields heard the young tenor and it was only a matter of a few weeks until he had signed a contract to sing in *Midnight Sun* which ran for thirty-nine weeks in New York. Billy also toured the country in the show. This afforded him the experience he needed.

At this juncture some one told Billy that he ought to try a serious musical career. He did and made several tours as a concert tenor. Thereby he met Bert Grant, then famous song-writer, who induced him to go into vaudeville with him. Then, came his historic meeting with Ernie Hare, the basso of early recording days.

The two singers "clicked" in every venture into which they threw themselves and when radio came along they were ready for popularity.

They have been radio partners for eleven years and were successful from the start.

They attribute their success to "a good break" and "darned hard work." Radio associates corroborate the latter assertion. The Jones-Hare day begins at 9:00 or 9:30 in the morning, and continues usually until 2:00 o'clock or later the next morning. Ernie, who is married, gets dinner at home two nights a

(Continued on page 71)

Mary
Wood

DENVER has given the world many brilliant radio notables, not the least of whom is Miss Mary Wood, who now is a member of the Pacific Coast network of the NBC. She is a graduate of the University of California and winner of the annual state competition of the National Federation of Music Clubs. She is known best to listeners as soloist in Footlight Fantasies from San Francisco.



TELL WHY WHEN YOU BUY

MAY I join the great American group of VOLs as I have been reading Radio Digest for two years and as yet have not had my say in this department. Instead of arguing I am going to talk about something really important. Lately the newspapers have been complaining of lack of advertising because the radio is stealing all their business. Is that true? I am asking to get the info for I really want to know and readers what are we going to do about it? Here is what I suggest. One thing is to buy the commodities advertised on the air and the other is to buy the ones advertised in the newspapers. I think that in as much as the radio advertiser favors us with entertainment we should in return favor his products. Let me see what other VOLers think about this. It is really a problem and should be solved by the radio fans.—Miss Katherine DeVacey, 1192 Stout Street, Denver, Colo.

JUST ANOTHER BOOB

GOSH I'm a boob. Just like that other boob who wrote the article in your book called "George Barnard S," and all his open air babble about the rest of us boobies. That talk was all wet before it got across the big pond. Maybe I should not say this about George, but even if it does put me on his own level I feel that someone should make a kick about his calling the American public "boobies," so George I am sure about it and what are you going to do to make amends. Better not fast.—Claude Oliver, 2 Terrace Street, Carbondale, Pa.

THANKS, JACK

I AM a regular reader of your magazine and wish the months would come more often so that we could get more of the Radio Digest. No particular reason for this letter other than to say that I like you and keep up the good work.—Jack Hilten, Milford, Iowa.

STRONG FOR R. D. AND D. R.

THE most popular magazine at our house is R. D. The back issues are never thrown away but we save each and every one of them in a drawer and they are mighty handy in checking up on back programs that we argue about. VOL is such a fine feature but it could be better if more of the fans would be a bit more conservative in their comment and not get so rabid in their written raves to you about their favorites on the air. Let us have more on that master of the violin, David Rubinoff.—Grace Stanton, 420 Jefferson Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

GUILD COMES SOON

I'VE been a reader of Radio Digest for over a year and want to say this for you that you certainly have got the following and you do produce the goods. I am a big follower of the Radio Guild and think that dramatic sketches are the best thing on the air. I know that you had one story on the Guild but I think that you could assign them more space than you do and tell us something about them each month. Would like to see a story on Pat Barnes.—C. K. H., Rochester, N. Y.

TAKE YOUR BOW, R. B.

"LETTERS to the Artist" is worth more than the price of your dandy magazine. Strange as it seems I would gladly pay a dollar to read the fan mail of the artists you have given in this swell feature and for the intimate view it presents. Whoever is responsible for this new feature certainly deserves an orchid and I

Voice of the

herewith present one. I am honored to be allowed to know what other fans think of the artists I enjoy and am waiting to see an account of the fan mail received by the good old Gloomchasers.—Valentine Sadowski, 188 Miller Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

THEY'RE BACK ON NBC

WE ENJOY your news of entertainers so much. Would like to have a story on James Melton, telling where he received his early training and all about him. I would also like to see a page or two of questions and answers in each issue. Here is my first question, see what you can do with it. "What has become of Jones and Hare?"—M. B. Winnie, R. F. D. 4, Milford, Mich.

SHE SLEEPS ON THEM

THIS year will mark the third year that I have been reading Radio Digest. I think it has improved so much since the first issue I bought way back in 1930. I have just finished reading your February issue and the VOL amused me very much. I was always taught that a letter written in anger should be slept on over night before mailing it and then you will never be sorry after it has been posted. Some of your writers should practice that old custom and I think they would be more proud than to see their letter in print.—Sarah Roberts, Box 587, Wilmington, Del.

LET'S HEAR FROM HIM

I READ your magazine and enjoy it and while I do not like to criticize I do wish you would give us a story on Jack Turner. Give him and his many fans a break. We all would enjoy a picture and a story or article or something about him from time to time. Be assured that he stands ace high with his fan army.—R. G. Rollins, 2515 Brookside Parkway, Indianapolis, Ind.

WE AGREE, HE'S GREAT!

I HAVE been an ardent reader of Radio Digest for many years and to date have seen very little on one of the best tenors on the air, in fact the best in my way of thinking, and that man is Mister Frank Parker. He is so different from the crooner and has a voice that can't be beat. I am sure you have heard some of his programs and you must agree with me when I say that he is a marvel. I am dying for news of this troubadour of song so get busy and give us the goods as you always have in the past with requests from the readers.—Frank Berge, 3936 Marshall Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OKAY CHICAGO!

HERE is some praise for Ben Bernie, Rudy Vallee and Walter Winchell. Why doesn't NBC give us Ray Perkins a few mornings each week. I miss the cheery voice Thursday and Friday mornings. Would also like a write-up about Cab Calloway. Please arrange it some way so there is less advertising on the Lucky Strike program and give us more of Walter Winchell the only one who has given the radio listener something new in the past year.—G. C. S., Chicago, Ill.

COL. AND BUD NEXT

I ENJOYED your "Letters to the Artist" feature in the January issue very much, and please continue this feature. It is great. We all think it is one of the most interesting of your interesting features and one that should provoke loads of favorable comment. Please give us one of these stories on Ben Bernie.—Lucille Herabey, 350 Hamou, Warren, Ohio.

WE'D LOVE TO, BUT—

HERE are a few requests and suggestions that I should like to present for your approval. Give us a story on Bernie Cunnings and that incomparable orchestra of his. I have never seen them discussed in Radio Digest and the Lord knows they are deserving of it. Give us more news of good old Will Osborne, and for the last request please try to print two issues each month as the magazine is too good to have to wait for one whole month before getting another issue.—T. A. M., 1324 Margarita Ave., Dallas, Texas.

HOORAY FOR MORE STARS!

JUST because I am a Vallee fan does not mean that I am going to start to knock all other artists. On the other hand I want to say a few good words for Russ Columbo and Morton Downey. I feel that there is always room for one more at the top of the pile too. So here is a cheer for Morton, and Russ and also for dear old Bing Crosby, too. Let's go radio fans, make some more stars for yourselves.—M. Holstein, 548 High Street, Lexington, Ky.

THINKS DONNA A PEACH!

I'M a new reader of Radio Digest, having purchased my first copy today and already I am waiting for the next issue to come out. Enjoyed your story on Myrt and Margie so much that it has provoked this letter, my first of this nature in my magazine or newspaper. Also want to say that I was overjoyed to see the picture of Donna Damarel who plays Margie on the air. She is a peach. Good luck to Radio Digest.—Olga Lutz, Waterville, Minn.

WE'RE "PICKING UP," VOLERS

JUST got that new copy of the magazine and want to tell you that the story on the Vallee orchestra was, as Walter Winchell would say, zwoignant. Rudy paid a sincere and loyal tribute to his boys and that made me all the more a fan of his to know that he was grateful to them for the way they have stuck to him and helped him through when things were not so bright. Like your new feature called "Letters to the Artist," and the VOL seems to be picking up again.—Therese Meyer, Union City, N. J.

ONE GOOD PROGRAM

I HAVE recently moved to the West after many years in the East and would like you to know the condition I find in radio circles here. Back East I used to kick about the poor local programs we heard, but gosh, out here all we get are phonograph records and no real music at all. I heard the best program of my life here, however, and that was through station KHJ and it

Listener

was called the "Isle of Golden Dreams." Here is a honey and something that should be spread out.—R. A. Johnson, 400 Olive Street, Alhambra, Calif.

HE'LL BE BACK SOON

I QUITE agree with your correspondent who states in her letter that there is only one Rudy Vallee. Here are my best wishes for Rudy and all his loyal men, and I hope that Mammy Lowy will soon be well again as we all miss him so much.—Mrs. Brown, 2205 Floriam Street, Montreal, Can.

SOMETHING'S MISSING

I AGREE with Mildred Currow in the January issue about Russ Columbo and for that matter even about Bing Crosby. I can't see what there is to rave about in either of their programs. I have nothing against the men personally, in fact two months ago I had never heard of either one of them. I simply can't find that certain something in their work and that is all.—Marie Fuloux, Washington, D. C.

ADMIRE SMITH BALLEW

THIS is my first letter to you and I want to thank you for the recent article on Smith Ballew. Why not print more pictures and news about him. Where is there a voice clearer and sweeter than Smith's? His orchestra too is grand and one of the best I have ever heard on the air. I have been a reader of Radio Digest for a year and never fail to find something of interest in it. Keep it up, R. D.—Margaret Ames, 114 South 45th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LIKES AUTOGRAPH PHOTO

I HAVE received my first issue of Radio Digest on my new subscription and also the lovely autographed picture of Rudy Vallee, for which I thank you. I really did not expect so good a picture as most things of that kind are pretty cheap, but I was surprised, pleasantly, you may be sure, to see that Radio Digest keeps up its usual high standard and sends a really nice and also I imagine an expensive photo for its subscription.—Mae Ward, 2650 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FLOYD'S HEADLINING AGAIN

JUST finished reading my copy of the January issue and as usual it is very interesting. I enjoyed the article written about Sonna and also the one on Stokowski and of course what Rudy had to say about his band and about the latest songs. Oh yes, and before I forget it, please give us more news about Floyd Gibbons. I see that a lot of folks think Mr. Vallee is a radio hog because Radio Digest and VOL print so much about him. That is because they are too stupid to see that the public demands such news and that is why you print it. Some people are certainly dumb when it comes to judging the why and wherefor of certain things.—Henry McNulty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SALERNADERS

OUT here in the Windy City there is a young singer whose baritone voice has been pleasing thousands of listeners for the

last few years. His enviable reputation has been rightly earned for his voice possesses a rich vibrant quality that his fans have been quick to appreciate. I am referring of course to WGN's Italian Troubadour, Lawrence Salerno. If any of the Digest readers are Salerno fans let them come to the front and say so.—Salerno Serranader, 7321 South Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

WE'RE FIGHTING DELAY, NANCY

JUST finished reading the January issue's VOL but I didn't like it so well. No matter how outstanding an artist may be you get tired of hearing about him. Why is it that Radio Digest always gets to the news stands so late? Up until last summer it came out at the right time but of late it has been dropping back and now we have to wait quite a while for it. Hope you plan to speed it up a little, but don't sacrifice any of your good features in so doing.—Nancy Supton, 317 North Sargent St., Joplin, Mo.

TOO LONG TO WAIT

RECENTLY I saw in the papers that the call letters on radio stations would be announced every thirty minutes instead of every fifteen minutes as has been the custom in the past. Being a shut-in and a cripple suffering from muscular paralysis I find it hard in trying to DX on Saturday nights because of some of the local stations. With the thirty minute announcements I find that I will get less DX stations and that is not so good. I wish they would go back to the old system.—Irving Gross, 189 East 2nd Street, New York City.

CALL FOR COLUMBO COHORTS

I HAVE noticed the lovely way you accept the mail from your readers and am in hopes that my letter will be received in the same way. I have a favor to ask. Will you please publish as soon as possible the fact that I am trying to organize a club for Russ Columbo and those who are interested can get in touch with me for further details. I have secured Mr. Columbo's consent.—Colette Magiata, 1426 Gipsen Street, Far Rockaway, N. Y.

S. S. FEATURED IN DECEMBER

I HAVE just purchased the January issue of Radio Digest and have searched eagerly through it for news of the Street Singer and sorry a word about him can I find. I'm disappointed. Won't you give us a large picture of him and a story taking in his musical background with all the trimmings. I enjoy his program so much and would like to see how he looks and read something of his early life especially his professional career. I think you have a wonderful magazine for radio fans and I wish you loads of luck. But that is my request and I am sticking to my guns. We want the Street Singer!—Mary Jackson, Birmingham, Ala.

ALL STAR RADIO FEATURES

I WAS greatly interested in the list of best attractions picked by various radio editors and printed in Radio Digest last month. However, there is a vast difference I find between the best as selected by the experts and the best selected by the so called common herd. There are a lot of programs and individual artists whom I know are big favorites with the fans and yet there is a possibility that their offerings are not exactly what the critics will flock to. I think that a selection of real stars should be left to the fans.—Bert Jacobs, 330 Huron Street, London, Ontario.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE FOSTER POLL

MR. JACOBS submits to VOL the following nominees for first place in their respective fields from the listener's choice as compared to the choice registered by newspaper radio editors. Nominations are still open.

Announcer, General	Milton J. Cross
Announcer, News	Lowell Thomas
Announcer, Sports	Ted Husing
Announcer, Ice Hockey
.....	Harb. Rutherford (CJGC)
Orchestra, Light	CBS (Deutsch or Sobor)
Orchestra, Light, Symphonic (Radio)
.....	Roxy's (Original)
String Ensemble	NBC Slumber How
Band	U. S. Marines
Dance Orchestra	Guy Lombardo
Conductor, Symphony (Radio)
.....	Walter Damrosch
Conductor, Band	Frankel Goldman
Conductor, Light Orchestra
.....	Emory Deutsch
Conductor, String Ensemble
.....	Ludwig Laurier
Violinist	Rubinoff
Operatic Star	Lily Pons
Radio Soprano	Josetta Dragonette
.....	Lois Bennett
Contralto	Mary Hopple
Tenor	James Melton
Baritone	Elliott Shaw
Mixed Quartette	Euna Jettick
Male Quartette	The Revelers
Crooner, Male	Rudy Vallee
Crooner, Female	Alice Joy
Comedy Team	Sanderson-Cranit
Dialogue Skit	The Goldbergs
Variety Hour	Colliers
Quarter Hour	Paris Night Life
Religious Program	Seth Parker
Radio Personality	"Roxy"
Radio Station, Staff Talent
.....	WLW, Cincinnati
Organist	Dr. Harvey Robb (CPR)

Other nominations will be considered.

FROM "A SPORTING MOTHER"

I SHOULD like to comment on the article in the January issue by Mrs. John S. Reilly, called "Sporting Mothers." I have been told that I am such a mother and my experience has been that it had plenty of disadvantages. What Mrs. Reilly says about the attitude towards tree climbing is excellent and something that is over-needed with our reckless children. But when a mother puts her own opinions, wishes and so forth into the back ground, then to say that she is a good sport is the same as saying she is a boob or an easy mark. A sporting mother is a good excuse for any laxness of conduct on the part of our sons and daughters in their teens. So after twenty years experience as a sporting mother my advice to mothers is for them to be a little less sporting and hold the reins a little tighter. Your children will respect you the more for it.—A Sporting Mother

Station Parade

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

WOKO-Albany Daily Police Broadcast

IN THE true spirit of cooperation, Harold E. Smith, General Manager of WOKO in Albany has evolved a plan for conducting radio broadcasts as an adjunct to the police teletype system. The police officers who have assisted in working out this plan on a practical basis are Major John A. Warner, Superintendent of State Police and Captain Albert B. Moore, superintendent of the teletype system.

Equipment and time on the air are supplied by WOKO and announcers have been drafted from the ranks of the state troopers.

General police alarms, culled from teletype messages from all parts of the state, comprise the bulk of each broadcast. Special features include instructions to citizens on how to report accidents and crimes and how to get in quick communication with troopers.

Changes in laws of general interest are also discussed.

This is probably the first time a commercial broadcasting station has turned its facilities over to police for a stated daily broadcast. State police and peace officers in the Capital District have used the facilities of WOKO for general alarms and in search for missing persons, but never have had a complete broadcast period assigned to them.

WNAC-Boston— Bowe, Popular Tenor

MORTON BOWE, exclusive Yankee Network tenor, stepped from the keyboard of a linotype machine on a Boston newspaper to the front rank among New England radio artists.

Launching his musical career as a choir boy, Mr. Bowe began his studies as a tenor about 18 years ago. After two years of voice study, dramatics, stage deportment as well as harmony and piano, during which time he worked in a newspaper composing room on the night shift, he joined a quartet singing

at a New York theatre. He remained with this group six months during which time he "learned the ropes of the business" and appeared in theatres and clubs, made recordings and made his debut in radio on the national chains, which were then in process of organization.

Later the quartet appeared in the musical comedy "Kittie's Kisses" and



Not often do Eastern listeners get a chance to hear a real Indian love flute tell its sweet story over the air waves. But that is what happened when Max Big Man, Crow Indian chief, played this one, which he made himself, over WGY in Schenectady.

Bowe was chosen to understudy John Boles, playing the lead. His next rung in the ladder of music was his choice as leading tenor on the Publix unit which took him to all parts of the country. He next toured the RKO circuit playing the character of "The Student Prince" after which he signed with the National Broadcasting Company. His next contract was with the Shuberts in "White Lilacs."

He went through the ground school of aviation but abandoned that field to return to the linotype. Tiring of the printing trade he resumed the study of music at the Chicago Conservatory of

Music, and in his travels studied with some of the country's leading vocal teachers. He returned to Boston and the Yankee Network about three years ago.

WIP-WFAN— Philadelphia Features Culbertson

ELY CULBERTSON, recent victor over Sidney Lenz in the bridge battle of the century, made his first radio address since the contest when he explained his "Approach-Forcing" System over WIP-WFAN in Philadelphia recently. Culbertson explained in detail some of the possible methods of handling the difficult card game. The program had an unusual mail response due to the fact that Culbertson was heralded far and wide in Philadelphia.

A special program dedicated to the Philadelphia Naval Hospital and featuring requests from the inmates of that institution was recently presented over this station under the able hand of Henriette K. Harrison, assistant program director. The program was well received by the disabled men in the hospital for the most part ex-navy men and another of the programs is being planned.

WCAU-Philadelphia Fan Letters

LETTERS from three different cities, Dunedin, Manaia and Palmerston North, all in New Zealand, were received last week by the Universal Broadcast Company, all of the letters reporting reception of station WCAU during the morning of January 1st.

Two of the letters gave detailed accounts of the broadcast and commented upon the excellent reception. The other letter expressed the best wishes of the writer and his family to the station and wished them all a very happy and prosperous New Year.



Here is WTAM'S lovely leading lady in its highly efficient and extremely popular dramatic presentations. Her name? Rae Wright—a case of genuine syllabic alliteration!

KQV-Pittsburgh, Personalities

FLOYD DONBAR, KQV transmitter operator, who incidentally is champion fat man of Pittsburgh radio, with a net weight of 230, reminds us of the mailman who takes a walk on his day off—when Floyd finishes up at KQV he goes home—and operates his own amateur stations. He has three, WSBTA, WSPA, and WSWU. His station WSPA is recognized as one of the finest 20 meter amateurs in the country.

* * *

Ted Kaye, KQV announcer, has a novel manner of protecting himself from the jokes of the KQV staff—everytime someone makes him the butt of a joke, he threatens to bring his saxophone to the studio. Ted says he plays it for his own "amazement."

* * *

The height of something or other is achieved by David S. Patterson, who mingles philosophy and humor in a fifteen minute broadcast under the title of "The Park Bench Philosopher" on KQV every Saturday evening at 7:45. Just before he opens up with his own patter, Patterson describes what each of the other Pittsburgh stations is broadcasting at that time—advising them to tune him out if they prefer the others. Then he says "now I have my own audience."

* * *

Many and varied have been the reasons advanced by followers of the stage for their withdrawal from trouping and their entry into radio, but this is a new

one. Jack Ostfeld, KQV popular tenor, once played the part of Huckleberry Finn on the stage, but after several months of embarrassment and discomfort for himself, and hilarity for his fellow actors he withdrew. Jack says his mates preceding him on the stage dropped beans on the floor, which were anything but pleasant to walk upon, especially in one's bare feet, as he had to do while playing the character of "Huck" Finn.

Washington, D. C. Television

BILL NOONAN is young. Everybody knows that, but nobody knows just how young. He won't tell.

However, what he lacks in years, he makes up in ability.

For he is an announcer at W3XK in Silver Springs, Maryland—

He owns and directs the Capitol Collegians, a fine dance orchestra, in Washington, D. C.—

He is a television operator at W2XAP in Washington—

He is an expert make-up artist, and did all the make-up work on Kate Smith during her recent local appearances in a Washington theatre.

If we learn any more facts about his unusual accomplishments before the May issue goes to press, we'll tell you about them.

WSIX-Springfield, Tenn. Has a Birthday

RADIO station WSIX in Springfield, Tenn., home of the world's finest dark fired tobacco, celebrated its

fifth anniversary with thirty hours of continuous broadcasting, twenty-five hours of which was from their own studios. The programs offered ran the entire gamut of radio entertainment and provided listeners in with some exceptional entertainment. The station is owned and operated by Jack and Louis Draughon. Congratulations, boys, and more power to you.

WTJS-Jackson, Tenn. Progressive Station

THE eyes of West Tennessee and the ears, too, have turned to Radio Station WTJS, owned and operated by The Jackson Sun. WTJS has just secured the services of Mr. Parker Smith as manager, who came to the station after serving Radio Station WSM for the past two years.

Immediately upon Mr. Smith's arrival the station took on new life and quickly lost its name as the community victrola. In the short space of approximately one month, it has become the civic, religious, educational and entertainment center of Jackson and West Tennessee. One of the new features inaugurated is a Saturday night hay loft frolic, comparable to any barn dance programs presented by some of the largest stations.

WTJS, operating on a schedule of twelve hours per day, devotes less than two hours daily to the playing of phonograph records, and if you don't believe that WTJS is popular, just ask any radio fan in West Tennessee.

They operate on a frequency of 1310 kilocycles, and quite frequently present mid-night dance programs for the approval of DX listeners,



Every radio station needs improvement. At least, so thinks WISN, the News, at Milwaukee. They ran a contest offering a free trip to New York for the best suggestions on "How to Improve WISN." Here's Alice Rynders with a portion of the mail response—every letter containing valuable hints.



"Psychology is a valuable help in handling programs," says Edythe Fern Southard, Program Director at WJAY in Cleveland. The results she's getting prove there's truth in her statements.

WLW-Cincinnati, "Ironmasters"

ONE of the most outstanding programs broadcast over WLW, station of the Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, is the half-hour Armco Ironmaster program featuring a Concert Band with Frank Simon conducting.

Simon was born in Cincinnati in 1889, and received practically all of his musical education in that city. At the age of eleven he first blew into a cornet and his indulgent parents sent him to the noted instrumentalist, William Kopp, for instruction. He made rapid strides under his first professional teacher, and then the genius, Herman Bellstedt, was given a glimpse of the boy's talents and he immediately took young Simon under his wing. Phenomenal progress followed under the tutelage of Bellstedt, and at the age of nineteen, Simon was offered the solo cornet chair in Kopp's Cincinnati Band.

After several highly successful tours with Kopp's Band, the youth joined Weber's Prize Band of America, where he played solo cornet in company with the finest type of musicians, becoming known from coast to coast for the ease and grace with which he performed his difficult solos.

It was apparent that such musical talent would attract the attention of the greatest bandmaster of all time. With Sousa's Band he was heard in virtually every city and town in the United States and Canada. His brilliant per-

formances won for him the title of "America's Foremost Cornet Soloist," and he was for years identified as the premier attraction and assistant conductor of John Phillip Sousa's great organization.

But this nomadic life, even with all its glamour and satisfaction, finally lost its appeal. The ambition to create an organization of his own was strong. So when called to organize a band, Simon gladly responded. It is now ten years since the first little group of band musicians gathered for a rehearsal. It was an inauspicious occasion in an artistic way. But the Armco Concert Band under the musicianly guidance and enthusiasm of its conductor, and with the support of the American Rolling Mill Company, its sponsor, successfully



Ethel Hawes, the Girl Who is Everybody's Friend at WHK, makes a very special companion of her pet baby lion, whose name is "Trader Horn."

passed through the exacting and often discouraging preliminary stages, to take its place as the "world's greatest industrial band." Musicians came from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe to become associated with the noted conductor in creating this great wind ensemble.

WHK-Cleveland, and Ethel Hawes

AD V I S E R—counsellor—everybody's friend—that is what they call petite Ethel Hawes at her radio home, WHK in Cleveland.

Miss Hawes has had an interesting and varied career. She is a firm believer in the science of Astrology. She was born under the versatile sign Gemini and has many of the good things

forecast for people of this sign. She has been a newspaper woman, a kindergarten teacher, and a writer of children's books.

In 1923 she made her first radio "appearance" as the Story Lady. Children wrote her letters from all over the country and for each birthday child she wrote a short verse. Sometimes the stories were very short because of the number of letters and verses. Ethel's eyes grow moist and faraway when she recalls those early beginnings in her radio career, "I loved those days with the children," she says.

From children's bed time tales she went to general announcing, such as the men do today, weather, time, anything and everything. Today she runs an hour and a quarter program of her own. A few years ago she had many letters from housewives asking her if she could please tell them where to buy certain things. Feeling that for every person who took the time to write there were dozens who also wanted the information but who didn't write, she took these letters and began her work. Arranging with the station for fifteen minutes every morning Ethel started her own radio program. Armed with the letters she had received she visited merchants handling the products requested and sold them a small announcement on her program. The program was a unique success from the beginning. Using the name of the announcer who first worked with her, she called the program "Ethel and Harry." And "Ethel and Harry" it has remained though it has long since



This is the owner of that charming soprano voice that is delighting WBT listeners these days. Her name is Grace Kohn Johnston, and Those Who Know predict for her a radiant spot in the radio sun.

outgrown its first fifteen minutes. More and more housewives—and others—realized they could find what they wanted by writing Ethel, and as they poured in their requests for different merchandise, advice and help Ethel responded. She sold each individual client herself, wrote all the continuity for her program, even the announcements, (for often times "Harry" had to read some of the sales talks to please clients), and did the majority of her own broadcasts, even to the selection of music and entertainment to liven up the hour.

She makes many personal appearances and gives speeches at banquets, luncheons and various meetings. Her programs are recognized all over the country and many national advertisers place announcements with her. Often a client insists on her writing continuity for his programs on another station where her broadcasts do not reach. She also writes a short daily thought that finds a prominent place on her programs and is a popular item with many listeners.

Here is one of them; "Always look for genuine facts in thinking, stress those which bear on your problem, learn to take life easy, appreciate the little things. Far up in the sunshine there is the highest glory. Look up to it and believe in it. You may not find this glory first but just the same it is there for you."

KSTP-St. Paul Uses Pigeons

CARRIER pigeons were used by KSTP—St. Paul and Minneapolis—as an aid in checking reception in various parts of the Northwest.

Engineers of KSTP in making a new check of reception following the opening of the new 50,000 watt transmitter, toured the entire state of Minnesota and various parts of the Northwest. Carrier pigeons made up part of the equipment used to check volume and other technical branches of reception.

Reports were made at various places along the tour and these were carried back to the main studios of KSTP by these trusty-winged messengers.

The birds made the respective trips to the Twin Cities without a mishap and at the rate of a mile a minute, carrying messages from rural



Roger Bromley is the chap who takes the part of the Bailiff in WCFL's "The Night Court." And sometimes he doubles as the defendant in some of the humorous cases tried.

communities where communication facilities were limited.

KOIL-Omaha's "Daily Dozen"

VERSATILITY has always been praised as a most admirable possession, but here's one that has even versatility's wildest exponents buffaloed.

During one of the early morning presentations of the "Sunshine" program, a daily feature at KOIL in Omaha, Nebraska, Eddie Butler, the organ-

ist, got the bright idea that the piano and organ would make a swell combination played together.

It was too early for the pianists of the station to be on the job, so Eddie piloted the piano close to the console of the organ and played them both at the same time.

Leaning backward and downward from his perch at the organ console, he played the piano with his right hand, and with his left hand and feet, manipulated the organ.

The stunt was a hit from the start—and now Eddie has to do 'em both together, whether he feels like it or not!

KFYR-Bismarck, Tells Character History

ONE of the most popular morning programs over KFYR, in Bismarck, North Dakota, is that of Gene and Glenn, the inimitable radio funsters.

It is Gene who plays the triple role of Jake, Lena and himself, while Glenn takes the "straight man" part, plays the piano and sings.

Here's the inside story on how the characters of Jake and Lena were created. It so happened that one day a radio program called for a feminine voice to speak a few lines. Gene was invited to fill the role and he did so with a high falsetto which amused the listening public.

Later he was called on for another impersonation, this time that of a male character, and he affected an indefinable catching dialect. So the studio people began calling Gene, Jake, because the name seemed to identify the dialect.

"Say Jake, how's your girl?" someone demanded one day.

"Who? Oh, you mean my girl Lena?" Thus the voice got its name and Jake and Lena were accepted as real characters. Almost without any preliminary

plan a radio plot developed around Jake and Lena.

Gene and Glenn signed an exclusive contract with the NBC Artists Service in December, 1930, and three days after Christmas inaugurated their current network series.

The radio comedians do not prepare their own continuities, but polish up a sketch prepared by an associate and add lines spontaneously during the acts.

Gene is thin and wistful in appearance. He is five feet,



Here are the Three Dairy Maids of WOC, Davenport, all dressed up in their party clothes. Left to right: Eleanor McKinney, who plays the piano; Anna Baudino, who croons the melodies and Gladys Benner, who strums the "uke."

seven inches; parts his light brown hair on the side, has dreamy looking blue eyes, wears spats and is nearly thirty-four. Glenn weighs more than two hundred pounds.

Their chief diversions are golf and automobiling. Each summer the boys take a vacation at Glenn Lake, Mich., where they fish, swim, loaf and grow mustaches.

As incongruous as their act would seem in terms of the theater, Gene and Glenn have been a great success in vaudeville.

KFWB- Hollywood "Kids" Successful

TWO engaging youngsters—and two dyed-in-the-wool professionals! Yes, they're one and the same thing—Emerson Tracy and Gay Seabrook, who have made "Growin' Up" one of the most delightful and heart-tugging skits on the air. Heard over KFWB in Hollywood every evening except Sunday, at six-forty-five, "Growin' Up" weaves the story of two small town kids who take life as they find it, and who find it very full of excitement!

But the two kids themselves? Well, that's another story! Blonde, blue-eyed Emerson Tracy, who crinkles his nose when he laughs, first saw the light of day in Philadelphia, and in fact went so far as to attend St. Joseph's College there. Then the stage lured him away from the academic path, and he played as juvenile in the same show with Ann Harding and Eva Le Gallienne, and then toured the New England states with a stock company. John Golden, eminent producer, saw him, and took him to New York to play the lead in that hilarious comedy, "Pigs."

It was in "Pigs" that he first began working with Gay Seabrook, the little dark eyed girl who has such an appealing voice and such an infectious laugh.

Seattle was her birth-place, and her first stage engagement was in Salt Lake City. Then the big chance—the part of the little cripple girl in Channing Pollock's play, "The Fool"! Even now, her eyes widen and grow black when she remembers that triumph!

Then came their big break—Mr. Opportunity knocked at their door in no uncertain manner when they made their

Paul Rader and his Couriers do a KTM program at 4:30 p. m. each week day and on Sunday nights a two hour broadcast with his musical organization from 10 p. m. to midnight.

Rader was one of the first to broadcast in Chicago more than ten years ago, when Westinghouse engineers broadcast from a ten by twelve penthouse room

wherein all the studio and technical apparatus was housed in the one space.

Rader's missionaries, 100 strong, are likewise radio minded. One group operates a radio station on the Russian-Poland border for daily programs to the Soviet Union.

Another group, at Quito, Ecuador, has established a radio station under a 25-year agreement with the government.

In Chicago, where Rader preached for 17 years, including seven years as pastor of the famous Moody Church, the pastor appeared regularly with his "breakfast brigade" from WLW for two years. Then he was heard over WHT and via WBBM and the Columbia System.

The new KTM series, it is announced, will continue for an indefinite period. The Sunday night time, known as the "Back Home Hour" is expected to make a particular appeal to the home folks.

Grace Tabernacle, where Rader preaches, will furnish choir, ensemble, soloists and distinguished visiting clergymen from time to time for the radio periods on the air.

KOIN-Portland, Fans Helpful

JOHNNIE WALKER, "Host" on the "Isle of Golden Dreams," released from KOIN studios in Portland, Oregon, Wednesday nights 9:30 to 10 o'clock, is in a quandary as to his choice of procedure in playing all the requests



Pa and Ma Smithers are one of the leading features at KFBI, in sketches which portray an old couple living on the outskirts of Tinkerville. Pa (Dan Hosmer) writes the skits, while Ma (Christine Crans) helps with suggestions.

debut over KFWB in "Growin' Up." The heart aches and happiness and sorrows and pleasures of two youngsters going through the process of becoming adults make their story one so human that every listener can think—"Why, that's just the way I felt!"

KTM-Los Angeles Welcomes Rader

PAUL RADER, internationally famous evangelist, has returned to Los Angeles after a six year absence during which time he preached around the world twice.



If listeners could see Marilyn Hansen's bright red curls and laughing eyes, they'd fall twice as much in love with her as they do now. She's four years old, and KMO's baby "blues" singer.

received from ardent Pacific Coast radio fans.

Although unsolicited, over one thousand requests have been forwarded to Walker. At the rate of one program each week with an average of six selections on each program, Walker figures a continuous run of four years to cover all the requests.

Walker's "Golden Sign-Off" occasions increasing comment from the listeners. The radio invocation formulated was originally intended as a station sign-off but its inspiring message is especially apropos to the atmosphere on the Isle of Golden Dreams, consequently each broadcast brings the choice bit of Golden Philosophy.

KELW-Burbank, Gives Gang Details

WHO'S hoey over at KELW? Bob Kaufman, studio manager, uses an old-fashioned type of razor; Dave Ward, chief announcer, trains police dogs as a hobby; Bill Brown, graveyard shift announcer, has a fur coat; Iris Parker, office manager, delights in tales of the far north; Billy Evans, "big man from the South," wears two vests in cold weather; Stuart Wainwright, chief technician, uses radio both as a hobby and as a career; Dot Meyberg, film editor, never says "It's an old Spanish custom;" Frank Gago, Blues Chaser, has a favorite recipe for mince pie; Billy Haynes, ballad singer, plays the piano and typewriter; Bob Millar, pianist, never stopped at an auto camp.

KFOX-Long Beach, California Signs Johnson

WHO recalls the famous "Thousand Pounds of Harmony" male quartette, one of the first vocal organizations to broadcast over radio on the Pacific Coast, later gaining fame on network programs? Almost everyone remembers their superb singing and the leader, who led about everything in the musical line in Southern California radio, J. Howard Johnson.

Fans missed Johnson for several years and now it has just come to light that he forsook the entertaining for the commercial line and was one of the pioneers of that branch of our industry. For several years he was associated with KHJ. Recently Johnson was named Los Angeles manager of the offices of KFOX, which organization has spread its tentacles to pull in some large



The "Weaver of Dreams" is the Seventeenth Century name applied to this song romancer at station KTHS in Hot Springs, Ark. His name is George Erion and he is that station's latest song sensation. Erion is formerly of the Broadway stage.

contracts. J. Howard was found to be the man to set the bait, so he opened the KFOX offices at 1031 S. Broadway. He retains his connections with KHJ under the arrangement with KFOX and is planning and building programs as well as selling them.

KNX-Hollywood, Features Actor-Composer

WITH a rich background on both the legitimate stage and in pictures, Clarence Muse, picturesque colored actor, appears every morning in the role of "Jackson" with Bill Sharples' Breakfast Gang, a popular program over KNX in Hollywood.

This famous colored actor has completed nine talking pictures within the last year. Among these are such feature productions as "Dirigible," "X Marks the Spot," "Huckleberry Finn," "Secret Service," and many others.

In addition to his many laurels in the theatrical profession, Muse recently won nation-wide recognition for his song, "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," now the rage over the radio. This plaintive melody of the old south is heard nightly being played by orchestras in the smartest clubs all over the country. Muse himself sings it often in his appearances over KNX.

A college man, cultured and well-read, Muse nevertheless plays an illiterate Negro porter with finesse. His understanding of human nature runs deep and full. He wanders waist-deep in the stream of life. He is distinctly of the people—an integral part of them.

One of his chief distinctions is his gift as a composer of spirituals. His song, "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," has already been mentioned. He recently introduced another lovely ballad, entitled "Alley Way of My Dreams."

This progressive station has recently inaugurated a novel program of the junior type—a real Club for Boys. It is a regular Saturday morning feature, and under the capable direction of Bill Sharples as Master of Ceremonies, emphasizes all those elements which interest American youngsters and help to build their lives and characters along the most constructive lines. Each broadcast has its quota of visitors—lads from the Boy Scouts and various other organizations—and some who belong to no other club. Hikes, horse-back riding parties, and trips of an educational nature, including visits to factories, and airports are all a part of the club activities that add zest and enthusiasm.



"Mr. and Mrs."—but they're known on the air as "The Song Smiths." They are one of KMBC's most popular features.

WLW—Cincinnati . . .

BOB NEWHALL, *The Mail Pouch Sportsman*

By Don Becker

IN ORDER to appreciate Bob Newhall, *The Mail Pouch Sportsman*, you must know him *intimately*. Before writing this article, I asked Bob to put down, in black and white, the things I didn't know about him. His return letter filled the bill so thoroughly, so completely, I decided to let you read it yourself. It gives you an "inside" picture on an "outside" man, so to speak.

"Dear Don: Tickled to death to hear from you, as was the good wife, who is still one of your admirers. Now for the dope you desire. Full name: Roberts De Saussure Newhall. Married three years. Age: Forty-six. Height: Five feet eleven inches. Weight: One hundred seventy-six pounds. Blue eyes, brown hair (what there is left). Taste in clothes: Tweeds strongly favored, and would wear nothing in the way of trousers save plus-fours if it were only permissible. Crazy about pets, and am moving out of present neighborhood with one strong reason being neighbors poisoned family cat whose name was "Imogene." Present prideful possession, one Boston Bull of high degree. Given me by manager Dan Howley of the Reds, and hence his name 'Dapper Dan.' Had a well-loved young squirrel up to a month ago, but had to give her to the Zoo after she gnawed most of the Gold-Frame off autographed photo of General Pershing, showing she had no idea of rank or discipline.

LOVE the army and hate prune-whip, and go absolutely mad when they say I try to imitate Floyd Gibbons on the Radio, as I have never heard him. Favorite dish—grape-fruit salad, with four times usual allowance of French dressing, buckwheat cakes (the set-over-night sort) and green apple dumplings with hard sauce. Hoping you are the same, I am, yours in haste—BOB!"

Now you know all of Bob Newhall's innermost secrets, and I suppose I shall be hung on a gibbet to dry, when he reads this, but the radio audience must be served!

His professional career reads like a book and is not unlike the colorful story of Lowell Thomas.

Under the title of the *Mail Pouch Sportsman*, sponsored by the *Mail Pouch Tobacco Company* of Wheeling, W. Va., Bob Newhall has blazed a new

trail in fifteen minute ether-chats over WLW, Cincinnati, each evening at 6:30 P. M., E. S. T.

He brings to his audience a real "Close-Up" of *Sport Life*. This is attributed to the fact that he is personally acquainted with almost every major and minor sportsman in the game. He tinges his yarns with *authenticity*—a precious trait in radio!

And he, himself, is a Sportsman! What more could you ask?

The story of his first punch at the



Newhall in action

writing racket has been told over and over again, but a schoolboy's tale is the wonder of the hour, so it must be told again!

When Bob was in the third grade of the twenty-second district school in Cincinnati, the local pedagogue suddenly became enshrouded with a swell idea. It was just before Christmas, so all the dear little tots were instructed to write a composition about "A Christmas Snow Storm."

Scratch, scratch, scratch, the pencils went a-flying. Soon Miss Teacher was flooded with an avalanche of papers. Jack Frost, Snowballs, Evergreens and Snowmen, received their usual amount of uncalled-for publicity—that is, until

Teacher ran across Bob Newhall's contribution.

The teacher ogled.

Now what?

Instead of choosing the usual, little Bob Newhall reached out and grabbed a handful of the unusual. His precocity had jibed him into making the locale of his snow storm, a tropical, Cannibal Isle! Assuming all the license of a true artist, Bobby completely ignored climatic conditions and pictured for his reader, a veritable Garden of Eden. No cold, bleak Frozen North scenes for Bobby. Instead, the palm trees were

swaying in the gentle breeze, and the climate was up around 160 in the shade. Suddenly a great black cloud came upon the scene. North winds started blowing a warning, and then—AND THEN CAME THE SNOW! By this time Bob's aesthetic enthusiasm became an ungovernable frenzy of scribbling, and his stubby pencil soon had the naked natives yelling and whooping and running for shelter, while the world, for the first time, was given a graphic picture of the only South Sea Isle ever to be buried in ten feet of snow!

Could you blame the teacher for ogling?

LATER she told Bob's family, "At first I wanted to give him a big zero, but then I just couldn't ignore the amazing scope of his mind in that composition, so I closed my eyes and marked the paper 100."

Speaking of school, Bob Newhall, was once quoted as saying, "I used to tip my hat to every school in which I had once been enrolled. But this didn't work out. I was bareheaded most of the time!"

In fact, the only school from which he actually graduated, was the dear old Twenty-second District. The scene of the Tropical Snow Storm fracas.

Before Bob hopped over to England, however, he used up a calendar in Los Angeles, writing up golf, which was then taking hold in the land of sunshine and juicy grapefruit. Leaving England, he hopped over to Japan and then on to the Philippines, which at that time, were experiencing a few difficulties in governmental operation. Bob saw a little soldiering there, and did a little soldiering, but the wanderlust bug had bitten him, so he "offed" again. This

time landing in Mexico. Here he stayed for quite a while, doing much writing. (Probably under the influence of tamales and mescal.)

Returning to Cincinnati, The Post placed him on its staff along with Ray Long, Jess Conway, Roy Howard, and O. O. McIntyre, but the urge to be a creative artist and not a copyist was strong within him, and eventually he left the Cincinnati Post, for the uncertain position of "free lance" writer for magazines. At this he did quite well, eventually landing a story in *Colliers*.

Around that time, The Commercial Tribune was looking for an up-and-coming sports editor. He got the job.

His early sports training at high school and college, both in baseball and football, was a great aid in this new endeavor. But his experience was not limited to the diamond and gridiron. No sir! Not Bob Newhall.

HHE WON the lightweight pugilistic championship of the Cincinnati Gym, and then the welterweight championship of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. No definite date was affixed to this feat, however we have faint suspicion it was done after working hours.

In the fall of 1929, he and Mrs. Newhall (he took time off to marry, incidentally) started on a seven months' trip around the world. His knowledge of the newspaper business, his military associations, and his flair for close observation, were invaluable in bringing him in touch with sights seldom beheld by the average traveler.

In England on the Eve of Armistice Day, he saw the Prince of Wales' famous Victoria Cross Dinner, in the House of Lords. Big game hunting was the program in the Soudan. In Sumatra, he steeled himself against the sight of young girls having their teeth filed down to the gums, and being driven temporarily mad by the pain.

He witnessed the beginning of the Ghandi campaign in India. On a tiger hunt with British Officers in India, he (according to Bob) put two shots into a striped cat. Six were needed to down the big kitty.

"Well, I killed him thirty-three and a third per cent, didn't I?" We agreed . . . and smiled.

Ceylon, China, Japan and the Philippines ended a glorious tour for the Newhalls, netting them skins of lions, tigers, crocodiles, deer and Heaven knows what.

In December 1930, the Commercial Tribune "folded up," as they say on Main Street.

There was Newhall.

Experience in Sports. Experience in travel. He knew how to write, but—what next to do?

The tentacles of radio are far reach-

ing, and before many moons, Bob Newhall was making a new, but bigger and may we say better name for himself in front of the microphones of WLW in Cincinnati.

His delivery of speech is rapid. He sees "red" when someone accuses him of copying the "Gibbons'" style. (See Letter.) He has always spoken rapidly, insofar as he is constantly "on edge." His Sports Talks have a mythical magnetism, attracting your attention immediately. Once you've been drawn to them, your ear won't let you leave. When he calls Bobby Jones, "Bobby," he means just that, for he knows them all . . . large or small.

Every day his mail box is chock full of letters asking the whereabouts of this or that sportsman, long forgotten in the headlines of the newspaper sporting pages. Seldom, if ever, does Bob fail to give the correct reply. All his old sports cronies write him often. They give him the news of the sporting world in their own language, and that's the secret of Newhall's success on the air.

His sports news is told to you in the language of the sportsman—The Mail Pouch Sportsman!

WGAR-Cleveland, Children's Hour

SATURDAY morning in the WGAR Studios, would be an ideal spot for the League of Nations to get an idea how to establish perfect peace among all countries, for they would be afforded the opportunity of seeing Clyde Wood conduct his "Children's Hour," the members of which are descendants from virtually all nationalities. Chinese, and of course, Japanese, Scandinavians, Poles, Negroes, Caucasians . . . all races gathered together by one common cause . . . to do a little bit on the air, and to say "Hello" to mamma and daddy, who are on the other end, ears glued to the radio.

There are instrumental groups, vocal trios, quartets, violinists . . . in fact all types of performers, who together with a few parents, often pack up to three hundred people into the large studio, and leave many disappointed embryonic Kate Smiths and Russ Columbos outside.

Notwithstanding the senility implied by such titles as "The Old Optimist," "Grandpa Wood," and "Dr. Tinkle-Tinker," Clyde Wood is not an old man. He has that priceless knack of handling children, and very few of his little playmates suffer from "mike-fright."

Wood accompanies most of the children at the piano, although there are few who bring accompanists. Frequently, a group of ten to fifty children bunch themselves in a bus and visit the studios en masse.

It is not at all unusual to see a boy or girl struggling with a piano-accordion or a trombone twice his or her own size. The children range in age from one year and nine months to fifteen, the majority being from three to six. Wood permits the children to say "Hello" to their friends and relatives after they finish singing. A month or so ago, a young man of Polish ancestry started splicing off a list of names that would reach from here to there.

"Wait a minute," interrupted Wood, "who are all those people?" "My brothers and sisters," said the little boy, who belonged to a family of eighteen. An effort is now being made to bring the whole family up for a fifteen-minute spot. They have a ten piece family orchestra, and lack only one boy in having enough for a football team.

His little international friends like Clyde very much, and hardly a day passes but what he receives several highly sweetened cakes or a couple of gaudy neckties. Not infrequently, he is presented with a bottle of ripe grape-juice by the parent of a youthful performer.

One of the things Wood enjoys most is his transpositions of songs; he finds it necessary to play most of the popular songs in almost all possible keys. He's called upon to play from twenty to thirty songs on one program, for which there is no music. This accounts for his statement that he "files most of his music in his head."

Again we say the League of Nations should watch WGAR's Children's Hour on Saturday morning. The members should see a little Japanese girl sing a song, to be followed by the Laundryman's favorite and celestial son, caring little about war—thinking little about disarmament, but thoroughly bothered about that important business of putting their song across in good style!

WJR-Detroit, Oklahoma Cowboys

THE appearance of Otto Gray and this Oklahoma Cowboys in the Fisher Building studios of WJR, creates a somewhat incongruous picture that never fails to draw delightful comments from studio visitors. The sight of the gaunt cow-punchers in the setting of a modernly decorated skyscraper studio is a strange one indeed. And the group always performs in the true costumes of the west—ten gallon hats, high-heeled boots, furry chaps, and all. Otto Gray and his boys are all honest-to-goodness cowboys, recruited from Mr. Gray's own ranch near Stillwater, Oklahoma.

"Whenever we entertain," says Otto in his pleasing drawl, "we jest try to act nacheral, givin' the folks the same

kind of fun we enjoy among ourselves on the ranch." That the true spirit of their entertainment efforts is carried to radio listeners is evident from the great response they have received from members of the WJR audience.

The personnel includes Otto himself; Mrs. Otto "Mommie" Gray; "Zeb" Gray, the Uke Buster; "Zeke" Allen, who plays the fiddle; "Hy" Allen, who plays the banjo; and Chief Sanders, half-breed Cherokee Indian, 'cellist. "Rex," a well-trained police dog also plays a prominent part in the radio programs with his barking.

The Oklahoma Cowboys are expected to spend a month or more in and around Detroit, making appearances in theatres in this vicinity. In the intervals between their theatre engagements, they will be heard on the air only through WJR, The Goodwill Station.

WXYZ-Detroit, Sunshine Express

FREDDIE (Whoops) Miller engineers a daily thirty minute trip of the Sunshine Express over this station. Nothing is sacred to him once he's been given the air—not even his sponsors' commercial announcements. Miller is backed up with a first class studio ensemble who aid and abet him in the half-hour steeplechase. Reports show his type of advertising talk is not only entertaining to the listeners, but is doing a good job for the people paying his salary. Incidentally the time is 5:00 P. M., E. S. T. every day until further notice.

WGR-Buffalo, Making History

'BUFFALO MAKES HISTORY" . . . The Chamber of Commerce broadcast, which has become one of the most popular local features, is on the air. Early settlers, dead long since, live again for the evening and their deeds in the winning of the Queen City of the lakes from the wilderness re-live with them.

Co-operating with the Chamber of Commerce the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation has presented the Buffalo Makes History broadcasts over WGR each Wednesday evening for the past several months.

Interest in the program has been evinced by business and professional men by letter and telephone after each broadcast. The script, which is written by Herbert Rice, BBC dramatic head, is the result of many hours of research work in the archives of the local library and the incidents are historically correct.

One of the outstanding features of

the broadcast is an original march written by Erwin Glucksman, BBC arranger, who directs the 18 piece orchestra during the broadcast. Listeners were asked to suggest a name for the march and hundreds of letters were received.

"The Buffalo Centennial March" was chosen by a Chamber of Commerce committee as the most fitting title.

Another interesting feature of this Wednesday evening WGR production is the invitation which is extended to leading Buffalo industrialists to visit the studios. Three minutes are reserved at the conclusion of each broadcast for one of Buffalo's important industries. The speaker of the evening is usually president or vice-president of the company represented, and invariably the broadcast brings forth comment from his business associates.

"Stamps Is Stamps"

UNCLE SAM'S Eagle Eye must have fallen asleep in the Detroit Post Office last week. WJR received a fan letter from one of its youthful listeners with a home made stamp on it! The child apparently took a piece of paper the size of a stamp, colored it with a red crayon, and then precociously drew a vague picture of the Father of Our Country on it. The letter was delivered—the improvised stamp cancelled and postmarked. "After all, Uncle Sam—two cents is two cents!"

PACIFIC COAST ECHOES

By W. L. Gleeson

The MJB Demi-Tasse revue, plugging MJB coffee over the coast NBC network twice weekly, features John P. Medbury, Hearst humorist and outstanding wisecracker on the western air. Medbury and Ray Perkins are the favorite radio humorists with western listeners, with Winchell trailing.

Al Pearce and his KFRC Happy-Go-Lucky crew played to \$8,000 in two shows in Los Angeles and the KFRC Jamboree east of 22 jammed the Oakland Fox Paramount, playing to a \$5,000 midnight show. The Jamboree is playing one city in Northern California each week.

J. E. Doyle, radio editor of The Oakland Post-Enquirer and leading critic on the coast, inaugurated a new NBC series with a talk on "Newspapers and Newspaper Men," sent over the Pacific network. The series will bring San Francisco and Oakland newsmen before the mikes.

Phil Harris of the Lofner-Harris dance band, playing in the St. Francis hotel, San Francisco, is headlining at the Oakland Orpheum after doing two weeks at the San Francisco Warfield.

Nearly 3,000 people have signed a petition asking that Tom Coakley and his Athens Athletic club band (Oakland) ride on the magic carpet with Winchell in the Lucky Strike hour. The band is composed of California, Stanford and St. Mary's graduates.

NBC Artists Bureau is seeking a band to take the place of Mahlon Merrick and his Vagabonds at the Palace Hotel.

Tom Gerun left the Bal Tabarin, San Francisco, March 24 for New Orleans will later go to Chicago where he will follow Ben Bernie at the College Inn. Gerun then transfers to the William Penn in Pittsburgh. Gerun is featuring Jean Wakefield, blues singer, who has been on NBC and Columbia networks on the coast.

Cecil and Sally make one of the most successful coast serials and are heard on transcriptions in other parts of the country. The parts are taken by John Patrick Grogan and Helen Troy.

Donald Grey has replaced George Taylor as conductor of the KYA Sunshine program. The program is broadcast every morning and features studio talent. Grey is one of the popular coast ballad singers.

Henry Starr, "The Hot Spot of Radio" is pleasing KYA listeners with his unusual style of playing the piano and singing of popular tunes. Starr has a voice that doesn't need a megaphone to get over the second row.

Helen Parmelee, KLX staff artist, has been given a nightly spot for her classical piano playing.

The veteran Frank Wright has inaugurated a new feature over KTAB called the billboard. The program is put on the air twice a week and consists of reviews of the theatre, with no favorites shown.

Partners on the stage for 30 years, Clarence Kolb and Max Dill have teamed as the Dinglebenders, a serial, for the Gilmore Oil Company, broadcast.
(Continued on page 70)

Chain and Local Features

Watch May issue for expansion of this Department

(Unless otherwise indicated the time listed is Eastern Standard)

Throughout the Week

7:45 a.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)
JOLLY BILL AND JANE.

One of NBC's most popular children's programs. Has been on the air for three years. Jolly Bill is played by William Steinko. Jane is Muriel Harbater. Steinko, former newspaper cartoonist, created the program and chose Muriel Harbater, child radio actress, to co-star. The broadcasts are based largely on imaginary trips to legendary lands—and real ones.

8:15 a.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)
PHIL COOK, THE QUAKER MAN.

Phil Cook, NBC's one-man army of voices, long has delighted the radio audience with songs and characterizations. He plays his own role as a companion and portrays as many as thirteen characters. Cook has been a magazine illustrator and Broadway playwright.

9:00 a.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sun.)
LITTLE JACK LITTLE.

Is at the Columbia microphone to welcome the new day with his sophisticated piano antics and piano chatter. Once a week Jack presents an original composition of his own, and Saturdays he offers a recapitulation of the outstanding tunes of the previous five mornings.

9:15 a.m.—WGN-NBC—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)
CLARA, LU N EM.

Much weeping and wailing on one side—much throwing of hats in the air and lusty cheering on the other. That was the way the radio public greeted the astounding announcement that these Super-Suds ladies were leaving their evening spot for morning sessions instead. It's really too bad that a big concern like their sponsors, can't be diplomatic enough to please everybody. But on the other hand, that's been tried—so—and it's quite a strain. On the nerves and on the purse. It was very amusing the way certain big radio shots passed up these girls when they were willing to sell their act for a song. Now that it's worth a whole symphony, everybody wants it—but Super-Suds proved its points and "cleans up." Extra swell stuff.

9:30 a.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sun.)
TONY'S SCRAP BOOK.

With unflagging regularity, Tony Wons, radio's philosopher, has his honey chats on topics from his scrap book. He keeps the scissors and paste working overtime to gather bits to discuss during his six programs a week.

10:15 a.m.—WINS—(Wed. & Fri.)
YOUR HANDWRITING—JANE REDINGTON.

Did you know that your individuality is expressed through your handwriting. Each little curve, each angle is indicative of some trait which you have developed in the past. Jane Redington, handwriting expert, interprets your character through your penmanship.

10:30 a.m.—WINS—(Daily ex. Sun.)
THE WIFESAVER.

A series of sketches acting as a panacea to the housewives in their kitchens. Real housekeeping hints given in a painless manner—not so painless, for you have to hold your sides to keep the stitches from falling. The continuity is by Allen Prescott.

2:30 p.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR.

Every school day Columbia presents the American School of the Air. These programs are designed to be heard in class rooms all over the country and supplement teachers' instruction. Historical and fictional topics are presented in dramatized form, along with lectures by well-known authorities on various phases of art and science.

3:00 p.m. Tues., 3:15 p.m. Wed., 2:15 p.m. Thurs. & Fri., 4:00 p.m. Sat.
—WABC—**ANN LEAF at THE ORGAN.**

Ann Leaf, diminutive organist of radio, is on the air every afternoon. She presents a wide range of musical selections and from time to time is assisted by a guest soloist. On Wednesdays she is co-featured with lyric tenor, Ben Abey, and their program is known as the Charis Musical Revue.

WLS—**WILBUR AND EZRA.**

The "Prairie Farmer" voice has always catered to the rural ears, but this time they've aired a quarter-hour, across-the-board skit worth anyone's while. Wilbur and Ezra are two beloved, old bachelors, living in a one-room walk up. The sketch is built around the adopting of a baby by these two yokels, and while the dialect is of the rural type, the situation and lines are too humanly interesting and genuinely entertaining to limit its scope to country listeners.

The boys sprinkle their quarter-hour with lots of laughs about babies, with here and there a dash of tear-jerking melodrama guaranteed to move the most jaded. WLS listeners are sent in baby clothes to the boys, making a nice tie in for the Assistant City Prosecuting Attorney of Chi, who now has an abandoned babe on his hands. It was left on the doorstep. The act sends all the clothes they receive through the mails to the boys and everybody seems happy about the whole thing. Their idea of spotting the same skit twice a day, once in the morning and once in the afternoon, is a good one, and the act itself should prove real meat for some commercial sponsor trying to please the home folks.

5:15 p.m.—WENR-NBC—(Daily ex. Sun.)
SKIPPY.

Nobody is entitled to write "Skippy" except the guy who draws him. Outside of that, everything is o.k. Good direction, and some very fine children. Little "Sooky" walks off with the radio show just as he did with the movies. And his radio voice is an exact duplication of his talking picture voice, only better! The entire trouble is with the script itself. Outside of being quite scripty and not very much like you expect Skippy to conduct himself, the show is redeemed by direction and acting.

6:15 p.m.—WGN—(Daily ex. Sun.)
HAROLD TEEN.

Somebody thought up a best-seller here—but it doesn't. Doesn't sell, I mean. Which proves my point that a good program has to be shovled right under the noses of advertisers before they discover it's there. For instance, "Amus 'n' Andy" and a few others who worked for the boy of art for so long! In Harold Teen I've found the only authentic teen-age skit on the air. Mind you, I don't say it IS the only one—if there is another, I wish somebody'd call my attention to it. Tribune readers are well acquainted with Harold and his gang. They act just like YOU did when you were seventeen. And on the air they are even more so. Poor old Harold, who takes himself so seriously; Beetzle, with more left than pep, and more puns than all the columnists put together; Lilliams and Giggles, circulating girl friends; and Liacs, who longs to be a big strong "he-man" and win the ladies, but who does better at inhaling ice cream sodas, than at pole-vauling. And here's a tip—watch that gal Gale. There's stellar material for you—and she didn't pay me to say that either. In fact, I don't even know the child! But give her a listen. A nice, deep, yet young voice, that makes you think she's grinning at you with her eyes. "Seventeen" toilet products sponsored this skit for a time—but evidently the makers are too old to remember how they acted when they were seventeen, for the contract wasn't renewed. But maybe the typical adventures and escapades of this bunch remind them too forcibly of trouncings they'd rather forget.

6:30 p.m.—WINS—(Daily ex. Sat.)
GREGOIRE FRANZELL.

One of the finest ensembles this side of the Mississippi. And Gregoire is an act in himself as he rumbles over the piano keys—those fingers of his are as nimble as squirrels tucking away nuts in their safe deposit vault.

6:30 p.m.—WABC—(Tues., Thurs. & Sat.)
BING CROSBY.

His renditions of the latest song-bits in a new style of baritone singing, have brought him nation-wide acclaim. Bing is the father of the super-modulated technique which at present has great vogue among popular singers.

6:45 p.m. Mon., 6:30 p.m. Fri., 8:45 p.m. Sat.—WABC.

Vaughn de Leath, known as the "original radio girl" because twelve years

ago she was the first person to sing into a microphone, gives three early evening recitals weekly. Accompanied by the pianos of Shapiro and Shetler she sings popular numbers of all eras in a style that for more than a decade has endeared her to radio enthusiasts the country over.

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)
LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF.

Lowell Thomas, author and adventurer, interprets the most significant current events, spiced with humorous incidents of the day. Thomas has been broadcasting the daily news for more than a year.

7:45 p.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sun.)
THE CAMEL QUARTER-HOUR.

The Camel quarter-hour, featuring Morton Downey, silver-voiced high tenor and Jacques Renard's orchestra in special arrangements of concurrently popular tunes. More of Tony Wons' honey philosophy is heard in this six-time-a-week series.

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—(Daily ex. Sun.)
THE GOLDBERGS.

Gertrude Berg, author of this comedy of Hebrew home life, continues to act the role of Mollie Goldberg. James Waters plays the role of Jake Goldberg, and Roslyn Silber and Alfred Corn, the children's roles. It is a tale of the rise of a Hebrew tailor and his family from a squalid tenement section to the munificence of Park Avenue.

7:45 p.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)
BILLY JONES AND ERNIE HARE.

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, one of the oldest song and patter teams of radio, returned to the air after an absence of some months. They present programs of novelty tunes and characteristic chatter.

7:45 p.m.—WOR—(Thurs. & Sat.)
THE JARR FAMILY.

If you are a member of the middle class when you will completely enjoy the radio version of this comic strip which for years has brightened the pages of the New York American. From the pen of Roy McCardell, one of the country's best known wits.

8:15 p.m.—WABC—(Mon., Wed. & Fri.)
SINGIN' SAM, THE BARBASOL MAN.

Your old friend Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man. The old-time minstrel sings five special request numbers on each program. Informally, reign supreme when Sam is in the studio, an atmosphere which is largely created by his genial, ad-lib announcing.

8:15 p.m.—WCFL—(Nightly)
NIGHT COURT.

Still working on the theory that radio listeners have six-year-old minds, this conglomeration of wheezes, bad jokes, middle class music, and generalodge peddle of nothing on earth will send you to bed tearing your hair and gnashing your teeth. There isn't any reason for it, except that maybe the talent (?) gets paid, and being a labor station, WCFL may be taking care of the depression. There must be SOME reason!

8:30 p.m.—WABC—(Mon., Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)
LA PALINA PRESENTS KATE SMITH.

The portly singer is ably supported by Nat Brusloff and his orchestra. Kate was the originator of the "memory" period, which brings to the radio audience popular favorites of days gone by.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—(Mon. & Wed.)
COL. STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD.

Listeners are subjected to the clowning of Colonel Lemuel Outtz Stoopnagle and his partner Budd. Fifteen minutes of hilarious comedy, satire and general tomfoolery are squeezed in between the theme signatures rendered by the genial Colonel on the "mighty gas-pipe console."

9:00 p.m.—WGN—(Mon., Wed. & Fri.)
EASY ACES.

The wise guy who asked "What's in a name?" didn't know his onions. Very likely, "Easy" and "Mr. Ace" hadn't really been "NAMED" that—probably nobody would ever have thought of

writing a burlesque on bridge! But Mr. Ace did think of it—the association of names and ideas was too much for him—and therefore, "Easy Aces" is his wife, being smart, allowed him to write her in as the dumb missus. And the result?—well dumb Jane Ace walks off with the show! It's the story of four people around a bridge table—at least, that's the general atmosphere. But what happens, isn't always according to Hoyer's nor Milton Work either. Triangles are developed; problems of the day are solved; fashions are discussed, and so on, far into the night. Until three in the morning, to be exact! After the orchestral interlude, Mr. Ace explodes the shopworn theory that it's the woman who pays, by setting up the score and Jane's losses. Meantime, Jane has gotten in a little "action" and "contact" bridge discussion, between hands. A few authentic bridge points are brought out for the movie minded—but all I can say is this: If LAVORIS leaves as good a taste in your mouth as does "Easy Aces," then it's SOME product.

9:30 p.m.—WOR—(Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)
TEA TIMERS.

With Macy and Smalle in a harmony skit. They never rehearse during the hour that is set aside for them, and as an explanation give the fact that they have been together so long that each knows what the other is going to say next. That's harmony, eh, what?

9:15 p.m.—WBBM—(Wed. & Fri.)
ADVENTURES IN HEALTH.

This is one of those programs with a moral—now wait a minute! Let us do that radio dial, and listen to an old veteran? I've suffered through lots of programs with morals, I've had the sins of hair dyeing jammed down my throat—and then counteracted by a soft voiced lady who warns me of the dire results of allowing myself to grow old. And I've had—but enough of that. We're talking about Dr. Bunesen. He's one of those nice "daddy" doctors that mothers between the ages of seventeen and seventy swear by. (And I love ending sentences with prepositions!) But in this instance, you take Doc's preaching like you grow old pills—with some sugar coating and a smile. This program recently underwent a change of construction; and was thereby vastly improved. Instead of preaching to you, the doctor gives the impression of answering some questions, aided by occasional "G" in the so and "Yes doctors" from either a perplexed mother with a youngster who needs a good old-fashioned "shingle cure" or the wife of some pig-headed gentleman with gout. But the fact remains that Dr. Bunesen gives out advice you can understand, and even follow! (And there's one for YOU, Mr. Ripley!) This discourse on health is preceded by a five minute drama which leads up to the point of the tale—and is usually good for at least one laugh. If we MUST have morals—let's have 'em like this.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—(Mon., 12:00 p.m. Wed., 7:30 & 12:00 p.m. Sat.)
GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA.

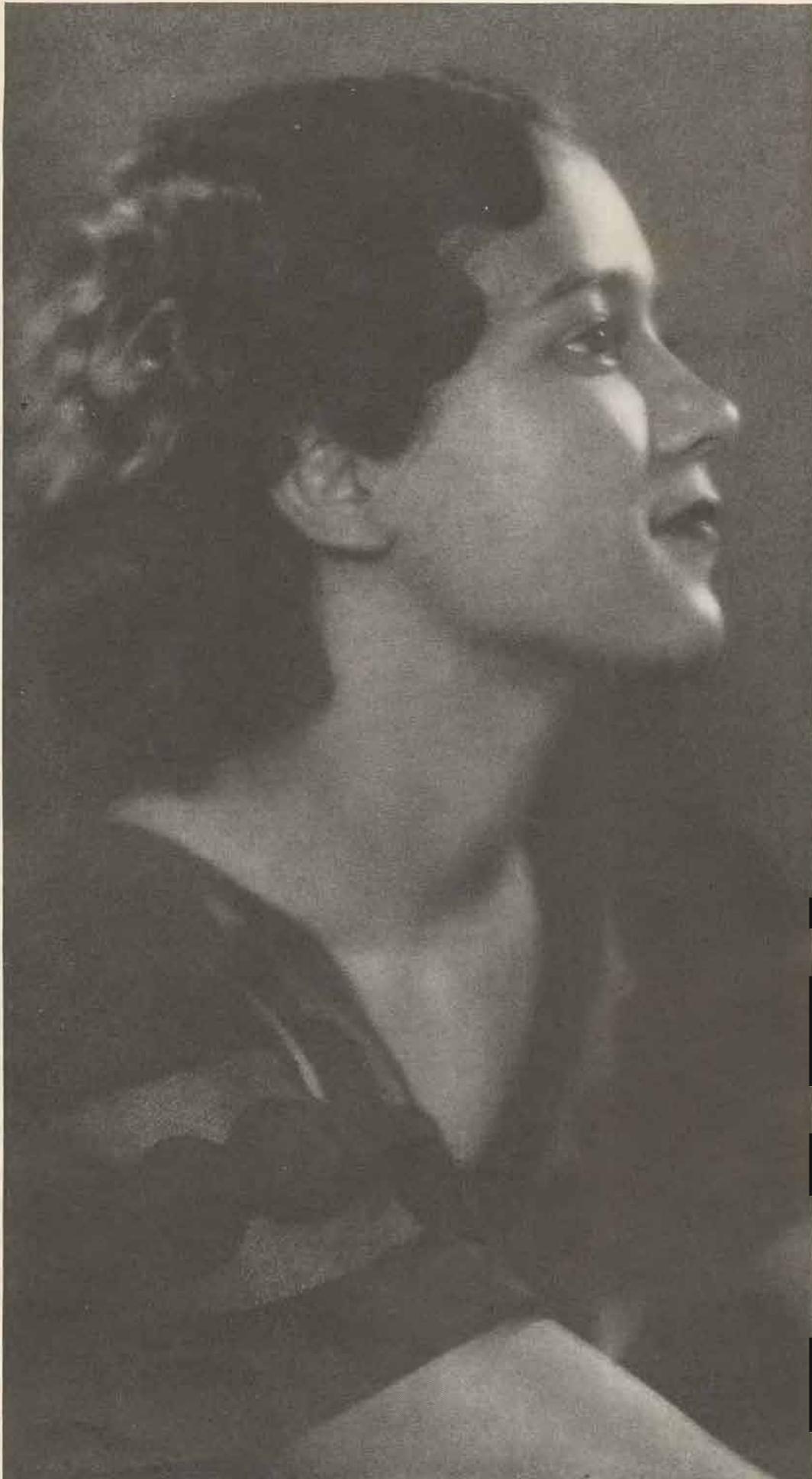
Broadcaster's ace orchestra, the band of Guy Lombardo and his many brothers, has four spots on the Columbia air schedule. Mondays at 10:00 p.m., Guy and his boys come to the CBS studios where they put on the Robert Burns Panatela period with Burns and Allen. On Saturday evenings at 7:30 p.m. they assist little Miss Babe. The Lombardo aggregation is also heard at midnight on Thursdays and Saturdays.

10:15 p.m.—WOR—(Daily ex. Sun.)
THE HAPPY VAGABOND.

Or Jack Arthur. His real, real name is Arthur Garobell and his best harmonic voice he gives the WOR audience programs of popular songs and ballads that are especially arranged for him.

10:30 p.m.—C.S.T.—KYW—(Daily ex. Sun.)
PADDED FISTS.

We've had radio sketches with scenes laid everywhere from the parlor to the bottom of the ocean. But wait till you hear Dick MacCauley's new knock-out, "Padded Fists." Guaranteed to pack a real wallop. It's as funny for radio as Mr. Witwer's "Gather Pushers" were for Collier's. (That's a free ad. Mr. Editor.) It's



Nancy
Flake

EVER hear Nancy sing "On Revival Day" from those good old Southern stations, WSJS at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, or WRVA at Richmond? Then you are going to enjoy seeing her picture here. Jacqueline Dorminy writes us that Nancy will probably be in Radio Village next June making singies and broadcasting.

Education by Radio

Noted Instructor Sums up Results of His Own Experience as Radio Speaker and Gives Advice

By GLEASON L. ARCHER, LL.D.

Dean, Suffolk Law School, Boston

IN CONSIDERING the qualities that constitute the necessary equipment of an educational broadcaster, the voice quite naturally comes first. The voice is the vehicle not only of thought but of the speaker's personality. Radio broadcasting is at present on a one dimensional plane, making appeal solely to the ears of the audience. People simply will not listen to a harsh voice, nor to an indistinct voice, nor to machine gun utterance unless the subject matter is very interesting.

There is nothing more amazing about the radio than the manner in which it plays favorites with human voices. It glorifies some ordinary voices and distorts others beyond recognition. I have heard men whose platform tones are melodious and compelling speak over the radio in such altered tones that I could not recognize the voice at all—their tones leaden and dead, a heavy voice devoid of personality. I have heard others whose tones rang as true as though they were present in the room.

Perhaps after all a person has a radio voice or he has not. It is a part of his personality. The only way of discovering this fact is by an audition or by actual broadcasting.

But there is much that a person may do for his voice, as I know from experience. He probably cannot change the essential quality of the voice itself but he can and should train himself in distinctness of enunciation. He should if possible employ some voice teacher whose ears as keen to detect imperfections of speech, listen in on his radio broadcasts and check the sounds that customarily fail of clarity.

During the early months of my broadcasting I employed an expert of this sort who cured me of a tendency to "fade out" on the last word or two of a sentence. Control of the vocal cords brought an evenness of tone that I lacked at the beginning. Then, too, I had a tendency to hiss on the "S" sounds, for the radio exaggerates any such defect. Words ending in "D" followed by an "M" sound bothered me also. They did not come over the air as distinctly as they should. These are

FOR two years Dean Archer has made his weekly appearance before a National Broadcasting Co. microphone in New York and discoursed on Law—"Laws That Safeguard Society." His "classes" have expanded until they now circle the globe. This article is the sequel to a former article in which he shows how educational subjects may be made interesting. Teachers will find his suggestions on technique valuable.

samples of defects upon which we labored for months, with some degree of success.

A natural conversational tone is of course the ideal medium for radio broadcasting. But since it is necessary that every word spoken over the air be read from "script" it is difficult to avoid the "reading voice." Theatrical affectation would likely defeat its own purpose, for the radio relentlessly exposes artificialities of this sort.

A speaker may at times be obliged by sheer will power to create a state of nervous tension that will stand behind his utterance and send it out vibrant with life. A dead tone is fatal to best results. If the speaker throws himself heart and soul into his subject the voice cannot fail to transmit that fact to the radio audience.

Length of Period. Having tested the half-hour period, the twenty minute period and the quarter-hour broadcast I am emphatically of opinion that the latter period is best of all, especially for educational programs. To be sure, many radio fans write complaining that the period is too brief, but it is better to leave them eager for more than surfeited with too much.

Then there is the speaker himself. Having been accustomed to a lecture period of an hour and a half in Suffolk Law School I at first felt that fifteen minutes was altogether too brief. But I am convinced from experience that the nervous tension of the radio broadcast, when one is putting his whole soul into the effort, renders the quarter-hour

period all that a speaker should be permitted to do at one time.

Preparation of Script. The preparation of a broadcast is an art in itself—an art that can be mastered only by experience. Some radio speakers are mere actors who render into words what another has written for them. These professional writers of "script," or production men as they are called, need no suggestions from me. What I here declare is merely for the educator like myself who writes his own "script" and renders it at the microphone.

By the custom of the great broadcasting companies copies of proposed talks are required in advance of delivery. They are read by a special department—censored as it were—before they are given over the air. My own custom has been to write my broadcasts a month to six weeks in advance of delivery and file copies with NBC accordingly.

Even though radio broadcasts are in a consecutive series each talk should be complete enough in itself to give the listener who tunes in for the first time a fairly accurate idea of what it is all about.

It must entertain as well as instruct. This does not mean that the radio lecturer should turn clown, disguise his voice or resort to any sort of buffoonery on the air.

Men and women are keenly interested in the truly vital things of everyday experience. In my own work I rely almost wholly upon human interest stories to drive home the truths that I seek to impart to the radio audience. To be sure I state a principle of law and sketch the historical background, but this is merely to lead up to the gripping and dramatic story or stories that illustrate the application of the principle.

In selecting illustrations from the great mass of law cases that exist in the reported decisions, I favor western cases simply because in them we find great human dramas reported with a wealth of detail. With this as a basis I endeavor to visualize for the listener the tragedy or comedy as it occurred.

When my series "Laws that Safeguard Society" was in its early stages,

my talks were prepared somewhat as I would prepare a lecture for a law class. There was of course an avoidance of technical terms. Simplicity of language was my aim throughout. There were more illustrations than if designed for the classroom but I soon found that I was covering too much ground for best results over the air.

It was then that I adopted my present policy of taking a small segment of my topic and devoting the entire period to its elucidation. This affords sufficient scope for the use of the best illustrations I can find in the state reports—thus bringing to my audience a series of stories from life that entertain as well as instruct.

Timing the Address. A great deal of difficulty confronts the beginner at radio broadcasting in the matter of timing his speech in advance. If he is to cover a given topic it would be very awkward, to say the least, if he did not reach his conclusion before the close of his allotted time, or if he finished too soon. But in a chain broadcast when so many stations are dependent upon absolute and exact timing the problem is very serious.

Another factor enters in. To deliver an address either to a visible audience, or over the microphone, requires more time than merely to read it to oneself. How much more time depends upon circumstances and the state of one's nerves at the moment of delivery.

The mental strain of working under this cloud may prove a genuine handicap to the speaker. But there is a simple way out, as I found after some months of experimenting.

I procured a stop watch and now use it both in preparing the original MSS—reading and timing the text before giving it to the stenographers—and also using it on the day of the broadcast while rehearsing for the same. It is possible to check each minute in the text itself and then in a second reading, at the usual broadcast tempo, so near as one can judge, to see how it compares as to time.

With such annotations in the text it is possible to observe the studio clock occasionally, to note whether more or less speed is needed to finish on time. By this method the nervous tension is minimized.

Nervous Tension While Broadcasting. Nervous tension seems to me an inescapable accompaniment of successful radio broadcasting. A person so unemotional and phlegmatic as to take the matter calmly can scarcely hope to stir the interest of listeners hundreds or thousands of miles away. The radio lecturer on a chain broadcast is in reality an actor on a mighty stage set by modern science. For the time being he occupies the centre of the stage. The whole show depends upon him. The

words that he speaks and the manner in which he speaks them goes out let us say to a million homes. Whether they listen in or tune him out, in favor of a jazz or nonsense program, is a serious matter not only to the speaker himself but also to the broadcasting stations that carry his program. To throw his entire personality into the broadcast means the expenditure of a great deal of nervous energy.

Fan Letters. Fan letters are of course highly prized by radio lecturers—that is, if the letters are laudatory. I am told that letter writing by radio listeners has now become much less common than when broadcasting was new. For every person who writes a letter nowadays there are probably hundreds and even thousands of listeners who never write at all. It never occurs to them to write.

There is a genuine thrill therefore to receive a letter from some listener thousands of miles away telling of the circumstances under which one's message came to him. The invalid hopelessly bedridden who finds in the program a new interest in life—something to look forward to from week to week; the blind man to whose eager soul the radio brings light and cheer, these are worth-

while messages for the radio lecturer who is uncertain of the effect of his words.

In my own experience the average of fan mail is small because there is nothing to call it forth. But when in March 1931 I mentioned the possibility of re-printing my lectures in book form for those who wished them at the mere cost of publication, I was at once the target for an avalanche of mail. For three weeks I could do little else but read letters. From judges, lawyers, doctors, probation officers, welfare workers, policemen and men and women from all walks of life, the letters came. Little children even were contributors to this grist of fan mail. And letters came from far countries—all in answer to my question.

Then it settled back to normal again. But the revelation that came to me in those three weeks, the glimpses into homes and hearts to whom, on the magic wings of the radio, my voice is borne each week will remain with me always.

It was a baptism of friendship, an outpouring from the great heart of the people that brought to me a new sense of responsibility to the public and a new conception of the tremendous possibilities of education by radio.

The Significance of Two Bulletins Educators and Broadcasters Advise Their Members

JUST by way of comparison let us look at both sides of the question from the inside as the leaders of the National Association of Broadcasters and the leaders of the Association of College and University Broadcasting Stations advised their respective memberships concerning the Questionnaire inspired by the Couzens Resolution.

From the official bulletin of the N. A. B. to all of its members:

"The American system of broadcasting is on trial. . . Your Association has pledged its cooperation in making this investigation thorough and honest. Your Association believes that a fair and impartial investigation will convince the Senate and the American People that our system of competitive broadcasting, conducted by private enterprise, is the best the world can produce. Give the Questionnaire your personal attention. Spare no time or effort to report the questions completely and accurately."

From the "Rush Bulletin" signed by T. M. Beard, Executive Secretary, "To Members of the Association of College and University Broadcasting Stations. . .

"I am in receipt at 1:00 P. M. today of a day letter from one of our program directors who evidently has inside in-

formation on this Questionnaire. He advises in his wire, SEND RUSH BULLETIN TO ALL EDUCATIONAL STATIONS TO INTERPRET AS EDUCATIONAL BROADCASTING EVERYTHING THEY DO EXCEPT ANY TIME SOLD COMMERCIALLY STOP AT LEAST THE PERCENTAGE SHOULD BE CLOSE TO ONE HUNDRED.

"This rush bulletin is being released and may I especially urge that you give particular attention to the Questionnaire you have received from the Commission and make an interpretation on your report as suggested in this wire. IT IS QUITE IMPORTANT THAT THIS BE DONE.

"Please advise this office if the questionnaire you are filing for your station has been sent to the Commission on the basis as outlined above."

Higher education must be expanding its radio curriculum. You now get a good practical course in Junior High Jinks by air. Or you may prefer some of the ultra technicalities of the more liberal interpretation of the Freshman Frolics. Instructions state that everything from a college broadcasting station, "which is not commercial" must be interpreted as "educational."

Beauty at Compound Interest

*Systematic Investment of Minutes
in care of the skin will yield huge
profits in pulchritude*

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin heard on
NBC every Tuesday morning.



Dorothy Knapp, noted stage star, and former NBC artist, appears to be drawing interest at high rate in the beauty mart.

THE boarding school daughter of a friend of mine successfully resisted all attempts to inculcate the habit of systematic saving into her scheme of living until an ingenious aunt made her a present of a bank. The top of this bank had six slots and each slot was marked for a specific purpose. For instance, one of them was tagged Birthday Presents, another Vacation, another Christmas, and so on. The novelty of the arrangement appealed to Betty and for the first time in her life she began to make regular bank deposits. Once a month the contents of this miniature bank went into a regular savings account. When the first month's savings were counted, Betty was amazed at the total of her daily penny and nickel deposits. Interest on her money in the regular savings bank surprised her still more. Interest on interest was something her father and mother had tried to impress upon her, but it took her own experience to prove the point.

Marion, my secretary, has a similar bank. Her six accounts are tagged as follows: Clothes, Birthday Presents, Doctor, Dentist, Vacation, and Miscellaneous. In her Miscellaneous compartment she saves for commutation, Christmas presents, and general savings. Twice a month she takes the accumulated small change to the savings bank

where interest is compounded from the day of deposit.

My friend's daughter and my secretary have both acquired the habit of systematic saving. They have a very real pride in their ability to accumulate money with interest. Marion is extremely enthusiastic about the plan.

"If I didn't save every day, I'd never have any money for Christmas presents, or birthday presents, or vacations, or anything," she says. "I'd just spend the money and I wouldn't have any idea what I had done with it. But putting some pennies and some nickels in the bank every day—why, at the end of a year I can hardly believe I have saved that much. All that interest and everything—it's marvelous."

INTEREST compounded on nickels and pennies, dimes and dollars, is something most of us take for granted. "Interest from the day of deposit" on our money we expect, but "interest on beauty"—that's another angle, and a side to the saving question that many women have never even considered.

A woman novelist who is as well known for her beauty as for her books tells me that she has a Beauty Bank, very similar in its workings to the

change banks of Betty and Marion. Her special compartments are tagged, too, but into them goes time for necessary beauty rituals. Instead of money, she saves time—time for giving her hair one hundred strokes every night, time for cleansing her skin, time for a manicure, time to relax—time broken down into small change for which she receives compound interest from the day of deposit.

"ABOUT ten years ago, when I wasn't nearly as busy as I am today," she told me, "I inadvertently got into a frame of mind where I thought I couldn't take time for any of those things. When I was going to a party, or for some reason had to look as well as I could, it was a terrible scramble to make myself presentable. One day I arrived at a luncheon in a pretty pitiable state. After that I decided upon the Beauty Bank and ever since I have managed to put aside a few minutes to keep looking well groomed and ready for any occasion that crops up. The peace of mind I have nowadays is all the interest I deserve on my small investment. But, of course, the interest is compounded and I know that my systematic saving for beauty has done more for me than any elaborate, but spas-

modic, treatments would ever have done. Some of my friends pretend to have a humorous slant on my Beauty Bank, but I notice quite a few of them have adopted the idea for themselves. My husband has paraphrased that quotation—you know the one I mean—"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he that filches from me my Beauty Bank—But you know," she added more seriously, "there's more truth than poetry in that. If some one stole my money, I could earn more; but, if I ever got out of the habit of regular systematic saving for beauty, I'd lose a great deal more than money."

And she would, of course. She'd lose that well-groomed, soignée, Park Avenue look of hers and the confidence which it gives her—the peace of mind that allows her to work undisturbed by worry about her appearance. She saves for beauty in small change amounts, but her savings are systematic and her interest is compounded.

A woman who will take a few minutes to cleanse her skin at night instead of popping into bed with an accumulation of the day's dust and dirt upon her face, who will brush her hair, and push back her cuticle, will draw interest on beauty from the very day of deposit.

You have a small change bank perhaps—but what about a Beauty Bank? There's "interest from the day of deposit" you know, and no saving is too small to start.

Pacific Coast Echoes

(Continued from page 62)

casting thrice weekly over coast NBC.

ADDING new laurels to their crown of achievements, is becoming a regular occurrence with The Three Vagabonds, male trio of KFOX. For some time this station has boasted, and not without cause, of having one of the best male trios heard on radio. As further proof of the outstanding quality and varied talents of the three singers, they were invited by Hugh Barret Dobbs, (Capt. Dobbsie) of the famed Shell Happytime Program recently, to appear in one of the morning programs broadcast from KHJ over the Don Lee System during their stay in Los Angeles while appearing at one of the local theatres.

The musical program on this particular day was furnished entirely by The Three Vagabonds and Capt. Dobbsie was high in his praise of the ability of this trio and of the character of the programs heard from KFOX through whose courtesy the trio appeared. Foster Rucker, baritone, Harry Morton, tenor and Mart Daugherty, pianist and

high baritone are each soloists of high rank and their program repertoire runs the gamut of jazz to the classics.

In eulogizing each member of the trio, Dobbsie disclosed hidden virtues of the boys and brought out the startling fact that Foster Rucker, aside from being an accomplished vocalist, is also a poet and read from Rucker's recently published volume of love poems, 'Singing To Me.'

January 1927 found KGDM going on the air with a little five watt station, a station which at that time was started as a new means of advertising for the Peffer Music Company. This station immediately grew into prominence and the demand immediately made it necessary to increase the power to fifty watts, then to one hundred and the fifth anniversary found it a two hundred and fifty watt station commanding the entire San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys.

BOTH chains plan to broadcast the Olympic Games from Los Angeles and the Intercollegiate track meet from the new University of California track plant, to be completed in Berkeley for the July games.

The NBC Spotlight, with 15 people, gave two shows daily at the Seattle Automobile show. The Spotlight originates in San Francisco and has been a regular Saturday night NBC attraction.

Norman Field, veteran actor, has been signed for appearances over a Pacific Coast chain.

Irate western listeners have swamped radio editors with letters complaining that the program standard drops too markedly after the New York lines have been cut. The coast productions are far inferior to eastern and midwest air shows.

The famous Negro quartette that regales on KHJ Los Angeles made a wonderful hit at the Los Angeles RKO theatre recently. The most novel musical stunt this writer has witnessed in many years was the way these boys imitated Hawaiian guitars, even to the sounding of and fading out of the steel guitar. Mr. Lewis Weiss can be proud of this troupe. They are a fine representative organization and a great add for KHJ.

The Houghson sisters well known to western radio fans for their unusual close harmony, are now to be on a regular spot Tuesdays on KRE the Berkeley station. They are blondes.

The Little German Band, which is the only one of its kind on the coast and heard regularly on the Pioneer station of the world KQW, is to be featured on a sponsored network program.

KRKD will make its bow to the radio listeners of Southern Cal. shortly. It is an outgrowth from the old station KMCS. This new station is the Los Angeles link of a little chain of three stations the other stations linked up with KRKD is KMTR Hollywood and KMPC Beverly Hills.

A NEW station that promises to entertain Southern Cal. listeners with more of the fine Mexican music has just appeared on the air at the famous resort TiJuana Mexico under the call letters of XEFD. It comes in on 845 kc.

KMPC has stolen a jump on its western rivals by importing from Alabama the group of crooners that are making such a hit in the south with those ever lingering Negro melodies. KMPC can be counted on to find the programs that touch the right spot.

There is a persistent rumor that the well liked Ne'er-DO-Well is to be promoted to the network thru the assistance of a sponsor, Ne'er-DO-Well has a very large following throughout the west.

The famous Mexican orchestra Los Caballerous will fill three spots weekly on KYA San Francisco. Their soloist will be Berna Frachette, well known to western radio listeners. Here is a combination of talent that will please KYA followers and build new audiences for the ever popular San Francisco independent.

KYA has just become the outlet for the San Francisco Examiner. This association of two fine mediums of public information promises much for the future. Mr. Edward McCullum, Manager of KYA plans much in the way of new programs for his station.

The University of the air, a very popular program on the NBC north-west triangle is to be extended to the west over a network of stations. This program is sponsored by the Parker Dental organization.

The Rola mixed quartette on KLX Oakland has a tough spot to work on, bucking Amos 'n' Andy but the team is gaining in popularity.

Fred and Morris on KLX are original and have fine possibilities. Just rehearse those skits a little more, boys, and work hard, you'll get there all right.

Holly Sugar, a California product, offers a novel organ program daily over KWG at Stockton.

Curtis Benton, scenario writer and sports announcer of KNX at Los Angeles, is a Friday night attraction for every fight fan in the state. Benton gives Floyd Gibbons a run for his money in fast talking and presents a colorful blow-by-blow account of the

pugilistic combats from the Hollywood American Legion show each Friday at 9:45.

Celeste Rader Bates, KGDM of Stockton, has become one of the feature artists of the station during the past few months. Miss Bates was one of the Pacific Coasts' leading candidates for the honors of beauty queen in a contest staged by Radio Digest.

Velva Darling, KNX columnist, is in the unique position of having bids for her name. Young film aspirants approach her almost daily and offer sums of money, if she will relinquish her name, but as yet she has refused to sell her birthright for a pot of gold. Velva Darling is her real name. And the way she can chat about movie colonists can't be beat. Her time on KNX has been changed from 11:00 a. m. to 3:00 p. m.

Gertrude Ridenour brings to KNX a rich background of dramatic experience. As member of the Kansas City Junior League she walked off with a prize for the best dramatic work of the year. She is now making transcriptions which will be released in the east.

The First Community Synagogue of the Air (KNX) enjoys a membership extending from Alaska to San Diego, Cal. It opens the Jewish Sabbath with its popular program Friday evenings at 5:15 p. m. Typical of the many letters which he receives every week is one from a woman who writes, "Your sermon on 'Friendship' made me look myself over to see why I have so few friends . . . and I thank you for your advice. You are a help and a benefit and you give hope to man."

Jones and Hare

(Continued from page 50)

week, "when business is dull," while lunch is usually eaten at their desks in New York while they concoct new "gags" for their next show.

Jones & Hare require eighteen new "gags" each week. It is their boast that they have never repeated a "gag" in their long association. Possibly this is a clue to their never-ending popularity. To dig up eighteen fresh-looking jokes a week causes, in their own words, "a lot of digging."

Both have what they call "gag minds," and each can see humorous possibilities in almost every situation or bit of conversation that comes their way. During a business discussion each keeps a pencil poised over a pad. They both make copious notes on the other's discourses while any visitor who happens to be present acts as a foil.

The boys were heard together on one NBC program for five years without a break. Also they never had a vacation

for their first four years in radio and until last summer they have been on National Broadcasting Company networks continuously since the company was formed. They appeared earlier over Stations WEAJ and WJZ when these were independent stations.

Billy and Ernie might be termed Damon and Pythias, so inseparable are the comedians. When an acquaintance meets Jones he instinctively says "Hello, Billy, where's Ernie?" And the chances are Ernie has only paused to light a cigarette or make a telephone call and will be along in a minute.

In the days when Jones & Hare were trouping it, they roomed together. Neither was married then and they were partners in every sense of the word. If they were apart for three consecutive hours, each began to worry about the safety of the other.

Hare has since married and Mrs. Hare now demands some of her husband's time. But she is often heard to exclaim that the team of Jones & Hare is around a great deal more than the team of Hare & Mrs. Hare.

The first Jones & Hare broadcast occurred in October, 1921. The scene was the original WJZ studio atop the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company's plant in Newark. The boys went on the air at a moment's notice with the same type of program they are playing today. It was a song and chatter act, the chatter being written by the boys themselves and the songs especially arranged for them. The program ran for an hour and a half and would probably have lasted longer if the comedians, for once in their lives, ran out of material.

That was what program directors thought of Jones & Hare in 1921. Next day the station received so many letters that the team was asked to repeat the performance. Soon they were broadcasting on a regular schedule.

As radio went through its growing pains to the point where artists no longer went on the air and stayed there until they ran out of material or swooned from exhaustion, the boys kept pace. Today their offices are equipped like any modern business establishment and the comedians keep hours and go through a daily routine of fun manufacturing. They have stop watches, a piano and other paraphernalia. They also have a secretary, a manager, a musical arranger and an office boy who answers the telephone and has the ambition to be a great singer like Jones or Hare.

"By such methods," declare Jones & Hare, "we find that comedy can be made to pay. Remember there are only twelve original jokes, and we have been doing at least nine a week for radio over an eleven-year period. If you think it's easy to be a fun-maker, try it! But we both say it's lots of fun making people laugh."



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from
\$2.50
daily

And that's no idle boast. Just "ask the guests who stop here."

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Not only the newest hotel in New York but the most centrally located.

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\$7.00
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1000 ROOMS

... Each with a **RADIO**, a **PRIVATE BATH** and **SHOWER**, **Circulating Ice Water** and **Large Closets**. Many **Other Features**.

1000 HOMES UNDER ONE ROOF
IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE

The New
EDISON HOTEL
47th St. West of Bway. NYC



De Ward Franklin Jones at WOV, New York, Radio Gossiper

The Client Room

The Alabama-Georgia Syrup on WLW, six times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at ten thirty P. M. and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at eleven A. M. Eastern Standard Time. Fifty-two week contract. Show consists of harmony and patter duo, Jim and Walt.

WLW reports A. & P. doing big job over their transmitter with twenty-two programs a week.

A new food account for WLS. Monarch Foods, (Reid-Murdoch). Act is dramatic skit featuring Virginia Lee, former RKO, NBC and Columbia artist. Tentative title for act "The Lion Family" possibly to tie up with sponsors trade mark of a Lion.

WLS is doing a job for Alka-Seltzer. This is a headache tab—a tough product for a good tie-in. Act consists of "Songs of Home Sweet Home" featuring girls trio and a male quartet with string trio accompaniment. Bill Vickland does the narrating.

WGAR, Cleveland turns Saturday Morning's Children's Corner over to the Bailey Company, Cleveland department store. Program is to be produced from store's auditorium. Act consists of Uncle Clyde as master of ceremonies and juvenile guest artists.

WGN, Chicago has booked a fifty two week commercial for the Rich Products, Inc., featuring Tom Corwin. Corwin does imitations of animals and act consists of Circus patter and imaginary animals. Saturday at 6:00 P. M. C. S. T. is the scheduled spot.

Fred L. Jeske, the Reid Murdoch Melody Man and the Reid Murdoch orchestra, open a thirteen week schedule on March 14. The feature will be presented by WGN three times a week being scheduled for Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9 p. m. Jeske is well known in Chicago radio circles as a singer. He has a particularly well suited voice for radio and a wonderful enunciation of his words.

WJAG, Norfolk, Nebraska, announces the appointment of Arthur C. Thomas as Manager and Frank Weidenbach as Chief Engineer. Mr. Thomas was formerly publicity director of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce and vice president of the community advertising section of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. Mr. Weidenbach was formerly connected with KGD, Mitchell, S. D.

Laws That Safeguard

(Continued from page 33)

heartbreak at losing him was an element in the case, then the wound and injury to her affections "were to be considered as another and additional element in the computation of her damages." Mortification, pain and distress of mind might also be considered.

It should be obvious that the length of time during which the plaintiff and the defendant were engaged to each other is a material consideration in determining the amount of damages. If a man monopolizes a girl's time for months, and perhaps years, it is very different from a mere seashore flirtation where love runs its course in a few weeks. In the former case, the long period of association has accustomed the girl to rely upon her lover in almost the same way that a wife looks to her husband to decide social engagements, church or theatre plans, or other mutual interests of a couple who are publicly regarded as belonging exclusively to each other. To break an engagement of this nature may have very serious consequences. The defendant must, therefore, pay damages commensurate with the injury.

Caroline Grant became engaged to marry Joseph Willey, but no immediate plans for a wedding were made. The engagement continued over several years. The man's affection cooled. He eventually broke the engagement, claiming that differences on worldly and religious matters made it unwise for the two to marry. At the trial, the length of the engagement was stressed by the plaintiff's lawyer. The defendant's lawyer requested the court to instruct the jury that in a suit for breach of promise to marry, the length of time the engagement or promise to marry existed is not an element of damages for a breach of such promise. The judge refused to give the ruling. After a verdict for the plaintiff, the case was taken to the Supreme Court on exceptions. The latter court declared that the length of time "was clearly a circumstance proper to be taken into consideration. It might be very material in its effect on the plaintiff's condition and prospects, and might under some circumstances be an aggravation of her injury."

The case was Grant v. Willey, 101 Mass. 356.

Personal Vengeance No Bar

THE primitive desire to avenge a great wrong has many times led to tragic consequences. Crimes of violent revenge are generally committed by men. Women do not ordinarily indulge in this sort of reprisal. Instances are on record, however, where outraged women have committed deeds of daring in order to even the score with one who has incurred their everlasting hate. In no field of human relations may greater passions be engendered than in matters of the heart. Some women love passionately and hate venomously as well. A man who trifles with such a woman places himself in well deserved peril. But now suppose a woman wreaks personal vengeance on one who has betrayed her, will this prevent a recovery in an action for breach of contract? Let us consider a typical case.

Morris Durnham paid court to Emma Schmidt and in due course of time became engaged to her. The girl grew very much attached to him. By degrees he won her trust and confidence. He eventually accomplished his evident purpose of over-

coming her virtue. This event was immediately followed by illness on the part of the girl. The defendant, Durnham, then heartlessly forsook her. Somewhat later he married another woman.

Girl Shoots Faithless Lover

WHEN the news of this event reached Emma Schmidt, a great flame of anger was kindled in her heart. She resolved to kill the man who had thus ruined her life. The first objective was to secure a revolver and ammunition. This she soon accomplished. She then acquainted herself with the manner of using the weapon. With her deadly purpose still in mind, she watched for an opportunity to meet her former lover. It was nearly two weeks after his marriage before she came upon the unsuspecting bridegroom. When the blazing eyed Emma confronted him Durnham was too confused to flee until he saw the glint of the weapon, as she stealthily drew it from her handbag. It was then too late. The girl fired at him point blank. The god of vengeance was evidently with her for the bullet found its mark. Durnham recovered from his wound, and Emma Schmidt scored again, for she hailed him into court for damages for breach of promise of marriage. Durnham endeavored to set up the facts of the shooting as mitigation of damages. The court declared that his liability was in no way diminished by Emma's exploit. The case was Schmidt v. Durnham, 46 Minn. 227; 49 N. W. 126.

Damages That Are Excessive

March 26, 1932

THERE is one aspect of breach of promise cases that has excited a great deal of comment in recent years—the matter of excessive damages. The fact that a law intended to safeguard innocent and trusting women is sometimes taken undue advantage of by designing and unworthy females and can not very well be avoided. The fault is not with the law but with those who abuse the law for their own selfish purposes.

We have a saying that the law is no respecter of persons, which means, of course, that laws must be universal in their application. We cannot, in a democracy, have one law for the rich and another law for the poor because that amounts to the old world evil of caste and privilege. We cannot have one law for the virtuous and another law for the unworthy, because these distinctions would of necessity depend upon the opinion of individuals and might lead to monstrous injustice.

The safer method is to formulate laws for the protection of the innocent and to adhere to those laws despite individual instances where unworthy individuals may abuse the same.

It may help us to understand the present topic if we consider for a moment the rights of a wife in her husband's estate. The mere fact of marriage to a wealthy man may give a woman a legal right to more property perhaps than her immediate ancestors have earned in their entire lives. No one could seriously contend that by acting as housewife or companion of a man for a month or so any woman could earn millions of dollars, yet under the sanction of marriage that becomes possible under a law intended to protect wives in general.

If we were to change the law whenever
(Continued on page 74)

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it worked out badly in individual cases we would soon enter into chaos. The sharing of a wife in her husband's wealth is pitched upon a higher plane than that of mere earnings of a housekeeper, or of a woman who barbers her favors for gold. Unless there is a marriage settlement or a pre-nuptial agreement as to her future rights in her husband's estate, when a woman marries, the law immediately endows her with vested rights, without regard to the wealth or poverty of the husband.

It should therefore be apparent that when a woman promises to marry a man, the contract, which we call an engagement of marriage, at once entitles her to a prospective interest in the wealth of that man. No one could justly claim that she should acquire the same interest therein before she has surrendered herself in lawful marriage that would have been hers had the man kept his promise to make her his wife. The question of damages, however, is profoundly influenced by a consideration of what she might have acquired had the man kept faith. Thus it is that under the mantle of a law intended to safeguard innocence and virtue, the adventuress, or "gold digger," may find cover for depredations upon the property of wealthy but susceptible gentlemen. I would say wealthy simpletons, but for the fact that many men are more or less simple-minded when that most deadly of all hunters, the beautiful enchantress, marks them for her prey.

The First Gold Digger

THE MIGHTY Caesar, you will remember, who could conquer armies of men went down to ignominious and disgraceful defeat when the wily young Queen of Egypt climbed out of what we might perhaps term a parcel's post package and called him "wonderful." Here was this bald old eagle, before whom the whole civilized world then trembled in its shoes, confronted by a mere girl of twenty-one. She did not care about Caesar. All she was looking for was the throne of Egypt from which she had been driven by the armies of her guardian. Morals meant nothing to her and so poor old Caesar became her willing slave and paramour for the few remaining years of his life.

Then, after Mark Antony had made himself the virtual master of the Roman Empire, Cleopatra suddenly manifested a great fondness for him. Antony was then forty-two years of age. He knew Cleopatra's character. He had seen what a simpleton she had made of the great Caesar. Yet he could not resist her blandishments. All the world knows how the great soldier and orator threw away an Empire and sacrificed his own life under the spell of this evil and shameless young queen.

With such classic illustrations of the inability of mighty conquerors to cope with the elemental huntress, the designing woman of youth and charm, can we wonder that rich men are occasionally "shaken down," as modern slang expresses it, for large sums of money?

In determining the amount of an award of damages for breach of promise of marriage a court or jury must take into consideration all the facts and circumstances of the case. While it is the duty of a jury to decide the facts, yet it is always needful for the presiding judge to exercise vigilance, lest injustice be done through appeals to the passions of the men in the jury box.

A clever lawyer, intent upon winning his

client's case, may possess enough magnetism or persuasive ability to sway a jury from a proper decision. Since a jury is composed of laymen who are necessarily unfamiliar with the legal aspects of the case it is a feature of our judicial system that the judge, after the lawyers for the opposing parties have made their arguments, charge the jury or, in other words, to explain the law and call the jury's attention to the important evidence in the case.

Excessive Verdict

BUT suppose, after a verdict is rendered, that the presiding judge, from his long experience in such matters, feels that an excessive verdict has been rendered. The judge would then have the right, usually upon the motion of the aggrieved party, to set the verdict aside or to give the plaintiff a choice of accepting a smaller verdict or a new trial.

For Example: Eliza Hanson worked as a chamber maid in a boarding house in which lived a saloon keeper named Johnson. She first became acquainted with the man by meeting him in the halls and corridors of the boarding house in April, 1895. He was apparently not at all bashful when this attractive young woman appeared in his vicinity. He soon formed the habit of speaking to the girl, of exchanging smiles and pleasantries whenever they met. He apparently so contrived that those meetings should be as frequent as possible. But since the girl had work to do and would have been dismissed had she lingered in the corridors conversing with guests, however attractive, these momentary greetings did not satisfy the saloon keeper. His interest had been aroused. So he laid siege to Eliza. He followed her around. He usually managed to be in his own room when she came to make the bed and set things to rights. Acquaintance soon ripened into love, at least on the girl's part. About three months after their first meeting they became engaged to be married. Johnson began to take Eliza to entertainments and to dances. He soon persuaded her to grant privileges that had she been wise she would have postponed until after the wedding. But those privileges once granted, Johnson postponed the wedding. The unfortunate girl, thus caught in the web of circumstance, placated now and then with presents, including a ring and a watch, was unable to extricate herself.

So the illegal relation continued for months and years. In fact it was not until fourteen years had passed in this manner that Johnson brutally cast Eliza off. She brought suit for breach of promise of marriage and a sympathetic jury awarded her \$10,000 damages. The presiding judge felt that this was somewhat too large a share of Johnson's worldly goods and reduced the award, with the plaintiff's consent, to \$8,000.

Johnson appealed from this verdict but he received scant sympathy from the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. "The affair between the plaintiff and defendant," said the court, "covered a period of about fourteen years, including all that part of her life when her chances for an advantageous marriage were best. The matter in aggravation was very serious, and the defendant appears to be of ability to respond in considerable damages.

Damages in such a case are difficult to estimate, and ordinarily the proper tribunal for that purpose is the jury. Besides it is the rule of this court to encourage the circuit judges to exercise their judgment in cutting down excessive verdicts.

* * * We find no reversible error in the record and the judgment must be affirmed."

The case was *Hanson v. Johnson*, 141 Wis. 550; 124 N. W. 506.

Whether or not a verdict is excessive is, of course, a question for the Supreme Court to decide when considering an appeal of the defendant. Since the presiding judge at the original trial is the only person who has a right to cut down the verdict of the jury to a reasonable figure the appellate court, if convinced that the verdict is excessive, will grant a new trial.

Clara Carey had divorced her first husband. She was about twenty-six years old when she became acquainted with the defendant, Huggins who was a bachelor of fifty-six or seven. The defendant was a wealthy rancher and he occasionally came to the City of El Paso for relaxation of one kind or another. He met the more or less charming Clara in the Autumn of 1906. According to her story he proposed marriage on Christmas day of that year and she accepted him, no time being fixed for the marriage. The defendant denied ever having proposed marriage but a series of what we might term mushy love letters were introduced at the trial. In none of them was there any definite affirmation of an engagement but there were abundant declarations of his love and his desire to be with her.

Gifts of Jewelry and Money

THE woman alleged that the defendant was very assiduous in his attentions, showering her with gifts of jewelry and money. Such appeared to have been the fact. The defendant, however, explained that the gifts were payments for value received, and that she was contented with the arrangement. He declared that she had never raised the question of a marriage promise until after January 1, 1911, when he had notified her of his refusal to continue what was now an expensive affair. It had now cost him in the neighborhood of \$7,000. Clara Carey brought suit for \$65,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. She claimed that a child had been born to her as the result of their relations, claiming that she went to Los Angeles, California, where the birth occurred. She gave the name of the nurse and doctor who had attended her. No child was produced at the trial and it did not appear that Huggins had ever seen the alleged offspring.

The woman expressly charged that her indiscretions with the defendant had begun only after the engagement of marriage and upon the express assurances from him that he would shortly marry her. The jury brought in a verdict of \$45,000 but the judge cut down the figure to \$35,000.

The defendant took the case to the court of civil appeals of Texas, alleging newly discovered evidence. The evidence offered was to the effect that there was no birth recorded, in the Los Angeles records, of any child born at the address given. There was no physician of the name alleged in that city nor had there been such at the date named. A search for the alleged nurse was likewise unavailing.

The court of civil appeals denied a new trial, however, declaring that the newly discovered evidence did not affect the main facts of the case. (This case was reported in 149 S. W. 390.) Huggins was not content with this decision. After much difficulty he secured on a writ of error, a hearing before the Supreme Court of Texas. The decision was thereupon reversed, but it had been five years since the decision in

question had been rendered. As the jury had originally decided, the damages were set at \$35,000 for actual damages and \$10,000 for special damages, which was understood to mean the alleged birth of the child.

Supreme Court Speaks

THE SUPREME COURT declared that the trial court erred in permitting the jury to assess damages twice on account of the seduction and injured feelings. It declared also that the court of civil appeals had erred in not granting a new trial because of the newly discovered evidence. While this might at first glance appear to be evidence, merely impeaching one phase of the witness' testimony, yet it also affected one of the main features of the case—whether or not any child had in fact been born to the woman.

The case was Huggins v. Carey, 108 Tex. 358; 194 S. W. 133.

Gabalogue

(Continued from page 43)

brown eyes. He is married and has two children. His home is in Freeport, L. I. * * * And here's Hugo Mariani. They say Hugo is a good picker. Let's see what he picks to play."

Hicks. . . "Hugo's drawn a violin."

Voorhees. . . "He would get a break like that."

Nellie. . . "Fine! That's a break for the audience as well as the violin. I must tell you something about our Hugo Mariani. Mr. Mariani, whom you hear on about every other program on the NBC network is a South American of Italian parentage. When only 16, he was the first violinist of the National Symphony Orchestra in Montevideo, and before he was 20, he was conductor. He came to the United States in 1921.

"After his arrival in New York he became concert master and solo violinist at the Rialto Theatre. Since his first association with NBC, Mr. Mariani has conducted every type and style of an orchestra. He is still a young man, slight of build, has olive skin and the quick, nervous gestures of the Latin American. He is the Beau Brummel of the New York studios. He likes colorful haberdashery. He is a very fine violinist. We submit the evidence

—Mr. Mariani. The audience waits."

(Mr. Mariani plays).

Nellie. . . "Not bad, not half bad. * * * All right, Don Voorhees, let's see what you draw."

Hicks. . . "A piano!"

Voorhees. . . "Oh, Nellie, I haven't touched a key in ages."

Nellie. . . "Well, then, it's time you touched one. This piano may have keys you love to touch. Go and make a touch-down on it now. Anyhow, pianos don't care who plays them. * * * Don Voorhees is an Allentown, Pa., boy, went to public school there. When he was 12, he began playing in a theatre orchestra. He studied music with Dr. Wally of the Bethlehem Bach Choir. Don's advent in to New York was as musical conductor to that most imitated of all colored comedians, the late Bert Williams. Then Don directed orchestras at the Winter Garden and the Earl Carroll Theatre. He came on the air in 1924. Don is still under 30. He is 5 feet 9, weighs 170, and has brown hair and gray-brown, kind of funny eyes, smooth face, wears tortoise shell rim glasses, and if he can't play this piano which he has just drawn, all I have to say is that he's changed a good deal from the days we used to open and close shows together. That is, I opened them and Don closed them. Mr. Don Voorhees. . ."

(Don Voorhees plays).

Nellie. . . "Why, Don, that's great. That's as good as I could have done it myself. * * * And now Andy, open your mouth and close your eyes, and see what you'll draw in the way of a surprise. Andy has had his steel guitar fixed since I sat on it last summer, and if he doesn't draw a drum or flute, he'll play it for you."

Hicks. . . "A saxophone!"

(Everybody screams).

Nellie. . . "I've always said I'd never allow a saxophone on my program, but a bargain's a bargain."

Andy. . . "I'm beginning to think I was framed, too."

Nellie. . . "You know, Andy plays a steel guitar; he plays the violin and the piano. No matter what the instrument is, Andy can play it so long as it makes music. In fact, he plays anything better than he does pinocle. He is a real aerial artist. Not content with appearing on various radio programs, Mr. Sannella spends part of his spare time flying his own airplane, and the rest of it in his own radio station which he has in his home where he en-

tertains his friends by getting New Zealand or China for them. You see, with Andy it's always a case of being either in or on the air. Andy was born in Brooklyn. He is married and lives in Scarsdale, N. Y.—and how! He has been broadcasting since 1922. * * * Well, folks, choose your exit; walk, don't run! Andy Sannella is going to wrestle with a saxophone. Toot, Andy, toot."

(Sannella plays).

Nellie. . . "Andy, I didn't know a saxophone could sound so sweet. I think I'll get one. And now, play just one bar on your steel guitar for us. Won't you?"

(Sannella plays the guitar).

Nellie. . . "Pretty good. * * * And last but by no means least is Cesare Sodero, master of the National Grand and Light Opera Oratorios, symphonies and Concerts heard on NBC. He is also conductor for the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. Mr. Sodero's first name is spelled C-e-s-a-r-e, and he pronounces it Cesare. I call it Chauve-Souris. * * * Mr. Sodero was general musical director of Edison's recording laboratories and made 11,000 records. He conducted the first performance of Puccini's opera, "The Girl of the Golden West." He was later Associate Conductor of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, and president of the Italian Musical League of America. He was conductor of the Metropolitan Orchestra in its concerts at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. His own opera, "Russian Shadows" was given its world air premiere in 1929 by the National Broadcasting Company simultaneous with its opening night in Italy. I had the exquisite pleasure that night of seeing a telegram which Paul Cravath, the present Managing Director of the Metropolitan Opera House, sent to Mr. Aylesworth, President of NBC, congratulating him on Sodero's opera. Maybe that means we are going to hear it here in New York. Wouldn't that be great! * * * Mr. Sodero is about 45 years of age, is 5 feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, has black hair and eyes. * * * Pass the hat, Mr. Hicks."

Hicks. . . "A 'cello."

Nellie. . . "Will three or four of you fellows bring that 'cello over to the maestro, and give him a chair to stand on while he plays it? Remember, Maestro, all of your men are tuned in tonight, so you had better be good!"

(Sodero plays).

Nellie. . . "Thank you. And thanks all of you. Good night and come again."

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Irene Beasley	Floyd Gibbons	Singin' Sam
Ben Bernie	Bill Hay	Sanderson and Crumit
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Colonel Stoopnagle & Bud	Little Jack Little	Carlyle Stevens
Russ Columbo	Guy Lombardo	Tastyeast Jesters
Bing Crosby	Vincent Lopez	Rudy Vallee
Louis Dean	Mary and Bob (of True Story)	James Wallington
Vaughn de Leath	John Mayo	Lew White
Peter Dixon & Aline Berry (Raising Junior)	Graham McNamee	Paul Whiteman
Three Doctors	Bill Munday	Julian Woodworth
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Radiographs

(Continued from page 42)

say anything 'bout us which was not a compliment and we sure appreciates it." Miss Baldrige considers this her nicest compliment.

And letters from her listeners also prove she knows the colored race because hardly a day goes by that a letter comparable to this one is not received, "Dear Dixie Girl: Mammy could very well have been my Beulah in Atlanta, or Mary Jane in Palmetto, or my Josephine in Jacksonville, and Josie could easily have been cute little Ollie May down in Georgia. You make me homesick for them each morning."

Summing it all up the "Dixie Girl" says she knows of no better words with which to express herself on her life's work than by quoting E. K. Means from the foreword in his book *More E. K. Means*, "I hold that a story containing dialect must necessarily have

many depressing and melancholy features. But dialect does not consist of perverted pronunciations and phonetic orthography. True dialect is a picture in cold type of the manifold peculiarities of the mind and temperament."

Like the author she also tries to preserve in her sketches a "true idea of the negro's shrewd observations, curious reports, quaint comments, humorous philosophy, and his unique point of view on everything that comes to his attention," for "Ethiopia is stretching out her hands' after art, science, literature, and wealth, and when the sable sons of laughter and song grasp these treasures, all that remains of the southern village negro will be a few faint sketches in Fiction's beautiful temple of dreams."

Marcella

(Continued from page 37)

WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, and WFI. Thomas Perkins can get Godfrey Ludlow every Tuesday afternoon at 5:00 over WEAF, WTIC and WTAM in the *May We Present* program. For the benefit of Dorothea Holt and Helen Morse, Smith Ballew is broadcasting from the Palm Island Club, Miami Beach. We owe this information to Stella Croopin who is president of The Smith Ballew Radio Fan Club. All those who are interested in joining may send their letters to Radio Digest and we shall forward them to Miss Croopin.

* * *

JEAN PAUL KING is married, Bernice. The cast of *Moonshine and Honeysuckle* comprises Clem (Louis Mason), Cracker (Ann Elstner), Tiny (Sarah Haden), Bones (Bradley Barker) and Gypsy (Therese Wiltner). If W. H. S. is patient, maybe we'll have something about these people in Radio Digest real soon. Allyn Joslyn is M. C. on the Fuller Brush and Nestle programs, Mary Spencer. The woman announcer on the Lucky Strike program was Nona Bryant and on occasion Helene Handin filled that role. Wallace Butterworth came from Philadelphia and it is possible that he did sell radio parts for a Philadelphia concern. The Royal Vagabonds are Reis and Dunn. Those who take part in the True Story Hour are: Cecil Secrest, Nora Stirling, Elsie Hitz, Helene Dumas, Ned Weaver,

Allyn Joslyn and Wm. Sims. Judge Gordon is Judson Strong. Lucille Showalter writes, "What do you think, Louis L. Kaufman hasn't been announcing since last July and you know that I'm heartbroken! He stopped announcing to give all his time to his law work and I think it's terrible!" So do others but won't it be nice to take all of your legal problems to Louis when he emerges from college with wig and gown. Thanks for the anecdotes, Lucille. Hope the Lopez article in March issue hit the right spot with you. Met Ford Bond after a Nellie Revell program at the NBC studios and right there in the corridor he sang his new song to me *Drifting 'Neath the Moon*. Words and music are by Mr. Bond. It goes "I am waiting for a night. . .", etc.

* * *

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

Leo Reisman

(Continued from page 9)

to the extent to which it does, it becomes great and serves its practical purpose—that of entertainment—which is the only purpose of art.

If all that I have been saying is true, then a great many of our jazz tunes that have met with popular acclaim because of their ability to entertain, must have artistic essence.

These things that have this artistic quality give us repeated pleasure. When we look at a beautiful picture we see more beauty in it every time we see it. The same with beautiful music, whether it be a symphony or a popular tune. We like it better as we hear it more, if it possesses real beauty in the first place.

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HERE THEY ARE

Following is the list of orchestra leaders identified according to number as shown on page 22.

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Irving Aaronson | 23. Sleepy Hall | 45. Bob Nolan |
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| 6. Sunny Brooks | 28. Arthur Jarrett | 50. Leo Reisman |
| 7. Earl Burnett | 29. Johnny Johnson | 51. Arthur Randall |
| 8. Carlton Coon | 30. Wayne King | 52. Dan Russo |
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| 21. Jimmy Green | 43. Vic Meyers | 65. Ralph Bennett |
| 22. Lloyd Huntley | 44. Jack Miles | 66. Eddie Neibaur |
| | | 67. Chauncey Parsons |

Postscript to VOL

AN AYLESWORTH ANSWERS

SINCE VOL has come to be a tug-of-war between the Vallee's and the Anti-Vallee's may I not have my say? You people who knock Rudy, do you ever stop to realize that a magazine must comply with the wishes of its readers if it hopes to succeed and when Radio Digest finds that two thirds of their readers relish news of Rudy Vallee, they are going to supply that demand and give them as much as possible. That is the way this publishing business is worked out you know. You have got to give them what they want. And just as Rudy Vallee has given his fans what they want and has reached the top in so doing; so too has Radio Digest given the fans what they want in a radio fan magazine and in so doing they too have reached the top. Get wise to yourself, you knockers and find a magazine that doesn't like Vallee and go to them with your troubles. They will appreciate them and you are only making a fool of yourself by writing to Radio Digest.—Virginia Aylesworth, Huntington, West Virginia.

ONE MORE FRIEND

JUST to let you know that I and my entire family read Radio Digest every month and are convinced that it is the cream of the crop of fan magazines. You are still miles ahead of the nearest competitor and though it seems that every one is starting to publish new radio papers and magazines. We like you very much. And your news of Rudy Vallee is one big reason.—Josephine Leary, 139-06 34th Rd., Flushing, L. I.

RUTH GOES TO BAT

MR. I. A. MARTIN, a true Vallee fan could never take that on the chin and like it so stand your ground and be pre-

pared to answer for your indiscretions. You are simply all up in the air because you dislike Rudy Vallee and while I do not think that Mr. Vallee gives two hoots whether you like him or not, I do, and as his defender in this case I am going to hawl you out good and proper. Rudy is the best of everything. Majority wins and his fans form a greater array than those of any other artist and so what you had better do is just forget all about him and turn the dial when he is on.—Ruth Ramsay, Petersburg, Ill.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 49)

Larry Spier, of Famous Music, will see that a good job is done in making the popular version. It must be played extremely briskly as befits its thought.

Stop the Sun, Stop the Moon

FEW songs have had the unusual and outstanding characteristics of the song I am about to discuss. Although I received a black and white copy of it sometime ago it was impossible for me to have it played for me, so I was in the dark as to its real possibilities until Ethel Merman raved about it one night as we stood waiting our turn to sing "My Song" in the "Scandals." She said it was one of the best pieces of material that she had had for years; of course I knew that that meant from the

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standpoint of her particular type of delivery the song was well suited to her.

After giving it a thorough try with the band I discovered that the song had unusual possibilities. Its composition is in minor, but that alone does not explain its unique tonality, and the odd impression it makes on all those who hear it for the first time. In fact, the Connecticut Yankees had quite a tussle with it until they gradually sensed the composer's idea of the rhythm and the melody.

The thought is most unusual. I notice the name of Mercer Cook as one of the three composers. Mercer is a young boy teaching French at Howard University in Washington, D. C., with whom I worked some four years ago in the writing of I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU, SWEET-HEART OF ALL MY DREAMS. I have not seen him in some time, though I know that he has been carrying on his academic work in Washington though his heart is really in music, being the son of Will Marion Cook, who has written so many popular tunes, and directed so many college shows.

One must really hear the song to appreciate it, as no amount of favorable description can bring home its unusual poignancy and its lovely thought. It is published by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, and we take about 55 seconds in the playing of a chorus.

What a Life!

I HAD wanted to talk about three novelty songs brought over from England by Jimmy Campbell, and Reg Connelly, writers of "Goodnight Sweetheart," "By the Fireside," "When the Organ Played at Twilight," "If I Had You," "Show Me the Way to Go Home," and, incidentally, England's biggest publishers. However, I will save them for the next issue of RADIO DIGEST, as they will just about be published by the time the next article comes out. The songs have all been placed with leading publishers, and one, if not all three, will cause many an otherwise dull radio program to sparkle with that something different which comes from an English novelty song, as only they write them.

In this last and final resting place in my article I feel that I should mention perhaps one of the most genuine of all songs that portray the feeling of one who has lost, either temporarily or permanently, the one they love. It stuck in my mind, days after Helen Morgan introduced it on the Fleischmann Hour with the composer of the melody, Lou Alter, accompanying her at the piano. I was rather surprised to receive on very fine stationery, in extremely fine handwriting, a note from a young lady, thanking me for the sincerity that I put

into the expression of the song as I sang it on the Fleischmann Hour a week ago.

It was not difficult for me to sing this song with sincerity, as it expressed my feeling of lonesomeness at the time. The song, however, is a fine example of a perfectly wedded melody and lyric. It off-times happens that an unhappy lyric is wedded to a happy melody, and vice versa. There is something about the rise and fall of this particular song which deserves commendation.

Particularly lovely is the thought in the middle, which says that all the lovely things they used to do were meant not for one but for two.

Just how much the song will be played by various bands I do not know, as it is not the type of song that most bands like to "go to town on," and like myself, most bands steer clear, wherever possible, from these extremely unhappy songs. It is a fine work, however, and those who like this type of song will find it a welcome addition to those already reposing on the piano.

It is called WHAT A LIFE, and was written by Charlotte Kent and Lou Alter, who has written "Manhattan Serenade," "Overnight," "I'm One of God's Children," "Blue Shadows," and a lot of piano solos.

We take a minute and ten seconds for the playing of it, and it is published by Harms, Inc.

George Olsen

(Continued from page 20)

gives the room an atmosphere of intimate coziness.

Once you are an addict to the Olsen music you instantly recognize it whether you see the orchestra or hear it on the air. And so you feel in a friendly presence when you sit down where you have decided to while away an idle hour if the Olsen band strikes up with one of its characteristic ditties. You know too that George will soon forget about his band and very probably will plop down in a chair at your table, or near you, for a cheery word or two.

But he'll stop talking when a certain little Dresden blonde glides out of the shadows into the spotlight and begins to sing. She will be announced as Ethel Shutta. Now to George that just means "the Missus" and his eyes never fail to sparkle with pride when she has the attention of the guests. A very devoted couple they are; and they find much of their happiness centered in two very little folks snuggled away in their cribs during these late hours of entertaining.

Just to remind you where to find these Olsens and their flock tune in your nearest Columbia station on a Tuesday, Thursday or Friday night from 11:30 to 12 o'clock, EST. It will be well worth your while.

Frank Parker

(Continued from page 23)

Hampton in "My Princess?" he asked the sponsor.

"Yes, but man alive, this is no time to ask me questions!" the worried sponsor returned.

"Wait—did you hear the singing of the tenor in that show—Frank Parker?"

The sponsor paused a second, then snapped his fingers in recognition. "Just the man," he cried, "Can you get him for me?"

Page boys went scurrying, telephones were humming, and messengers went searching until Frank was found in a small Italian restaurant around the corner from the theatre. He was practically carried bodily to the NBC studios, and there "cold," without an audition or rehearsal, he went on the air, to find himself, overnight, as had happened on the stage, a headliner.

Frank was born in New York, of Italian parentage, and music was his plaything even when he was a child. The other boys were in the streets playing and fighting, Frank was following a hurdy-gurdy around, or standing outside of picture houses to hear the music; and even as he says, "going to church to near the organ play."

AT De Witt Clinton High he went in for amateur theatricals, but never sang! He learned tap-dancing, and when he finished his high school course he was offered a small "bit," dancing in a show. He accepted with alacrity, because of the glamour held out by the theatre. After the run of that show, he went into the Greenwich Village Follies as a chorus boy. And because he felt happy for one day, so happy that he had to sing, Frank Parker has reached such a secure place on the ladder of fame, he admits that even if he should not be able to sing another note, he is financially secure for life.

His hobbies are two in number, and he has only one ambition. Frank aspires to operatic heights, and even now he is rehearsing an operatic score, for he feels that his opportunity might be "just around the corner." His hobbies are horse-back riding and flying. He intends taking his pilot's examination within a short time, and to "sort of keep in touch with the ground," as he puts it, he goes riding three times a week on a friend's estate on Long Island.

And, a point of information for the young ladies—Frank is twenty-six and unmarried. He has a fan club that boasts of members from all over the world, the South African division of the club having as its most choice possession, a complete set of his records and a recording of his voice with the A&P Gypsies.

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