

# Radio Digest

March

FEB 28 1933  
15 Cents



Mary Eastman

*Mrs. Winchell's Boy, Walter*

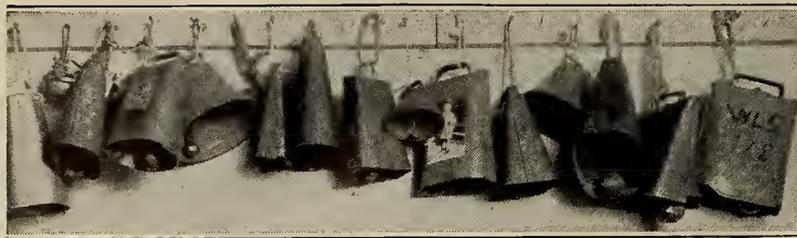
Tom Curtin



Nellie Revell



DeWolf Hopper



When the  
Cow Bells  
Ring...

# The Barn Dance Starts and the Crowds Come!

**Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!**

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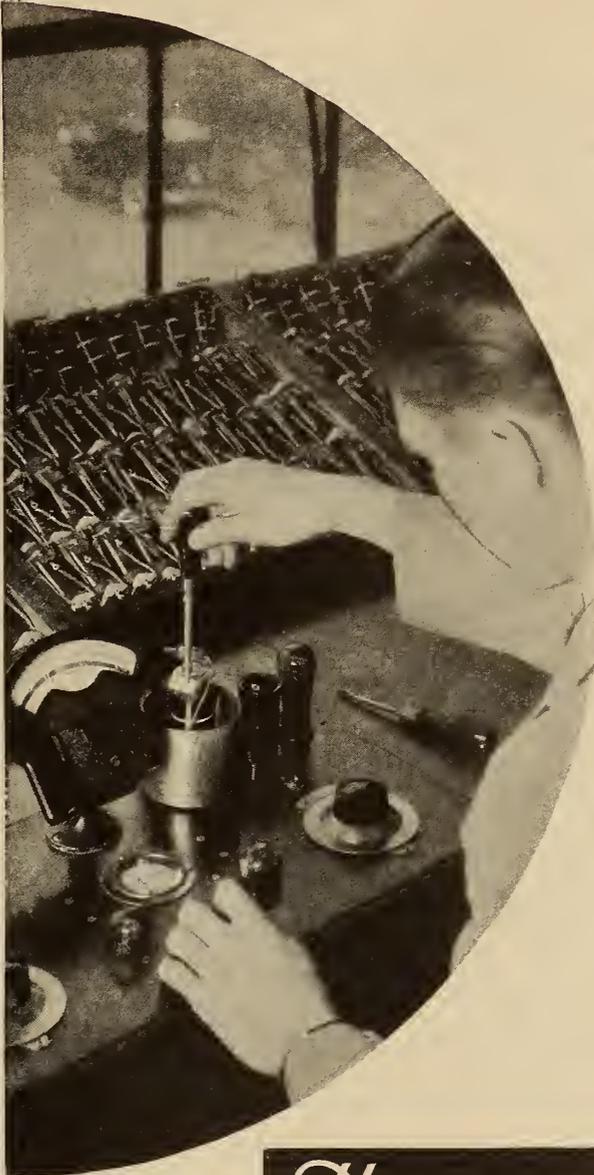
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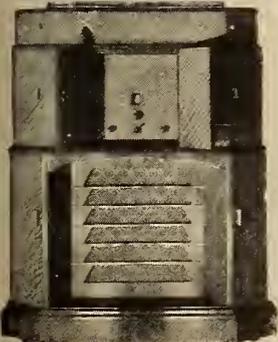
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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

# Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

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# TWISTS and TURNS

## *With Radio People and Programs*

BY HAROLD P. BROWN

SOMEbody asked an advertising man what he meant in his report when he said that one of the greatest handicaps to the success of radio advertising was the excessive tribute absorbed between the sponsor's bill and the artist's pay check. He replied by referring to a couple of incidents which he said were of his own personal knowledge. In the first case he said the vice-president of a big corporation visited a studio to see a broadcast for his concern. He finally shook hands with the orchestra leader and said:

"Well, sir, I'm glad to meet my \$3,000 baby in the flesh."

"Meaning me?" replied the orchestra leader.

"Sure! That's what we're billed for your services."

"That's strange," gasped the conductor, "I only get \$250."

"Huh? Then I'm going to find out who gets the \$2,750!" replied the v. p.

The other case was somewhat similar except the sponsor took occasion to count the men in the orchestra when he watched them play and discovered he was being charged for twice as many men as were there.

HEARD a good one the other day about this orchestra phenageling to take commercials while not belonging to a local union. It seems that a certain orchestra came into a New York spot with a commercial which it had been playing before it came from its previous booking. The leader put up a large sized sum "for unemployed musicians" but still there was a resounding squawk against him taking local money. Then bustles into town that thrifty little two-gun gent who manages a union in a Midwest City. "I know what the rules are," said he, "but you let my friend go ahead with his business here or when a certain old maestro comes to my town from your city he won't even be allowed to get off the train." And all was well from then on.

HEREIN you will read the latest about the Adventures of Jolly Bill and Jane who have been heard every morning for the past four or five years over an NBC network. Jolly Bill is all that he seems to be as you hear him,

and from Mr. Gregory's description. He's a friend to everybody, especially those who are in trouble. It came to us in a round-about way recently that he endorsed a note for a certain young announcer, and the announcer flew the coop leaving Jolly Bill to hold the bag for about \$500. Now he is getting down to brass tacks to put his adventures with Jane into book form to make up the hole that was knocked into his family budget. We hope to be able to announce before too long that he has produced the book, and that you may obtain a copy at your nearest book store.

MET that charming little singer, Miss Loretta Lee of New Orleans, who recently joined the George Hall orchestra, the CBS dance feature. She does not appear at all the rather blasé sophisticated type that her pictures would seem to convey. On the other hand she is a demure little teen girl. George had previously picked a singer for his band who happened to have the same name as another singer on CBS. Of course the obvious thing was to have the new girl change her name to avoid confusion. But this she refused to do. So Mr. Hall was quite disconsolate. He tramped around to night clubs with both ears opened trying to discover a voice that would fit into his schemes and dreams. No luck. Then one morning he dropped into a music publisher's office and sat at a table with his head in his hands when he heard in another room a voice—THE voice! It was exactly what he had been imagining. He was introduced to the singer, and the singer was Loretta Lee, 18 years old, who had come up for the day with her aunt from Philadelphia where she had been visiting. She had come to the publisher to find some of the latest songs. And so it happened. Every evening now her dad, a distinguished magistrate in the Crescent City, drops everything else to hear his daughter sing. And it is said he has even been known to dismiss court to catch her on the airwaves—and woe be to the luckless culprit at the bar who would stay his hand for such an important event!

THE age of sophistication seems to begin with some people at very tender years. Don Bestor, the missus

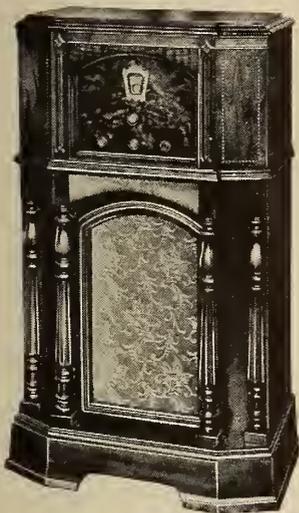
and their little daughter, Mary, have been living in hotels where Don has played ever since and before Mary was born six years ago. Mary is an only child. Her language and thought are almost mature. She is idolized by everyone lucky enough to know the Bestor family. The other day Don took Mary into the office of a music publisher where she immediately became the center of attraction. The publisher, surprised by the visit, was anxious to please her, and looked around for something that would be a suitable present. But Mary wanted nothing except her daddy's hand. Finally he took her into a stock room where there were heaps of music. "Let me give you some music," he pleaded. She laughed. "Music? Why my hair is full of it now!"

WAS honored by call from Edward Hale Bierstadt, the author and journalist, who writes the scripts for the Warden Lawes dramatic sketches "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing". It is interesting to know that Mr. Bierstadt has a remarkable library of practically everything that has been written about criminology. It probably is the greatest collection of books of this sort in the country, and the tomes go back to the middle of the Sixteenth Century. Prison authorities from all parts of the country consult this library, and that is how Warden Lawes happened to select Mr. Bierstadt to do the scripts from his well known book.

SHOULD husbands with literary trends try to write scripts for broadcasting wives? Ah, what a book that would make! Dined with the Clarks the other evening—the George Clarks. George is the city editor of the New York Mirror, brightest newspaper in Gotham; and the Missus, she's Kathryn Parsons or the Girl of Yesterday to most of you who hear her over the air. And she IS the good old fashioned girl of yesterday, too. Boy, she told the cook to take a walk for the afternoon, and what Kathryn did to a most gorgeous array of viands would make a French chef turn green with envy. And afterward we went into the cozy living room where we became interested in that new program for Miss Parsons. George had written the script. Kathryn sat down at the piano and went through it. Then Miss Nellie Revel suggested changes and alterations. And did Mr. George Clark find out how he rated as a script writer for a "Girl of Yesterday"! But the act was really fine, and so was the capon, and the toddy—and as we were leaving we saw a buxom dark lady returning from a long, long stroll up Harlem way.



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**CROSLLEY SEPTET**  
7 TUBES

Automatic Volume Control, which counteracts fading of distant stations and "blasting" of locals—Continuous (stepless) Tone and Static Control permitting adjustment of the tone quality to suit the individual and static adjustment—are brought to you in this 7-tube radio at a price that is nothing less than astoundingly low. The startling performance made possible by these features make this masterpiece the outstanding value in its price class. **\$29<sup>99</sup>** Complete Tax Paid



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Walter  
Winchell

"George M. Cohan glorified Broadway but it was Winchell who horrified it. When he first became a columnist, Broadway jeered him. Later, when he more than made good, Broadway cheered him. And now when he tries to make it behave, Broadway fears him."

Nellie Revell.

# Speaking of Mrs. Winchell's Boy,

# WALTER

*And Here is Where the Famous  
Gossip Gets an Orchid for Himself*

By NELLIE REVELL

IT PROBABLY isn't true—it sounds altogether too fantastic—but it is reported that the managing editor of a certain New York daily maintains a retreat unique in the annals of newspaperdom. It is a room off his suite of offices so safeguarded that once the editor has withdrawn there, all the public enemies of Chicago assembled in one formidable gang and equipped with machine guns, "pine-apples" and other agents of destruction couldn't penetrate it.

It is (mind you, I am only repeating what they say in Gotham newspaper circles) the m.e.'s impregnable place of refuge, to which he promptly retires whenever he is tipped off that a potential columnist is stalking him for a job!

Whether or not the managing editor really takes such elaborate precautions to elude columnists, I don't know of my own personal knowledge. But I do know another New York managing editor who feels similarly about column conductors. This m. e. is very outspoken on the subject; he has strong feelings in the matter and expresses them strongly. He finds American journalism in a shocking state, and what's more, he knows the cause. Perhaps, I had better quote him direct. Here is what he told me the other day:

"The greatest menace to journalism today is Walter Winchell. He is the instigator of all the bad features of modern reporting and his influence is downright pernicious. Not only has he degraded and contaminated the American press with his keyhole-peeping tactics, but his success has inflamed the whole world and his brother with a desire to become a columnist."

And this m. e. continued to say:

"Even editorial writers on our most conservative sheets are becoming in-

fectured with the Winchell virus. Why, it has got so that I expect almost any day now Adolph Ochs will issue the New York Times as a tabloid with love-nest pictures smeared all over the first page, blessed event forecasts direct from Park avenue boudoirs and all the other journalistic whoopee Winchell has invented.

"Those and some other things I might find it in my heart to forgive Winchell for, but I can never forgive him for creating in every man, woman and child—literate and illiterate alike—the desire to do a column."

And was his face red?

And can't you just hear Winchell tee-heeing?

NOW, I maintain that a man who can exert such an influence as that is some fellow. Even if he didn't do anything else than get the goat of the m. e. quoted, it's some achievement, believe me.

Still, I am impressed with the strength of one of his contentions. That is, the oversupply of column conductor candidates. It is apparent even to him who reads as he runs that this country has a great surplus of would-be Walter Winchells. Whenever anyone does anything different or distinctive, always a host of imitators spring up. Winchell's spectacular rise has naturally inspired others with the ambition to go and do likewise.

Oblivious to the emulators floundering along in his wake, Winchell goes on serenely, seeking and finding new worlds to conquer. Having achieved international fame as a Broadway chronicler and having been novelized, picturized, dramatized, satirized, scandalized and plagiarized, he has become

a broadcaster, bringing to the airwaves that distinction which makes his writings so notable.

As a newspaper writer Winchell is envied for his pungent paragraphs. In a few crisp sentences he unfolds the highlights of a story. The same technique he brings to his broadcasts, delivering terse facts in a sharp, slightly nasal tone of voice which holds the breathless attention of the listener whether he knows of the person he is discussing or not. Through the loud-speaker comes Winchell's dynamic personality, the spoken words casting their spell just as surely as his written ones.

Winchell is a glamorous personage. There is no doubt about that. He is an outstanding figure in American journalism with his readers numbered into the millions, his column being syndicated to hundreds of papers from coast to coast. To his reading public he has now added untold millions who hear him when he takes to the air over a vast NBC network of stations. By eye and by ear a whole nation follows his every word.

He is a tireless digger of news. His gossip of today is the news of tomorrow. The despair of his competitors, he has created a new style of newspaper work—the intimate, personal Paul Pry type of reporting where nothing is sacred. Discerning that coming events always cast their shadows before them, Winchell invented "blessed event," and became the best press agent the stork ever had. And they do say that there are people violating Margaret Sanger's injunctions this year who never did before because they realize that anticipating a blessed event is about the only sure way of breaking into Winchell's column.

It was he who gave Broadway such lines as "The Great Gag Way." "The

Highway of Heartaches" and "The Bulb Belt," "Middle-aisle," "Renovate," "Two-Times Square," "Whoopee," "Is My Face Red," "That Way," "Sensayuma," "Magnut," "Hollywood-head," "Giggle Water," "Joy Soup," "The Great God Gag." He coins phrases with a dexterity that is awe-inspiring. Certainly, he has added considerably to the picturesqueness of the American vocabulary—and it isn't all "slanguage," either. But some folks, mostly foreigners, experience difficulty decoding some of Walter's words. For instance, there was that famous English dramatist and man of letters who came to the New York World before its lamented passing to serve as guest dramatic critic.

**B**Y NIGHT the distinguished visitor reviewed shows but a certain portion of each day he set aside for the study of Winchell's work in the newspapers and magazines. Finding the task of translating into English understandable to himself such phrases as "they were that way about each other" too much for his efforts, even with the aid of glossaries and slang dictionaries, the noted novelist enlisted the services of a Broadway habitue, whom he called his "Winchell interpreter." With this worthy's help, he perused Winchell with renewed interest and mounting enthusiasm, writing back home to literary friends—and, no doubt, the London Times—long letters about "the quaint expressions of that chap, Winchell." He became one of Walter's greatest admirers, and before he returned to England he made sure of his subscription to the New York paper furnishing the Winchell service. He wanted, he said, "to keep abreast with the newest words and phrases in America."

George M. Cohan glorified Broadway but it was Winchell who horrified it. When he first became a columnist, Broadway jeered him. Later, when he more than made good, Broadway cheered him. And now when he tries to make it behave, Broadway fears him.

What manner of man is this Walter Winchell, the Wag of the Great White Way? Well, Winchell isn't the hard boiled news-hound he must appear to some of his readers and hearers. Nor has his blood turned to printer's ink, as some of his enemies insist. His hair has turned gray, though, and right now there are lines of sadness in his face, reflecting grief over the recent loss of his adored little daughter, Gloria. Her taking was one of the greatest tragedies in Winchell's life.

Perhaps a technocrat can figure it out, but to the ordinary mortal it isn't quite clear from survey of Winchell's origin and background just how he got that way. He is a native New Yorker and

was born in 1897. He attended public school No. 184, and then seems to have been educated in the University of Hard Knocks. Early in life he was attracted to the theatre and became an usher in a movie house. Later he bobbed up on the stage in one of Gus Edwards' kid acts, a contemporary of Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Georgie Price et al. He graduated from a child performer into a song and dance entertainer, playing the small-time vaudeville circuits, a wise-cracking hooper.

Winchell broke into the writing game conducting a column of news and gossip on a theatrical weekly called the Vaudeville News. The Palace Theatre, New York—then the Mecca of big-time vaudeville acts—was his habitat. Armed with a kodak he took snapshots of the actors haunting that neighborhood and ran them in his paper, thus adding to the pleasure and prestige of all concerned. In those days it used to be said, "Winchell took snapshots of the little shots and made them feel big." Now it is said of him, "Winchell takes potshots at the big shots and makes them feel small."

Anyway, Winchell's column on the Vaudeville News caught the eye of the publisher of the New York Graphic, then starting as an evening tabloid. He was engaged as the dramatic editor and columnist, instantly attracting attention by the brilliance of his comments and the individuality of his work. His star was in the ascendency as newspaper history was in the making. The Daily Mirror came into being, reached out and snatched away its star—and The Graphic went into the decline which ended in its death.

The new note that Winchell sounded caught on outside the metropolis and

soon he was one of the most widely syndicated feature writers in the country. After that—the deluge. Offers poured in for stage, screen and radio appearances; for lectures and Heaven alone knows what, while editors of magazines and newspapers waited in line to get his signature on the dotted line. From \$25 a week on the Vaudeville News his salary shot up in leaps and bounds until now nobody but Walter and his bankers know what his weekly income is. Broadway figures it anywheres from \$5,000 to \$10,000 weekly.

What the lesson is to be learned from Winchell's success is for some one else to say. Personally, I think it proves that truth and honesty and enterprise pay, for Winchell is our most industrious exponent of fearless journalism. And it is quite patent that he gives the public what it wants. That makes for circulation and circulation makes for advertising. And advertising prevents newspapers from merging—and submerging—and that keeps many newspapermen from joining the breadlines.

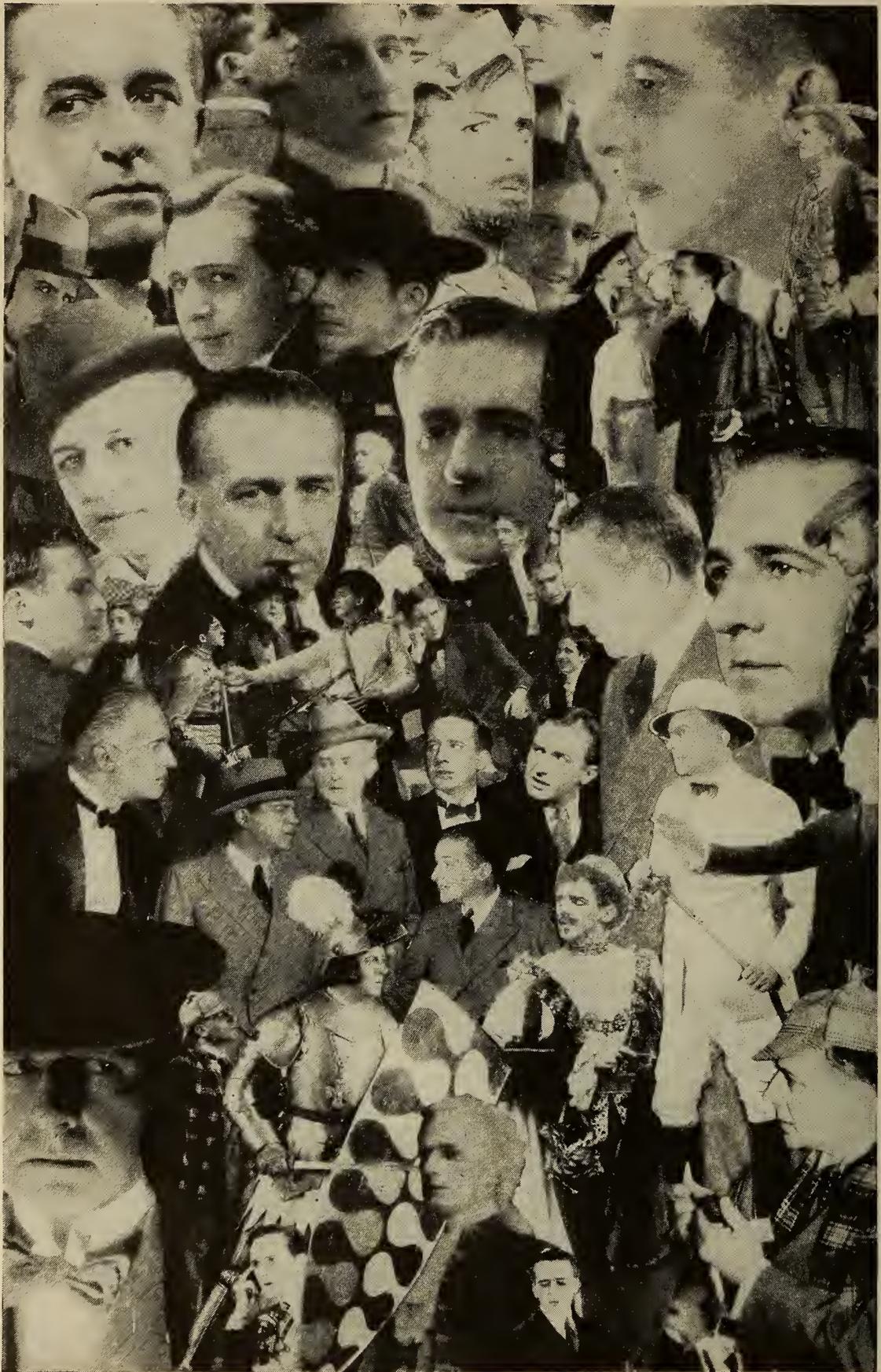
One of the outstanding characteristics of Walter's, which I admire so much, is his ability to take a joke on himself. He frequently quotes terrible things people say about him—for instance, he printed in his own column an epitaph suggested by some self-appointed critic, "Here lies Winchell—at last the dirt's on him." But knowing Walter as well as I do, if I might presume to offer an epitaph (and I hope that it will be a long, long time before one is needed), since he has outdistanced all the rest of us so far, I can think of nothing more fitting than Dorothy Parker's old quip, "*Excuse My Dust.*"



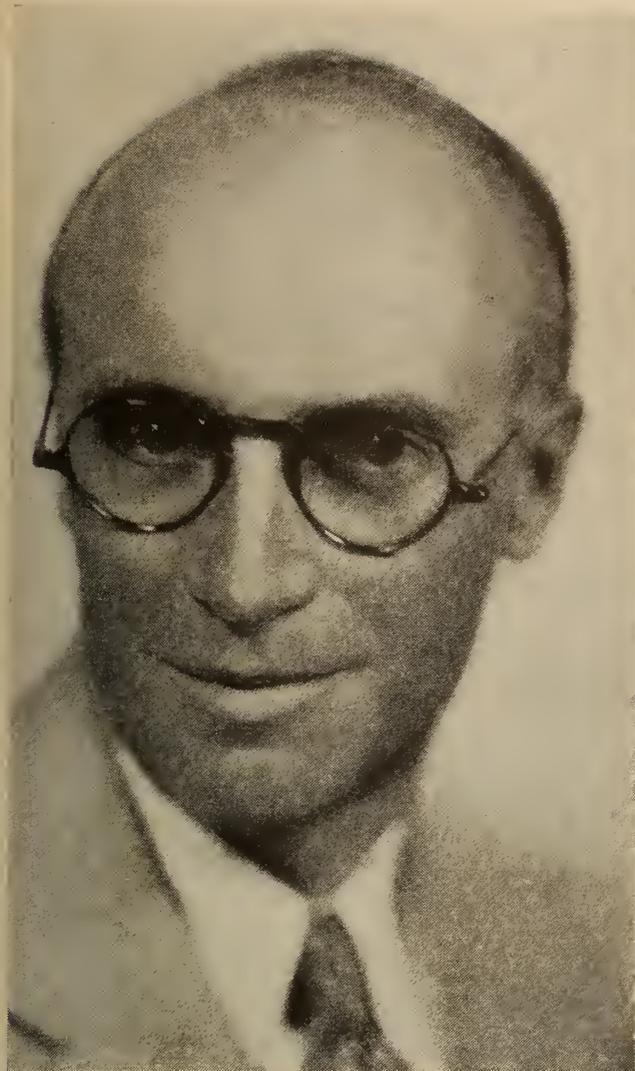


Alice Joy

**T**HE wandering Miss Joy is quickly regaining the wide popularity she gained while on a tobacco program over NBC network a year ago. Her deep, rich voice led a new type to the airwaves.



PUZZLE PICTURE. Shut your eyes and put your finger on the above picture and you will find it touching a photo of Richard Gordon, who plays the part of "Sherlock Holmes" on the air. Sure, they're all Mr. Gordon!



# Charlie Chan

Biggers' Chinese Detective is a Family Man with 11 Children

By TOM CURTIN

Tom Curtin who thinks Charlie Chan greatest detective character since Sherlock Holmes. Curtin has dramatized the story for radio.

whom millions of people have learned to smile with and struggle through cases with—and love.

Such is the vitally human and companionable character that Earl Derr Biggers has created on the printed page. Such is the Charlie Chan that I seek to send into your homes when I dramatize him into the Charlie Chan Mystery Serial which makers of Esso and Essolube put on the air every Friday evening in their Five Star Theatre.

My first work in adapting for the radio such a story as "The Black Camel" or "The Chinese Parrot", is to break it up into six or seven radio plays, each practically complete in itself with strong plot build and climax and yet at the same time a link in a steady serial build. There must be action and suspense in the story—and above all Charlie Chan must give voice to those quaint gems of philosophy and humor that are so essentially a part of his character.

THE next man who has a chance to ruin the Charlie Chan of Earl Derr Biggers' creation is Walter Connelly—who happens to do just the opposite. The advertising agency responsible for putting Charlie Chan on the air is one of the most experienced in radio dramas, and this agency did a vast amount of voice testing to make certain it would get the most capable actor for an exceedingly difficult role—with all its lights and shades and dependence upon genuine acting, rather than upon weird sound effects or sudden cries coming out of nowhere and going to the same place. As the man who writes these

*(Continued on page 47)*

TWO types of detectives have always interested me above others—the true ones out of police records, and the fiction ones that have outstanding characterization. In my opinion the outstanding character of detective fiction since Doyle created Sherlock Holmes is Charlie Chan, Chinese detective of and from Honolulu, created by Earl Derr Biggers.

As a detective Chan is unique in mystery fiction. I've never met another one anything like him—in books. I have met some detectives in real life who remind me at times of Chan, and vice versa. Among other qualities, Charlie possesses those of a human being—rarity among fiction sleuths. There are three dimensions to him; he's not just a gadget in one more puzzle story. He even "wallows in bafflement" at times—as he puts it. His detective mind is not stored with universal and infinite knowledge. And when he has to get from where he is to where he suddenly ought to be he employs some recognized means of transportation—and doesn't affect the geographical alteration by clapping his hands or whanging a frying pan.

Like some of the best detectives I know in real life Charlie has a home to go to at the end of the day, or at the end of the case. In that home his own family—he has eleven children—make him "rub his head in wonderment". All his life Chan has worked hard to speak fine English, blended with flowers of Oriental language and philosophy—with the result that when his oldest boy Henry breezes in and asks, "What's the dope on that actress bumped off, dad? When do you expect to grab the guilty party?", Charlie is reluctantly compelled to realize that this flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood has been Americanized to a painful extent. He has always been proud of the fact that his youngsters are American citizens—but perhaps because of this very fact they seem to be growing away from him.

Charlie loves that family of his. Charlie loves folks everywhere. He has big broad understanding; an unbeatable sense of humor; he doesn't take himself too seriously; delightfully he applies thousands of years of human philosophy in a quaint, witty simple way to the everyday problems that are yours and mine; and he always keeps his nerve and his head. That is the Charlie Chan

# Most Listeners

## LOVE a POET

POETS are having their day in this radio era. Never, even in the romantic age of Elizabeth, have they had such a hearing. Edgar A. Guest was one of the first to get into the charmed circle of the radio home. Then David Ross of CBS began to win plaudits. More recently the Sunday set

sitters have been feeling the motional sway of rhythmic lines written and read by Edna St. Vincent Millay, who presented one series and before it was concluded was engaged to present a second over the NBC-WJZ network. And she probably might have gone on broadcasting her delightful sonnets if she had

not previously made arrangements to sail for Africa.

It was something of a surprise to the program managers at NBC when mail came in from all parts of the country praising Miss Millay's readings, and asking for more. It was a revelation. Here are a few of the letters received:

A post card read: "I am an old woman of ninety-four and I cried when I heard you read the Harp Weaver. It was good."

From the prairies: "Sunday no longer seems just like the day before Monday."

And a girls' college: "Sunday night will be a greater treat than ever. A great crowd of us are going to squeeze into the only room containing a radio in this hall, and by putting the ear-phones in a glass pitcher (to make a forbidden loud-speaker) none of us will miss a thing."

A Seattle hospital patient awaiting an operation: "No matter what may happen to me tomorrow morning, this day—Christmas of 1932—has been perfect. Thank you for your share in making it so."

ONE Chicago woman: "Poetry should be read to a few, and one is enough. Though we who listen to you on the radio are many thousand, each may feel that you are reading to him alone. I could not bear to be in the midst of those who whisper comments, exchange too-pleased looks. When I listen to a symphony or to poetry I wish to be quite alone with the voice, with the song."

"The Last Sonnet" and "Fatal Interview" were leading the list of favorites in the majority of letters. Miss Millay's broadcasts over NBC networks were her only public appearances this season.



Edna St. Vincent Millay who won encore engagement to read her verses and sonnets at NBC, New York.



# STAGE VET

Makes Good  
in Radio  
at

# 74!

By MARK QUEST

**I**T WAS mid-afternoon of a rather dismal day when we met by appointment in the historic Lambs club, the actor's haven on Forty-fourth street a short distance from Broadway in New York. I had not seen DeWolf Hopper for years, and then it had been across the footlights in a Chicago theatre. But I knew him instantly as he came out of the dining room to welcome me.

A tall and knightly person, his face aglow with a paternal smile. I am no spring chicken but this club had been home to him from days long before I was born. He had enjoyed every honor the club has to bestow. We stepped out of the elevator into the big comfortable lounge, and strolled toward some big leather seats in a window corner. And I paused in passing to note a bronze bust.

"Yes, you guessed it," smiled my host. "That was Hopper about thirty years ago." I marveled.

"And now radio has made you like that again. It must be a rather startling experience, to feel that you had sort of graduated from the thrills that come in the prime of life suddenly to discover that again you are being acclaimed by a clamoring public."

He looked at me from the depth of his Turkish chair with a twinkle in his eye.

"It's downright funny about my voice performing that way," he said. "I can't believe it myself. When a man gets to be 74 he figures that he has about seen everything he's going to see in a life

*DeWolf  
Hopper*



Photo by Harold Stine

of experiences. But here I am, sort of a new wonder. Wife and I have been constantly associated for years. Do you think she ever noticed before that I had a voice? Never! And, say, I just got a letter from her. She's in Chicago. She's raving about my voice in this *Roses and Drums* program, you hear over CBS. You know I started broadcasting in Chicago, then I had to come here for the opening of Radio City Music Hall."

"**A**RE you going to go ahead with radio in a big way?" I asked.

"A lot depends on the stories they are going to give me, I suppose," he replied. "It seems my voice is as vigorous and powerful as ever. Those deep tones I sometimes use for tense dramatic moments take off strong over the mike. Why I'm even getting careful about protecting my throat—like a prima donna, and I never did that before. Imagine me bundling my throat up!"

He chuckled and sounded his deepest notes, "the vengeance of God!" It was a deep rumble, and yet so distinct in enunciation, I could hardly believe it had come from a human throat without some mechanical trickery in lowering the vibration frequencies. Mr. Hopper had appeared for a one-time broadcast as

guest artist in Chicago. He performed so well, that the sponsor of the program engaged him for a series, and then renewed the contract. People wrote letters from all parts of the country delighted with his radio personality. One woman in Tennessee sent him a long poem her husband had written about the Grand Canyon, and thought the veteran actor with his remarkable voice was the ideal person to read it. He may find an opportunity to do it some time. He was enthusiastic over its beauty.

"There were 52 lines," he said, "and it was the most splendid description of the grandeur of Grand Canyon I have ever read. It ended with lines to the effect that the colors in the walls of the canyon had been painted by 'a million sunsets.'"

"Have you any particular choice in the subjects you would like to broadcast?" I asked.

"Yes, there are certain historic characters that appeal to me and my sense of the dramatic. For example I would like to take part in a presentation of 'The Red Robe.' And I have been thinking of a character in the Civil War whom I consider an excellent subject for a radio drama."

We talked of the educational value of these historical plays, and what they could mean to the younger generation. He talked with the keen alertness of

*(Continued on page 46)*



Rosa Ponselle who was first to sing on the new General Electric series of the world's greatest singers.



Lily Pons quickly won her way into American hearts after her operatic debut in 1930. She, too, is on the General Electric series.

# SOLD to

*Haughty Stars of  
For Mere Radio Gold*



Lawrence Tibbett as Emperor Jones. (For two seasons with Firestone.)

# the *TRADE!*

## Opera Barter Voices

### —Thanks to Sponsors!

**M**ONEY seems to be the magic that brings all things to those who have it. You can't blame the great artists for doing the best they can with their talents. On the other let's clap hands for the monied sponsors who compensate the great operatic stars for singing to the radio listeners. Tribute has already been paid for the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. And last month *Radio Digest* tossed a bouquet to *Firestone* for its contribution of *Tibbett and Crooks*. We have asked General Electric to tell us about their presentation of their galaxy of great singers, and here is the story:—Editor.

**W**HILE various types of programs and a great many personalities come and go on the air, the listening audience throughout the country has indicated year after year its appreciation of the programs given by concert and opera stars of the first rank. Beginning on December 25, the General Electric Company, whose Sunday afternoon circle concerts were a high spot of last season's broadcasts, inaugurated its new program which this year, features the outstanding singers of the world.

The 1933 series differs in some respects from the programs of last season. To begin with the concerts started more than a month later than in 1932 and it is unlikely that they will continue as long. They are heard this year in the evening instead of the afternoon and the guest stars, instead of including a score of artists, number less than a dozen.

In planning the present program, however, the producers have selected the most notable singers available and will present each of them at least twice, some as many as five and six times. They have made their selections carefully and the programs will include not only the operatic arias for which each star is most famous but will introduce new songs ranging from the old favorites to the lighter arias from operettas and in some cases even from musical comedies.

Starting with Rosa Ponselle, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera

Company, who sang on Christmas night the program has thus far presented Lily Pons, Lucrezia Bori, Tito Schipa, John McCormack and Giovanni Martinelli. All of them will sing again and several new artists, as yet unannounced, will be added to the cast as the season progresses.

Selecting the artists for such a program is a difficult matter. Months elapsed after negotiations were started before final arrangements were completed and the dates determined. It was necessary to consider the concert engagements over the country of each artist as well as their appearances at the opera and in concert in New York.



John McCormack on the General Electric Sunday series as he appeared at a moment of leisure in the NBC studios.



John Charles Thomas, American baritone, declared by many leading critics to be the greatest baritone on the air.

Other radio appearances were taken into consideration and in the end contracts were signed involving a sum that ran into six figures, but guaranteed a perfection unequalled on the air.

Miss Ponselle is perhaps the most popular of American prima donnas, she is a favorite throughout the country and  
(Continued on page 30)

# LOU KATZMAN

## Pioneer Carpet CONDUCTOR

By HAL TILLOTSON

**“W**HO IS this fellow, Lou Katzman?” asked a stranger who walked into the studios of CBS. “I’ve been listening to him on the air for ten years and, by golly, I’d like to meet him!”

Perhaps you folks who twist your radio dials in search of good entertainment have also wondered just who this fellow is that you’ve been hearing on the air since radio first began. Although known to everyone in radio, it is little wonder that fans do not know so much about him. That’s because he has not been publicized like so many other radio luminaries. Yet, he has been on so many programs that it would take a full page in RADIO DIGEST to list them all.

Lou Katzman has performed so extensively on the air it is difficult to know just where to begin telling you about him. As an orchestra conductor, musical arranger and a creator of programs he has been active in radio since the days he broadcast the first commercial over WEAJ when the studios were located at 195 Broadway. When radio prospered and moved uptown, Katzman moved with it. From that time on he has been prominent in broadcasting activities.

Yes sir, a true veteran of radio is Mr. Katzman, and a regular pioneer. He has introduced many of the novel program ideas which radio has featured during its rapid climb to prominence as a medium of entertainment. Perhaps he did not get due credit for all of his ideas, but if he did it would certainly be miraculous for in this business one is liable to create an idea only to have it “lifted”. Ask anyone in radio. But, whether he has received his just dues or not, it is sufficient to say that he has accom-

Side glance at this ace radio orchestra conductor Lou Katzman



plished much during his ten years in broadcasting.

Although he is at present appearing on the popular Lucky Strike programs and the Sunday night Linit Bath Club Revues with the witty Fred Allen, his past achievements should be interesting to the average radio listener.

**W**HETHER you will blame Lou Katzman for this or not depends upon your like or dislike for theme songs—but he was the first to introduce original signature music on a radio program. This one innovation started a vogue that has undoubtedly helped many a radio artist to stardom.

Who doesn’t remember the famous Anglo-Persians and their “Magic Carpet”? This program was on the air from 1924 to 1930. As you doubtless will recall this was one of the most popular features radio has ever presented. ’Twas Katzman who directed that program and now, by strange coincidence, he is on another equally popular “Magic Carpet” program of today.

And speaking of the Katzman programs, here are a few of them just for the records: The Hoover Sentinels,

The Michelin Tiremen, Temple Radio, Paramount Publix, Brunswick, Regal Shoes, Brown Shoe Company, Liberty Magazine, Quaker State Oil, United Drug, Musical Varieties—just a few among many. So you can readily see that Katzman has had a little to do with your radio entertainment.

One would naturally presume that anyone who has been as active in the creation and presentation of radio programs as Lou Katzman has been would certainly have developed some new radio talent. Well, just so you won’t be disappointed, Katzman has been responsible for many youthful artists getting their chance on the air and on phonograph records.

Among the vocalists who started under his direction and who have since won fame on the ether waves are: Jessica Dragonette, Frank Parker, The Cavaliers and Reis and Dunn. Such orchestra leaders as Vincent Lopez, Harold Stern, Enric Madriguera, George Hall and Ozzie Nelson owe a debt of gratitude to Katzman for their starts in the business.

Andy Sanella and Bert Hirsch are among the musicians whom he has

(Continued on page 48)

# KEN MURRAY

## Be Komical?

### He KEN!

By George Harve Corey

**T**HIS may sound like a made-up story, but it is not. A few weeks ago the bulls of the radio world came into the market for funny men. Close to half a dozen big sponsors dangled luscious awards for laugh builders who could click one hundred per cent. The whole pot of radio entertainers gurgled and turned over itself to land the precious contracts in the offing. Straining and re-straining, examining and re-examining the contents of the pot failed to bring anything out of the soup that satisfied the sponsors as being surefire. One by one, agents and program directors combed through the pile. There were plenty of big show names, but who knew anything about their ability on the air? There were plenty of well known teams and singles but where was the material to feed them on the air? Most of them failed to satisfy on that count. Harking the words of Al Jolson, who said, "the radio eats up material like a leaping bonfire," sponsors and agents sat in gloom wondering what they could do about it.

Now this dilemma faced not one, but several sponsors. We will forget about all save one and focus upon the gloomy gentlemen faced with the job of arranging a program for Royal Gelatin. Theirs was a hard one to beat. With one high mark of the coffee hour featuring Cantor and Rubinoff to shoot at, their plight was far from enviable. Then came the part that sounds like a fiction tale.

The room was quiet. Not a sound save the steady ticking of the clock that brought the eventual hour of the broadcast nearer with each tick.

The gag writer's face looked like a funny picture in the undertaker's weekly. The music arranger couldn't hum if it meant saving his life. A wisecrack would have brought its perpetrator sudden death by violence. The door opened with a loud bang and a big, black cigar

loomed up in the space where the door had been. Around the cigar were wrapped a pair of thick, boyish lips. Behind the cigar was a massive, red face that took the gloomy ensemble more than one glance to cover thoroughly. The head behind the face was big and well formed and two hundred and twenty pounds of human being held it six feet, three inches, off the floor. The door frame was pretty well filled with this picture when one of the lugubrious



gents piped up, "Who are —". That was as far as he got. The cigar rolled, then pitched, and the big face erupted into a volcanic smile. A bass horn voice boomed out, "I'm Ken Murray!"

What followed was like a radio sponsor's dream. More an answer to a prayer than anything else was this vision in the doorway. The big cigar, still unlit, wagging up and down like a dog's tail as he talked, Ken told the boys what he had on his mind. Like a mighty trip hammer he drove home his story in a cold "take it or leave it" manner. It took no selling to convince the boys of his ability. Ten years on vaudeville, six years a headliner on the Keith circuit, musical comedy roles and important moving picture parts were his big guns and his listeners knew he had scored with all of them. Then, like the pink elephants on the wall arose the old bugaboo—material. Ken laughed, louder and harder than ever, and said, "Wait a minute, boys, take a squint at this." All two hundred and twenty pounds of him, led by the wagging cigar, disappeared through the door. When it reappeared it was carrying fifteen pounds under each arm—thirty pounds of paper and every ounce of it was radio material. Six to eight months' supply of laughs for a half hour program every week! It seemed too good to be true.

Now a lot of strange things happen around radio offices but never things  
(Continued on page 47)



Ken Murray and his "straight," pretty Helen Charleston. Now they say these two may switch programs in the near future.

*New York Girl Flivvers Down to the*

# Valley

of

# Death

By Ruth Cornwall

**F**OR two and a half years the drawling voice of the "Old Ranger" has been spinning yarns of Death Valley, of mule teams, mining camps, and pioneer days.

Hardly a week passes but what the Pacific Coast Borax Company—sponsors of the "Death Valley Days" program—receive a letter from some old prospector, or 20 mule teamster, or desert rat, telling how true to life these stories are, and sending greetings to the Old Ranger, who, they feel sure, they must have known at some time out there. Occasionally one of these old timers turns up in New York and seeks out the Old Ranger, to reminisce with him about the early days. They are genuinely flabbergasted when they discover that the author of these yarns is a New York girl who up to the time she started writing the Death Valley series had never seen anything of the West except from the windows of a Pullman train.

The Pacific Coast Borax Company had faith that an Easterner—a city girl—could write the series. All they asked was that she go out and spend a month or so in the desert, talking with old timers, visiting historic spots, and "getting the feel of the Valley" generally.



Here Miss Cornwall of New York is shown poking at the remains of a defunct automobile that strayed down into Death Valley and never came out. Note the long coats and gloves.

Let me say right here that a Ford certainly gives one the "feel" of the Valley! On my first trip in 1930, we covered over a thousand miles of desert road. Last year, on my second visit to Death Valley, our speedometer ticked off over two thousand miles.

**T**HE Borax Company placed at my disposal a chauffeur, guide and escort, a man who has lived in the desert all his life, and has worked for the Borax Company for fifty years. One W. W. Cahill, superintendent of the Tonopah and Tidewater Railway, that runs across the Amargosa Desert, east of Death Valley.

In our party also—to provide local color and some good stories—were Frank Tilton, one of the original 20 mule teamsters, and Johnny Mills, fam-

ous as a prospector and raconteur—or, as his friends put it, "one of the biggest liars in Death Valley."

Our headquarters were at Furnace Creek Inn—the unique and delightful hotel built a few years ago by the Borax Company in the very heart of Death Valley. Between sightseeing expeditions and script writing, I could ride horseback, swim in

the Inn's outdoor pool, play golf at Furnace Creek Ranch 300 feet below sea level, and watch the wild burros that came grazing up to the palm garden.

From the Inn we set forth in the Ford on trips that took us anywhere from a day to three days.

To Death Valley Scotty's, where that amazing gentlemen entertained us royally over night in his \$5,000,000 desert castle—baked us mince pies with his own hands—and showed me \$5,000 in bills cached away in the sock he was wearing.

"And don't forget," he said, "I wear a second sock." Scotty threatens to build a broadcasting station in his desert home and broadcast his own programs. They would be lively entertainment, but I'm afraid the censors would intervene. For Scotty's language is picturesque, to say the least. Several of his exploits,



"Desert Charlie," a typical "desert rat," and his burrow companions. Some day he may strike another gold mine and become a millionaire.

Fraser's Foto

(including the famous run from Los Angeles to Chicago on a special train that smashed all records, past, present and future) were dramatized in the "Death Valley Days" program.

To Goldfield once a rip-snorting boom town of 30,000 people. Now a desert settlement of 300 souls. In the Goldfield Hotel, I listened while old timers recalled strikes, celebrities, bad men, claim jumping, and the famous Gans-Nelson fight promoted by Tex Rickard back in 1905.

To Tonopah, where the old newspaper files were a gold mine of thrilling stories. Where on the Main Street still stand some of the old granite blocks which were used in drilling contests on Fourth of Julys gone by.

Fourth of July was a great occasion in those days. In Calico—one of the early Borax camps—old timers recalled for me with relish the time when one of their number was accidentally drowned in beer. The victim's playful friends had poured bottle after bottle down his throat as he lay, smoking and unconscious, on a pool table during a Fourth of July celebration. Regrettable? Not at all. He had always hoped he would not die sober.

To Rhyolite, ghost camp, where the pretentious shell of the old railroad station reminds one of the days when this was a thriving city. To the famous Bottle House, built entirely of empty whiskey, beer and champagne bottles. A solitary prospector lives there now. He has no radio, but he provided me with yarns that later appeared as radio dramas.

To Las Vegas, Nevada, that has become a "rootin' tootin' town" since work was started on Boulder Dam nearby. A typical Western frontier town—saloons, dancehalls, hash houses, gambling joints. No Monte Carlo or Agua Caliente Casino here. Men in mud-caked boots, corduroy pants and flannel shirts come

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*EVERYONE who listens at all to his radio has at some time or another—or perhaps he's a regular—listened to the exciting adventures that have occurred in the Death Valley episodes over the NBC network from Chicago. It may surprise some that a New York City girl is the author of the scripts. But she does not write from mere fancy. She has made two trips down into Death Valley to meet the inhabitants, and get the "feel" of surroundings. In the accompanying article Miss Cornwall sketches some of her experiences.*

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to Johnny Horden's to gamble their week's pay away. Johnny lets the down and outers sleep on the tables, on the floor, and in the morning gives them each four bits for breakfast. Johnny has a radio and says he got the kick of his life when he heard a story about himself broadcast later on the "Death Valley Days" program.

**A**CROSS the Valley, through the Panamints to the ghost camps of Skidoo and Ballarat, where a few old prospectors still live with their burros and recall the good old days.

To Greenwater, where water used to sell for a dollar a gallon, and Tiger Lil was the queen of the camp.

To the "Mesquite Club" at Shoshone, where the desert rats gather and swap garus. There I met Shorty Harrie, dean of the Death Valley prospectors, who made the famous strike at Bullfrog. Shorty presented me with samples of Bullfrog gold ore and stories galore.

To Bishop, where we spent an evening talking with one of the old-time sheriffs, known as "the sheriff who never carried a gun."

To the original Borax works long

since abandoned. And to the Borax mines of today. To Indian villages, desert shacks, prospectors' camps—always with note book in hand.

I found the men and women of the desert, without exception, friendly, kindly, hospitable, always ready to talk. Living their lives out in all that space and silence, they have learned how to think. They have well-found opinions. They have time to sit and philosophize and reminisce. They know how to laugh too. Nobody enjoys a good joke more than a desert rat.

As I write the "Death Valley Days" scripts here in New York, I know that many of the people that I met and talked with out there will be listening. For there are radios in the most remote spots of the desert. I write with those listeners in mind. I will be going back to Death Valley again one of these days, and they will



The \$5,000,000 Castle of Death Valley Scotty where he walks around with \$5,000 cash in his sock . . . "and don't forget," he says, "I wear a second sock."

not hesitate to tell me if I have failed in any way to re-create the atmosphere, the characters and the stories of Death Valley.

So far they are satisfied. Which goes to prove that the Borax Company was right in insisting that whoever writes the programs should know the Valley and its people at first-hand.

# Adventuring

with

## JOLLY BILL *and* JANE

By William H. Gregory

(Illustrations by Jolly Bill Steinke)

**H**AVE you ever battled with the ferocious warriors of the King of the Moon and beat them back even after they had hurled thousands of poisoned arrows at you? Have you ever explored the floor of the seven seas, on the back of your own private whale with a hired gangster shark as your bodyguard? Have you ever rescued a princess held captive in a mountain castle and then fought your way through jungles filled with wild beasts to return her to her lover, just through sheer love of adventure?

If you have not participated in recent adventures of this kind you have missed the thrills enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of American boys and girls daily. They are the thrill hunters who breathlessly follow the hair raising adventures of Jolly Bill and Jane over the Blue Network of the National Broadcasting Company. Their concern for the safety of their heroes is genuine and their loyalty absolute. This is proven a couple of times each month when things look black for Jane and Bill, for then their mail doubles and they are swamped with advice scrawled with childish pens telling them just how to escape from their difficulty.

Their program is one that wears well. It is always alive with action and mystery and in all the present day land of make-believe there is no more popular figure than Jolly Bill Steinke, himself the originator of the series just starting its fifth year.

That he is beloved by his little listeners seems natural to those who know him. He is himself a character, pos-

sessing strange gifts and talents which coupled with a perfect understanding of the child mind equips him perfectly for his unique role as "Story Teller Extraordinary to American Children."

Jolly Bill looks just as you imagine he should look. He weighs around 250 pounds and has a booming, hearty, infectious laugh which long ago when he was a newspaper cartoonist won him the appropriate nickname of "Jolly Bill." He is the nearest thing to perpetual motion around the studios of the NBC in New York. We talked with him or rather ran around with him the other day, during an interview designed to reveal the source of the magic spell he holds over the children of the nation. While we talked his capacity for con-

stant action was evident, being expressed in a series of sketches he made during the interview. He presented the writer with the drawings which are reproduced with this story.

**L**IKE all genuinely funny entertainers Jolly Bill is a deep student and keen observer. He is convinced that the children of today love mystery stories and adventure and that they, like their elders, demand thrills. Asked what he based this conclusion on, he explained:

"I am constantly studying kids. I have to know what they like and what they dislike and above all what they are thinking about. Almost every Saturday I go to a motion picture theatre where they are showing one of those thrillers, to get the reactions of the children. They are very much the same in all parts of the country. Observing them I can tell just how much they can stand and appreciate and that guides me in the preparation of my programs. They have an inherent desire to see right triumph and when their hero is in trouble they worry and fret until he has worked his way out of the difficulty.

According to Jolly Bill good sound effects are essential to a successful program. He has originated many of the sound effects now used in studios throughout the country. He features more sound making contraptions than any other artist on the air. Several times he has had so many devices and engineers present at his broadcast that it was necessary to move into a larger studio.

To fully appreciate his artistry it is necessary to see



Jolly Bill and Jane on the Moon fighting Earth enemies.

# A FEW OF JOLLY BILLS RADIO CHARACTERS



PROF VER PLOTZ  
MOONOLOGIST



RASTUS



OFFICER  
PAT-



KING BOLTA  
OF LUNERA



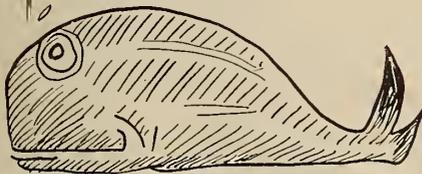
FIREMAN JIM



JERRY



CLICK  
CLICK  
GOOGLE EYE  
SCOTCH-  
DETECTIVE



WILLIE THE WHALE



JOHNNY FOO.



PENCIL PETER.

work during a broadcast. He takes as many as ten different roles requiring voice changes during a fifteen minute period besides barking for his pet dog Jerry. At present Jolly Bill and Jane are conducting an expedition against the King of the Moon and daily they radio back to earth an account of their adventures. They reached the Moon in a fantastic rocket ship and since landing have been in constant danger not only from the army of the King of the Moon but also from mysterious rays which the king controls. The favorite sport of this king is to shatter neighboring planets with his rays and spies have brought word to the earthly adventurers that the monarch from the black side of the moon is going to turn his ray on the earth soon. Daily they risk their lives in a conflict to prevent the king from shattering the earth. Already over two thousands plans for his capture and the destruction of his army have reached Jolly Bill from his youthful listeners.

When the Cream of Wheat Company decided to sponsor the Jolly Bill and Jane series five years ago there was some question as to how long they would continue. Being a hot cereal breakfast food they did not contemplate

staying on the air during the Summer. However, the demand of young America that there be no break in the adventures was so insistent that the feature has continued without interruption.

There are now a couple of hundred thousand members of the H. C. B. Club, a secret organization of which Jolly Bill is the Grand Commander. Members in good standing wear a good luck scarab which the Grand Commander personally guarantees will bring good fortune to the wearer. Another feature is, according to Jolly Bill, that any member who gently rubs the scarab will have a wish granted. This feature has a strong appeal and has resulted in many interesting letters and requests.

**L**AST week Bill received an emergency call from a club member in St. Louis, Mo., scrawled in pencil on a piece of paper torn from a blank book. After wishing Bill and Jane success on their mission to the moon, the writer urged:

"I wish you would rush my scarab. I need it badly because I am in a tight spot in school and don't know what to do. I think when I rub the scarab I'll be all right."

That was one scarab that went special delivery to meet the emergency.

Since Jolly Bill started his programs, his companion in thousands of adventures has been Jane whose real name is Muriel Harbater. When she first started she was only eight years old and her splendid acting and childish giggle immediately won her a large following. She still retains her giggle and her enthusiasm for the daily adventures in the land of make-believe is greater than ever. Today, at fourteen, she is a veteran radio trouper which she demonstrated convincingly not long ago when Bill was suddenly taken sick.

Under the doctor's orders he could not leave the house. He knew the program must go on and the only solution was for Jane to carry on alone. He reached her by telephone and rehearsed her after explaining the changes necessary in the script. She gave a splendid performance. These were the only two days Bill has missed since the series started. Jane's record is identical.

The program is broadcast from New York twice daily. The first broadcast at 7:45 A.M. is for the Atlantic states. An hour later the program is repeated for the Central and Rocky Mountain states. Then June hurries to school.



### Gertrude Niesen

**T**HIS exotic and bewildering young singer and impersonator at the Columbia key station, WABC, in New York is creating something of a furore in the studios and on the air. Her voice gets the listeners and her Niesen gets the folks who meet her personally.

# "I Play a SAXOPHONE

*And LIKE It"*

By

EDWARD T. INGLE

—Clyde Doerr

**C**LYDE DOERR, like the author of that intriguing book, "Reader: I Married Him!" can write (if he ever gets time) in the pages of his musical memoirs the honest confession, "Without shame, I played the saxophone!"

What is more, Clyde Doerr will be telling the truth. There's no doubt about it. The record, as Al Smith would say it, is proof positive. Clyde has not only been playing the saxophone over National Broadcasting Company networks since the company was organized, but before that time when he was sojourning in California he mastered the instrument and became one of its earliest champions in the West and helped to bring it into its present widespread popularity.

Indeed it needed a champion! Ask the men who were playing instruments on the Pacific Coast what the customers in those rough and ready days of the World War thought about the saxophone!

Instrument of the devil, it was often called and worse epithets were hurled at its unsuspecting inventor, Antoine Joseph "Adolphe" Sax, a kindly, mild mannered Parisian, whose chief aberration from the straight and narrow dated from his first experiments in 1865 with wood winds.

To Doerr, an accomplished violinist, the saxophone was anything but the uncouth and loutish fellow that other musicians were calling it because, at the age of nine, back in Coldwater, Michigan, Clyde had heard his first saxophone. It awed and delighted him. Its melodious tones charmed his fancy and caused him to vow that some day he would master it.

Not until he had gone West and became concert master of the San Jose Symphony Orchestra did Doerr abandon the bright prospect of a career as a concert violinist.

A hunch started it and he chucked the violin forever in favor of Papa Sax's lugubrious and misunderstood offspring.



Clyde Doerr

In 1919 he met Art Hickman. That was important, because from that day on, Clyde Doerr's name became prominently identified with modern American music and the saxophone. He studied it. Mastered it. Became its defender and champion. And instead of merely playing the sax, Clyde saw its fine possibilities, developed them and uncovered the instrument's now realized potentialities.

**H**IS first professional job in the West was with the "Techau Tavern" orchestra in San Francisco. It was there in the city of the Golden Gate that he met Art Hickman and decided to join his musical organization.

In 1919 he made several trips East with Hickman and it was Clyde's playing in the Ziegfeld Follies that

started the saxophone on its way to fame and popularity in the East.

Top money in those days, says Doerr, was \$65.00 a week. A good musician was really in "the money" at this weekly stipend. But after Hickman came East, Doerr was offered the breath-taking salary of \$350.00 a week to stay in New York. But, he stayed with Hickman and went back to California.

After returning West, Doerr began to think of the opportunities for the development of the saxophone in the East and in 1921 he came to the conclusion that New York was the place where he should cast his lot.

So, with no job in view, he cut loose and bought an automobile. It was one of those open air models but the class of the field in those days. And, finally, like the pioneers of the Oregon trail, who found their pot of gold at the rainbow's end somewhere in the west, Doerr, with Mrs. Doerr, in linen dusters and goggles set out upon a transcontinental trip toward the East in their "uncovered wagon."

It was a wild ride. To be sure there were no Indians to ambush them. But the roads were mere trails in many places. Markers were few and far between. The tourist hadn't yet discovered America. He was sitting quietly at home or ventured only a few cautious miles from his native heath.

But the Doerrs had the pioneering spirit and they declare today that it was the experience of a life-time and something they wouldn't have missed for anything, but in the same breath they agree it was an adventure they wouldn't think of repeating.

They made it in six weeks! At first, Doerr picked up what work he could find. That was until he got his bearings. Then he organized his own orchestra and moved into the exclusive Club Royale. There he found that his hunch was right. His playing was sensational and the saxophone came definitely into its own, as far as he was concerned and that went for the public too.

*(Continued on page 46)*



Jack Little Reviews the Infant-ry Parade

# A LITTLE about LITTLE

**J**OHN LEONARD was born in England. He was brought to the United States at an extremely early age, and—what? you never heard of John Leonard? Well, you see, on the air he is known as Little Jack Little, ace radio pianist, vocalist and song-writer.

In the past ten years Jack has written on the average of two hits a season. He figures that you have to do about ten songs for every single tune that is a smash, so that the decade now ending finds him with some two hundred published popular numbers to his credit. His current one is "The Baby Parade." A check-up of songs played over the air shows that this tune is one of the most frequently played.

"The Baby Parade" is the first number that Jack ever wrote for the special delectation of the children. The lyric was inspired by witnessing Atlantic City's famed baby show. Jack says that he gets a big kick out of seeing the tots all decked out in their finest. Incidentally, Jack is married but as yet has no children of his own. The tune of "The Baby Parade" is more and a year and one-half old, but Jack never used it because he hadn't found the suitable words. Finally when he did become inspired, he dashed off the lyric in ten minutes. As soon as the song was put out, it became a success. Designed for children, it became popular with all ages. It was taken up by the radio headliners at once, though many of them were not accustomed to singing or playing melodies specially prepared for youngsters.

It was in 1922 when Jack wrote his first song. He was taking a train ride from New York to Pittsburgh. By the time he had arrived at the Smoky City, he had completed "Jealous." His first effort was a hit. A short time after, he wrote an "answer song." It was "Because They All Love You." Then followed "Ting-a-ling," a waltz that was a favorite several years back. For three years, while he was working over the air, he was forced to neglect song-writing for a time, but since then he has managed to turn out such tunes as "Where's My Sweetie Hiding?", "Do You Believe in Dreams?", "Normandy," "After I've Called You Sweetheart," "My Missouri Home," "I'm Needin' You," "I Promise You," "Oceans of Love," "A Shanty in Old Shanty Town," "Tear Drops and Kisses" and many others.

Jack was one of the first to write music exclusively for radio. In the early days of broadcasting there was some sort of regulation against the use of songs over the air put out by companies registered in the American Society. Since then, of course, that ruling has been revised, but when Jack was starting a company was formed for the special purpose of producing songs to be exploited by means of radio.

He has written enough numbers so that in his daily programs over Columbia Little Jack Little would not have to go beyond his own personal music library. He told us the other day, however, that he felt he couldn't take advantage of his position of being on the air to exploit his own material

to the exclusion of other writers.

As we said at the start, John Leonard was born in England. This was thirty-two years ago. When he was nine, his family brought him to America and settled at Waterloo, Iowa. His parents thought too much of his piano-playing fingers to allow him to play football, so when he got to high-school he gave vent to his gridiron enthusiasm as a cheerleader. At one Thanksgiving Game, he yelled so hard, he lost his voice temporarily and was able to speak barely above a whisper. In this predicament, he discovered the intimate, soft "parlor type" of singing which he has made so successful over the ether waves. He enrolled in the U. S. Navy during the war and after demobilization became a student at the University of Iowa but thought more of organizing dance orchestras than he did of his studies.

After college he went into vaudeville. He made little success and decided to change his name and start all over again. By a simple metamorphical process, John Leonard became Jack Little. In order to describe his stature, he made it Little Jack Little. After a period in vaudeville as half the team of "Little and Small" he became associated with a music publishing house. His assignment was to travel about the country, visiting and playing over various radio stations. Thus, it was in the very early radio days, that Jack got his start. Since that time he has been a great favorite with radio audiences in all sections of the country.

# Nellie Revell Interviews a Friend, IRVIN COBB

From a "Voice of Radio Digest"

Broadcast over the NBC

**N**ELLIE . . . "Howdy, friends, you remember me, don't you? \*\* I haven't, in all the time I've been on radio, had as much pleasure out of a program as I'm having tonight. \*\* Of course, everybody who's ever listened to me on the air or read any of my writings knows my great admiration and affection for Irvin S. Cobb. \*\* If you've read my book . . . "Right off the Chest," you'll recall that it was Irvin Cobb who wrote the introduction.

My next book . . . "Fightin' Through" was dedicated to Mr. Cobb. \*\* Some years ago, when I was shipwrecked on life's ocean, it was Irvin Cobb who swam out and towed me ashore. \*\* And while I was in the hospital, his visits perhaps did more for me than the doctor. \*\* "Why don't you write a book?" he asked me. \*\* "Humph," I replied rather cynically, "there're more books written now than get published." \*\* "Well, this one will get published," he insisted. \*\* "Yes, they also have to be sold," I retorted. \*\* "And it will also be sold," he assured me.

Then he hustled up a publisher . . . wrote the preface and saw to it that the first 3,000 copies were sold. All I had to do was write the book. \*\* More than one writer climbing up the ladder owes his success to Irvin Cobb.

For anyone not to be familiar with Irvin Cobb's writings is to admit they're not familiar with magazines or books. \*\* In fact, his "Speaking of Operations" is the first thing a doctor prescribes for patients. \*\* No, it's not an anaesthetic . . . it's a tonic! \*\* Mr. Cobb is an even six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. \*\* He has blue eyes and very heavy brown eyebrows. \*\* He likes bright neckties . . . the one he's got on now is green and red. \*\* He always wears double breasted suits . . . that is for day wear. \*\* Always wears spats

and carries a cane. \*\* Wears light overcoats . . . usually belted.

**He is a total abstainer . . . but smokes big, black cigars . . . never cigarettes. \*\* Irvin Cobb's business in life is making people happy . . . and that is the greatest mission in the world.**

Mr. Cobb is far from the best-looking man I ever knew . . . but he is one of the best-living men I ever met. \*\* And he's my idea of a friend . . . and a friend, you know . . . is the first to come in when all the rest of the world has gone out. \*\* And it is my pleasure and privilege to introduce my friend, Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, than whom I want no better. \*\* Come on over, Irv . . . come over by the mike. \*\* Put that cigar down, you know you're not allowed to smoke in the studio.

**MR. COBB . . . "I'm not smoking."**

**NELLIE . . . "You've got a cigar in your mouth."**

Irvin Cobb during an afternoon's chat at Miss Revell's home.

**MR. COBB . . . "Well, I've got shoes on my feet, too, but I'm not walking, am I? \*\* Besides, I'm afraid to put this cigar down. \*\* I lost one that way once. \*\* I'm afraid one of the announcers might take it."**

**NELLIE . . . "Come on over here and get interviewed. \*\* You know I know all these questions I'm going to ask you . . . but my audience would like to hear you answer in your own way."**

**MR. COBB . . . "Yes, Nellie. \*\* You**



haven't got me fooled. \*\* You just want me to help you put on your program. \*\* I know when I'm being worked . . . even though it is by a pretty woman and an old pal."

NELLIE . . . "Where were you born, Irv?"

MR. COBB . . . "I was born in Paducah, Kentucky . . . of honest but unsuspecting parents. \*\* I belong, Nellie, to an old Southern family. \*\* Frankly, I've never heard of a Southern family that wasn't old. \*\* Some of them are so old they have lichens growing on them."

NELLIE . . . "When were you born?"

MR. COBB . . . "In 1876 . . . just one hundred years after the Declaration of Independence was signed."

NELLIE . . . "Well, what does that signify?"

MR. COBB . . . "Well, you know I figured it just goes to show that two great outstanding events in American history occurred just a century apart."

NELLIE . . . "Where were you educated?"

MR. COBB . . . "Right there in Paducah, up to the advanced age of 16 . . . when I quit school with the unanimous endorsement of the entire faculty."

NELLIE . . . "They thought you knew enough by then, huh?"

MR. COBB . . . "No, but they decided that they knew enough to know what was wrong with the school."

NELLIE . . . "When did you enter the newspaper business . . . I mean profession?"

MR. COBB . . . "No . . . business is the word, Nellie. \*\* Well, I started uplifting journalism in Paducah, and journalism in Paducah could certainly stand a lot of uplifting at that time."

NELLIE . . . "Tell us about your first big story."

MR. COBB . . . "Well, I covered part of a Democratic primary . . . a Kentucky election. \*\* And you know what elections are . . . especially in Kentucky. \*\* I handled the first scattering returns. \*\* Four dead and five wounded."

NELLIE . . . "Well, wasn't it as a result of that story that the New York World hired you?"

MR. COBB . . . "No, but it was on account of that that the Paducah paper fired me."

NELLIE . . . "Well, anyway, you were brought to New York."

MR. COBB . . . "No, I wasn't brought. \*\* I came to New York. \*\* New York didn't even know I was coming. \*\* Or they might have taken steps to prevent it. . . . I was here before they realized it and I oozed into the Evening World and stuck there."

NELLIE . . . "Yes, I know. \*\* I

was stuck there with you. \*\* And what a great old Evening World it was, Irv. \*\* Martin Green . . . Boze Bulger . . . and a few others. . . I can still see that managing editor every time you put in a little comedy into those stories you turned in. \*\* They're still telling the story about the morning the wife of the managing editor phoned and said he wouldn't be down that day because he was sick. \*\* And you answered: 'Goodness, I hope it's nothing trivial.'"

MR. COBB . . . "Oh, say, Nellie, are you going to pry into the moldy past and be an old scrap book? \*\* You didn't used to be a tattle-tale or a chestnut-vendor either."

NELLIE . . . "But tell us about your first magazine story, will you, Irv?"

MR. COBB . . . "Well, I don't have to go so far back for that, Nellie, because as you know, I never tried writing fiction stories until I reached the age when a lot of seasoned writers are ready to quit. \*\* (I was too busy making an honest living as a reporter) . . . and I was 37 when the Saturday Evening Post printed my first fiction story. \*\* And I guess the editor of the Post has a lot to answer for, for his actions encouraged me to keep at it ever since. \*\* I may not be one of America's outstanding literary figures, Nellie . . . that is, unless I'm standing sideways . . . and I wouldn't exactly say that I've enriched America's English, but I have fed the Cobb family."

NELLIE . . . "Yes, and a lot of other families I could mention. \*\* But you admit you have a family."

MR. COBB . . . "Oh, yes. \*\* Unlike some writers I've never been much of a hand for marrying around. \*\* I've had one wife and one child. \*\* And I still have them. \*\* And I have two grandchildren."

NELLIE . . . "Well, tell the folks about your first book."

MR. COBB . . . "Well, it was a book of short stories . . . and then I had a book about alleged humor . . . and, Nellie, if you think I can write a short story or a novel, or humor even, I can show you volumes of criticism by the most scholarly reviewers in this land to prove the contrary."

NELLIE . . . "Just how many books of yours have been sold?"

MR. COBB . . . "Between fifty and sixty have been published . . . but the royalty statements show that some of them didn't sell to speak of."

NELLIE . . . "Well, you wrote a play, didn't you?"

MR. COBB . . . "The critics thought not."

NELLIE . . . "Well, you did write a play. \*\* I came to see it."

MR. COBB . . . "Oh, you were the person who saw that play!"

NELLIE . . . "Sure, I saw it the

first night."

MR. COBB . . . "That's why you saw it . . . it didn't last many nights after that. But I do remember one night when attendance picked up 50%."

NELLIE . . . "That was great."

MR. COBB . . . "Yes, the ushers all brought their wives."

NELLIE . . . "And you've lectured in every big town in America."

MR. COBB . . . "Yes . . . once. \*\* And I may go lecturing again just as soon as they can build some more towns where they've never heard me."

NELLIE . . . "But you were a great war correspondent, Irv."

MR. COBB . . . "Yes, I guess in my khaki outfit I was one of the outstanding horrors of that war."

NELLIE . . . "How about telling us a war story?"

MR. COBB . . . "No, let's not give them any more publicity on the war until they pay for the last one we put on for them."

NELLIE . . . "You're still America's greatest humorist, Irv. \*\* And you're not only a humorist, you're also a financier. \*\* You stayed in the hospital three weeks and then sold your appendix for more money than could pay the bonus."

MR. COBB . . . "Yes, Nellie, I think I've got the only appendix in the world that is still earning dividends after it's been in the bottle 17 years."

NELLIE . . . "And to prove how farsighted you were . . . you anticipated the depression by reducing your weight and then writing a book about it called 'One-Third Off.' \*\* And forestalled the depression by selling a million copies of it."

MR. COBB . . . "Well, I got tired of people looking at my profile and having them think I was carrying a roll-top desk under my arm. \*\* And it was a struggle, Nellie, because I love to eat, and still do. \*\* My arteries may have hardened through the years . . . and my hair streaked with gray, which doesn't become me . . . although it does match my dandruff . . . and I may not be as spry as I was . . . but thank Heaven, I've kept my boyish gastric juices."

NELLIE . . . "I've been wondering about a picture I saw of you in a recent issue of RADIO DIGEST. \*\* You were wearing a smock. \*\* I've just been wondering what that old bunch at the Evening World would ever say if they saw it. \*\* They stood for your spats and cane . . . and they stood for those vivid, wide-brimmed felt hats. \*\* Did you never wear a derby?"

MR. COBB . . . "No, I never wore a derby nor tried interpretive dancing."

(Continued on page 48)



Muriel  
Pollock

One of the finest pianistes on the air, has composed several musical shows, is one of the Lady Bugs and is now heard on the Broadway Lights program.

# Typeline Portraits

By NELLIE REVELL

**E**VE CASANOVA, featured with the Dale Trio on Station WEVD, is the wife of Lou Tellegan, co-author of her husband's novel "The Splendid Sacrilege", and she also wrote the preface to his Memoires.



Eve Casanova.

As an artist's model she posed for Ezra Winter, W. T. Benda, Dean Cornwell, Robert Henri and Albert Sterner.

At seventeen she went on the stage and she has played with the late Holbrook Blinn in "The Bad Man"; with Joseph Schildkraut in the Theatre Guild's "Peer Gynt", with Spencer Tracy and Chester Morris in "Yellow" and in other Broadway plays. She has appeared also in vaudeville, talking pictures, and with stock companies in Rochester, Syracuse and Albany.

She is the author of a book: "How to Acquire Fascination", and has spoken on various subjects at N. Y. U., The Theatre Club of New York and at the Barbizon-Plaza.

Her earliest reading included the lives of famous charmers of history, and she now believes that every woman is her own masterpiece. She is featured on the air in the program called "Feminine Philosophy of Love".

She is the mother of a boy aged 8.

**N**ANCY GARNER. Born in Corsicana, Texas, Nancy Garner's musical education was sponsored by the Federated Music Club of Texas at the state Music College. After her first professional appearance in her home state, her illustrious kinsman, John Nance Garner, Speaker of the House, was known as Nancy Garner's cousin. . . .so great was her reception.



Nancy Garner.

Nancy decided to go on the stage and played "Carmen" in "Rio Rita"; also adorned several

other musical shows, before heeding radio's call. . . . In fact, she heard radio's call long before radio heard hers, as she gave fifteen auditions before she landed on the air.

Miss Garner weighs 143 pounds, is 5 feet 8 inches, has black hair and green eyes.

She is an acrobat and a contortionist, and paints pictures in her spare time.

She likes middle-aged men, says she would trade two twenties for one forty.

She is a lyric coloratura soprano and has been two months on the air, on Station WOR.

She always carries a red handkerchief. . . .hates affectation. . . .shrimps. . . .spends a good deal of spare time in the five and dime store. She goes to bed early, gets up early and does her own housekeeping.

**P**HIL REGAN is the young man from Brooklyn who got a real break. With very little previous experience, he won out on a Robert Burns audition, where he now blends his tenor voice with Lombardo music over CBS—proving, incidentally, that Lady Luck is not snoozing, as many people have been led to suspect. He's good-looking, grey-eyed, black-haired, and suave. A smoothie.

Born May 28, 1908, in Brooklyn. He didn't get all the way through school, because he didn't like learning dates, long division, the maneuvers of Caesar, or reciting "How I Spent My Summer Vacation" in oral English class. So he went off to Charleston Navy Yard and doubtlessly learned things not included in Medieval History. He returned later, somewhat subdued, to work as a clerk in a Brooklyn law office.

Came an opportunity to sing on WMCA. Came the prediction of stardom from Professor John Hutchins, who is now his voice teacher. Came Ralph Wonders who took him to Atlantic City to appear as a guest star. That cinched it and made him audition-worthy. He never drinks, nor smokes.



Phil Regan.

**R**ICHARD GORDON ("Sherlock Holmes"). Sir Conan Doyle is the parent of the famous fiction character "Sherlock Holmes", but Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gordon of Bridgeport, Conn., are the parents of the flesh and blood "Sherlock Holmes", Dick having been born to them on October 25, 1882. His physical appearance is similar to that of his literary namesake's in that he is six feet tall, broad of shoulders, and weighs 165 pounds. He wears nose glasses, and his eyes are dark brown; his hair chestnut, slightly tinged with gray at the temples. He also possesses the cleverness, versatility, humor, and fascination of the great Scotland Yard detective, and if it were not for his spats, might easily pass for him. But when it comes to disposition, that's where Richard Gordon differs from the highly-strung, erratic and often irritable story character—for Dick is an extremely good-natured fellow.

Whatever prompted Richard Gordon to change his career as a newspaper reporter to that of an actor is a mystery that he has not solved for his public but the public is not worrying, for there are still plenty of good reporters, but there's only one "Sherlock Holmes". After studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Gordon made his first professional appearance in 1902 in "The Village Postmaster". For a time he appeared in stock at the Manhattan Opera House in New York. He also operated his own companies all over the country. He has appeared with such famous thespians as Ethel Barrymore, William Hodge, Holbrook Blinn, Thomas Meighan, and others. While playing stock, he gave such an excellent interpretation of "Sherlock Holmes" that he had to play the role repeatedly. He then went on radio, where he has been for three years.

However, the busy actor took time off long enough to marry the popular actress Emily Anne Wellman, and they are "Mister and Missus-ing" in Stamford, Conn.

(Continued on page 46)



Richard Gordon.

# JUST A "GAG-OL-O"

RAYMOND KNIGHT went to two colleges—Harvard and Yale, studied law at Boston University and passed the bar. Peter Dixon's retort to that is: "What do you mean 'passed the bar'! Raymond says he never won a football game for Harvard, but he did win a standing broad A jump. Then he studied a year at Yale, after which he went out on his own—neck!"

Phil Cook, NBC's one man show, has discovered that time changes the meaning of words. Says Phil: "Only yesterday a racket was a big noise, but today it's on the quiet."

Eddie East and Ralph Dumke, the weighty Sisters of the Skillet, are simply incorrigible. The other day they sent this note to an NBC executive. "Did you know that the statistics show there are fewer railroad accidents than motor car accidents? Well, why not? Did you ever hear of an engineer hugging a fireman?"

"The only man who enjoys a falling off in business is a parachute-jumper," according to Jolly Bill Steinke, NBC's student of economics.

Ed Wynn, Texaco's Fire Chief, was telling Graham McNamee in the Time Square Studio of NBC about a vaudeville actor who was chased off the stage by the audience. "He quit when soaked plumb on the beak by a cowardly egg," said Wynn. "Cowardly egg?" questioned McNamee. "Yes," exclaimed Ed. "An egg that hits you and runs."

Ernie Hare: "My wife's an angel."

Billy Jones: "Yeh, how come?"

Hare: "She's always up in the air, harping about something, and never has anything to wear."

"The father who brags he never disciplines his son may wake up to find he has caused another wreck due to a misplaced switch."—Parker Fennelly, NBC's Stebbins Boys.

"You've got to be careful these days," admonished Ray Perkins, "if you allow yourself to get run down, you'll wind up in a hospital."

A dietician prescribed a "thin piece of steak two inches by two inches" as a desirable dinner for reducers. "Well, at least a steak of those specifications is a square meal," conceded Alan Prescott, the Wife Saver.

Eddie Cantor, famous comedian on the NBC network, defines a lame duck Congressman as a Congressman who met with an accident while trying to stay in the middle of the road with his ear to the ground.

Bing Crosby is investing in baby bonds again. For a long time he refrained because he said he lost too much sleep getting up in the night and walking the floor with them.

Ben Alley claims to have found in a Sixth avenue cordial shop a wine brick so potent that it does its own plastering.

"It isn't the eyes but the lower part of the face that betrays one's thoughts," declared a lecturer on the NBC air channels. "Especially when one opens the lower part of one's face," added Tom Howard.

With wheat advancing in the market, Tony Wons suggests it won't be long now before dough will again be a synonym for money.

"The battle against depression has been won," declared a speaker on a CBS program. "Good," exclaimed Fred Allen, "now the employers can cease firing."

"'Twould be a great country if we could only take after our ancestors," says Arthur Allen of "The Stebbins Boys." "They blazed the trail but the best most of us can do is burn the road."

"A woman doesn't consider herself properly marcelled until she has gone to Reno and permanently waived her husband."—Frank McCravy, of the McCravy brothers.

"We will soon be out of the depression," declared an economist on NBC. "That's good," commented Lanny Ross, "for we're all out of everything else."

## The Q. A. Box

Q—Who is the soprano soloist on the Armour program?  
A—Edna Kellog.

Q—When and where was Don Ameche born, and what is his nationality?

A—In Kenosha, Wisconsin on May 31, 1908, of Italian and Spanish parentage.

Q—Does Fanny May Baldrige play all the parts on the Miracles of Magnolia program?

A—Yes.

Q—Is Pat Barnes married, and has he any children?

A—He is married and has a daughter, Barbara.

Q—Will you please give the names of Myrt and Marge?

A—Myrt is Myrtle Vail, and Marge is Donna Damerel.

Q—Who is Myrt's husband, and does he broadcast?

A—He is George Damerel, and does no broadcasting. Until recently he was engaged in the real estate business.

Q—Have the Easy Aces any children?

A—There are no little Aces.

Q—Please tell me something about Aunt Jemima.

A—Her real name is Tess Gardel and she was born in Wilkes-Barre, Penn., of Italian parents. She is a great big girl, with dark hair and dark eyes. She took the well-known role of the "mammy" in "Show Boat."

Q—Does Johnny Hart do the singing and dancing on the Big Time program?

A—Yes—the dance is done with shoes on his hands.

Q—Who are the comedians Bill and Henry?

A—Bill is Al Cameron and Henry is Pete Bontsema.

Q—Who plays the Kingfish in Amos 'n' Andy sketches?

A—Amos (Freeman F. Gosden).

Q—Will you please give a description of David Ross?

A—Columbia's veteran announcer is five feet five inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Dave is thirty-seven and his wavy brown hair shows streaks of grey. His own program, known as "Poets' Gold", was resumed on Christmas Day and will be heard regularly on Sundays at six in the afternoon, Eastern Time.

Q—How old is John Brewster who reads poetry on the "Musings" program, and is he married?

A—He is twenty-three and single.

Q—Is Howard Claney, the announcer, married?

A—No.

Q—Is Jessica Dragonette her real name, and where was she born?

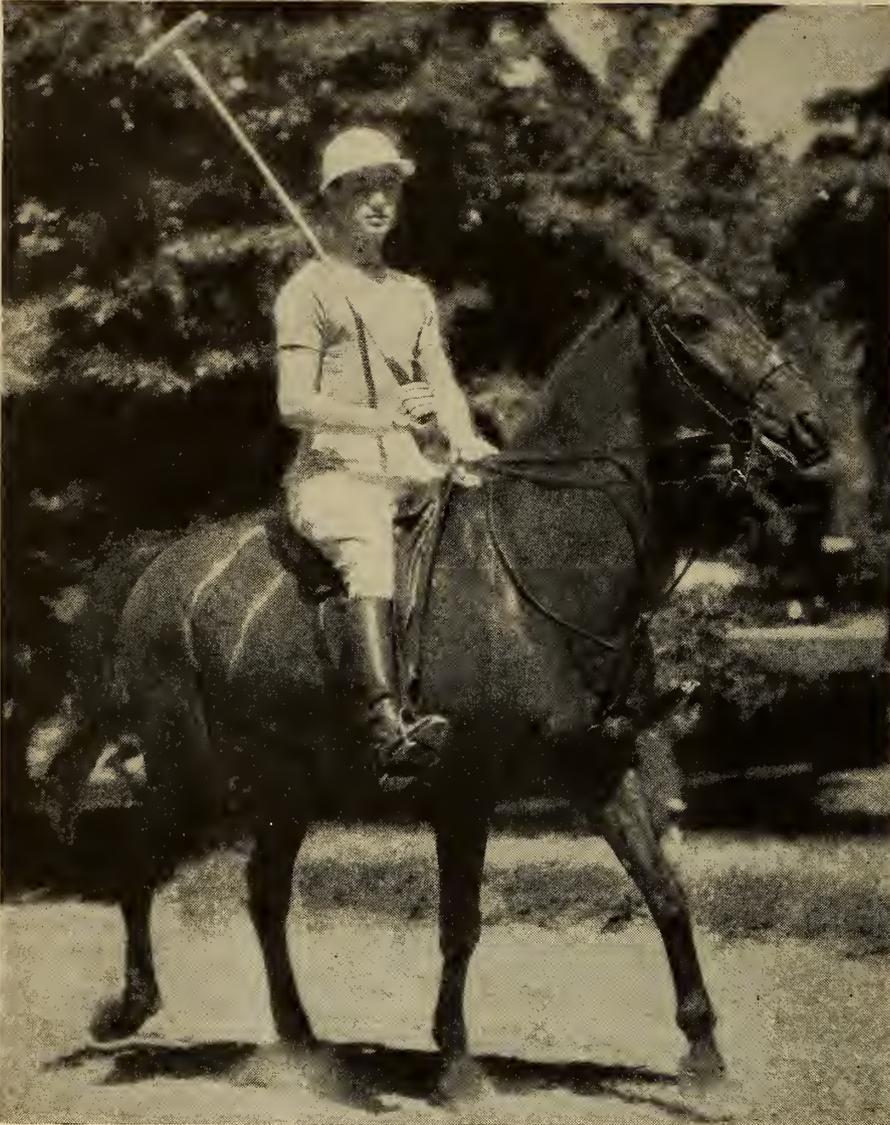
A—Yes. In India.

Q—Who directs the orchestra for Kate Smith?

A—Nat Bruisiloff went to Hollywood with the Songbird of the South when she made her first feature picture there. Nat prefers New York, he says.

# MIKE to MIKE TOUR of

*American Air  
New Experiences*  
By GRETA



Frank Parker on gift steed imported from Arabia. You are familiar with Mr. Parker's voice on the A. P. programs.

## *WICC—Bridgeport*

THE Mountain Melodeers, who have been told that their hill-billy accents and music compares with many rustic's, are composed of several nationalities—two Russians, one Englishman, one Dutchman, and two Italians . . . . And Jimmie Milne, WICC announcer, tells of a Scotsman's gift to his girl—a banjo, which was refused by the lady, because there were too many strings attached . . . . Sally Cheerup, pianist on Joe Lopez's "Memories of Yesteryear" programs, is the latest to be added to the list of pianists featured on WICC's Sunday morning pianologues . . . . Herbert Anderson accedes to many requests and includes on his programs Swedish Folk Songs . . . . Family Affairs Institute under the direction of Leon F. Whitney commences an interesting series on "Hereditry," Wednesday, February 8th at 2:00 P.

M. . . . WICC will carry a morning program of popular melodies, starting Friday, Jan. 20th at 10:15 A. M., starring Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson.

## *WBT—Charlotte, N. C.*

"THAT tall, dark, handsome announcer!" requests the ladies who visit Radio Station WBT in Charlotte, North Carolina. "Oh, you mean Ron Jenkins!" exclaims the hostess who happens to be on duty in the reception room. Just why is this particular fascinating "Yankee" so popular? Perhaps it's that deep, beautifully modulated voice with the crisp and pleasing accent; then again—perhaps it's his "six-feet-two," amazingly well set up. Besides being Chief Announcer, he is also assistant program director and somehow finds time for arranging programs, making program corrections, daily working schedules for all announcers and handling publicity.

LONDON!—The taxi turns off the crowded Strand down Savoy Hill—until last Spring synonymous to the entire British Isles with the "B. B. C."—the British Broadcasting Corporation. This government-controlled radio organization is doing its very good best to give the Great British Public what it wants in broadcasting for the price of ten shillings (about \$2.50) per receiving set owned.

On Savoy Hill, which is not only a hill but also a street, and opposite the historic Savoy Chapel, and its equally historic graveyard, the taxi pulls up and the door is opened by a waxed-moustached commissionaire. "Good Morning, Sir; Good Morning, Madam. Well on time this morning!" he says because promptness—except *on the air* is to be praised anywhere in England. We move past the clerk at the door, who has satisfied himself that we are really due for a rehearsal this morning, and we are allowed up to studio No. 1, where we find ourselves in line for the rehearsal.

Just as in a vaudeville theatre, first come, first rehearsed, and we have to await our turn, and meantime we swap greetings with the producer, the engineers, and the other artists. Our turn comes. We have been allotted either six or ten minutes, and we have naturally timed our material at home, so we go through it for balance, and then follows a slight inquisition as to the publishers, copyrights, etc., of the numbers we are to sing.

Then, if there is any possible "double entendre" in any of the lyrics, we are asked to purify them on the spot, to the satisfaction of the producer. Great vigilance is maintained to protect the Great British Public from contamination. After this we are told at what approximate time we shall come on in the evening, and are free to go.

The show is generally, for our type of work, from 7:30 p. m., for an hour, and we arrive, and sit in the artists' room until we hear the act before us start. We go into the studio, making our way through the audience. Spectators have been in proud possession of their tickets to enter the hallowed premises for more than a week. We arrange our music, and, as the announcer gives us the signal, we go into our first number.

There is always a slight feeling of

# EUROPE

*Troupe Finds  
in Foreign Lands*

## KELLER

embarrassment for the audience. People evidently expect to hear us as loud in the studio as they do through the loud-speaker in their homes, but they seem satisfied, even though they can hear nothing but a whisper from us and the sound of the piano. Thus we go on and finish our act. At its conclusion, we are thanked in a low voice (and perhaps with a wise-crack) by the announcer, who is an old friend of ours, and he hands us a ticket, which, when taken downstairs to the treasurer's office, entitles us to a check. The check, in turn, must be put through a bank before one can get the actual money, but *only* after one has signed a receipt-form of indorsement on the back over a two-penny stamp, which makes the receipt legal—and the broadcast is over.

**VIENNA!**—Just a step from the hotel is the RAVAG, the official radio station of Austria. No rehearsal, this time, as we require no orchestra, and we have a half-hour to get the balance with the engineers. The studio is in an old building, (as most buildings are in Vienna), remodelled for the purposes of radio from the stage, dressing-rooms and offices of one of the best pre-war cabarets.

The studio is roomy, and smells slightly of bad cigars, and we feel rather out of place among empty chairs and nude music-racks. We make our set-up, and are okayed by the engineer, and have fifteen minutes to wait. Five minutes before we are to go on the air the announcer arrives, inquires our names, makes two or three tries at pronouncing them, and is apparently satisfied.

We are told that there is a two-minute pause every ten minutes, in which the studio is off the air, and that we can talk freely during that interim.

We get the red light, and the announcer takes the microphone standard in his hand, sets it about 15 feet from us (completely ruining our set-up), retreats to where we are and bellows:

"HALLO, HALLO, RAHDIO VEEN!" Then he proceeds, as we expected, to not only mispronounce our names but, even worse, the titles of our first three songs. We are of course, in a panic about the distance of the microphone from us, and a very *sotto voce* tug-of-war ensues as a result of our endeavors to get the thing back where

Greta  
Keller



we want it, in which we finally win on a decision from the referee (in the person of the engineer). Finally we carry on with the program. At the first two-minute pause, and after another announcement that we shall resume in two minutes, the announcer, perspiring freely, comes to us, clicks his heels, and apologizes for having caused so much trouble.

He "had never seen anyone sing so quietly, and still come through loud." And the so-called half-hour comes to an end, and we issue forth into the icy streets, quite convinced that no one in Vienna has understood a word of our "Tchez."

**BERLIN!**—Close by the center of the city—the Potsdamer Platz. An atmosphere of unfriendliness, cloaking, it seems to us, a lack of knowledge as to what it is all about. We are put in a three-sided cell of hung cloth, with the piano twenty feet away (which doesn't make for unison!) but that's the way it *must be done*. A five- or ten-minute rehearsal, and we are off. Our period comes at the hour of 6:30. The evening hours are almost entirely reserved for classical concerts, operas, etc.

The same old bellow comes from the announcer, but there is no surprise shown at our lack of distance from the microphone. The same pauses as in Vienna, but slightly less of them. Then we are through, and off across the street for beer and sausages.

**PARIS!**—A commercial broadcast! Station Radio Paris broadcasts commercials when it can get them, and this means that on Sunday, when the B. B.

C. shuts off; or confines itself to church services or chamber music; there are a great many people in England who want something else. Furthermore, they have the time to listen to it, while digesting their famous Sunday "roast beef of old England." It's then that the phonograph companies have their innings. They get the popular record commentators to fly over to Paris on Saturday (which they all seem delighted to do—except those suffering from gout) and they put on a show sponsored by a phonograph company. The show consists of about half-an-hour of the company's artists in person presenting songs from their records just come on the market in England, and for another half hour, the broadcasting of records which seem to be pulling.

It's generally cold in the station, and the hour is in the very early afternoon—just at digestion-time for John Bull, and there is always a certain amount of Gallic confusion on the part of the French announcers and technicians.

The hour goes on the air, and every announcement is made in both French and English, with the numbers of the records carefully announced in both languages, and the fun is over almost before one has forgotten that last champagne cocktail—and the check comes along with your next royalties from the sponsor.

Here in America everyone knows what takes place in the studios of our broadcasting chains, so we shall just leave these few little quick pictures of a broadcast in the four principle capitals of Europe to the reader to compare with the conditions as he knows them in this country.

# TUNEFUL TOPICS

By Rudy Vallée

**A** TREE WAS A TREE. I have begun my consideration of "Tuneful Topics" from many odd places:—backstage at a "Scandals" rehearsal, with the din of chorus dancing, sketch rehearsals, and the tin-panning of an upright piano in my ears; the stage on which we played at the Atlantic City Steel Pier, while the other band was playing; trains; hotels; theatre dressing rooms; and sometimes my office. This issue, however, finds its crystallization up at my lodge at Lake Kezar, in lovely Maine, where I am spending a few days preparatory to a trip to Florida, and later to Memphis, Tennessee; Atlanta, Georgia, and still later to Dallas, Texas. It is hard to rouse the mind when seated before an open fireplace after a long tramp out in the snow (and we have several inches of it in this neck of the woods). But Evelyn tells me they must be done before I leave for Florida or they will not be done at all, and there may be just a few of you who are really interested in knowing something about the most recent issue of popular songs.

Outstanding in the recordings of our last week's program was the playing of A TREE WAS A TREE; in fact, it has been running through my mind all day, although we should have played it more brightly in tempo; yet everyone seems to think it was one of the best bits of the program.

I humorously remarked in my introduction of it on the air that it was written by Messrs. Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, "writers by royal appointment to his majesty, George Olsen." The boys really are under contract to create special material for George's unique broadcasts; in such a manner did they write "Listen To The German Band", which by this time has pretty well worn itself out, being played by everyone. The boys, however, are under contract to DeSylva, Brown & Henderson for most of their material, and this is one of their creations which finds itself in the catalogue of that firm.

The thought is quite simple—a tree was just a tree, a brook was just a brook, and a park was just a park until the sweetness of somebody's presence made them seem endowed with something much more fraught with meaning and beauty. The melody is good, and really different. With the air filled, as it is today, with many fine bands, all

of them featuring the songs which are brought them by the "song pluggers," you cannot help but hear a great deal of this one.



Deane Janis who sings Topical Tunes from the NBC studios in Chicago.

I think about 40 seconds should be the correct length of time to play a chorus, otherwise some of the words which are naturally terse, one-syllabled and abrupt, must be strung out, sounding rather ludicrous.

**I WAKE UP SMILING.** A bright waltz—not unusual, yet it evoked the favorable praise of Jimmy Wallington and several others during our rehearsal of it last Wednesday. Fred Ahlert and Edgar Leslie writing together again—both of them past masters in their respective fields—Edgar Leslie one of the oldest and best known of lyric writers. The song makes a smooth waltz and is published by Donaldson, Douglas & Gumble.

**CHARLIE RACCOON.** I believe if the world were to be hit by a universal earthquake tonight, that if any music printing press were left intact Al Lewis and Al Sherman would see to it that there was published the next morning a song about the earthquake! The two boys have a keen eye on every noteworthy happening, be it seasonal, topical or otherwise.

Their "99 Out of a Hundred" first really brought them into close contact with me. I upbraided them for their closeness of melody in their writing of "My Heart Belongs To The Girl Who Belongs To Somebody Else" to "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi", which resemblance they did not deny. Since that time they have written no end of novelty songs, including "Now's the Time To Fall in Love," and the monotonous ritual, "We Want Cantor!", for which they have possibly not received the public acknowledgment they deserved.

Al Lewis went alone in the writing of "All American Girl," which established him as a hit writer, perhaps for the first time in the really outstanding hit class. I knew the boys would never write very much individually, and they are back together again in the writing of a novelty song, CHARLIE RACCOON.

Although I feel it is a trifle late in the season for it, as raccoon coats are usually associated with football games, and these are all past, yet it is not quite as bad as if the song were published in the spring or summer. It is a lilting college type of thing. Probably inspired by the broadcast success of "Here It Is Monday," the boys felt impelled to turn out "Charlie Raccoon"; in fact, in the middle of it they have incorporated the rhythm of "Collegiate" itself.

DeSylva, Brown & Henderson are the publishers, and the song should certainly be played brightly. It makes a good tempo pickup on any program.

**HEY YOUNG FELLOW.** To one who was as fortunate as I to witness the rehearsals and opening of

"Klowns in Clover" in Detroit some months ago, HEY YOUNG FELLOW is an old story. In that ill-fated show, which got no further than a few weeks in Chicago, Lew Leslie poured in an array of fine talent. The songs written by Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields were all good, too. Both Jimmy and Dorothy were present during the rehearsals in Detroit, and we spent many hours together; in fact, all of us did our little bit in helping Lew in his tremendous task of solidifying the whole show.

To me, one of the best songs in the show, at least the type of song I would most enjoy doing, was "Don't Blame Me," which Jack Robbins promises I shall have the pleasure of doing some day; but outstanding for the others, who seemed to like the lighter type of song, was HEY YOUNG FELLOW. At least the spot in which it was introduced received tremendous applause, and seemed to be favored as one of the bright spots of the show. Personally I do not care a great deal for the number, but I bow, as always, to the will of what I consider the majority. The very popular reaction to HEY YOUNG FELLOW in its present public broadcasts, leaves no doubt but that it is going to be one of the most played and one of the best liked songs of the next few months.

I am not quite certain whether Dorothy and Jimmy played it at that much discussed opening night of Radio City Music Hall, as yours truly was not among those present. (*They did. H. P. B.*) They were going to sing it on the Fleischmann broadcast on which we featured them, but time did not permit of it, and the chorus of the faster "Digga Digga Doo" was substituted for the arrangement of HEY YOUNG FELLOW. It is one of these optimistic things, going back at the end to Wendell Hall's "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More". I imagine relations must be very pleasant between Jack Robbins and Fred Foster, otherwise the inclusion of that famous line would never be permitted. HEY YOUNG FELLOW can certainly be characterized as a refreshingly different type of song, which, after all, is what the jaded radio listener is seeking today.

Through an arrangement, evidently with Lew Leslie, Jack Robbins was permitted to release the song for popular consumption, even though the show is no more.

It is very comparable to another song by the same pair, which they did do on our Fleischmann broadcast, and which was so similar to HEY YOUNG FELLOW that we felt it wise, especially in

view of the limited time, to suggest a contrasting second number—"A Roof Over My Head". Certainly few song-writing brains, and perhaps no woman song-writer has achieved such unique thoughts and development of them as has Dorothy Fields; here the lyric is certainly outstanding; whether it has the edge on the melody is another matter.

We are doing the song this Thursday, and making a recording of it Wednesday night. By the time this issue of "Tune-

ble for many songs which I have never heard. Her "Swinging In A Hammock" is one of her best, and made her a neat little fortune.

These two have certainly blended a beautiful thought with a beautiful melody, a song which I begged to be able to record, and which I am recording this coming Wednesday evening.

Perhaps its melody is a bit more outstanding than the lyric, though it is difficult to say just which is responsible for its charm; but to deny that the song has charm, would be to deny everything about it. It must be done slowly; we take almost a minute for the chorus, and whether the firm of Ager, Yellen & Bornstein know it or not, they have a mighty good song in their new catalogue.



Rudy Vallée's latest, specially posed for Radio Digest.

ful Topics" comes to your attention you will know the song even better than I do. I play the song quite brightly, giving it about 50 seconds to the chorus.

**P**RETTENDING YOU CARE. To me Jesse Greer will always be associated with "Freshie", although he has written many songs. He is a very likeable, bespectacled character, and can usually be found up in the offices of Robbins Music, Inc., yet he seems to be most famous for the song which was in Harold Lloyd's picture, "Freshie".

Tot Seymour, his feminine collaborator in this case, to my way of thinking, will always be associated with "Swinging In A Hammock", though I know that for many years she has been writing lyrics, and is perhaps responsi-

ble for many songs which I have never heard. Her "Swinging In A Hammock" is one of her best, and made her a neat little fortune.

It is difficult to classify it, which remark I dropped on our first broadcast of it. I still feel vague as to its potential possibilities. As usual, you, Mr. and Miss Reader, will best decide that.

**A**ND SO I MARRIED THE GIRL. A tune with cute lyrics! I can recommend none more highly than this one. It was my misfortune not to be able to see a single performance of George White's "Music Hall Varieties", which lamentably closed last Saturday night, after pulmotor attempts by the injection of the Howards, until the show became practically a copy of the "Scandals of 1931", failed to bring it up to a

(Continued on page 48)

# Marcella

"Hears  
All  
Tells  
All"

**M**Y, MY! But Toddles is certainly the busiest little bird we ever saw. She has so many inquiries to work on right now, that, she just confided to me, she feels like the little old woman who lived in the shoe. You know—had so many children she didn't know what to do, etc. . . . BUT, she was successful, Ruth Froste, and Others, on her last trip to Maurie Sherman's, at Chicago, though, believe you me, she parked her "bike" and rushed back here by train, so fearful was she of that terrific storm! 'Twas well she did, or we may not have had this information:

**W**HEN Maurie Sherman was fifteen years old, he was living in Chicago with his parents, going to school, studying violin very seriously, and taking a good deal of time to act as bat boy for the Cubs, being a great baseball fan, and now somewhat of a follower of all sports. School meant nothing to young Sherman; he went only because his father wanted him to go, and when he found it interfered with baseball, he cast school aside. He found himself in a serious corner, however, when he was summoned to the principal's office and asked the reason for his absence, which, of course, he said was due to illness, and was then requested to procure a doctor's certificate. Father was in favor of an education, believing it more important than a musical career; Mother was a little in favor of the violin; and Maurie, being his Mother's favorite, knew where to turn, therefore, was spared complete annihilation at the hands of his Dad.

His first job, playing the violin in a dance orchestra, whose other instruments consisted of a battered piano and a dilapidated set of drums, he obtained at the age of sixteen. A real musician—earning two dollars a night and a full fledged member of the musicians' union! He played in bands of all sorts for some years before he made his first important connection, during that time enjoying many interesting and some rather comical experiences.

When Sam Katz, now of the famous Balaban and Katz, was opening his first movie house, he needed an orchestra of some sort, and Maurie, then seventeen, applied for the job, fiddle in hand. After listening to him, Mr. Katz decided in his favor, to the tune of ten dollars a week. Success, as often happens, went to his head after a few months, and the lad demanded a raise to twelve dollars, which stirred up some waru words, and after which the "lad

and his fiddle" made a speedy exit. Then he played for a whole summer in a concert orchestra on one of the Lake Michigan excursion boats; and for five years, in a dance orchestra at Columbia Hall.

Waddy Wadsworth was at that time making up an all-star band to feature at the Winter Garden and offered Maurie a place, which he accepted. It was the very opportunity he was looking for; meant much more money than he had ever earned before; satisfied the senior Shermans that their son was on the right track at last. After ending this engagement, Arnold Johnson sought his services at the Green Mill. After Johnson left, he stayed on. Later Isham Jones, at that time in command of quite a few orchestras besides his own, saw Maurie there, and approached him with the idea that started him in the profession in which he is now undoubtedly one of the finest. Mr. Jones appointed him leader of his Colonial Orchestra, at the Bismarck Hotel, after a year of which, Maurie struck out for himself. He had ten pieces in his band: Joe Plotke, the drummer, still being with him. Joe sings, too, in a manner that is all his own and most amusing. A few years ago, Maurie ran second in a popularity contest.

The Sherman orchestra has been featured of late at the tea dansant in the College Inn, Hotel Sherman, and the Bal Tabarin, broadcasting over WENR, WMAQ and the NBC network, as well as at the Trianon Ballroom, broadcasting over WGN and the CBS network.

**I**T IS said that Vinton Haworth, Jack Arnold (of Myrt & Marge) as you probably know him, can walk on any man's stage and inspire a wave of assorted feminine "ahhhs" that sound like the start of a tropical hurricane. Why? He's just under six feet, slender, black wavy hair, blue eyes, and jaunty little moustache, a la Jack Holt.

He was born in Washington, D. C., June 4, 1905. At the age of six, he put on an exhibition of artistic temperament that cost him a broken arm, when he became more than a little annoyed when a larger lad was selected to play the part of the Prince in a school production of "Cinderella," while he was consigned to the comparatively lowly role of a courtier. As the budding young Thespian tripped by the Prince in a minuet, he paused long enough to whisper a mean remark, which brought a vigorous push from the Prince, landing "Vin" in the orchestra pit. Through the grades and high school, dramatics

absorbed him, trying out for every school production and winning a good part in all of them.

As an elder sister had gone to New York to go on the stage, Mother and Dad Haworth made no serious objection when Brother made known his intentions. The sister abandoned her career in favor of a husband, and they were sure young "Vin" would have a home in good surroundings until he got the "crazy idea" out of his head. But, he fooled them—landed a job, forty dollars a week, in a dramatic company making the chautauquas, in 1923. From 1924 to '26, was busy in an act in the vaudeville circuits; 1927 to '28, tried the business world; following year landed in Chicago and into the radio world.

Television was coming to the fore at that time and for a year he directed and acted in productions. Then went into the more practical aspect of broadcasting, announcing and acting dramatic roles in commercial broadcasts. Was "Don" in "Don and Betty"; leading man in many sustaining CBS programs out of Chicago; so was quite a logical selection when "Myrt & Marge" came on the air more than a year ago.

Heh, heh—married. Consults his wife on all matters pertaining to finances, and abides by her decision. That's her part of the contract. On the other hand, she never criticises his broadcasts. That's his business. And, they say it works to perfection. So there, all you "Jack Arnold" fans—and we'll try again for a photograph of the young man, although, as we have informed you before, photographs of the entire cast of Myrt & Marge have never been taken.

**W**E'RE very sorry, Constance Neaves, to learn that you have not received acknowledgments to your many letters to RADIO DIGEST. And, we also would appreciate knowing just why you haven't. Are you certain you have followed the columns of our magazine for your particular answers? We are busy as bees, but make it a rule to at least put Toddles on the job. She said please don't think she has been negligent; here is what she has been able to obtain for you on Lowell Patton: Earliest ambition and only aspiration—to become a great organist. When a lad, was a member of the boys' choir of Trinity Church, Portland, Oregon, his home city. (Not a New York man.) The choir leader and organist there was Lowell's hero. At eight he was a competent organ player, and at sixteen became the organist for the largest church in Portland. But, he decided he needed more tutelage, and set forth for England to enter the Royal Academy in London, studying for a year under Claude Pollard, internationally known teacher, and continuing his training in Paris, Rome, Berlin and

Vienna. Then came an interruption, with the War, when he served for a year in the United States Navy. Resumed his career, after the Armistice, with a series of tours of the United States and Canada. Is a member of the American Guild of Organists. Lowell Patton's "Song for Today" over WJZ furnishes twenty-four hours of inspiration to radio listeners. Most of the music, too, is from his own pen. His age? Not known. Married? No. Besides his "Mood Continentale" program, Sundays, 10:45 a. m., over WJZ, he is also heard over the same station, same day, at 4:30 p. m., with the "National Youth Conference"—Dr. Daniel A. Poling; also over the same station, Thursdays, 6:30 p. m., on "Old Songs of the Church" program; and over WEA, Tuesdays, 6:30 p. m., on "Mid-Week Hymn Sing."



Of course! Connie Foore, Helvetia George, and Martha Meldania Boswell continue their hold on that word—**POPULAR**

ONE of the first of the better known actors of the legitimate stage to be converted to radio, and one of the most popular "leading men" on the air today, is Harvey Hays. So, Jeannette L. Doty, you are not alone in your admiration for him. He has lived a colorful and most interesting life. Born in Greencastle, Indiana; when a small boy left America and sailed to India, where he spent his childhood and youth in Musoorie, a town in Northwest India, living with a sister, who was the wife of a missionary, and acquiring a knowledge of the many dialects of Hindustani. It was there, in that British possession, largely colonized by English, he acquired the accent that led many of his radio listeners to believe him an Englishman. He is Irish, however, racially, on both sides of his family.

When still in his 'teens, he obtained his first dramatic experience. From his fifteenth birthday, Harvey took part in all the amateur theatrical productions. His family mapped out a career in medicine for Hays, since his forebears had been physicians for generations. Entered the University of Allahabad, India, taking up a medical course. Finally told his family of his intentions to give up therapeutics and surgery to seek a theatrical career; and, finally, compromised with them by completing his course at the University. After graduation, he returned to America, a young man of twenty, and set upon the same rough road of experience which many travel who dream of seeing their names in electric lights.

His first experience—small bits in repertoire; later, joined a travelling stock company playing old melodramas; became a favorite in stock, and for

years toured many Western cities; seven years later, James K. Hackett gave Hays a place in his Shakespearian company; leaving there, came East, working his way up until he was cast with many leading American actors—William Faversham, Ethel Barrymore, Florence Reed, Maxine Elliott, Wilton Lackaye, Irene Bordoni and many others; acted in movies for a brief time—his best known work in the silent drama, as "Stephen Foster" in a series, "Music Masters." Best known in the radio characterization of the "Old Pioneer" in the Empire Builders, an NBC feature. Appeared with Radio Guild; with "The Fortune Teller" and in "Mystery House."

THE Landt Trio and White have been paged by a number of our readers: Dan, Karl and Jack Landt comprise the trio, with Howard White, the fourth party, all of whom hail from the home of coal strikes, Scranton, Pennsylvania. Dan was a house painter; Karl taught chemistry; Jack was a high-school student; and Howard turned out rolls and loaves of bread in a bakery shop—what a conglomeration of industries they comprise! Which doesn't interfere in the least with their ability to entertain, for they seem to be as popular as ever. Howard met the Landt brothers at the local Scranton stations, WGBI and WQAN, where their popularity was born. Lady luck accompanied them on their trip to New York, for while they received an audition, a sponsor happened to be present, and all five signed on the dotted line of a substantial contract. Howard lives with the three brothers, their parents and sister at Jackson Heights, Brooklyn. Thanks to Mrs. Phyllis B. Korten, we

have learned that they are broadcasting over station WTAM, Cleveland, several programs, and at least one network program, she states, "How About Wednesday," at 10:30 p. m.

THANK you very much, Mr. Charles Newton, for your interest in Dorothy Clark's recent query on Don Dowd. We are following your suggestion. No, we would not think of characterizing you, or anyone else for that matter, as a "butinsky." Yours is the kind of cooperation we look for from our readers. Sometimes they are better informed; and, it only proves their interest.

NOW, Sara Worman, have you seen the November and December (1932) issues? Well, stories on "Betty and Bob" appeared in both—on page 43 of the former, and page 44 of the latter. . . . I hope Mrs. Reese saw Pat Binford in the same issues. . . . And a very interesting story on Lanny Ross also appeared therein, Lucille Hanford, as well as a fine picture of John Fogarty; we shall check further on Robert Simmons. . . . Mrs. M. D. J., the artist about whom you inquired, is not married, so far as we know. . . . Toddles is now on her way to Gene Hamilton's, Mrs. Phyllis B. Korten; the Music Corporation of America, Chicago, may be in a position to locate Larry Funk for you; no, I am not Marcella Shields, and I don't believe she was, "Marion," but, checking on that too. I want to thank you heaps, by the way, for your trouble in locating the Landt Trio and White, and there will be scores of others thanking you too. . . . I'm sorry, Miss Pearl Lee, no findee Ezra McIntosh. Perhaps one of our readers findee 'im!

AND now, dear readers, so long as the question has come up, the following gives the answer: Miss Edna Kellogg, operatic soprano, we learn, has often been confused with the "Singing Lady" of the program of that name, put on by the Kellogg Company (no connection). N. W. Ayer & Son, advertising agency for that company, informs us that Miss Kellogg is not the "Singing Lady," that she has, however, performed on the "Armour Hour," and other radio programs under her own name, and that the "Singing Lady's" identity is kept a mystery—sh, sh, sh, so as not to disturb the childish imaginary pictures of her little listeners.

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

## INTROSPECTION

**T**HIS letter is not in praise of any definite radio personality, nor in detriment of any group of radio artists. It is, rather, a plea for the protection of ALL radio personalities and for our own protection as well, we, the radio fans.

I feel confident that many radio personalities have disappeared from the air because of our failure to reveal our interest and appreciation. How often we say to ourselves at the conclusion of a program—"that man surely can play the organ," the saxophone, or the violin, as the case may be, or—"I've never heard anyone sing that song with as much feeling, to such perfection." Yet, what do we do to reveal our thoughts on the subject? Nothing! I've been guilty many times, and such negligence is really unforgivable.

It may be well to remember that a few words of praise, of appreciation or encouragement have the power to "make or break" an entire career. If one doesn't take the time to "say" those words, how can the artists possibly know that their efforts are appreciated?

Most of us have film favorites as well as radio favorites, but, in the case of film stars, the knowledge of our preference is measured in a somewhat different manner. The "box-office receipts" are our seal of approval. Those whom we enjoy we continue to "follow." The theatre-managers are always on the alert to watch how the different personalities are received.

In one respect, the sponsors of the radio programs do the same thing. But, our seal of approval, in this case, is our letters, and how often they remain unwritten, and thus, the number received is not really a fair consensus of opinion. Possibly our attitude is due to the fact that we receive our radio entertainment free of our personal cost. The fact that we receive our radio entertainment with very little effort manifested on our part has made us prone to "take things for granted" and to become lax in giving credit where it is due.

Certainly our attitude puts the sponsors at a disadvantage. For, they accept the letters received as representative of public opinion and its reaction. If the number of letters is small, they are, quite naturally, led to believe that the particular program isn't "taking," and therefore, often fail to "renew," considering the artist "not a good buy." Then again, if the program isn't as yet sponsored, certainly sponsors aren't very anxious to "sign up" the artist, or group.

So, may I earnestly urge the fans, "write to-day!" Send in your few humble words of appreciation. Your comments need not be an epistle. It doesn't take long to jot down: "Certainly enjoyed your program last night." "Your rendition of—was beautiful." "I've never heard it sung more beautifully!" Or something equally as appropriate, but, think what it means to the artist, and what a guarantee it will be for you, that you will enjoy many more such programs by your favorites.—Mary E. Lauber, 119 West Abbottsford Avenue, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

# Voice of the

## LIKES "FIVE STAR"

**I** HAVE been a reader of your magazine for some time and enjoy it very much. All of the special articles are quite interesting to me. I pick no favorite.

If it were possible I would like to listen to Cab Calloway for at least an hour each day. Would you please tell me where I may get a picture of his orchestra? Ben Bernie is another of my favorites.

Your December issue contained an article concerning the Five Star Theatre, and that is certainly a fine and novel program.—Jack M. Wilhelm, Conesus Lake, Conesus, N. Y.

## ECHO FOR THE VALLEE

**R**ADIO DIGEST, in my opinion, is a top-notch radio magazine. Never miss one. Rudy Vallee certainly contributes much to it! "Tuneful Topics" is so interesting and helpful. If it were omitted in an issue, I do believe I would be off RADIO DIGEST for life. That cannot happen if the editors are really wise.

Where are you Rudy fans? I read so many letters from Vallee fans at one time, but now—has Rudy's popularity really waned? We cannot let that happen! Come on you praisers of Fleischmann Hours, and have your say again! We cannot let other artists gain on him—don't you know that would be letting him down? He deserves all the praise we can give him, and more than he ever will get. He is sincere, honest, upright and true, and—well, that's that.

I would be very happy to hear from anyone who thinks of Rudy as I do.—Anne Brakefield, 1722, 34th Avenue N., Birmingham, Alabama.

## -HOO! DOLLY! DOLLY!

**I** HAVE written you before but my letters have always found the waste-paper basket, rather than the pages of RADIO DIGEST. I forgive you and wish you luck

on one condition! That is, print this letter soon in VOL. I have been reading RADIO DIGEST for years, and believe me, I am a steady customer. Why? Because you print "Tuneful Topics," by Rudy Vallee, that is why. THERE, Billie Moore of St. Charles, what do you think of that? And, what's more, I am *not* a "kitchen mechanic." Tell me, why do people pick on Rudy? If you must be jealous, it does not pay to advertise it. Rudy has enough fans to take his part. And Rudy always has a word of praise for everyone, yet, what does he get in return?

I don't know what you ever published, but I wouldn't like it, even if it was good.

Three cheers for R. V. and R. D.—they are both aces.—Dolly, 1325a Whittier, St. Louis, Missouri.

## SAY, WHO STARTED THIS?

**M**AY we through your VOL, extend our sincere thanks to Rudy Vallee for his interesting "Tuneful Topics" which not only gives us the most popular song of the month, but also it's authorship and the characteristics of lyric and melody. The song of praise to everyone who either introduces the song or to its writers.

Here's hoping Rudy will continue writing the "Tuneful Topics" articles for many months to come. Last, but not least, the Fleischmann Hour—most popular, most diverting hour on the radio. Many thanks, Rudy.

Also our thanks to RADIO DIGEST, and the VOL—Marguerite Walsh, 2234 East 14th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## ATLANTA BOOSTER

**I** THINK the RADIO DIGEST a wonderful magazine. I look forward with great pleasure to reading it monthly, and especially "Tuneful Topics" which alone is worth the price of the magazine. Why can't we hear more often Mr. Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees—my favorite orchestra.

Mr. Vallee is an entertainer of highest class, a wonderful personality. He seems always to speak of everyone in the highest terms, and is always fair to the other fellow.

Best wishes to RADIO DIGEST.—An Atlanta Digest and Vallee Booster, Atlanta, Georgia.



"Where DID you get that hat?" asks "Vic" (Arthur Van Harvey) of "Sade" (Bernadine Flynn).

# Listener

## CROSS CARRIES VERMONT

I ENJOY your magazine very much and when I read that you solicited the readers' opinions in regard to announcers, I decided that I had one to express. So, if you will listen to a Vermonter:

My favorite announcer is the gentleman and scholar, Milton J. Cross. Not only has he one of the most glorious singing voices that I have ever been privileged to hear (and I have heard it much too infrequently), but his diction is a model for anyone to follow. His programs show his influence very plainly, but, he is too modest to take the credit.

If I have waxed enthusiastic, please remember that we of the Green Mountain State are not considered flatterers.—Mary E. Colpitts, Wallingford, Vermont.

## MASS. FOR CROSS

ANOTHER vote for Milton J. Cross, from Mrs. F. E. Baker, 51 Clarendon Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

## ONE FOR BUTTERWORTH

ONE for Wallace Butterworth! My favorite announcer is Wallace Butterworth, the most versatile, spontaneous and genial personality of the air, and the least discussed by radio reporters. Anyone who can present such broadcasts as the dignified Chicago Opera and the informal interview with the standees waiting in line for the opening of the World Series in Chicago (last Fall), deserves due recognition. The sparkling and sincere manner in which Mr. Butterworth announces many regular programs—the Farm and Home hour being the most outstanding among these—is familiar to radio listeners from coast to coast. Who does not like him for the lively way in which he introduces many of the musical selections, and for the slang phrases which creep into his speech now and then?

But with all this appreciation and high regard for one announcer, I am not completely blind to the merits of others: Milton Cross (another vote!); Pat Kelly, Russell Wise, Everett Mitchel, and Howard Petrie, singers of distinction, and Alwyn Bach, Ted Jewett, Ben Grauer, Arthur Godfrey, Kelvin Keech, and Carlton Smith, speakers of the first rank, are on my "honor roll."

I should like too, to compliment Mary E. Lauber, of Germantown, the writer of that beautiful tribute to Jessica Dragonette. I also am an admirer of Miss Dragonette.

You may add my thanks to the many you are receiving for the splendid issues of January and February, received before the first of the month this time. Here's hoping this unexpected promptness continues. One suggestion—please print a new list of radio stations in a future issue.

Stations are constantly being changed, and I like to keep up-to-date.—I. Mary Staley, Frederick, Maryland.

## OH LOOK GRAHAM!

AND one GREAT vote for Mr. Graham McNamee (what an admirer!). Speaking of the most popular and best announcer, surely you are only "kidding" your readers when you say you would like to know who it is. But, assuming it is true, I want to gladly, honestly and truthfully help you. The best, most popular, finest, Dean of All, in the past, present, and future, is the Honorable Mr. Graham McNamee.

He knows his business. He has been on the air from sunrise to sunrise since 1922—eleven years. He did not wait for someone else to pave the way as so many others have. In his time, he has learned by actual contact and work, not in "schools of broadcasting." Being a singer of repute, he knows the value of voice training and his announcing excellently reflects the fact. Did you not fairly burst when that unseen but plainly heard voice described Babe Ruth making home-runs; and did you not feel as though you were present at the foot-ball games; or at the memorable welcome administered by New York City to the World's hero, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh; or at the inaugural ceremonies of the men whom we have honored with the highest office? Thanks to Mr. McNamee, we have been able to be a part of all NBC outstanding programs. Does not Ed Wynn now lead in popularity? But, what would he be leading if it were



"Pie-Plant-Pete" (Claude W. Moye)  
Talented Hill Billy Songster

not for Graham McNamee? Graham helps put the jokes across.

Who, through the past years, has been criticized, slammed, and knocked more by writers than Mr. McNamee? He has had very little constructive criticism, very little publicity. But, through it all, he has unwaveringly led the list.

Just because your friends, Graham, were not dishonest enough to cheat in the popularity contests run by so many Eastern newspapers, does not mean that they have deserted you; they are the ones that have bought those thousands of new radio sets to hear your golden voice describe public events, which they wished but were unable to attend.

We, the Radio Public of America—of the World, do solemnly bow with brimming and overflowing thankful hearts for the kindnesses and services rendered to us by that Ace, Graham McNamee, knowing that he will not fail us but prove a thousand times his genius and loyalty.—Blanche E. Hall, College Springs, Iowa.

## ISHAM, BOW PLEASE!

JUST ran on to RADIO DIGEST a few months ago when looking for something to read to pass an evening away, and have not missed a copy since. I think it a grand magazine.

I see that several readers are submitting their choice for an all-star orchestra. Here is my selection, first, last and always: Isham Jones and his entire orchestra, with his vocalists, Eddie Stone, Frank Hazzard and others. I think they are an All-Star band if there ever was one. Please give us a story, with pictures, of this grand band leader and composer. Anyone who can write such tunes as "I can't Believe It's True," "Let's Try Again," "I Only Found You For Somebody Else," his latest—"There's Nothing Left To Do But Say Good-bye," and others, (even, "I'M In The Army Now") deserves a break.—J. D. S.

## FAN CLUB WHOOZOO

I AM compiling a list of all the fan clubs in the country which, when completed, will be sent to everyone who wishes a copy. I should like to hear from anyone who has, or knows about, a fan club.

This list will make it easy to locate the particular clubs in which you are interested as well as help along the interests of all such organizations by making them known to a great many fans. I am sure that every club officer will wish his or her club to be on this list.—Jean Mackenzie, 7321 South Shore Drive, Chicago.

## A SAY FROM ALBERTA

I LIKE Miss Mary E. Hanlon, believe Rudy is giving too much time on the Fleischmann program to guest artists, and other people.

When I listen to Rudy's hour, I want more Rudy. The occasional guest artist, such as Ruth Etting, Maurice Chevalier, Irene Bordoni, or Helen Kane, is variety, but, one a night is enough, with the "Prince" himself.

I live at a great distance, and sometimes our reception is poor, but, I listen if at all possible.

This is my first letter to RADIO DIGEST, and I hope I may have a say in VOL.—Laurence W. Ganlet, Wainwright, Alberta.



Betty Barthell

**T**HIS charming little miss from Nashville, Tenn., has a quarter-hour of her own on CBS-WABC. You hear her sing those better songs on Mondays at 6 p. m. and Thursdays at 6:30, EST. The orchestra which frames her voice so appropriately is that of Fred Berrens. The program goes as far west as KSL, Salt Lake City.

# KSTP EMPLOYS 250 ON FULL TIME



Lucrezia Bori of Metropolitan, prima donna, one of G. E. sponsored stars

**T**HE passing of Calvin Coolidge, former president of the United States, was probably felt stronger at KSTP in the Twin Cities than at any other radio station in the country.

It was Calvin Coolidge, sitting in Washington as the nation's chief executive in 1928 who pressed a gold key at his study in the White House to start the KSTP transmitter and send this powerful station on the ether waves in its inaugural program on March 28 of that year.

As President, Mr. Coolidge was a staunch friend of the National Battery station and was pleased to start this radio unit to the place it now occupies as one of the major broadcasting units of the entire country.

Special wire communications were established from the KSTP transmitter at Radio Center, Minnesota, to the White House and as the elaborate inaugural programs were completed and

the stage set, Coolidge pressed the button at 7 P. M. which set the transmitter in motion and the first program was on the air.

Since that time KSTP has been on the air continuously, broadcasting with 10,000 watts power and occupying full time on its present channel.

At that time KSTP was known as the "baby of radio stations" because many sister stations had already forged ahead, but the Minnesota station has since that time gained a front row in the field of radio.

KSTP has both the red and the blue network of the National Broadcasting Company, has a full-time staff of more than 150 employees, maintains a full-time symphony orchestra, has the largest library west of New York valued at some \$80,000, and has spent almost one million dollars on improvements and new construction during the five years which close in March.

The old transmitter which Mr. Coolidge put on the air has gone. In its place can be found the new 50,000 watt unit representing the latest transmitting equipment, operating with one-hundred per cent modulation with crystal control.

KSTP also has installed a new diesel engine which generates light and power for the station, making it absolutely independent of the elements and outside power companies.

In addition KSTP has constructed new studios which occupy the entire twelfth floor of the Saint Paul hotel in St. Paul and has a \$100,000 improvement program underway in Minneapolis. This latter includes the addition of four new studios, new offices and control rooms, and a new studio organ.

**M**R. COOLIDGE had appeared on local broadcasts presented by KSTP on two different occasions. He came here to appear at the fair grounds in St. Paul on occasion of the state and then came to Cannon Falls, Minnesota, to dedicate the John Colvill Memorial erected in honor of this great fighting hero.

The new studios on the Saint Paul hotel are the last word in studio construction. From the master control-room which has duplicate equipment throughout to allow for emergencies to the spacious audition rooms where programs are heard by advertisers before they are sent on the air, the equipment is second to none.

## VOICES for SALE

(Continued from page 15)

her importance is indicated by her concert dates and the invitations received from operas throughout the world. Several years ago she triumphed at Covent Garden in London in her first foreign appearances. This year she will sing in Italy at the request of Il Duce.

Lily Pons, since her debut in 1930 has become an American idol and is easily the greatest of the coloratura sopranos to be heard.

John McCormack, has charmed American music lovers for almost a score of years and returns season after season to the plaudits of increased audiences.

Tito Schipa, new with the Metropolitan this season, sang over the Sunday series on his first air concert to be given after his debut. With Martinelli he is a favorite throughout the country.

And Lucrezia Bori, who is considered almost an American because of her long residence here, is without an equal in the French operas that are produced for her year after year.

Certainly there are many good programs now on the air but on no other does the listener have the opportunity,

perhaps for the only time during the year, to hear the greatest voices of our time.



Martinelli of the Metropolitan opera as Shylock sings on the G. E. programs

# Charlotte Geer

A Five Star Personality

By

Viola Justin

**G**IVE Charlotte Geer credit for showmanship. She can be relied upon to present a good program whether she is speaking for Rotarians, writing an episode for her own broadcast, or reviewing an elaborate NBC venture!

If you are a constant reader of Broadcasts Winnowed in the Newark Evening News, then you will know that Charlotte Geer is the Dialist, the darling of all the studios from A to Z or more precisely ABC to WJZ, not to mention Jersey stations WAAM, WAAT and WOR.

With nine years of radio reviewing and a superhydrofine critical faculty, we feel impelled to refer to her as veteran radio reviewer, but veteran, mind you, only in the sense of proficiency, nothing to do with age!

In private life the Dialist is Mrs. Olin Potter Geer. She lives at 2 Melrose Place, Montclair, N. J., with her lawyer husband, her twelve-year-old daughter, Blanche, and two sedate Scotties. Angus is the wee companion of Miss Blanche's leisure hours while Tammie is without doubt the Laird of the living-room because of his aristocratic bearing and the tilt of his ears perpetually cocked for stray bits of radio gossip.

It was in her charming green and orange sun-parlor, surrounded by a galaxy of pictured radio celebrities, that Charlotte Geer was interviewed by your not too humble servant of RADIO DIGEST.

Fit setting for the Dialist! Walls hung with famous likenesses of stars. Stands and tables laden with silver framed autographed photographs. Big stars, little stars and comets. A veritable milky-way but for two familiar corked countenances grinning from the front seat of a dilapidated taxi, with a characteristic scrawl announcing, "Love and kisses to Charlotte from Amos and Andy."

Besides photographs, there are letters and telegrams signed by the sponsors of radio favorites. Faith in the Dialist's radio criticisms prompts some of the biggest advertisers to appeal to her for a confidential report on some spe-

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## Charlotte Geer's Weekly Schedule

*Monday—Column conductor and radio critic.*

*Wednesday—Speaker for Kiwanis, Rotarian and business clubs.*

*Thursday—At home. Contract Bridge for her own amusement.*

*Friday—Author "Silas of The Hill Country" over WOR, 4:5.*

*Sunday—Critic on the Hearth with her own family.*

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cial program, even to the extent of telegraphing her at her camp in Maine last Fall when NBC wired her to listen to the General Electric Hour's latest program.

"Of course I was flattered," she hastened to explain to me, "but when you consider that for purposes of insuring a peaceful vacation I had refrained from installing a telephone, you can imagine my indignation on being awakened one night about 11:30 by a messenger whose zeal would have done credit to Paul Revere, for he had roused the whole village in his efforts to deliver the telegram."

**C**HARLOTTE GEER laughed . . . and when she laughs she blushes. She has a beautiful complexion, sparkling brown eyes and carefully groomed brown hair which, with her aristocratic little nose, tends to heighten the look of a French Marquise about her. When I commented on it she hastened to assure me that far from being French, she is the scion of Dutch-Colonial ancestry beginning with Van Cortlandt and including among other picturesque figures of a fast disappearing New York, Delancey Nicoll and Thomas Fortune Ryan, both of whom were uncles of the Dialist.

"But you asked me how I came to write Silas. Well it was in response to letters from readers of my column. They urged me to give them a program over the air, similar to the one I presented over NBC net-work two years ago, which was interrupted by my ner-

vous break-down. But I think Silas is really my protest against unwholesome characters in modern novels and plays. His philosophy is a papraphrase of an old saying: 'Love and let love.' My fan-mail justifies my faith in a program that swings back to fundamentals. The slower paced life of the country. The mode and spirit of Nature not nearly as raw as the half-baked ideas of a jazz-age culture seeking new sensations.

"Lots of people have asked me if I wrote the Silas sketches before I knew Carroll Ashburn. Yes I did. I met him through Leonard Lewis, the Beau Balladeer on WEA. Nevertheless I think Mr. Ashburn was pre-ordained to play Silas. I am further indebted to Leonard Lewis for the character of Ruth played by Mrs. Lewis who is Ann Merrill on the air. Mrs. Ashburn is descended from a theatrical family second only to the Barrymore dynasty. Her stage name is Welba Lestina, her maiden name before she became Mrs. Ashburn.

"She has created the role of Cousin Lidy, Silas's crotchity housekeeper, although she is accustomed to quite opposite roles.

"Of course, in the beginning, we started in a small way. There were just Lidy, Ruth, Silas and Joe Hynard, played by Leonard Lewis. But with radio one character seems to lead to another. The next thing I knew I had written a full-fledged fire-scene in a moving picture house, and an audience had to be supplied for it. That necessitated a supporting cast. Then we had another thriller, requiring molls and gun-men. Think of it. I had to call on the members of both the Plainfield and Montclair Junior League groups, for mobs and molls!

"And those idols of the pampered rich played the parts of very creditable hus-sies and vamps! The 'Bad Girl' roles are much more popular with the younger set than the appealing heroine type.

"As Polly Heely, a Plainfield Junior League girl, confided to me that: 'Broadcasting was more thrilling than quail-shooting!' And another aspirant, Dorothy Finch, kin to a Supreme Court Judge, and M. F. H. of the Rumson



**C**HARLOTTE GEER is shown here with her radio group preparing for one of their broadcasts over station WOR. Carroll Ashburn (kneeling) plays the part of "Silas of the Hill Country." Next to him, reading from left to right, are Charlotte Hall, Charlotte Geer, Leonard Lewis, Ann Merrell and Welba Lestina. Directly behind Mr. Ashburn, from left to right, are Mrs. Edith Cooke, Mrs. Anita Kneik, Mrs. Gerish Bauscher, Miss Josephine Merrill, Miss Katherine Emery, Miss Julia Vogt, Harry Mack, announcer, and Miss Phyllis Cox. The Ariel Ensemble of WOR is also shown at the left.

Hunt Club, said: 'I'd rather broadcast than attend the biggest ball of the season!'

"But credit must go to Carroll Ashburn who produces *Silas*. He spends hours developing the amateur talent I bring him for the smaller parts, training them in the technique of voice production for the microphone. One of my most versatile actresses is recruited from the Montclair Amateur Dramatic Club. Although her husband is assistant treasurer of the Carnegie Foundation, Charlotte Hall is going in for radio as conscientiously as if her livelihood depended upon it. She is taking private lessons to perfect herself on the air. Oh no, it isn't going to be a profession; just a vocation, she told me and she can play parts ranging from elderly women to chorus girls, with equal facility.

"You asked me about our fan-mail. We have baskets of it from all over the Eastern part of the United States . . . thanks to the WOR coverage. And I want to say that many of my best episodes are based on letters requesting my advice concerning all kinds of troubles, personal and financial. I pre-

sent my advice in dramatic form and I wish you could see the gratitude with which it is accepted and acknowledged. Ordinarily, advice is difficult to administer, and is rarely ever followed, but such is not the case with mine. And speaking of gratitude, that brings me to Mrs. Oakley W. Cooke, manager of the Bamberger Broadcasting studios. It was she who received the idea of the *Silas* scripts, with open arms, according us the most favorable afternoon spot on her station. And before I forget it I want to tell you about our public appearance at the Job Haynes' Home in Bloomfield.

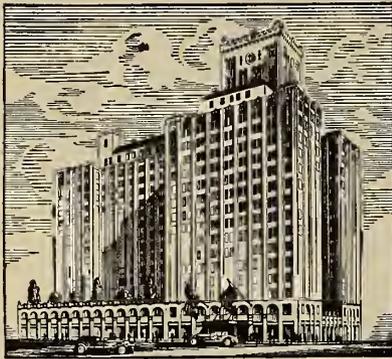
**B**ECAUSE of Carroll Ashburn's engagement in Elmer Rice's New York play, 'We the People,' we are unable to fill the many requests for public performances. However, we did manage to visit the large Family of the Job Haynes' Home giving a program of songs by Leonard Lewis and two *Silas* broadcasts. What a welcome we received! The oldest member of the Family was ninety-three years old and the youngest a mere chit of seventy.

They were all so grateful and appreciative that we were thoroughly spoiled.

"Applause is something we rarely ever have on the air. You can't imagine how gratifying it is to our artistic vanity to hear it again, even beaten out in the thin feeble hands of the aged. It was a terrible let-down to go back to the studio. No doubt our air audience represented by a small black disc suspended from the ceiling was waiting, distantly for us. But our hearts were with the audience we had left at the Job Haynes' Home, and not caged in an empty room shrouded with drapery with nothing but a 'Silence' sign to encourage us." Mrs. Geer smiled and her brown eyes lighted happily as Angus and little Blanche entered the sun-parlor. There were many more questions I wanted to ask; but after all this particular Sunday was mother's day and Charlotte Geer is a devoted mother.

Two careers in the Geer family have not lessened the atmosphere of mutual sympathy and love which seems to have blossomed in a well-rounded character for all the roles that the "Dialist" has chosen to play as author, artist and mother.

# LIVE IN THE NEW SMART CENTER OF NEW YORK!



The Hotel Montclair is located in the very heart of the fashionable Park Avenue district—the world famous residential and shopping center of New York's elite. 800 sunny, outside rooms. Every room with bath, shower and radio. Adjacent to Grand Central and B. & O. Bus Terminal . . . only a few minutes from Pennsylvania Station.

NOTHING FINER IN  
HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS  
AT THESE RATES

SINGLE ROOMS from \$2.50 to  
\$5 per day—WEEKLY from  
\$15.00

DOUBLE ROOMS from \$3.50  
to \$6 per day—WEEKLY from  
\$21.00

## HOTEL MONTCLAIR

Lexington Avenue. 49th to 50th Sts. N. Y. C.

# Pacific Coast Echoes

By W. L. Gleeson

**K**TAB, the Oakland station that moved over to San Francisco four years ago . . . moves back again to Oakland. The station has opened up new studios right down-town in Oakland. The new studios are well appointed and should be the originating point for many wonderful programs in the future. Oakland has needed this full time outlet to the radio world for a long time. You see, Oakland, California, in reality has over 500,000 population.

**E**DDYE ADAMS, KFVB'S "Melody Girl", Hollywood, was "Master of Ceremonies" of the "Pageant of Good Times", held recently in Oakland. Miss Adams is one of the few ladies in radio who can act as M. C. before a great audience. She is the "Woman 'Dobbsie'" of the West.

**S**PEAKING of Dobbsie . . . he still maintains his wonderfully large following . . . loved by shut-ins in all parts of this great Western empire. Tune in Don Lee network, 8:00 AM, for Dobbsie.

**T**OM GERUN'S Bal Taberin orchestra, heard regularly via NBC-KGO, network, 'tis rumored, goes to New York soon . . . on a long contract with one of Gotham's leading hotels. Tom and his boys are better than good, and will make a big hit.

**I**RVING KENNEDY and Lord Bilgewater are being missed these days by the "Spotlight Revue", KGO, Saturday nights, 9:30 PM. They had remarkable audience-getting ability.

**H**ARRISON HOLLOWAY, the genial manager of KFRC, San Francisco, has developed another artist who is making a real hit with KFRC fans. He is none other than "Adhesive Pontoon" . . . the colored boy on the "Jamboree". "Doakes & Doakes" are also good, and will be sponsored one of these days by some far-seeing firm. They could sell goods as well as entertain!

**T**HE regular audience of CBS now extends to Asia . . . according to Dick Evans, the genial publicity director of KSL, the Salt Lake City "Monarch of the Rockies" . . . reporting that the new 50,000-watter drew favorable comment in the Japanese Advertiser, published in Tokyo . . . and the Home Journal, of Melbourne, N. Z., . . . which

seems to be stretching things out in great shape.

**J**UNE McCLOY, picture star, is heard with Johnny Hamp's Hotel Mark Hopkins orchestra, over NBC-KGO network, every week-day night. Miss McCloy, a singer of note, was one of the last group of girls glorified by Florenz Ziegfeld before his death. She was a major principal in the Ziegfeld production "Ha-Cha," and has appeared on many sponsored radio programs as a guest star.

Miss McCloy and Johnny Hamp are helping to bring up the standard of Western programs . . . a thing much needed when compared with programs from the East.

**W**ITH Ted Brown, energetic "Globe" reporter, and his not so energetic partner "Sleepy" Dolan, photographer, becoming involved in a smuggling case, the tempo of the "Headlines" thriller is accelerated, in the current episode 8:00 to 8:15 PM, Don Lee network. While guests at a ranch in the Santa Barbara foothills owned by a wealthy Central American planter, the two newspapermen suddenly pick up the clues they lost in San Francisco's Chinatown.

This snooping business should be followed by many others on the radio. Intelligent searching will improve any program. Here's one from which we can learn much.

**"O**RIENTAL FANTASY" is a new dramatic feature presented by KFOX each night, excepting Sunday, at 8:00 o'clock. The possibilities of the idea are far-reaching, and the series of programs breaks itself into several stories, with six or more episodes each. Different countries of "the old world" serve as the logical atmosphere. Ardis Long, staff writer of KFOX is the originator of the feature.

**L**ILYAN ARIEL'S performance of the piano solos . . . on Raymond Paige's recent presentation of Rhapsody in Blue . . . earned her a personal letter of congratulation from Howard Ely, celebrated organist of KMBC, Kansas City, the letter being filled with flowing praise for the work of Miss Ariel and Mr. Paige in doing justice to this modern American classic.

**F**OR the first time over a statewide network, Governor James Rolph, Jr., of California, spoke from the State

capitol at Sacramento, and was heard throughout the state, when he delivered his biennial speech to the legislature, at the opening of the session.

The broadcast, originating with KFBK, Sacramento, was carried by the Don Lee system exclusively, providing listeners with a comprehensive insight into the much discussed doings of the California governing body and the current policies of Governor Rolph.

**M**R. S. S. FOX, President and Manager of the Salt Lake City Station, KDYL, had this to say in a recent issue of his splendid station magazine, "The Voice of KDYL":

"Fifty thousand broadcasts took 500,000 speakers, singers and musicians into homes of this territory through KDYL in 1932; microphones carried the words of leaders in science, politics, religion, education and the arts, for the benefit of our listeners.

"The outstanding feature of the year was the presidential election, with the conventions and campaigns preceding. More than 165 hours of time were devoted to the two conventions, to addresses and the election returns."

A new year affords a period of check-up on accomplishments. Mr. Fox talks with pride about his 1932 accomplishments . . . furthermore, why shouldn't all station managers be able



These merry WGY singers seem to have found their names and maybe a "pitcher in the paper".

to do so? It will be interesting to read the 1933 report of KDYL next year.

**T**HE "Buy American Made Merchandise" propaganda has prompted KFOX, Long Beach radio station, to set aside a thrice weekly program, during which the local Chamber of Commerce presents a three-minute talk of general interest, designed to promote the purchase of Southern California made products. The idea has created somewhat of a sensation within the jurisdiction of the station as well as infinite good-will among merchants and manufacturers of the districts served by the station.

### *WHOM—Jersey City*

**B**BROADCASTING is largely a young man's business. Thus, it is not surprising to find the responsibilities of WHOM, Jersey City, on the none-too-broad shoulders of Roland Trenchard, whose thirty-fifth birthday only recently passed.

Trenchard, a resident of Orange, N. J., was born in the neighboring community of South Orange. He graduated from the Columbia High School there and then pursued a general business career.

He came to radio about three years ago as commercial representative of a Newark broadcaster. The beginning of his microphone career leading directly to his present executive position was quite by accident. He had interested

a sponsor in a certain program. A test was arranged for an hour later. The artist whom Trenchard had in mind for the program could not be reached by telephone. Time was fleeting but the resourceful Trenchard used every passing second to advantage. He wrote continuity, picked up the artist and drove madly to the studio arriving at the crucial moment. There was no time to arrange details and Trenchard was forced to put on the program himself. His voice and microphone presentation so pleased the sponsor that he wrote into the contract that Trenchard must announce the program thereafter. Soon he became Assistant Studio Director.

### *WBTV—Charlotte, N. C.*

**B**BILLY HAMILTON, renowned orchestra director over WBT, long ago reached the head of the list of the acclaimed band leaders in the South. Without an expert press agent, a vast amount of publicity or even a lucky break in the newspapers, his progress has been spectacular. Particularly since WBT, Charlotte, North Carolina, has been broadcasting on its increased power of 25,000 watts, Billy's enthusiastic following has grown to national proportions. He is an impresario of no mean ability when it comes to building up original and diversified programs. Among his weekly productions over this station are "The Modernists", a program devoted exclusively to works of modern composers.

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 A KNOTT HOTEL

# "Hello! NEW ZEALAND!

## WCKY, KENTUCKY CALLING"

By Elmer H. Dressman

**N**EW ZEALAND, Britain's island dominion "floating in seven seas of space," was the guest of honor recently during a three-hour good will broadcast from WCKY, the station of L. B. Wilson, Inc., in Covington, Ky.

New Zealand, 1200 miles southeast of Australia, in the southern Pacific, is 7000 miles distant from Covington and the latter's next-door neighbor, Cincinnati. It takes 30 days, traveling by fast steamer and train, to journey between Cincinnati and New Zealand. Yet WCKY's program reached the "down under" populace in 1/20 part of a second.

For many months thousands of New Zealand DX fans have been sending in reports of WCKY reception there and asking for a special program. In response, L. B. Wilson, president and

general manager, and Maurice Thompson, studio director of the Kentucky 5000-watter, arranged the special good will broadcast from midnight to 3 A.M., which developed into a contribution to international peace and understanding.

New Zealand standard time is 16½ hours ahead of eastern standard time, so that N. Z. folk heard the start of the broadcast at 4:30 P.M. Sunday their time. Messages from many notables were read during the program, and facts about New Zealand were given from time to time, for the benefit of listeners elsewhere.

The Right Honorable George William Forbes, P. C., prime minister of New Zealand, cabled a message of greetings which was read during the broadcast. He thanked WCKY for arranging the good will program and stated the press

had been notified, so that New Zealanders might tune in at 1490 kilocycles at the proper time.

Messages also were received and read from: Sir Ronald Lindsay, British ambassador to Washington; Mr. Walter Macleod, British vice consul in Cincinnati; Governor Ruby Laffoon of Kentucky; Governor George White of Ohio; Mr. W. F. Wiley, general manager of the Cincinnati Enquirer and president of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce; and Mr. Frank W. Rostock, president and editor of the Cincinnati Post.

Sir Ronald said, in part:

"Broadcasting does much good if it familiarizes distant countries with the entertainments and the interests of each other. If we can laugh at each other's jokes, we may understand each other better when we debate serious problems. Such mutual understanding exists most easily among English-speaking peoples. At Ottawa the British commonwealth made a notable experiment in the mutual solution of economic difficulties. I hope that our example will be more widely followed, for the depression is universal and can only be overcome by international action. Hard times may be defeated by hard thinking directed to a common purpose."

Prime Minister Forbes said, in part:

**T**HE people of New Zealand send cordial greetings to the people of the United States of America and with them sincerely trust that 1933 will bring substantial improvement in the present world-wide economic conditions. We greatly appreciate the action of WCKY in arranging this good will broadcast."

Governor Laffoon greeted Kentuckians now living in New Zealand and adjured them to be good citizens of the commonwealth in which they now make their homes.

Governor White said he counted it "a privilege to salute our friends in that great dominion of the south Pacific, and to express the good will Ohioans feel toward them. As people concerned with problems like theirs and sharing common hopes and aspirations, we will



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• N E W Y O R K •

Single from \$2.50 day  
Double " \$4.00 "



Scene in main studio, WGY, Rochester, during presentation of great thriller drama, "The Shadow", with Jack Lee as the producer.

look forward to that early time when television will intensify and cement the understanding and neighborliness which have been cultivated by radio."

Mr. Macleod, in a brief but witty message, told his New Zealand listeners that the people of the United States have the "liveliest feelings of regard for both Australia and New Zealand."

Mr. Wiley sent greetings to New Zealanders and expressed his desire to visit their country. Mr. Rostock said, in part: "Through radio, mankind is becoming more and more conscious of being like a family in one house. When we fully understand this we will quit destroying each other in wars, or choking each other to death by restrictive tariffs."

Studio Director Thompson arranged a diversified musical program. For the first hour listeners were entertained by the orchestras of Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez and Mark Fisher, from New York and Chicago on the NBC network. The other two hours were taken up by special talent and staff entertainers of WCKY, including Fern Bryson, musical comedy star; the Jewel Sisters, Ellis Frakes, Dixie Dale, the Dixie Vagabonds, Ruth Heubach Best, Helen Brooks and Betty Gilmore, Homer Bernhardt and the Virginians, male quartette.

Eddie Bayer and his Liberty Theater Orchestra, of Covington, were heard throughout the program, and the Mendelssohn Singing Society's male choir of 40 voices was another stellar feature. The announcers were James S. Alderman, Russell Hodges, Bill Haley and Maurice Thompson. The continuity was prepared by Elmer H. Dressman.

The Good Will Broadcast was made the occasion of a party in the WCKY studios, at which Mr. Wilson was host. Guests included Cincinnati and Covington radio editors, officials and artists.

Cablegrams and letters from many near and far-distant points are assuring WCKY that the New Zealand broadcast was a great success, both from the standpoint of international good will and of popular entertainment.

## Hist! the Shadow!

*AND now, ladies and gentlemen, we take you behind the console of your parlor into the big studio where the dreadful Shadow has his haunt at WGY, Rochester, N. Y.*

**R**AIN laden wind moans about the turrets of an isolated castle, a forlorn dog howls at the eerie, cloud-shuttered moon. Tense whispers disturb the oppressive silence of vaulted corridors.

The Shadow, that awesome spectre of the radio, glances apprehensively at a chronometer, crunches the glow from a cigarette and tensely awaits a white shirted youth's permission to strike terror to the hearts of his followers.

Weird music—climatic chords in minor keys—solemnly calculated to provide mysterious atmosphere in the absence of the motion picture industry's flitting bats and flickering neon tubes.

Far back in the studio a sound effects expert follows his script to a crayon-circled cue, and flails a leather cushion with a yardstick. Down in Bristol Valley an elderly lady starts from her rocking chair as the resultant fusillade breaks the silence of the night.

An agonized cry wracks the old lady's nerves, and in the studios a smartly attired Miss is implored to scream more feelingly.

Back and forth the action carries, changing emotions color the progress of the story, action reigns supreme. But before the microphone the characters

stand rooted to the floor. The script calls for the heroine to rush across the room to the side of her fallen lover. The girl does nothing of the kind. She has a chalk circle on the floor and she stays in it. It really doesn't matter, because the lover has probably dropped into a chair to relax and enjoy his dying gasps.

The old lady in the rocking chair doesn't see that; she hears faltering footsteps and visualizes the noble heroine as she falls on her knees beside the poor, broken thing which sounded so strong and handsome during the first sixteen minutes.

WHAM's "Shadow" dramas, pictured, on the air, on this page, are presented each Thursday night at 8:00 o'clock, produced by Jack Lee and sponsored by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Company in the interests of its Blue Coal which is distributed in Rochester by H. H. Babcock and Company.

### DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 856, 70 5th Ave., New York

## Typeline Sketches

(Continued from page 28)

**MRS. GERTRUDE BERG.** (Mollie Goldberg in *The Goldbergs*.) The brains of The Goldbergs, radio's famous family, is Mrs. Gertrude Berg, who plays Mollie Goldberg.

Mrs. Berg, distinctly a radio product, came to the air without stage, screen, opera, concert or literary reputation. A talented young woman, she brought to the studio a good idea which has earned her nationwide success.

Born and raised in Harlem, when that section was still a white settlement, she was the daughter of a hotel keeper named Edelstein. She attended the local public schools, Wadleigh High School and Columbia University. She is married to Louis Berg, a sugar merchant, and they have two children, Chenay, a boy aged 10, and Harriet, a girl of 6. Mrs. Berg is 30 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. She has dark brown hair and eyes.

She likes to dance, sing and paint for diversion. Her favorite color is navy blue.

All of the members of the supporting cast in *The Goldbergs* are Jewish. James R. Waters, a veteran of the theatre, adept at portraying Jewish characters plays "Jake Goldberg"; "Sammy" is played by Everett Sloane, and "Rosie" is played by Helen Rowland.

**TOM HOWARD,** *The Wise Boob*, lean and lank scarecrow comic of musical comedy and the movies, bids to establish a fresh formula of air comedy based on outlandish characterization and situations familiar to those who saw him as "The Spy" in the Greenwich Village Follies, as the dimwit mayor with Joe Cook in "Rain or Shine" or as the wise boob with Marilyn Miller in Ziegfeld's "Smiles."



Tom Howard.

Tom, with his short and agitated partner, George Shelton, whose joint japey has been filmed in a half hundred talkie shorts, is heard every Tuesday and Friday evenings on the nightly nine o'clock (EST) Columbia series. He is one funny man who is the same droll

character both on and off stage, for twenty years a lovable clown to fellow troupers.

Born June 16, 1885, in County Tyrone, Ireland, Tom came to America as a babe in arms, the son of an immigrant mason. He grew up to become a Philadelphia grocery clerk, rising (at six a. m.) as errand boy, clerk and manager until he learned to recite "The Face On the Barroom Floor," and became an actor forever after. In the last two decades, Tom has roamed the country alternately as monologist, stock trouper, and comedian of burlesque, vaudeville, Broadway and the films. He creates his own skits and works entirely without a script; lives in a New Jersey country home with his actress-wife and son and daughter, and commutes to New York.



Mrs. Gertrude Berg.

## VET Makes Good

(Continued from page 13)

the average man at the peak of his mental powers. His face was wrinkled but there was livid fire in his eyes. He stands erect as a soldier. And as we ambled toward the elevators he insisted on helping me on with my coat—yes sir, DeWolf Hopper, the great gentleman and dean of the American stage, held my overcoat as I climbed into it! (When I get to be 74 I'll tell that to my grandchildren, if any.)

"Say, just a minute!" he exclaimed as we came to the elevators. "Did you ever see our stage?" I had not. The elevator was not there so we didn't wait, he took me up stairs and showed me the stage. What's a mere flight of stairs at 74 when you've got the limb and wind of a DeWolf Hopper! And I think his long legs took a couple of steps at a time on the turns. I swear, this radio makes a man young again sure enough!

## I Play a Saxophone

(Continued from page 23)

In addition to his Club Royale work, Doerr was helping to popularize the saxophone in recordings. His Club Royale records are still remembered and through his RCA-Victor work he became known around the world. His recording of "The Sheik" and "Dapper Dan" had a sale of over one million, three hundred thousand, a mark among popular recordings in those days.

In 1923 Clyde decided to try Chicago. He clinched a two-year contract at the fashionable Congress Hotel, organized a new band and went West. He was even more successful in Chicago and his fame as an orchestra director became nation wide. He broadcast over Station KYW in Chicago and also made money. He became so well known that he was offered a flat-

tering contract in vaudeville and toured the entire Orpheum circuit as a headliner. Finally, his orchestra disbanded in the Windy City and Doerr again came East to make records for RCA-Victor.

In 1925, he organized his famous saxophone octet, obtained an important commercial account with Station WEAJ a year later, a program that ran for over two years. He has been with NBC ever since.

In 1926, the Doerrs built their home in Forest Hills and it is there that Clyde finds time to write his marches and saxophone arrangements.

Doerr has been associated with many nationwide programs during his seven years in radio. He was conductor of the Davis Baking Powder program in 1926, 1927 and 1928; conductor of the White Rock program in 1929; the Elgin program in 1930 and leader of his own saxophone octet in 1930, 1931, 1932 and 1933. He has been soloist and associate artist on many leading programs since 1925. These include the Eveready Hour, RCA-Victor, Goodrich Silvertown, Royal Typewriter, Maxwell House, Schradertown, Fada Radio, Quaker State, Paramount Public, Jack Frost, Mobiloil, Best Foods, Friendship Town, Cities Service and many others.

Doerr's marriage in the west was an important event, and a bit unusual. It happened sixteen years ago during an intermission from work at the "Techeau Tavern" in San Francisco, a landmark now gone. His bride was Hilda Trudeau, a concert soprano, harpist, linguist, and accomplished musician. Clyde just went out between numbers, got "tied up" by a parson, and returned to play the next number on the program.

Doerr's marriage was important because his wife helped him mightily along the way. Her French forbears taught her thrift and she knew how to make ends meet when wages were low and money was scarce. Her sound musical judgment and business sense also helped her husband in important decisions. And Doerr is generous enough to give her full credit for whatever success they have achieved together.

Doerr was born June 24, 1896. His father, Albert Doerr, a farmer of Colwater, Michigan, was an accomplished violinist and organist.

His sense of humor is well known in the studios and there is nothing he enjoys like a good story or a joke well told.

Doerr is the composer of many well known saxophone numbers and marches. Among these is the "Vermont Academy March," which he wrote and dedicated to Vermont Academy, Saxtons River, Vermont. The words also were written by Doerr and were first sung over the

air by Milton J. Cross, NBC announcer during one of Doerr's Sunday programs last year. Many of his solos are written in his automobile while waiting for Mrs. Doerr during shopping expeditions.

His philosophy of life is kindness and helpfulness toward others and a willingness to see the other fellow's point of view.

Of the saxophone, Doerr says he believes its usefulness has only lately been recognized.

"It is a legitimate instrument, from which fine music can be obtained," he contends, "and with which, by the proper direction and study, even better musicians can be and are being developed."



## Charlie Chan

(Continued from page 11)

lights and shades into the radio play I feel that Walter Connelly is the perfect Charlie Chan.

But again Charlie could go wrong before leaving the broadcasting studio for your home if the production were not ably directed. And once more Charlie is treated as a friend by the human understanding and skillful directing of Vernon Radcliffe of the National Broadcasting Company—the director, let me add, of the widely praised Radio Guild.

And now along comes Harry Salter, his regular orchestra reinforced by Hawaiian or Chinese music makers—as the show requires. Nothing is too much trouble for Harry in building the right musical setting for the play.

From the author who created him, right along the line we're all enthusiastic pals of Charlie Chan—and here's wishing you the same!



## Ken Murray

(Continued from page 17)

like this. Before anyone had time to register as a "Doubting Thomas," Ken had the bundles unwrapped and was stuffing handfuls of the laugh making ammunition into the lads' hands.

The ink was dry on the contract before much more was said and, though they didn't know it, radio fans had Santa Claus making a second trip for them. Just to set the gloomy lads completely ga-ga before he left them, Ken pulled an unused ace out of his sleeve, as he reached for the old fedora. (It's not a fedora, really. It's a beaver, a green one, and Ken says he shot it himself). "Oh, before I forget it I want you to see my straight."

Now, the "straight," as it is known to amusement people, is the poor lad who has to feed the funny man the questions which bring out the laugh-

producing answers. He is about as interesting to the men who make up the program as an Easter bunny on Christmas Day. They lapsed into their frowns again and prepared to shake hands with a fellow whose life job is to look and act dumb. With the same unannounced and sudden disappearance that had brought forth the material, Ken blew out the door again.

Before you could say "Stravinsky" he was back with the biggest surprise of the day in hand. *On* hand is better, for there at his side was one of the neatest little bundles of female pulchritude that God and the warm sun of California have ever conspired to make. "Meet my 'straight'," boomed Ken. "This is California's gift to radio, Helen Charleston, boys."

What Ken said from then on was wasted on the group for all eyes were focused on the charming little lady Ken called Helen. And no wonder. A pretty face, of a type not often seen on Broadway, but suggestive of the warm west coast sunshine. Trim, yet soft feminine beauty at its best, was the picture she presented to the awestruck boys. A jaunty, stiff-brimmed black hat, set atop a thick tuft of soft brown hair, lent a touch of quaintness to this little miss. Puffy, leg-of-mutton sleeves, a part of a trig black tweed ensemble, topped off the picture. She

didn't say a word. She didn't have to, because she "spoke for herself" by just being there.

\* \* \*

The contract signed, and the tension of the scene slipping fast, Ken told the boys about Helen Charleston. He met her out in California when he was playing a vaudeville engagement. She had signs of ability but no hint of it having been developed. That was five years ago. Ken had visions of going on the radio then. He could see, in this unsophisticated little Californian, a real microphone jewel, providing she was properly groomed for the role. He undertook the job. She could sing, but just a little. Ken had her brought to the right teachers and then got her out on a platform with a band, to sing choruses. It didn't make any difference what band or how much they could pay. Sometimes, in the early period of training, the band was bad and the pay was worse. "And you should hear her today," continued Ken.

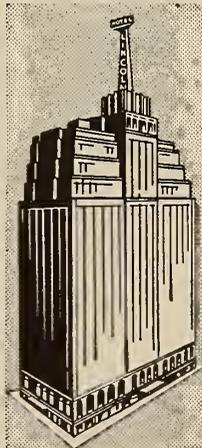
"The same went for her playing the part of my 'straight,'" declared. "For five years I've been drilling her in that role and today Helen will stand up to the best of them."

Helen blushed, then turned crimson. But the big cigar continued to wag, while Ken extolled the Californian's abilities.

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The door banged closed and the room was quiet again. With the same impetuosity that marks everything he does, Ken, with Helen on one arm, a year's material under the other and a contract in his pocket, slipped out sideways this time, to keep the cigar intact. Radio men say it was the year's greatest "break" for a sponsor, when that door opened and Ken walked in. If you don't think so, tune in any Wednesday on WEA, at 8:00. You'll hear him on the Royal Gelatin program with Helen Charleston and other important contributors, including Ward Wilson, mimic, and Robert Russell Bennett, who supplies the music. It won't be long before you'll agree with the radio men and Ken Murray will have another fan.



### Lou Katzman

(Continued from page 16)

helped along. Andy, you know, is famous for his guitar playing. Well, this is how it started. Andy was a saxophonist in Katzman's orchestra. One day during rehearsal Katzman found Andy strumming on a guitar. "How come?" queried Lou. "I didn't know you played the guitar." Andy said he was only "foolin' around" with it. Lou encouraged him to take it up seriously and today Andy is considered radio's foremost guitarist. Little things like that have often developed into big things for Katzman.

It's always interesting to know something about how our radio artists live. How old are they? Where do they come from? What of the home life? The low-down on Lou Katzman reveals that he is a devoted husband and father of two children. A son, Henry, is 21 years of age and already distinguished as a pianist and composer. The other child is a daughter, Beatrice, who is 13. She is studying singing. Mrs. Katzman is a very charming lady and a fine mother to her growing children. She has always been a great help to her husband in his musical activities.

As for Lou, he was born in Odessa, Russia. His father was a noted trumpet virtuoso. Lou began the study of music when he was eleven. He absorbed the principles of music so rapidly that, in one year, he was playing trumpet in a symphony orchestra. He is truly a natural-born musician. When he was 16 he sailed for America.

During the intervening years, he made rapid strides in the musical world here. At 21 he was engaged by Thomas Edison to play trumpet solos for phonograph records. Three years later he was appointed chief arranger of the Edison recording company. At 30 he was made musical arranger for Witmark Music Company, the first music

publishing firm to engage a special musical arranger. In 1923 he entered radio and, at the same time, retained his phonograph recording interests. In 1928 he became general manager of the Brunswick Recording Company. 'Twas he who made the recording of such famous artists as Al Jolson, Belle Baker, Harry Richman and all of those stars whom you have heard on Brunswick records.

And that, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, is a brief review of Lou Katzman's career in radio. So when you listen to his music on the air you will know something, at least, about this fellow who has been bringing you radio entertainment for all these ten years. And now he's going stronger than ever!



### Irvin Cobb

(Continued from page 26)

NELLIE . . . "You'd make a great interpretive dancer. \*\* Well, anyway, they stood for those rainbowish neckties and your Ziegfeldian haberdashery . . . but I question if they'd ever stand for that smock."

MR. COBB . . . "I have to wear that to cover up the eggs on my vest."

NELLIE . . . "Well, I'm mighty glad you've got that beautiful home. . . and that devoted wife . . . talented daughter . . . and those two lovely grandchildren . . ."

\*\* And I'm glad that you are my friend . . . and what a comforting thought to know that around the corner we have a friend. \*\* This is a busy old world we live in . . . and this is a busy life we New Yorkers lead . . . but you always find time for your friends . . . \*\* Thank you, Irv, and thank you for coming on my program tonight. \*\* You are a real pal . . . and a pretty good reporter."

MR. COBB . . . "And I'm proud of it. \*\* And I want nothing better when I have finished life's story than they write on my tombstone . . . that is, if my family can afford a tombstone . . . that 'he was a good reporter.'"

NELLIE . . . "Yes, and to that I add, 'he was a good friend.'"



### Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 33)

peak where enough profit was made for the two partners, George White and Harry Richman. Perhaps this was a lesson, even to the astute White, that shows of an intimate nature are never a success in the big barn type of theatre, which, to my humble way of thinking, is the reason that the two big Roxy Theatres will never succeed in the presentation of flesh shows.

Of course a song with such racy and

saucy lyrics would be done by Harry Richman, as he is really an artist at presenting this type of song, and I can well imagine he did it thorough justice. It was written by two very good friends of mine, Sammy Stept and Herb Magidson, and I feel the boys have turned out, for its type, one of the best songs of its type, though I would never have expected to find it in a revue! The song will perhaps not sell many copies, but it is thoroughly enjoyable in its unfolding story. Remick publishes it, and it must be played fairly slowly.

TONY'S WIFE. I wish that I could give this one a high rating. I mention it merely in passing, as novelty songs have become so scarce that even a grade B or C plus one must be mentioned, since by the paucity of them, what value there is becomes enhanced.

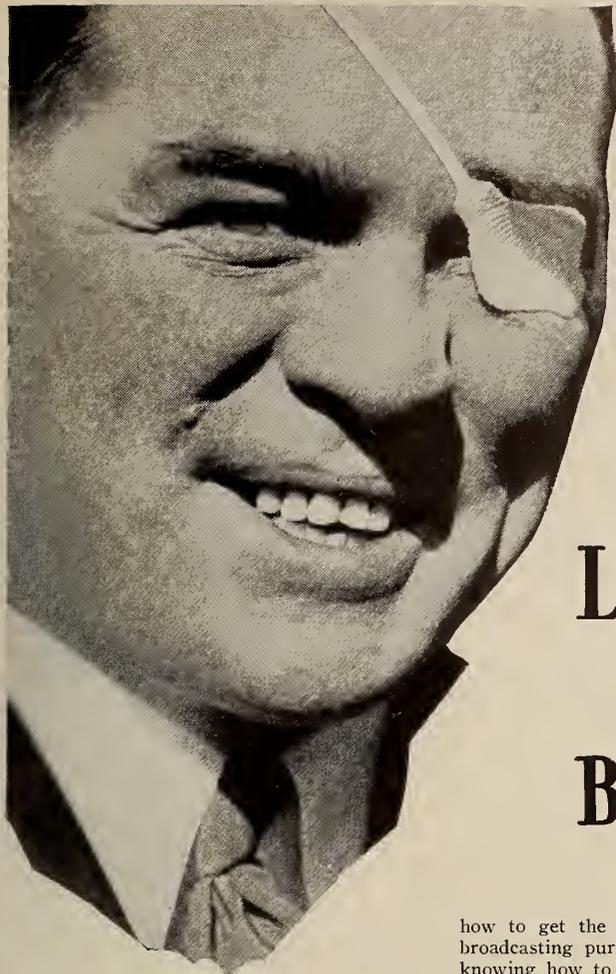
Burton Lane and Harold Adamson, who have always, as I said before, been writers of the elite type of show song, have attempted to get down to the popular novelty field in the writing of TONY'S WIFE. It is far from being another one of those "Where Do You Worka, John?" songs, or "Yuba Plays The Rumba On The Tuba Down in Cuba". In fact, I doubt that master of novelty song presentation, Fred Waring, ever does present it in any of his fine stage appearances. George Olson, however, and many other of the "name" bands with enough comedy material in their members, will probably study the number thoroughly in an attempt to find some *raison d'être* for its presentation as a novelty number.

The first rendition of it that caught my ear was that of the charming Ramona, with the Whiteman aggregation. Although she did a fine job of it, I do believe it is a song to be sung by either a trio, a quartet, or a male voice; why one female voice should describe another woman seems a bit illogical.

I wish I could predict big things for it; Irving Berlin, Inc., selected it.

"HELLO EVERYBODY". Again in passing I might mention the songs from Kate Smith's picture, "Hello Everybody." Under the inspired guidance and supervision of her able manager, Ted Collins, and the very able assistance of Larry Spier, her musical numbers should be and will be not only ably presented, but well written. Most of them are unsuited to my own particular limitations; MOON SONG, however, is the one which for me seems to be the song which not only I could personally use, but should probably have the most popular appeal.

It was my misfortune to miss the premier of the picture, and until I do see it I will reserve judgment on the other songs, and will discuss them in next month's issue of "Tuneful Topics."



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