

FANNIE HURST asks "Is Romance Dead?"

Radio Digest

January

25
★
CENTS



Bernadine Hayes
NBC-N.Y.

DIAMONDS by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
Alexander Woollcott ÷ H. G. Wells ÷ George Bernard Shaw
BIGGEST MOMENTS IN MY LIFE by MARIA JERITZA

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



The Dentists' Dentifrice should be your FAMILY DENTIFRICE



MANY people remember the time when trips to the dentist were made only to get relief from pain. In those days, no one thought of going for prevention, before pain developed.

And today, there are people who do not think of using Forhan's, until their mouths are beyond the help of ordinary tooth-pastes.

But the well mouth needs Forhan's. It is a dentifrice safe and pure and mild—as fine as a dentist can make it, for it was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

The tiny teeth of children—those precious first teeth which have such an influence on the future health and beauty of the mouth—need the scientific cleansing which they will get with this gentle dentifrice.

The teeth of boys and girls also need Forhan's protection, to supplement the dentist's watchful care. No dentifrice can do a more thorough job of reaching every fissure and crevice of the teeth during these critical years.

In the adult mouth, Forhan's serves a double purpose. It cleans the teeth, of course, but in addition it helps to stimulate the gums. Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, it rouses sluggish circulation, brings to gum tissues a pleasant tingling, and helps to keep them in the coral glow of health.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that Forhan's

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

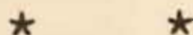
is only a pyorrhea treatment. If you suspect that you have this ailment, if your gums are tender, see your dentist at once. When the mouth is healthy—before any tenderness develops—is the time to adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice. It is far better to avoid disease than to treat it after it develops. The use of this scientific dentifrice will help you to keep the mouth of youth well into middle age.

NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan's program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia network.



FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A



Clearer, softer skin

Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And you are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen."

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points started on my mannequin."

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't you follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eye and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by firming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. R-110
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Radio Digest

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST



JEAN GIFFORD DANTE says "Ah din' learn to be no 'nouncer, it jus' growed on me" . . . like Topsy, whose darktown dialect she gets so pal on the WCAU Children's Hour every Sunday.



ANN LEAF of CBS . . . it's hard to believe that such a little, dainty scrap of femininity could manipulate a great big organ . . . and stay up late at night to do it, too . . . but she does!



JEANETTE MACDONALD has an angelic smile and a golden halo and she's altogether seraphic. Just picture her next time she deserts Hollywood for the purpose of amusing you Radio fans.



LOYCE WHITE-MAN . . . "Oh what a find we have in her," says Manager Gerald King of KFWB. Sweet, pretty, brings tears to their eyes with her ballads, reaps laughs with her blues . . . just perfect.

January, 1931

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New Year Greetings —and a Message

Happy New Year! And may 1931 bring you a full measure of prosperity. That is our sincere wish for the many friends of RADIO DIGEST.

It is fitting at this time to look back upon the accomplishments of the old year, and although the New RADIO DIGEST has been in existence but four months, we view with deep satisfaction the progress that has been made and the words of praise, encouragement and help that have come from all parts of the country from our readers.

There is pleasure, too, in the thought that by reducing the price of RADIO DIGEST from thirty-five cents to twenty-five cents we start the new year with the performance of a service to our readers.

We look upon 1931 as a period of opportunity; a time during which plans for the further improvement of RADIO DIGEST may be brought to fruition.

There are many problems to solve but we are confident of attaining our goal with the support of our friends. You can do your part toward overcoming a problem of distribution by subscribing for RADIO DIGEST by the year. By doing this you will help us to stabilize our circulation and you will also insure receiving RADIO DIGEST each month at your home.

There will be no let-down in the quality of RADIO DIGEST. Our policy as announced in September, 1930, that—

“RADIO DIGEST will not be edited with any endeavor at salacious or cheap appeals. It will aim to enable the American public to appreciate in a greater degree and in larger numbers the world of romance, entertainment and knowledge which is open to them through the Radio.”

—remains unchanged. That is our pledge for 1931.



THE PUBLISHERS

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

HAPPY New Year! Yip-eee! whoop the Light Hearted . . . Watch Your Step, warn the Clipped Wingers and . . . God be with You, wish Veterans of Time . . . before you know it we'll all be wafting farewell to "Old 1931."

* * *

IN THE meantime let's take a peek into the pages of the calendar just ahead—Aha! Bright lights . . . tables with snowy naperies . . . gleaming highlights . . . musicians . . . fair faces . . . swirling figures . . . and we hear the muffled glide of nimble toes on polished floor as the music swings from fast to slow to fast. One bright scene melts into another. A voice that we all know is speaking. Rudy Vallee, regular contributor to RADIO DIGEST, will be our guide in an article he has written for the February number. He calls it Night Clubs of New York. It is the most intimate thing Mr. Vallee has ever written, in our opinion, and you meet the various night club hosts and hostesses as his guest.

* * *

OUR Miss Lillian G. Genn is a most agreeable young person. She slips into the office quietly, talks scarcely above a whisper and listens a great deal. Before you know it you have told her everything she wants to know and then she goes. The next thing you know she has a story. Last month she brought you the exclusive story of Billie Burke in her own home. Now she has a story from the lips of Mrs. Fred Stone, wife of the famous comedian. What kind of a person is a great stage comedian in his own home? Well, sometimes he is funny when he doesn't mean to be. Take,



for instance, the time when Mr. Stone dug 5,000 holes for 5,000 trees on his 2,300 acre ranch. It was to be a great forest. And when the trees came—Oh boy, you must read what Mrs. Stone says about that. It's all very special for RADIO DIGEST readers next month.

* * *

And while we are on the subject of rib tickling it will interest you to know that we have a special article for one of our issues of the near future dealing with some of the comic idiosyncrasies of well known stage and mike stars who sometimes behave like they had lost their minds when they find themselves in a broadcasting studio. The title of the article is *I Thought I'd Die!* Don't know right now whether we will be able to cram this into our overflowing February number or not. But the old diaphragm is going to get a twist when you do read it.

ONE of the most remarkable characters of American success romance that we know about is the life story of B. A. Rolfe, leader of the Lucky Strike dance orchestra. He has made millions and lost millions. Did you know that he has twice been one of the greatest of motion picture producers? He knows what it is to be a millionaire with landed estates one day and practically broke the next. But he is never down hearted. It's all in a life-time. It is a thrilling story and reads like fiction as it has been especially written for RADIO DIGEST by Alma Sioux Scarberry, author of the first Radio novel, and you'll be seeing it soon.



What's Doty Hobart going to have? somebody asks. That's funny. We started him off to get a story about what we called the Radio Police Patrol, sent wires around to correspondents to rush material in from various cities where the police are cruising around in Radio equipped automobiles waiting word from headquarters to dash in and run crime ragged. But Doty reported back that he had run across a better story. He wants to call it Watchdogs of the Air, and it's all about what Uncle Sam is doing to keep all of his big family of Radio stations in their proper places, so they won't be treading on each other's toes, yelping and spoiling things for everybody. Now we're as keen as you are to see what he's going to bring in. But in the meantime we're getting that other story into shape to use anyway.

* * *

DO YOU know that one of the greatest of modern conductors could not see a score unless it was placed against his nose. But what a memory! Arturo Toscanini, maestro of the New York Philharmonic Symphony orchestra knows intimately every note by heart in ninety operas! His near-sightedness has been remarkably compensated by the gods. He has been known to remember for a year one tiny mistake by a player which at the time seemed to pass unnoticed. Musical errors have been known to send him into paroxysms of rage. Read the close-up word sketch of Toscanini by David Ewen in the February RADIO DIGEST.



* * *

"Ask the broadcasters to take off the programs offering recipes. Who cares about recipes? People who don't have cooks go to restaurants anyway." So writes a woman in Florida. She makes a plea that instead of recipes an educational subject should be substituted—English, for example. Watch RADIO DIGEST for a series of articles on educational programs.

Enthusiastic Station Supporters

RALLY ROUND

Many New Nominations Arrive By Every Mail
In Thrilling State Championship Contest

NOW is the time to do honor to the four stations in your state that you think are most deserving of honor. Practically all the leading stations have been nominated. Some of them have been nominated over a score of times.

The contest editor is receiving many earnest letters from the listeners who are rooting for their favorites. Along with the nomination slips they tell why they have made their selections as indicated. Each station has its own individuality represented by a name or a voice. Just how important those identifications are is apparent from the following letter from Mrs. L. M. Rice of Dallas, Tex., who makes the following order of nominations. WFAA, Dallas; KRLD, Dallas; WBAP, Ft. Worth and KTA, Ft. Worth. She writes:

"In my opinion the announcers have lots to do with the popularity of a station. Their personality comes to us like their own voices. All of the announcers at my favorite station, WFAA, have pleasant voices that carry conviction. WBAP was long my second favorite until they let "C. C." go. He seemed part of the station and was a favorite generally. On the other hand there is a certain market announcer that would make a nervous woman have hysterics and a man pull out his hair. Above all give us educated announcers," says she.

Typical of one of our Midwest correspondents is the letter from Mildred Drabek, 204 S. Lincoln Ave., Aurora, Ill., who lines up the Illinois stations thus: WENR, WMAQ, WBBM and WLS. All are located in Chicago. Miss Drabek writes:

"My reason for choosing WENR as the favorite is because of its wonderful studio staff. It gives plenty of variety—symphony, popular orchestra, comedies, dramas, Hawaiians, solos, organ and

wonderful staff of cheerful announcers. WMAQ also has a number of features we enjoy, mainly Dan and Sylvia, also the chain programs. The rest follow as a change. Here's lots of luck to you."

We have space for just one more letter and will choose this Eastern one from Miss Margaret Krell, 1372 Ogden Ave., Bronx, New York. Miss Krell's ticket reads in this order: WABC, WJZ, WEAF and WMCA, all of New York City. She says in her letter:

"My first preference, WABC, has given me the greatest of pleasure. It gives me the greatest of variety of entertainment. I am truly grateful each week as I listen with pleasure to Ozzie Nelson, Wallace SilverSmith, the Show Boat, Guy Lombardo's marvelous orchestra, Tone Pictures, Henry and George, Mr. and Mrs., Sandy and Lil, Van Heusen, Mystery Drama, True Story and the inimitable Radio Follies. In all Radioland no program has ever equaled the Radio Follies, directed by Norman Brokenshire—"Whatn Man!" Miss Krell also writes enthusiastically of WJZ and WEAF entertainers. Of WMCA she says, "this station has risen to a high standard almost over night with its new apparatus."

It's just too bad we haven't the space to print all the letters for many, many other stations that have been nominated in this

new kind of a contest. Be sure to clip the coupons below. Send in your four favorites from the state where you live, on the nomination blank, hold the voting coupon for the bonus allowance by sending all consecutive ballots together.

Now turn to the rules on page 94 and see what you get in the way of bonus votes, and details as to the conditions of the contest. Remember you are to vote for the four *most* popular stations in your state. The four winners will be awarded *each* a medallion.



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

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

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

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

Number 4 COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

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

Please credit this ballot to:

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



Walter Winchell

*Father of the word "Whoopie"
who now runs an Air Column
over CBS.*

Radio's Little Boy Peep

Walter Winchell

*"Broadway" Heckler Finds Gossip Pays Dividends
—You Hate Him or You Love Him but You
Can't Leave Him Alone if You Read Him at All*

By DAVID EWEN

IN THAT prehistoric day before the advent of the tabloid and the Radio into our everyday life, parents were accustomed to frightening bad little girls by warning them:

*"The goblin will get you.
If you don't watch out!"*

Today, there is only one way of frightening bad little girls. And that is by explaining to them that the goblin is none other than Mr. Walter Winchell—"Vulture Winchell," as one journalist so sweetly called him—"Radio's Little Boy Peep," to apply Mr. St. John Ervine's celebrated phrase.

Walter Winchell has the distinction of being one of the most provocative people in this country today. For several years now, his gossip about Broadway and Broadwayites has trickled through the columns of the tabloids throughout the country—earning for him a whole army of worshippers and a still greater army of enemies. Now that the Wise Shoe Company brings Walter Winchell and his gossip into your very parlor once every week, his army of worshippers and of enemies has swelled prodigiously. He has become more and more something of a national issue. You are either a great admirer of Walter Winchell, or else he has gone ahead and spread some gossip about you. There is no mid-channel.

For a person who thrives on gossip, Walter Winchell has succeeded, with remarkable and strange elusiveness, in keeping information about himself in the dark. The name, of course, is known to everyone in the country, but how many really know who the man is, or what sort of a personality is his? What follows is, therefore, something more intimate about a man whose life-work consists in giving

to the world something more intimate about everyone else.

Walter Winchell was born in New York City, and raised in the theatre. For, long before he ever thought of glorifying gossip, Winchell was a man of the theatre. At the age of 12 he may have been no nearer the stage than the aisle; he served as an usher in a movie-house in Harlem. But the aisle leads straight to the stage, and before very long Walter graduated from out of the class of ushers and into the class of performers. He conceived the idea that song-slides should be accompanied by someone singing on the stage, in order to encourage the audience into singing (the idea was his own, and therefore it was Winchell who started the fad for singing-slides); he brought his idea, together with his pleasant soprano voice, to the manager of the movie-house who liked both, and decided to engage ambitious Walter for the job. The idea took the audiences by storm; it soon became a regular feature of that movie-house—and one of its best. Before long, Walter decided to take two other ushers into partnership, both of whom had agreeable voices, too, and who, Walter felt, were meant to be on the stage. And it was not long before all of Harlem knew about these "three little men with the big voices," and of their attraction. This feature, incidentally, ran for many months at this movie-house and with constantly increasing success.

OH yes! you may have heard something about these two other ushers. Their names were Georgie Jessel and Eddie Cantor.

One day, a celebrated vaudevillian—Mr. Gus Edwards of the Keith Vaudeville circuit—stepped into the movie-house and listened to the three young men entertain. He decided immediately that at least one of the three had talent for the stage. And so—passing up George Jessel and Eddie Cantor, both of whom he was to select at another time—he walked straight up to Walter Winchell and asked him if he would like an important position in a featured revue. The proposition, and the salary, stupefied young Walter; he was too dumbfounded to answer. Heaven's gate had opened for him. And with a dazed expression on his face, he nodded his assent eagerly.

He remained with Gus Edwards' Revue until he outgrew his juvenile parts—and received full stage experience. Then, meeting a pleasing young girl with a nice voice, he decided to team up with her in a song-and-dance act. The girl did the singing; he did the dancing, interspersing his steps with wise remarks about this-and-that—but all in all it wasn't a "wow" of an act in the first place. It played in all of the smaller circuits, never hitting the bigger theatres, and—if the truth must be known—never was it very much of a hit with the audiences. They merely tolerated it. Winchell, consequently, became dissatisfied before long with the whole business and swore that at the first excuse he could find—in the form of a decent livelihood—he would escape from the vaudeville racket. In the meanwhile the song

(Continued on page 108)

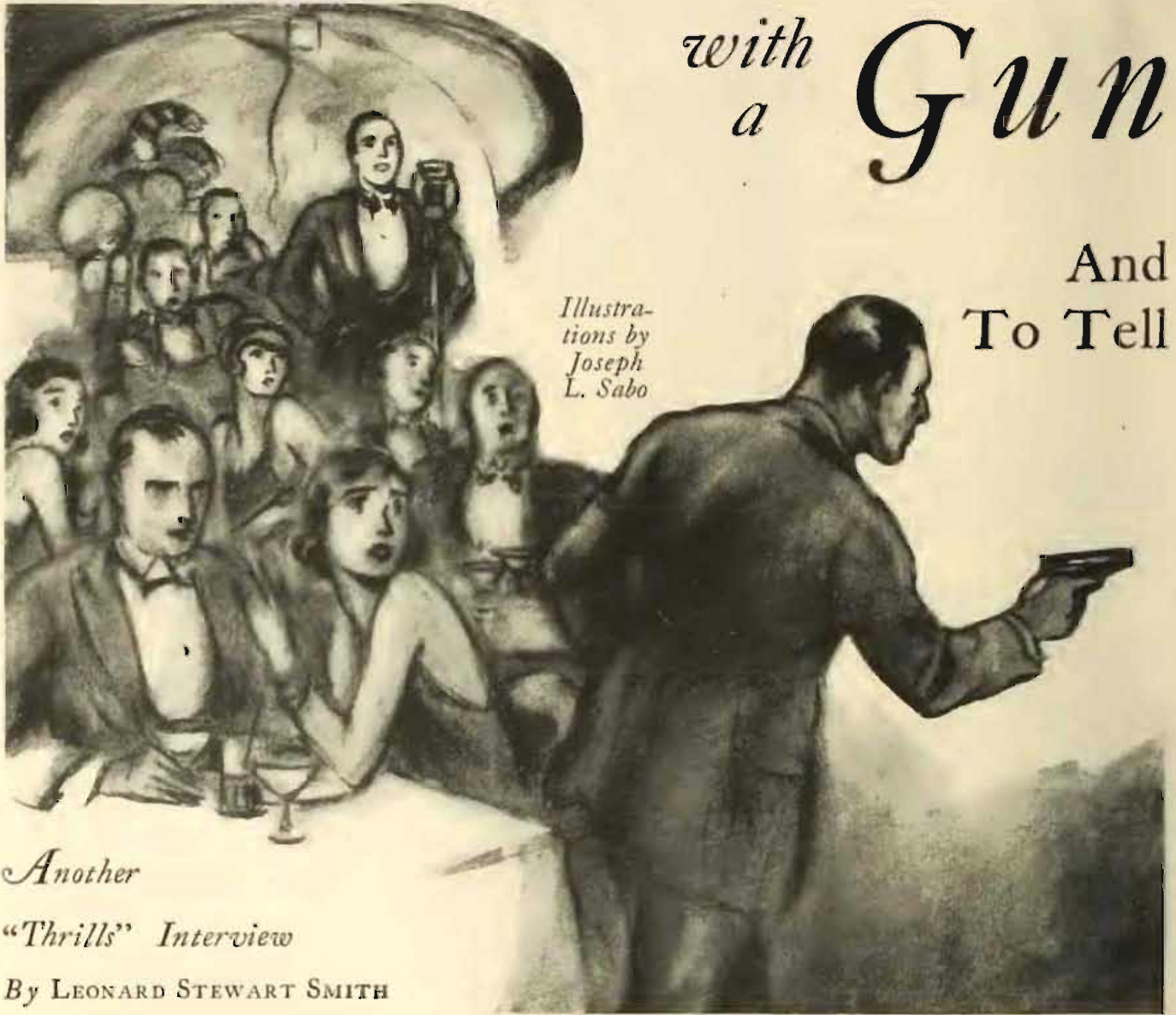


Guy Lombardo

with
a *Gun*

And
To Tell

Illustrations by
Joseph
L. Sabo



Another

"Thrills" Interview

By LEONARD STEWART SMITH

WE WERE seated at dinner in the grillroom of the Hotel Roosevelt in New York; Guy and Carmen Lombardo, Billy Goodheart, head of the New York office of the Music Corporation of America, who manages the Royal Canadians, and myself. Seated at other tables nearby were Leibert and Victor Lombardo, Freddie Kreitzer, Larry Owens, and the other members of the "sweetest band this side of heaven".

The talk at our table was light talk. Guy and Carmen were taking me back seven years to Cleveland—to the Claremont Inn and the Music Box—whence

the band started on its rise to world fame. We were talking of the days four B.C. (Before Chicago), when the "beauty and brains of the family" and I were among the handful of regular patrons of the Claremont Inn who were predicting a roseate future for Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians before national advertisers ever dreamed that such an organization would be very instrumental in the merchandising of their products over Columbia Broadcasting System hookups.

"Have you learned to play the trumpet yet?" Guy asked me. He was kidding me about the "threat" made by the "beauty and brains of the family" that

unless I learned to play the trumpet like Leibert, she would leave me.

"Have you found the perfect sweetheart from among the ladies of your fan mail?" I retaliated.

ONLY once during the dinner did the talk get serious. And that was when Billy Goodheart interposed that no other band in the country had achieved the record of keeping the same men together, without a single change, through the seven years of their existence. One addition has been made to the original ten. That came only a few months ago, when

Battles

man

Lives The Tale

"It was the night before New Year's Eve at the Granada. Suddenly, amid the laughter and hilarity I heard two shots fired in rapid succession"



Victor Lombardo, upon reaching his nineteenth birthday, was given a new saxophone, a ticket from London, Ontario, to New York, and a seat on the bandstand with his famous brothers. The other ten men have been together since the beginning. Goodheart, veteran orchestra manager, who has had under his wing many other "name bands" said unqualifiedly that in this respect the Lombardo group was in a class by itself.

"I guess it is because we like to work together," Guy explained. "There are no petty jealousies in our bunch."

Then, for the seventh time, I asked the important question of this interview:

"What would you consider your greatest thrills?"

"That," said Guy, "is a very hard order. Off hand, I would say that three incidents in our career brought unforgettable responses. One gave a tug at my heart strings that has been so lasting that I still have to fight back tears every time I recall it. That was the time we played *My Buddy* at the request of a dying war veteran and his pal. Another was the time Al Quadbach, the man really responsible for the success of this band, raised a mortgage on his Granada Cafe in Chicago to pay for broadcasting time, bringing the thrill of our first real success.

The last brought a fright that nearly scared me to death and actually made my hair stand on end. That was the time two men were shot during the Nutty Club session at the Granada. I will tell you about them in the order of their occurrence.

"The mortgage came first. That was back in 1927. Quadbach was operating his Granada Cafe which still holds forth at 68th street and Cottage Grove avenue in the Windy City. Chicago was full of bands, good bands too, but Quadbach wanted something other than the organizations playing around Chicago at that time. So he went on a trip in search of a band. His wanderings brought him to Cleveland. For a week, without our knowing who he was, he sat through our programs at the Claremont. Then at the end of the week, he approached me, introduced himself and thrust a contract at me for forty weeks at the Granada at more than double what we had been receiving in Cleveland.

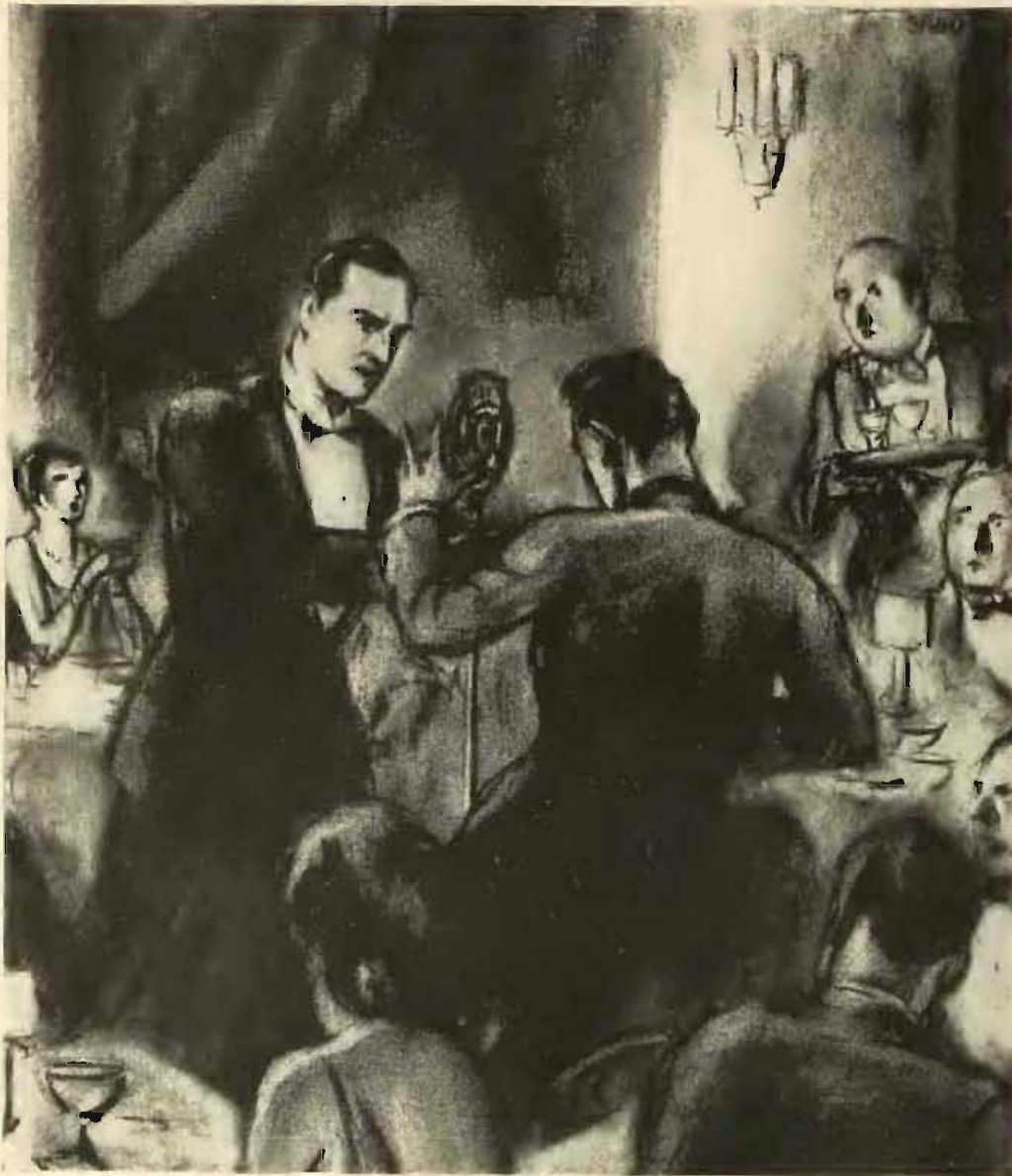
"I thanked him for his flattery; thought him a bit out of his mind, but declined the contract. Actually, after I had talked with the boys, we were afraid to venture into the big city of Chicago. Afraid to take the chance in unknown fields.

"BUT I was soon to learn that Quadbach was all seriousness about his offer and was not going to take 'no' for an answer. Every day for the next week he continued to offer the contract. Finally, still spurning the forty-week offer, we decided to take a chance and go to Chicago for a six-week period only as a trial. I arranged with the Claremont that if we failed in Chicago, we could return in six weeks.

"For the first four weeks of our Chicago engagement I felt very sorry for Quadbach, and on no less than twenty occasions offered to release him from our six-week agreement, and every time I brought up the matter, he would push forward the forty-week contract as his answer.

"Our opening night on September 1, 1927, was a nice gesture from the music publishers and Quadbach's many personal friends. We received many telegrams, mostly from our Cleveland friends, and some Chicagoans sent flowers. Maybe there was some irony in that, however. Then for the next four weeks we played to empty tables, with from twenty to thirty couples on Saturday evening, when there should have been from two hundred to three hundred couples.

"At the end of the fourth week I didn't want to take Quadbach's check. We were costing him a lot of money. I told him I was going to take the band out of the Granada and was going back to Cleveland.



"He reached out his hand to take the microphone away . . . I gave him a shove back"

He pleaded with me with utmost sincerity.

"Please stay until you get a bad check, Guy," he urged.

"He was so earnest in his appeal, that I submitted.

"Get us a Radio connection," I suggested, "Maybe that will help."

"That was no easy task, getting us a Radio connection. The stations in Chicago were overloaded with good bands and didn't want to take chances with unknowns. Quadbach was near the end of his financial resources. Business had not been good before our arrival and since our arrival it had been worse, if anything. He went among his many friends to borrow the money to pay for broadcasting time. His friends also thought he was 'off his nut going the limit for a bunch of school-boy musicians from the sticks'.

"But Quadbach was convinced that our slow tempo music, so radically different from the fashion of that day, would catch on and be a sensation.

"Finally he raised enough money to pay

for 15 minutes a night for one week over WBBM. Early in October we started broadcasting.

"Never will I forget that night of our first broadcast! Our fifteen minutes of the first night were almost up. The band played as even I had never heard it before. I got a thrill standing out in front directing. I had always felt certain that I had a real band, but their playing that night convinced me even more thoroughly. And apparently it convinced others.

"**W**E WERE playing our last number when the announcer said the studio downtown was asking if we could stay on the air another thirty minutes at the station's expense. We stayed on the air. That thirty minutes up, they still wanted more. There had been many requests, they told me, to repeat numbers we had played. I believe we played *I'll Get By*, at least twenty times.

"Well, at 1.30 a.m., after four and a

half hours of continuous playing, we were permitted to stop.

"The results were immediate. The next evening, following the first broadcast, the Granada was jammed to capacity and from that time on space was at a premium every night in the week. Within ten days Quadbach let a contract for enlarging the place. His faith in the band's possibilities was well repaid, and with that faith came our success. Of course it was only natural that more Radio contracts should follow. First came a local broadcast for a clothing store. It was on this hour that we were heard for the first time by William Wrigley, Jr., who signed us for our first nation-wide broadcast, and the rest of the road to success was easy. Any wonder when I say that Al Quadbach is the man responsible for the success of this band?"

GUY lighted a fresh cigarette, and continued:

"The shooting affair comes next. That incident, or sequence of incidents, packed a lot of action into two very brief periods of time.

"At the time we were dividing our nights between the Granada and the Comedy Club, a favorite rendezvous for theatrical folks playing Chicago. The story must be divided into two sections. The first at the

Comedy Club and the second, and the climax, two weeks later at the Granada.

"At the Comedy Club during dance intermissions, it was my duty to tell the listeners something about the personages present. While the band took a little rest I would introduce the stage stars and others present.

"The spirit of the place was one of good-fellowship. Not all the patrons were abiding by the management's warning about the prohibition laws, and quite a few hip flasks were present. I was in the midst of my introductions, standing in the center of the dance floor with the microphone in my hand.

"I noticed a rather hard looking group at a ringside table. Two of the men were attempting to restrain one of their number from getting up. He appeared very tipsy. He wrested himself free and started for the center of the floor where I was broadcasting and reached out his hand to take the microphone away from me. I gave him a shove, hurtling him

back toward his table, and kept right on talking as if nothing had happened. I tried not to pay any attention, but I couldn't help noticing that there was a lot of excitement at my molester's table.

"Shortly after we had resumed playing three men approached the band stand with the head waiter, who said the 'gentlemen' wanted to speak with me immediately. I turned the leadership over to Carmen for the time and sat at a table with the three men.

"We fixed it for you this time, but don't let that ever happen again,' their spokesman said.

"Let what happen?" I asked.

"Why, don't ever get tangled with that baby again, if you enjoy life,' he said, 'Don't you know who he is?'

"No, and I don't care,' I replied. 'Just tell him not to try to grab the microphone from me or he'll get worse than shovled the next time.'

"Boy,' the spokesman was speaking softly and slowly, to make sure that none of his words should go astray. 'You don't know how close you were to your grave when you shovled that baby. He is Georgie Maloney, the gang leader, and he doesn't care whom he shoots!'

"I will admit I was a bit nervous for the remainder of the evening.

"The second episode, as I said before, came two weeks later. We were con-

angles on their heads. Everybody was enjoying the party.

"On Nutty' Club nights at the Granada I took the microphone to the center of the floor during intermissions. I could hardly hear myself talk, there was so much noisy fun in the room.

"Amid the laughter and hilarity there came with inexplicable suddenness two shots fired in rapid succession. There was no mistaking the sound. They were pistol shots and nothing else. The hilarity stopped as suddenly as the shots were fired. In a brief moment of stillness several more shots pierced the silence of the room. Then panic and pandemonium reigned.

"I WAS nonplused. I realized I had stopped talking into the microphone. I knew the listeners would sense something of what had occurred. I tried to continue talking into the microphone. All about me was panic and excitement. I looked toward a table where I knew a celebrity was sitting whom I wanted to talk about. Instead of a happy party of a brief moment ago, I saw a fat man trying to get under the table—a table under which two others had fled for security. I looked at another table that had had a particularly happy party. Three of the women had fainted, and the men were trying to get them to the door. A crowd

gathered in the back of the room. A hysterical woman kept crying out, 'How horrible! I couldn't see what had happened. I was trying to continue talking. There was nothing I could think to talk about. So I tried to sing.

"That was the first and last time I have ever tried to sing in public. Carmen does a much better job of it than I do, so I confine myself singing to bathtubs and the like. But I did sing, I guess. At least folks told me I sang. And the number was *I've Got a Woman Crazy For Me, She's Funny That Way*. I'll never

forget it. That was a sickening thrill.

"I started singing without accompaniment. Then Freddie Krietzer, our pianist, took his place at the piano and followed me in the song. *'She's not much to look at, not much to see,'* I sang. I have no idea how I knew the words, but they just seemed to come to me.

"Right in front of the band stand another woman collapsed. Carmen and Bern Davies, our tuba player, carried her to a table and came back to join Freddie and me.

"*'I can't save a dollar, ain't worth a cent,'* I continued.

"The police had arrived and were fighting their way through the dense crowd which was near the door to the dining room and massed in the back of the room. Jim Dillon took up his trombone and Frank Henry grabbed his banjo and picked up the chorus.

"*'But she doesn't holler, she'd live in a tent,'*

"The police were having a lot of difficulty with hysterical persons. They were ordering people to stand back. 'Don't touch!' they commanded, their staccato commands breaking the silence. The back of the room cleared and two forms are lying on the floor. The police officers are leaning over them, making an examination.

"*'I've got a woman, crazy for me, she's funny that way.'* The song is over. I sign off hurriedly. I return the listeners to the WBBM studio. I want to know what has happened. Al Quadbach is approaching me.

"Thanks, Guy, for carrying on that way,' he starts. I want him to tell me what has happened!

"You remember Georgie Maloney. The guy you had the tangle with at the Comedy a couple of weeks ago. Well, that's what's left of him, the body lying farthest from the door. He came in looking for trouble and he got it. He opened fire on one of his rival gang leaders who he thought was trying to 'muscle in on his territory'. He killed him all right. But apparently Georgie forgot to put on his bullet-proof vest, because he got himself killed for all his trouble.'

"That whole incident took less than three minutes, but it seemed like three hours to me! One thing is certain. I never want another thrill of that kind again!"

GUY paused for breath.

He was so excited he seemed to be living that hair-raising adventure all over again. He smiled.

"That was thrilling, wasn't it?" he asked. Then without waiting for an answer, he resumed:

"The *My Buddy* incident also emanated from our 'Nutty Club' broadcasts. During such programs, late at night, we generally got from two hundred to three hundred telephonic and telegraphic requests for numbers, and I think Radio fans will admit we did our best to fill all requests. In fact it has always been our policy to fill every request we get. We believe it our bounden duty to entertain, and we feel that the carrying out of that duty demands that we play requests as soon after they are made as possible.

(Continued on page 93)

As Guy Lombardo played *My Buddy*, the stricken veteran died . . . in his buddy's arms



ducting what had come to be known as one of Chicago's most hilarious nights—the Nutty Club of the Granada Cafe.

"It was the night before New Year's Eve. The place was crowded to capacity. Throughout the cafe were happy laughing parties, the women in beautiful evening gowns, with comic paper hats at rakish

Gentleman Jim

A Blow By Blow
Description of an Interview
with James J. Corbett



Courtesy New York Evening World

A picture taken in 1910, at Jim Jeffries' camp, when John L. Sullivan signed the peace pact with Corbett.

THE Friars' Club grillroom is a busy place at lunchtime. The social life of the club starts at this time. Here actors, directors, newspapermen, singers and lay members gather in numerous groups to fraternize.

As the Interviewer enters the scene he

sees Corbett, standing by a table, speaking earnestly to those seated.

CORBETT: . . . and soon as I had dressed I was rushed over to a hotel where an impromptu party was being held in my honor. (He sees the Inter-

The Time

A November Noon, 1930

The Place

Grillroom of The Friars' Club,
New York City.

The Characters

JAMES J. CORBETT, ex-heavyweight champion of the world.

HARRY HERSHFIELD, creator of the famous comic-strip, "Abie the Agent."

WILL MAHONEY, featured comedian with "The Sketch-book."

BUDDY DOYLE, stage and microphone performer.

CAPTAIN O'HAY, well-known soldier of fortune.

LOUIS MANN, the celebrated actor.

THE INTERVIEWER.

Members of the club, waiters, bus-boys, bellboys, etc.

viewer) Oh, Hello, Doty. I'll be with you in a minute.

THE INTERVIEWER: No hurry, Jim.

CORBETT: I guess you know most of these gentlemen. (There is an exchange of greetings between those at the table and the Interviewer.) I was just telling them of an incident that happened after my fight with Sullivan, when I won the championship. My friends were celebrating and champagne was flowing like water. There were plenty of reporters present and I knew that whatever I said or did would be used as copy. Believe me, I watched my step, and tired and thirsty as I was, I refused the champagne.

CAPTAIN O'HAY: I didn't know you ever took a drink, Jim.

CORBETT: Darned seldom I ever have, Cap, but I certainly would have liked one then. There was a young chap present who came from a fine family and who seemed to be the host of the party. He raised his glass and said, "I haven't taken a drink for two years, Jim, but this is one occasion when I am going to break over." I reached over and took the glass away from him and said, "Oh, no you're not. I'm not going to have anyone say that Jim Corbett was the cause of his falling off the wagon." Then I turned to a waiter and said, "I'll have a glass of milk—and bring the same for my young friend." The next day the newspapers all over the country stated that the new champion was a fine example of

Broadcasts

By Doty Hobart

manhood that the American youth would do well to follow.

CAPTAIN O'HAY: That was great publicity, Jim, but what's the point to the story?

CORBETT: I hate milk! I didn't want coffee or tea. I wanted something cold and the only thing I could think of on the spur of the moment was milk. So I drank it. I don't suppose I have ever drained a full glass of milk since. Come on, Doty, let's have lunch by ourselves. *(He leads the way to a vacant table. They sit down.)* Now, what's on your mind? I got your message to meet you here this noon.

THE INTERVIEWER: An interview.

CORBETT: About what?

THE INTERVIEWER: Your Radio work, yourself and the heavyweight situation as it looks to you today.

CORBETT: Seems to me you're trying to cover a lot of territory. But I'm ready to answer questions as best I can if you're willing to listen. Before you start firing let's order the food. *(He tells the waiter to bring him orange juice, two fried eggs, calf's liver and coffee and the Interviewer duplicates the order.)* All right. Now ask me some questions.

THE INTERVIEWER: What was the biggest thrill the Radio ever handed you?

CORBETT: That's an easy one. I was listening to the broadcast of the fights from the Polo Grounds on the memorable May night in 1927, when Joe Humphries announced from the ring that there would be one minute of silent prayer for the boy who, at that time was waging a lonesome fight against the elements over the Atlantic Ocean—Lindbergh. I think that was the biggest punch ever delivered in a ring.

THE INTERVIEWER: Yes, I heard it, too, and it handed me a kick. But why do you claim it was such a big thrill?

CORBETT: Because it struck home to me. Several years ago, before Radio came into its own, I was at one time a very sick man. In fact, the doctors at the hospital where I was being treated had given up all hope for my recovery. Right here, in this very room where we are sitting, a number of Friars were gathered. George Cohan was one of them. Every little while George would call up the hospital to inquire about me. After receiving a decidedly unfavorable report George turned from the telephone

and said, "Listen, fellows, Jim isn't expected to last until morning. I don't know that any of us stand in any too well with the Lord, but it won't do any harm to sit quiet for a little while and offer up a silent prayer for Jim." Of course I never found this out until later but it is a matter of record that I passed the crisis and started on the road to recovery at the very time that prayer was being made.

BUDDY DOYLE: *(Approaches)* Hello, Jim. Heard your broadcast last night. Nice work.

CORBETT: Thanks, Buddy.

BUDDY DOYLE: Say, was that story you told about your reception in Dublin true?

CORBETT: Absolutely. Funny situation, wasn't it? By the way, do you know this gentleman who is giving me the third degree?

BUDDY DOYLE: Know him! I should say I do. He gave me my first break at the microphone on a national hook-up.

THE INTERVIEWER:

And you did a splendid job, Buddy. You were understudying for Eddie Cantor at the time, weren't you? Too bad you lost that job, now that Cantor is in pictures.

BUDDY DOYLE: Best thing that ever happened to me. Say, I never missed showing up at the theatre for three years—and neither did Cantor! He's one actor who is too healthy to give an understudy a break. Don't let me interfere with the interview. See you later. *(He walks away.)*

THE INTERVIEWER: Sorry I didn't catch your broadcast last night, Jim. What was the story Buddy referred to?

CORBETT: It was about the trip I made to Ireland when I was champion.



Time hasn't been able to call the count on the ex-champion. His mike talks are knock-outs, with all his old ringside vigor.

Jack McVey, one of my sparring partners, accompanied me and when the train pulled into the station at Dublin Jack started to leave the coach ahead of me. The platform was jammed and when they saw big, bulky Jack they mistook him for the champ. In a jiffy he was surrounded by a cheering, over-enthused mob. Before he could explain that they were in error he found himself lifted on the shoulders of a bunch of huskies and carried down the street to a hall where a reception was to be held. I waited until the crowd thinned out and took a carriage to a hotel. It was fully an hour before that crowd, after discovering the mistake, located me. Poor Jack. He was full of apologies—but, do you know,

I think he got a thrill out of it at that.

THE INTERVIEWER: Did you ever broadcast a fight, Jim?

CORBETT: Yes, once.

THE INTERVIEWER: Where was it?

CORBETT: Grand Rapids, over Station WASH.

THE INTERVIEWER: How did you make out? Enjoy it?

CORBETT: Yes. I enjoyed it but I don't think the listeners did.

THE INTERVIEWER: What do you mean?

CORBETT: You see, I didn't broadcast a blow-by-blow description, as other fight reporters do. Now, far be it from me to criticize fight broadcasters. They paint a mighty fine word picture of the fights as they see them and for the average fight fan this description is just as true as the actual contest would look to the fight fan were he present. But remember, I have been in the ring and I know what really is taking place there.

There is plenty of action in a good fight, but only a small percentage of that action is given over to blows that are worth recording. If four or five good blows are landed during one round, then that round has been a huge success. The other blows are insignificant to the trained fighter. Glancing blows, grazing blows, off-balance blows, choppy blows, straight-arm blows—all those mean little or nothing as far as the actual blows are concerned. They are necessary. And they are all a part of the game, but of much more importance to the trained fighter is the foot-work, balance, shift, blocking ability, aggressiveness and mental poise of the contestants during the time these ineffectual blows are being thrown. See what I mean?

THE INTERVIEWER: I think so. You attach as much importance to ring generalship as you do to the flying leather.

CORBETT: More. That's what made Gene Tunney a much greater champion than the public gave him credit for being. When you spoke of flying leather you expressed the very thing which the average fight fan wants to see—plenty of gloved action.

THE INTERVIEWER: Then you don't like to listen to fight broadcasts, I take it?

CORBETT: Oh, don't I! Say, if I am not at the ringside I'm sitting at home in front of the loud speaker taking it all in like a real fight fan. And, believe me, I enjoy a fight broadcast. The announcers certainly know their jobs. But I have learned to discount the

effectiveness of many of the blows they tell about. Why, there isn't a fighter in the world who has stamina enough to deliver really telling blows to the number which an enthused announcer describes. Not that the blows themselves aren't seen by him. They are. But they are of value only as points. On the other hand no fighter could stand up against the number of blows credited as being effective by the announcers. But all this talk about fight broadcasting is from a purely personal angle. I'm not wanting the announcers to change their style of reporting a fight just for my benefit. They are doing the job for the benefit of the fight fan and the blow-by-blow description is the best method of giving the fan a true picture of the contest.

THE INTERVIEWER: Why did you say a little while ago that you didn't think

the listeners enjoyed your broadcast of that fight?

CORBETT: It was too technical. I spoke only of the effective blows and devoted the rest of my description to a detailed account of the ring generalship displayed by the fighters. I honestly believe the best part of my broadcast, as far as the enjoyment of the listener was concerned, was the analytical talk I gave between rounds and after the fight. I guess my method of describing the actual fight was too cold-blooded. I know I didn't have enough flying leather in it to meet with the approval of most of those who were listening in.

THE INTERVIEWER: Anyone ever say anything to you about the broadcast—any listener, I mean?

CORBETT: Several people told me they enjoyed hearing my voice over the air and said it was too bad the fight I broadcast wasn't a better one—with more action. The joke of the thing is that it was a pretty good fight with plenty of action. No one ever asked me to broadcast another fight so I guess I wasn't so good as a reporter on the air.

THE INTERVIEWER: Tell me about the broadcasting you are doing now—it's a weekly sponsored program, isn't it?

CORBETT: It was.

THE INTERVIEWER: What do you mean—it was?

CORBETT: I finished that series last night.

THE INTERVIEWER: Are you going to renew your contract?

CORBETT: There never was any contract. It just went along from week to week. You see, I was given seven minutes for a little talk on each program so, rather than confine myself to the subject of ring battles, I told the listeners of amusing and interesting people who had come into my life while I was champion and afterwards; of my friendships with such men as Grover Cleveland, Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, Bernard Shaw and others.

THE INTERVIEWER: What was the reaction to these broadcasts? By that I mean was there much fan mail?

CORBETT: I should say so. It amazed me. Look here. (He pulls a package of letters from his pocket) These came in this morning—and every one is a request for my autograph.

THE INTERVIEWER: How did you happen to quit the broadcast?

CORBETT: That's a funny one, too. The sponsor was dead set on my giving my own
(Continued on page 99)



Brown Brothers Photo

Jim Corbett in his heyday as a boxer.

Ray Perkins the Old Topper

He Takes a Coupla Pineapples and Shoots a Paradox—Faithful Old Piano Follows Him Through a Putterish Career

By Betty Lloyd Walton

WELL," wailed Ray Perkins, (Raymond Lamont Perkins to you!) as he tilted the old topper a little more over the left eye. "So you want to know all about my early life, eh?" Then he uttered a few more "wells" for good measure, tilted the topper even a little more to the left, and began:

"I guess I might as well begin by asking 'how is everybody?' You know I always like to begin a broadcast by saying 'how is everybody,' not that it means anything, but it does break the ice and sort of open up the conversation. And you know when a Radio performer asks those intimate questions like 'How is everybody?', the theory is that it brings him oh, ever so much closer to his audience, and the audience is supposed to say to itself:

"Isn't he the nice fellow to take that interest?"

"Of course, that's the theory. I know with me when I hear anyone ask that question over my loudspeaker I always ask, 'What's it to you?'"

"Anyhow, it is a silly question, because as I say, a Radio audience cannot talk back. One thing about broadcasting is the fact that your audience can't get sassy and heckle you. And I don't think there is anything so fatiguing as being heckled. My grandfather was the best heckler in Kennebunk County. Grandma used to bake a great big heckleberry pie for dinner, and after the dishes were washed and polished and all the chores done for the day, they'd sit down for a nice quiet evening of heckling.

"But nowadays, it's different. Take political candidates for instance. They use the Radio, and the fine art of heckling is getting as out of date as a moustache cup. Shall I tell you what's wrong with this country today? No? Well, well. The thing that's wrong with this country today is the fact that there are too many political candidates telling us what is wrong with this country today. And there are not enough hecklers to counteract them. Well, anyhow, what the heckle. This is supposed to be an

interview about my early life.

"They tell me that Old Sol (that's what the Sun is called by his most intimate friends. I am one of his very most intimate friends and I sometimes call him 'Good Old Sol') outdid himself this year out on the Hawaiian Islands, turning out bigger and better pineapples. They are not only numerous but there are plenty of them. Some of the pineapples are bigger than Paul White-man. You know Paul. He's the man who made a cool million playing hot music. Say, that's a paradox, boys and girls—from hot music a cool million.

"Now you probably think that a paradox is a couple of physicians. But you are wrong again. A paradox is something apparently self-contradictory, like, 'I'll meet you tomorrow night at sunrise,' or 'here's a check for a million dollars'. If it isn't self-contradictory, you lose the paradox.

YOU'VE all heard of Milton's paradox lost. Well, Milton (I don't recall his last name) kept a sporting goods store on the corner of Fourteenth Street . . . where Fourteenth Street meets Harry Richman. Well, it wasn't exactly on the corner, because they used the corner itself for a sidewalk and a telegraph pole. Otherwise the cop on the corner would have had nothing to lean upon. The cop was a Pole himself, so the two got along very well together.

"Well, it seems some customer asked Milton for a paradox, and Milton asked: 'what size,' and the customer said, 'Thirty-eight stout.' So Milton brought out a pair of green dox with white spots. And would you believe it, good people, the customer snapped his fingers at that



"How Is Everybody?" asks Old Topper as He Settles Down to Entertain the Radio Audience.

paradox and threw a seven, five times running, so that he was able to buy a very fine pair of shoes for his offspring.

"But every time Milton threw, why, that paradox lost.

"But speaking of stores, in the old days you could go to a drug store and be reasonably sure of being able to buy seidlitz powders or rock candy. But now, I wonder why do they call it a drug store. On the other hand, you never see a meatless butcher shop.

"You know song-writers are a great lot. I am somewhat of a song-writer myself. One of the biggest, unforgettable events in my life was the first time I heard a phonograph record of one of my compositions. That was *Bye Low*, which I wrote shortly after my graduation from Columbia University back in 1917. *Bye Low* was my second song. The first I ever had published, *Table for Two*, made me richer by \$7.37, but *Bye Low* was a hit, and I sure was thrilled.

"But there I go drifting to the real purpose of this interview, and that will never do. I was talking about song-writers as a lot. Of course, song-writers

(Continued on page 104)

*She Followed Him
into the Depths of
Death Valley—
for Love. But She
Wanted a Real
Bureau instead of
a Starch Box with
a Cracked Mirror.*

HEAT . . . shimmering, breathless heat blazing down from a red naked sun and staggering back from white hot sand. A winding trail going down. Bleaching bones, lime-white, fleshless, disintegrated and powdering into the hard dry grit. A line of covered wagons, stumbling and rumbling . . . reeling oxen with hanging tongues and parched hides . . . down, down into the blazing maw of Death Valley.

This scene flashed back to the mental vision of the Old Ranger as he dropped into a kitchen chair of the tidy little home where he was now a guest—the first guest of the bridal pair. He raised a grizzled eyebrow and squinted quizzically at the busy little hostess.

"You what?" he asked hitching back in the new kitchen chair of the immaculate kitchen.

"I said I was glad that I happened to discover borax, it just happened you know," gushed the bride. "Nobody told me about it. I just happened to run onto it and it does so many things—"

"So you discovered borax, my girl?" the Old Ranger still struggled with the scene that flared across the retina of his mental eye while he tried to reason with all the dainty cleanliness of his present surroundings.

"Oh, yes, yes . . . um. I see." He poked a bony finger into the ashes of his old cob pipe, extracted a small cloud of smoke and then twinkled reminiscently at the smiling girl.

"Now you are laughing at me," she said, "I don't care, I can tell you a lot of things



"Let's hear a song and forget all our hard luck," said Joe.

She Burns

I know about borax—" She paused.

"Of course, Rose, my dear, I reckon you're just smart up on it—probably a heap more than I am. But what struck me was your sayin' you discovered it—"

"Well, you know what I mean. I suppose mother knew about it—"

"Bless you child, she shore did. But I was just a-thinkin'—you, with all your book larnin' did you ever know who was really the first woman to discover borax?"

"Heavens no! Was it Noah's wife or who? Why? Do tell me!"

"Tain't an awful pretty story but maybe you'd like to hear it."

"Oh, I'm dying to hear it. Do tell me all about it while I get the potatoes ready. Please!"

Old Ranger reloaded his pipe and hitched his chair back against the wall while Rose continued her preparations for dinner.

"Well, let's see—t wa'n't so far back as Noah but—but—why her name was Rose, too—just like your'n. Rose Winters was her name—Rosie an' Aaron Winters who first struck borax out in Death Valley. She was a Spanish-American gal—purty as a picture . . . but frail and dreamy-like. Her little feet was never meant to go a-trampin' over the sharp rocks an' burnin' sands of the desert round Death Valley . . . with that grizzled old prospector husband of hers. But she stuck to Aaron Winters, Rosie did . . . for better or for worse. I reckon she thought it was mostly for worse . . . that night back in 1880, as she was gettin' supper for the two of 'em in their little one-room shack on Ash Meadows near Death Valley." And as the old man talks, the scene—

AARON: What's for supper, Rosie?



Green

ROSIE: Beans.

AARON: Is that all?

ROSIE: Chahwallas . . . if you can eat them. Me, I cannot. Little crawling snakes . . . bah!

AARON: Oh, chahwallas ain't snakes, Rosie. . . . They're lizards. An' just as good eatin' as frogs' legs . . . in Delmonico's in New York. Most as good, anyway, if you're hungry.

ROSIE: I am not hungry.

AARON: Bacon all gone?

ROSIE: Weeks ago.

AARON: How about the flour?

ROSIE: Would I be serving mesquite beans if we had any flour?

AARON: Well, I saw the flour barrel over yonder 'gainst the wall.

ROSIE: It is empty . . . like my heart. The rice bag, too. That is why I ride twenty-five . . . thirty miles . . . to the mesquite trees to gather beans for our

supper. And they're hard to get.

AARON: That long ride ought to have give you an appetite, Rosie.

ROSIE: No . . . not in all that desolation. Bare, like our lives here.

AARON: Now, Rosie . . . ain't you got so's you feel better about this by now?

ROSIE: No, Aaron . . . always it grows worse. Aaron, for a score of years now you have been searching for wealth here in Death Valley, in all this desert. And what has it ever given you for all your pains? Nothing.

AARON: I've come across traces of silver in these mountains . . . and once even gold, Rosie.

ROSIE: Silver, gold? A glint. A gleam, nothing more. . . . Just enough to raise your hopes . . . to make you double your efforts, to spend what little money you had saved. . . . Only to find out that

GRIEF and Sacrifice Attended the Discovery of the Rich Deposits of Death Valley as Told in this Vivid Radio Drama Broadcast over the Na- tional Network.



it was all a mirage. Oh, Aaron, leave this country and take me with you!

AARON: But, Rosie, where could we go? You know why I stay here . . . one of the reasons.

ROSIE: You mean because of that man you killed.

AARON: Rosie! For heaven's sake.

ROSIE: Who is there to hear? It is 200 miles from this house to the nearest settlement.

AARON: Even so . . .

ROSIE: Even so, that shooting took place over twenty years ago. Who would remember by now?

AARON: Sheriffs have got mighty long memories. Don't forget that. No, Rosie, if ever I leave Death Valley, it's got to be with such a big strike that we can pick up an' go far away from here.

ROSIE: This desert . . . she is your mistress! You love her better than you love me.

AARON: Now, now, Rosie . . . you know that beside you there ain't nothin' in this world worth havin'. It's for you I been tappin' around here all these years, hopin' to make a rich strike. It's all for you. I don't care about it for myself.

ROSIE: Then take me away from here. Take me out into green lands again and let me know what it is to have a real home before I am too old a woman to care.

AARON: But Rosie, I couldn't give you no better home than this, lessen we make a strike before we leave here.

ROSIE: I don't want more than a one-room shack like this . . . but I want it under a green tree . . . where I won't have to think how much water I may use to keep everything clean. I want to hear soft breezes blowing outside and know they're bringing gentle spring rain to do my flowers good, instead of a sandstorm. I want a real bureau . . . not a starch box with a cracked old mirror resting on it. And Oh for something to clean with!

AARON: You couldn't look more beautiful if you had a fine full length pier glass, Rosie . . . for to admire yourself in.

ROSIE: Admire myself? Me, with my hair all dry and faded? . . . and my skin rough and cracked from hard work and hard water?

AARON: It still feels right soft and nice to me, Rosie. But mebbly if you used some more of them beauty preparations . . .

ROSIE: What beauty preparations?

AARON: Why them bottles you got up there on the shelf. . . . Hogan's Magnolia Balm . . . and Felton's Gossamer for the Complexion . . . an' Floridy water. . . .

ROSIE: Aaron, they have all been empty . . . those bottles, for two years.

AARON: Well, Rosie . . . next time we take a trip to town, I'll buy you some more.

ROSIE: And some strings for my guitar, too, Aaron? I live in fear that my last strings will break . . . and then, alas! I will not even have my music left in this wilderness.

AARON: Unwrap your guitar, Rosie, and sing me some of the old Spanish songs . . . the way you used to sing them in Monterey. It'll make you feel better maybe.

ROSIE: Very well, if you wish it, Aaron.

AARON: You keep that instrument covered up like it was a child.

ROSIE: The only child I have. If I did not tend this old guitar and keep it wrapped and oiled, it would have dried out and cracked apart in this furnace long ago. But listen to it . . . it's still sweet. *(Rosie twangs a string and hums a phrase.)*

(She sings old Spanish-American song with guitar accompaniment.)

AARON: It's true enough, Rosie. You shouldn't be buried out in this wilderness, two hundred miles from the nearest railroad . . . with none to appreciate your talents but a dried up old bag o' bones like me.

ROSIE: My talents are for your pleasure, Aaron . . . here or anywhere.

AARON: Come over here and sit by me, Rosie . . . and don't think too hard of me for keepin' you out here. *(Faint sound of horse's hoofs outside.)*

ROSIE: Aaron, what's that noise? It sounds like horses.

AARON: Nonsense, Rosie . . . why nobody's come along Ash Meadows Valley past this shack since I can remember. *(Hoof beats come nearer. Sound of man whistling "Oh Susannah".)*

ROSIE: But listen, Aaron, I can hear the jingle of the bridle . . . and somebody is whistling too. Hark.

(Voice outside sings):

"Oh then, Susannah
Don't you cry for me
I'm goin' out to Oregon
With my banjo on my knee."

AARON: By gash, you're right! We're goin' crazy together, Rosie! That's what it is. . . . The desert's got us at last!

ROSIE: No, Aaron, it's real. I know it is. Whoever it is, is stopping outside.

VOICE: *(Calling from outside)* Hello, there!

AARON: He's flesh and blood all right.

ROSIE: Aaron . . . you don't think . . . that sheriff with the warrant?

AARON: Good Lord, no!

VOICE: *(Outside)* Hallo, there!

AARON: Here, Rosie . . . let me go. I'll see who it is. *(Calls)* Hello. Who's there?

VOICE: *(Outside)* A traveler . . .

headin' south from Nevada. . . . Lost my way a few hours back an' jest goin' to pitch camp for the night when I spotted your light. Can you grub stake me?

AARON: We ain't got much, stranger, but you're welcome to share it.

VOICE: Thanks.

AARON: Hand me that lantern, Rosie. Now, come along with me, stranger and I'll show you where you can picket your hoss for the night. And Rosie . . . see if you can't rustle a little extra food together for supper.

ROSIE: *(To herself)* Extra food! Holy Saints! The man talks as if we had a pantry stocked full. Very well, my Aaron, I'll do my best. There's still a little coffee and some sugar in the boxes under the bed . . . saved against a rainy day. Now . . . have we a third cup and plate? No . . . perhaps I could use the old tin can I was growing the cactus plant in. The men will not notice. *(Men heard approaching.)*

AARON: *(Coming in)* Drop your saddle right there by the door, stranger. Rosie, this is Joe Gibbons, from up Nevada way. Meet Mrs. Winters, Joe.

ROSIE: We are very happy to make you welcome here in our poor little place.

JOE: Well, I can tell you, it looks mighty good to me . . . after ridin' alone down this God-forsaken desert for days.

AARON: Where are you headin' for?

JOE: Down South. Mebbe over Texas way. Thought I'd try my hand at cattle raisin'. . . . Taken a crack at about everything else in my day . . . gold-huntin' . . . orange growin' . . . teamin' . . . lumberin' . . . farmin' . . . minin' . . .

AARON: Had luck at any of 'em.

JOE: Oh, I done well enough here and there . . . but no rich strikes anywheres. Somehow I always jest manage to miss out. I hear tell that in the next town . . . beyond the next mountain, over the next river . . . there's a big chance to make money. So I move on . . . but I always I'm jest too late.

AARON: Yes . . . I know how that is.

JOE: Take what happened here a while back. I heard talk one night by a camp fire in Oregon about some wonderful new discoveries of a thing called borax in Nevada . . . at Columbus and Teels Marsh . . . and how it was goin' to make the fortunes of a few lucky men. I'd heard about this here borax before . . . over to Clear Lake in California . . . and I knew there was money in it. . . . So I

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"Did you ever know who really discovered borax?"
asked the Old Prospector.

TOWN CRIER TALES

By

ALEXANDER
WOOLLCOTT



Alexander Woollcott from a sketch made in France in 1919 and Called *Soldier With Book*

THE scene is a studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The time, any Monday or Friday evening at a quarter after seven, EST., period of the Gruen Guild Watch. It's a small studio. A grand piano fills half of it. Alexander Woollcott, famous raconteur, fills the other half.

THE announcer starts his introduction. Woollcott, seated before a table microphone, glances at the studio clock. And says:

"Tonight you must think of the old Town Crier as having come in out of the storm and sought a moment's peace and warmth beside your fireplace. He puts his bell and lantern in the corner and spreads his thin old hands to the blaze of your friendly logs. As his spectacles grow misty and his smelly old tuppet begins to steam, he grows expansive and begins, in his garrulous fashion, to spin a few old wives' tales. If you, there in the corner will stop making such a noise with that cocktail shaker and if Junior will stop scuffling his feet and take his algebra homework into the next room, the Town Crier will tell a story or two. Some years ago, when I was lolling one afternoon in the studio of Miss Neysa McMein—in those days her studio was about as hushed and sheltered a spot as the Grand Concourse of the Grand Central Terminal—there came breezing in a young painter named Baskerville. He was in a state of considerable excitement because of an extraordinary chance that had just befallen a friend of his. She had been ambling along Sixth Avenue when her eye was caught by a dusty old string of beads in a pawn shop window. What particularly interested her was the lovely old clasp of curious and intricate design, with which the string was fastened. Being a born shopper, she went in and priced it. The pawn-broker said that this bit of junk had been pledged there some two or three years before by a wild and shabby

wayfarer who never came back to redeem it. It was therefore on sale and he proposed to ask a cool \$2.50 for it. Well, \$2.50 about represented her working capital at the moment. "Easy come, easy go," she said to herself, and went off with the darned thing in her pocket. Afterwards, she cleaned it up a bit, and used to wear it with great pride. As it happened, the clasp was so old that it was worn through, and one day, a few weeks later, as she was prancing up Fifth Avenue, it broke.

"With one clutch she caught the string before it began to disintegrate into the oblivious traffic. Cursing softly but sincerely to herself, she stood holding her collapsing necklace together and looking distractedly around for assistance. It was then she noticed for the first time that this mishap had befallen her directly in front of the elegant and snooty jewel shop of Black Starr & Frost. Now normally she would no sooner have taken a bit of Sixth Avenue finery to that shop for repair than she would have asked Revillon Freres to sew up a rip in her little boy's mittens. But there was help right at hand and in she went.

"She was very apologetic about it. With that curious and purposeless mendacity in which we all indulge at such times, and by which we seek to conceal the humble facts of our existence from

*Ever Hear the One
About Empress
Josephine's Long
Lost Necklace?*

total strangers who aren't interested in them anyway, she explained to the clerk that this was an old necklace that had been in her family for years, that she treasured it for sentimental reasons, and would be greatly obliged if he would do a little tinkering with the clasp—that is, if it wouldn't cost too much. She scarcely cared to spend much money on a mere matter of sentiment.

The clerk yawned, gathered up the two ends of the string, and sauntered off to the back of the shop. Two minutes later he returned, his eyes snapping with excitement. Accompanying him was the big bewhiskered jewel expert clothed in Olympian calm, his excitement, if any, masked by his personal shrubbery. He wanted to know if Madame would be interested in selling the necklace. Madame felt as if an elevator had suddenly started to fall with her, but with one frantic clutch, she recaptured her self control, and four generations of horse trading Yankee ancestors took possession of their offspring's spirit. The necklace, she said, was not for sale. The jewel merchant began to hem and haw.

"She did a bit of hemming and hawing herself. Finally she expressed a purely academic interest in what Black Starr & Frost would be willing to offer. The reply was immediate. \$20,000.00.

"That darned elevator began to fall again. Again the good old Puritan ancestry sustained her swooning spirit. I could go on with the story this way indefinitely, but I will rush on to the conclusion. The necklace was of diamonds. The final stone on each end was carved with an initial. On one end the initial was 'N'. On the other end the initial was 'J'. It was the long lost necklace of the Empress Josephine.

"That was the story as young Master Baskerville told it to me. I confess it fascinated me, and being a member of the staff of The Evening Sun at the time,

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My Biggest MARIA

*Great Austrian
Star Trembled in
Fear as She Made
Her Debut—then a
Miracle Happened.*



Maria Jeritza, famous prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

THE life of every prima donna is filled with big moments. It is one profession which, despite its many hours of hard and exacting work, the self-denial and the eternal care which it demands, is yet colored with so many rich moments, that one feels amply rewarded for all one does.

Sometimes these moments may not be big ones in the eyes of the public, yet they are dear to the prima donna. They may be little things which happen on the stage during the course of the opera which turn a threatening disaster into a dazzling success; they may be when one sings before royalty, before the disabled war veterans or the crippled children in hospitals. They may be the moments when the response of the audience is such that it grips you by the throat and the tears come. Or it may be a moment when you have so lost yourself in the soul of a character that the composer himself is overwhelmed by your interpretation.

Then, of course, there are those moments that mark a definite progress in your career. The ones that have helped to bring you nearer to the goal. Naturally these are the most vital ones in my life and the first will therefore always stand out pre-eminently in my mind.

When I was a very little girl in Olmuetz, where I was born, my voice showed exceptional promise. My father encouraged me to study and he took me to Professor Auspitzer of Bruenn. He was an excellent singing teacher and I made splendid progress with him. However, I was considerably handicapped by

the fact that I was so timid and shy, I could not be persuaded to sing for anyone. The mere suggestion was enough to terrify me.

Professor Auspitzer was in despair. He pleaded; he begged and he argued. How was anyone to know that I possessed a singing voice if I would not sing? How was I going to make a career for myself? But nothing he said was of any avail. Then one day, when I was taking my lesson, he asked me to sing my arias. One after another he took them until I finally protested. But he merely smiled and went to the door of the room.

"Come in," he called. "I'm sure you have heard Maria sing enough to know what she can do." And in walked the director of the Olmuetz Theatre! Professor Auspitzer had hidden him in the next room and there he had listened with ease while I unknowingly had gone through my repertoire. I was so astonished I could not speak. But imagine my greater amazement when he said to me: "You are engaged for my theatre. You will make your debut as 'Elsa' in 'Lohengrin.'"

I need not describe the terrors I went through at the rehearsals. I am afraid the company did not think very much of

me. On the night of the performance I quaked and trembled and shivered. I did not see how I could sing before so many people. Only once later in my life, at the Metropolitan Opera House, was I again overcome with such acute fright. However, the director of the Olmuetz Theatre tried his best to soothe me. He kept assuring me that everything would go off well once I was on the stage. I was pretty skeptical about that and thought to myself that my debut would mark my last public appearance.

However, on the night of the performance, when I finally heard my cue, I went on the stage and it was simply a miracle the way all my fears disappeared. I completely forgot everything but my role. I loved the part of Elsa and for the time being was Elsa. I was so absorbed in my role that I did not see the audience. Yet there was an electric feeling in the audience that goaded me on and you can imagine how thrilled I was when they enthusiastically applauded me at the end of the performance. I was very grateful for it too, as the success that I had, inspired me with the confidence which I needed so much.

Just as every American singer has her eyes on the Metropolitan Opera House, so in Austria, the greatest achievement is an engagement at the Hofoper. It is one of the most magnificent opera houses in Europe and before the war there was no more wonderful sight than to see the men with their colorful uniforms and glittering decorations, and the women with their costly gowns and jewels. There was such an air of splendor about the place that it made one tingle with excitement just to be there.

Since the Hofoper only accepted mature artists who had had several years of experience and who were known to the public, I naturally could not try there right away. So I first went to the Volksoper, a municipal opera house which was also in Vienna and which had a very fine reputation.

I worked very hard at the Volksoper and I sang all kinds of parts. This was valuable experience to me as it helped me to build up a solid foundation and a fine technique. I missed no opportunity

M o m e n t s by JERITZA

to study and to learn and to work over the smallest detail of my part. Gradually I began to be known and I was often asked to appear in other cities as guest artist. Then, one season, the directors of the great Hofoper decided to give "Aphrodite." As this was its first presentation, they were anxious to insure its success in every way. They found, though, that they could not engage any of their own singers for the leading role because none was young or slender enough to interpret it. It would not do to have a fat and middle-aged Aphrodite, no matter how glorious her voice

might be. My fond hopes expanded.

Thus the very dream of my life came true when I was asked to create the title role of this opera at its world premiere.

Another moment that will always remain a significant one for me was when Gatti-Casazza offered me a contract to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House. I was not acquainted with Americans and the thought of singing to such a totally different audience, made me hesitate. I felt safe and secure in Vienna. Why venture so far away to a land about which I had heard so many strange stories? It was better to be satisfied with what one

had. But Gatti-Casazza would not listen to my refusals and he kept coming back to me until I finally signed the contract.

It was a rainy, dismal day when I arrived in this country. I knew very little English at the time and I had to rely on others to make myself understood. In addition I had to prepare to make my American debut in one of the most difficult of operas, "The Dead City." All these things combined to bring back my former fear of singing to an audience. Every day I wished myself home in Vienna. I felt I could not go through the ordeal. I constantly reproached myself for having signed the contract.

As curtain time drew nearer, I was seized with such trembling that I could not move. Everyone attempted to comfort me and to cheer me up. But I

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Jeritza from a scene in the opera Tosca.



Phil Spitalny

"Here's
to a
Happy
Say your
Favorite
Radio



Muriel Pollock

*Mike Resolutions Made
Bring You Bigger and
Than Ever—They Sol-
Brand New Gags, Songs*

greater Garbos and a couple of new but wearable neckties. And God bless Mama Audience and Papa Public, and make Ray a good boy to listen to."

Phillips H. Lord was next. The creator of *Uncle Abe and David* and *Seth Parker* answered my New Year's query in the genuine vernacular of his beloved hymn-

IF RADIO delivers and fulfills but half the hopes, during 1931, of your favorite entertainers, you will unconditionally agree that the new leaves that are being turned over this New Year's Eve, have not been turned in vain. What a mass of good intentions!

And they'll be made good, too, or I don't know the mike stars I've been writing about these many months and years.

Rapidly flipping the pages of a notebook filled in the course of a score or more of interviews with the air's great, I humbly beg to report that you fellow dialsters are in for more variety, novelties, laughs, sunshine, cheer, beauty, artistry and intelligent efforts. Better orchestrations, sound effects, rehearsals, preparation, manuscripts and continuities are in the bag for 1931, and as for drama, watch for more plays based on historical fact, and better dramas produced better.

One of your best liked stars hopes to see a Radio rejuvenation of the old, backwoods square dance; another looks forward to giving you more of the soothing, native American folk music, a third trusts that the new year will bring a renaissance of grand opera on the Radio, with



its greater appreciation by the public the cause for its production.

But who (see if you can guess)—who would dare to wish for "louder crooners" and "softer trombones"? You're right—Ray Perkins, the famous *Old Topper* and *Prince of Pineapple*. Waxing facetious just to keep in character, Perkins said:

"After painful introspection and deliberation (resulting in a headache), I am still able to announce the following resolutions which I shall break in 1931:

"(1) I will not climb the studio portieres. (2) I will stop crying when I hear sob-ballads. (3) I will have my overtones examined for flats. (4) I will not compete with Vallee, McNamee or Gibbons. They have their public, and I have mine. (5) I will not attempt to imitate Four Pineapples.

"I hope that 1931 brings louder crooners, softer trombones, bigger midgets,



Steele Jamison

New Year"

Stars

By
Evans E. Plummer

*By Studio Folks Will
Better Entertainment
emny Swear to Present
And Radio Thrillers*

singing character:

"Wal, now, I don't know about this resolvin' business, but I do have two programs that I'd like mighty well to send to listeners in 1931. An' if resolvin'll help to put 'em across, I'll make the resolution. One is the ole time, down East, backwoods square dance with fid-



Ruth Lyon

dles scrapin', harmonickies wheezin', feet shufflin' and the head man singin' the calls in the background. That's one thing I'd like to do on the air in 1931.

"The other is to bring back in a Radio program the Big Band Wagon that used to tour the countryside in the ole days, goin' from town to town and promotin' the neighborly spirit. What we need next year is tolerarce, tolerance and more tolerance, and don't you forget it, young fellow."

Whether Jessica will make more than "Olive", or vice versa during 1931, is something for you to worry about, but what the Misses Dragonette and "Palmer" (Virginia Rae) hope to accomplish during the ensuing year is best told by the famous sopranos themselves. Petite Jessica, of Cities Service concerts, said:

"Who can estimate the force and power engendered by the concentration



Lee Sims

of millions of minds and hearts by the beauty of a song? And where shall this lead us? The microphone is my gateway to the hearts of men. The magic carpet, the seven league boots and Mercury's sandals were limited powers in comparison with Radio. My fervent wish for 1931 is that my art be part of your everyday life, for if it is not that, it is not art. May we create beauty together!"

And lovely Olive Palmer, Palmolive prima donna, sends you her greetings with the message:

"If my microphone were only Aladdin's magical lamp, it wouldn't be necessary for me to make a New Year's resolution. I'd simply ask it to convey to every one of my listeners the keen desire to give pleasure, which goes into every note of my songs. But without benefit of magic, I've decided to work harder, hoping that I may run the gamut of artistic preferences in my audience, bringing a little more intelligence, atmosphere and artistry to every song or aria I may sing. I'm interested in seeing better balanced, more finished programs of the concert type in 1931."

Lowell Thomas, reporting soldier of fortune and Radio representative of the Literary Digest, has a good idea to kill the blues early this year. "They tell



Muriel Wilson



Here's one resolution we predict will make a good paving stone for warm regions—Nat Brusiloff and his Nestle Chocolateers promise to be more serious in 1931 than they have been in the past.

me," said he, "that I talk to more than 30,000,000 people every night. This fact seems to me fantastic and incredible, and prompts my first determination for the new year.

"In 1931 I'm going to spin more yarns and reel off more news flashes which are dominated by the spirit of optimism and good cheer. I think I have the 'swellest' job in the world, and a unique chance among Radio performers, because I can exercise a power of selection—an editorial choice of my material. Without sugar-coating the facts of life, or garbling the news, I can pick out and emphasize the cheerful angle of the day's happenings. That is my resolve."

ANOTHER Radio act, of which you perhaps have heard, is known as *Amos 'n' Andy* (film version *Check and Double Check*, Adv.), and who doesn't know this pair? Both Amos and Andy, or rather Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll, their creators, tell me that 1931 will find their six-a-week skit packed full of good wholesome laughter and optimism. "We know business is good and getting better," the famous blackface pair maintained, "and maybe we can poke enough fun at the thrifty public so that they will start spending some of the money they've been hoarding, and causing tough times by so doing."

What Charlie Magnante, world's foremost accordionist, the *Pierre* of the Vermont Lumberjacks program as well as in

Rolfe's orchestra program, wants to see in 1931, is more work provided for musicians by their unions. Charlie deplors the present situation. As far as personal resolutions go, he neither drinks nor smokes and hopes next year not to see his record broken. He also plans to work even harder than last year and better his best total of 31 appearances a week, besides recording and picture engagements. Magnante, by way of holding stock in his future, adds that he hopes the demand for "squeeze box" squeezers will increase and finally make this instrument surpass the saxophone in popularity.

"Yeah?" said Rudy Weidoeft, world's premier saxophonist and teacher of the leading players of that instrument, including Rudy Vallee. "Here's what I hope to accomplish in '31. I want to make my programs replete with more variety and novelties, better music and tone colorings to distinguish those programs from a dozen others. Better musical transcriptions will go a long way toward making this come true, and one other factor—the return of so many disillusioned songwriters from Hollywood. Personally I hope to improve my ability as player, writer and arranger."

ART KASSEL, whose Kassel's in the Air orchestra is a prime favorite with the folk of Chicago and the Midwest, held one simple hope for 1931 which may have been fulfilled by the time you are reading this. "Give me," said Kassel, "one kind-hearted and wise

sponsor of the none-meddlesome variety, one who'll allow me to have my boys play the music the public likes best, and play it in the fashion we have become a little famous for originating. Then I'll enjoy taking the entire responsibility for the success or failure of the program on my own shoulders."

THE same sentiment is echoed by Russell Pratt, "My Bookhouse Story Man" as well as one of the "Three Doctors", of CBS and WMAQ fame. "Most sponsored programs are too serious," he said. "I resolve to be serious only for the children; never for the grownups. The best salesmanship is not the 'deadly' type but the sort that 'kids' the prospective buyer into lowering his guard, then slips the sales talk gently across. 'Trouble is,' the "doctor" continued, "most sponsors interfere too much with the talent. Sherman, Rudolph and I know our audience, and we insist that we be allowed to play to that audience, if we are expected to bring in results."

More light opera and current shows on the air are the '31 hope of Ruth Lyon, CBS soprano who was honored to be selected as soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in its broadcasts last year. Though all her training has been for the classics, Miss Lyon prefers the Victor Herbert type of music. She sees this year bringing light operas to the stage as outstanding hits and hopes the Radio world will follow suit.

(Continued on page 93)

DIAMONDS

*Famous Historian Tells
Scintillating Story of How
The Dutch Cornered the
Gem Market of the World*

By Hendrik Willem Van Loon



Hendrik Willem Van Loon, noted author and historian, who broadcast this history of diamonds over the Columbia Broadcasting System on the first Holland to United States hook-up.

I AM sorry but I must not speak too loudly to you—for it is three o'clock in the morning, and this is a small country.

Wouldn't do to wake up the good people. They consider the night to have been made for sleep, and turn off their railroads and steamers, and even the cows are requested to graze very quietly.

Of course, that is not exactly our system.

We like to make the day as dark as night by a little coal-soot and turn the night into day by burning up a fortune in electric light.

Maybe that is the way to do it.

And maybe it is not.

On the average people here live a couple of years longer (sounds funny! but ask the man of the statistics)—they do live a few years longer by going to bed, if not with the chickens at least with the roosters, and if there is anything in history—and there is a lot in history if you will only take the trouble to read it thoroughly—there surely is something to be said for the system of separating the night from the day and not interfering too seriously with the arrangements of this planet as they were originally intended.

For I am not speaking to you from this distant city because the sunsets are brighter, or begin a few minutes earlier than in New Amsterdam, or because the tide runs four times a day instead of three as in most other countries. Neither have all those intricate arrangements of wire and air and more wire and right-of-way across that wire and through that particular air and night-porters getting me out of bed at half-past two in the morning—been the work of the last five

minutes. We did not suddenly say yesterday evening, "That was a remarkably good dinner and now wouldn't it be fun to talk to home for a couple of minutes!"

On the contrary. The jeweler in whose interest I am speaking tonight has been at work since early March to get this connection through, and the reason why he has taken this vast amount of trouble—the endless official correspondence with foreign telephone and broadcasting companies—petitions to the weather bureau for good weather so that the ocean would not interfere with an otherwise honest Dutch accent (Dutch accents on the air and quite ordinary mild storms have been known to provoke cyclones)—all this was done for one purpose and for one purpose only—to give his prospective customer a chance to feel and notice—to realize in an almost tangible manner—that Amsterdam, this ancient stronghold of the diamond trade, actually exists. That it is not a mere fable like those famous mines of Golconda which sound so well in poetry and which never produced a diamond—being merely the name of a strong fortress inhabited by a Turkish adventurer who, having conquered the greater part of northern India, invested his surplus revenue in the largest diamonds that were available until his treasure-chest on top of Golconda's rocks—an immeasurably strong castle—came to be associated with the idea of diamonds itself.

But this town of Amsterdam which was built seven hundred years ago had very different beginnings from the old capital of Kuth Shahi, which was probably the

reason why it has existed so much longer and bids fair to exist until we all pack up our little toys and move for further safe-keeping to the next planet. Amsterdam's beginning was so prosaic that it is funny. For the town of Amsterdam stands upon the bones of an humble fish called the herring. I do not mean that the houses have been actually constructed on the skeletons of these long defunct fishes. They are firmly built on Norwegian pine—a couple of hundred trees to each house—but the prosperity of this village was dragged out of the sea and it took four centuries before those good people were able to transform a kippered herring into a well-cut diamond. And thereby goes a story which I shall tell you some time when I have a couple of years off, for it is the entire story of the world from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. But a fascinating story because it is in many ways the story of our own beginnings.

THIS town had nothing to begin with—nothing but flat mud-banks—a few thatch-roofed houses—a handful of people shivering and poor. If they had ever thought that their great-great-grandchildren should own so much as a single



A diamond star from the Russian crown jewels, recently sold by the Soviet Government. Contains 1,500 carats of diamonds.

diamond—let alone be the central market for that trade—they would have wept tears from joy. They did not—in all the land there was not a single diamond to be had—in all of Europe there were not more than half a dozen. The Romans who in the matter of luxury were past masters where we are merely beginners had not bothered about them. The reason was that nobody knew how to cut them—the Indian diamond merchants polished them up a bit—cut away the rough places—polished the corners—the effect wasn't very brilliant. There are a few such diamonds which Charlemagne, the greatest collector of his time, seems to have gathered and given to the church—the church

did not know what to do with them—pasted them into covers of books—pretty little pieces of stone—no great value—let the kids play with them.

And this ignorance continued for a long, long time, for when Charles the Bold was killed by Swiss mercenaries in the year 1477—those honest Swiss peasants took the diamond buttons which the Duke of Burgundy wore—he was the richest man of his time—his fortune was estimated at almost three million dollars and he was so incredibly rich that his daughter actually owned one pair of silk stockings—well, those Swiss peasants cut off those pretty round stones and played marbles with them and sold them eventually to a nimble-fingered gentleman from Mayence and held their tummies laughing when he gave them as much as a dollar a piece for those silly bits of glass.

THAT ignorance continued and was to continue until a certain Vasco da Gama did what nobody had done for the last two thousand years, he rounded the cape which rises at the southernmost point of Africa and reached a country called India and came home with stories of incredible wealth of golden temples and heathen golden images whose eyes were of a strange stone—this stone was the mysterious Adamas—the invincible stone of which Pliny speaks as the most valuable of gems known only to kings—of which he had heard people speak but which he had never seen.

And then and then only, when Europe had discovered the straight road to India—when Portuguese traders began to dicker for idols' eyes and bits of queerly shaped minerals that were washed up by the rivers and found in the sandy banks of Indus and the Ganges—then did the Adamas, now corrupted into adamant and for convenience sake into damant—which is hard to pronounce and quite naturally becomes diamond—then only did this stone cease to be the center of an entire mythology which had been woven around it.

No longer were diamonds supposed to cure people from fits—to prevent insanity—to be an antidote for snakebite—to deliver people from the evil eye. But let

us not be too hard on what we so lightly call the ignorance of our mediæval ancestors. In many ways they were wiser that we often are willing to recognize—for all during the Middle Ages the populace firmly believed that in far off Kathay there was found a stone which could prevent quarrels between husband and wife—yea, they even had a name for it—they called it the "stone of reconciliation" and who shall say that they were very far wrong? But after that happened long, long ago and I doubt whether the most forgiving of wives today would feel strongly compelled to indulge in a great deal of "reconciliation" if she had been given one of those crudely shaped glassy looking baubles with which the better situated among the Roman emperors thought that they could please the first lady of the land. The art of diamond cutting was still in such utter infancy that it almost sprawled.

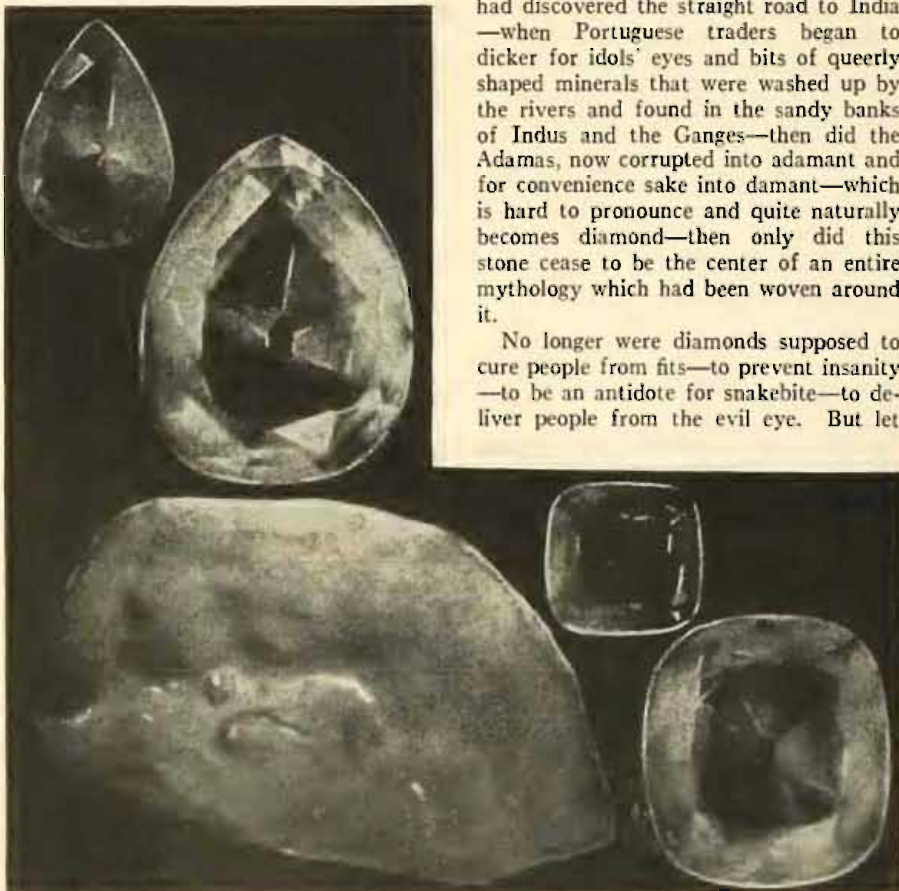
And even after the discovery by da Gama of a short-cut to the home of the adamant stone (for Brazil and South Africa were not known to produce diamonds until three and four hundred years later), the diamond industry would never have got very far if the mathematician had not come to its aid—the mathematician and the mineralogist, for in those days science was not yet divided into innumerable little divisions and subdivisions and those two were one.

The art of diamond cutting was first developed at the court of those same Dukes of Burgundy who played such an important role in European history and who by a clever policy of what today we call "consolidation" had accumulated every bit of valuable real estate in western Europe. But it was not their wealth and their desire for splendor, but also their intense interests in the arts and sciences, which made their court a combination of university, school of manners, symphony hall and business office—a combination which in our time is as unknown as the unfortunate dodo who became extinct because he was so funny looking that all sailors must take a couple of them home to amuse the kids.

THEN finally in Bruges a mathematical genius discovered the true nature of the diamond, and for that same Charles the Bold who so miserably perished at the hands of the Swiss mercenaries he cut a number of raw diamonds and did it in the so-called "brilliant" fashion which had given us a name which has survived until this very day.

But then the stern and mysterious laws of economics began to take a hand in the matter, for nothing in this world from diamonds to a knowledge of the minor Malay dialects or the peace of mind that surpasses understanding is ever acquired

The famous Cullinan diamond as it appeared when mined, and several of the beautiful pear-shaped and square diamonds cut from it



without giving something in return. And the more one wishes to obtain—no matter in what field—the more one had to give as seems absolutely just. I except those who belong to the amiable school of getting something for nothing and who unfortunately never graduate, as that school does not seem to be able to get its pupils to the final grade before they have been removed to an institution which the ancient Spaniards, according to their strange habit, called a prison.

As nothing is ever given for nothing, one has to have something to give in return for the something one wishes to obtain—so then it appeared that the very careful, and oftentimes slightly close-fisted fishermen of that noble herring pond known as the North Sea and its small dependency the Zuyder Zee, had accumulated the wealth with which one could buy those self-same ornaments that looked so badly on their own wives (still slightly tinged with herring bones), but so well on the wives of Their Lordships to the South and the East of them, who fished not, neither did they plow, but who by other means could sweat enough taxes out of their long-suffering peasants and serfs to obtain whatever they wished to possess.

And now we come to one particular item of the law of supply and demand—not an ideal law, but one that has the advantage of working with less general discomfort than any other law we have devised so far. That particular item tells us that art follows the full dinner-pail—and since the full dinner-pail had moved to the banks of the Zuyder Zee, art followed too to the banks of the Zuyder Zee. And since the jeweler and the stone-cutter were in those days an undistinguishable part of the art world—as by rights they should be today—they too moved northward and the full dinner-pail made them welcome and learned their trade and then went and dickered with His Majesty the King of Spain, who owned the whole world but whose credit was almost as bad as mine. That is all right for an historian but very uncomfortable for the most powerful monarch of his day.

THEY showed His Majesty bags full of honest Amsterdam ducats and His Majesty signed on the dotted line—dotted in gold paint for the occasion, no doubt, but terribly dotted just the same and His Majesty, for a sum down in that rare but agreeable commodity called "spot cash", guaranteed to sell all his diamonds wherever found to the diamond cutters of His Majesty's former city of Amsterdam. His Majesty got the cash and the Amsterdam jewelers got the diamonds, and judging by results, His Majesty also got the worst of the deal, but being a Majesty and having signed on the dotted line, he had to stick to his bargain and from that moment on, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, the diamond trade came to the banks of the Zuyder Zee and has stayed there until today.

Why this should have been so it is not hard to say. The trade is what one might call a traditional trade—it is one of the few things in this modern world of machinery which cannot be left to machinery. It is not so much a matter of an ability to polish in a certain way, as an almost inborn knack to know exactly what one can do with the indifferent piece of quartz that has been fished out of the soil of South Africa or that has been brought down from the mountains of some unknown Indian frontier tribe. And such skill—like the skill of the weaver or the pottery-maker or the violin maker, cannot be learned from books but has to be absorbed with the paternal pap—has to have been part of the household conversation for generation after generation. And such developments can only grow and flourish in certain centers where life is placid and the conditions of living are such as to induce a certain peace of mind and great economic safety, born not only out of political conditions but also out of a well-understood policy of economic live and let live, based upon self-interest mitigated by tolerance and the desire to give the other fellow a chance.

THOSE conditions until very recently were to be found here and that undoubtedly is the reason why I was asked to speak to you from the spot where the diamond ceased to be the eye of an idol and became the idol of a great many eyes—the town where books were first printed so that they should be within the reach of everybody (perhaps the greatest spiritual revolution of the last six hundred years)—where first of all wool and linen were woven so that nobody needed go cold—undoubtedly a selfish arrangement on the part of the weavers but like so many intelligent manifestations of self-interest of more direct benefit to the community than altruism based upon a vague hope—and finally the town where jewelry in general and diamonds in particular were changed from an object of warfare and plunder and a cure-all for everything from



This portrait of Queen Mary of England, now hung in the Ottawa National Art Galleries shows her wearing many of the costly crown jewels and decorations of England.

snake-bite to squinting—to what it is today. But what it is today, alas, I cannot tell you, for my time is up—the man with the ominous watch and the threatening one finger tells me that I have only sixty more seconds and therefore all I have left is time to say—good-night.

(Text furnished by notes of Columbia Records, 1929, S-100)

Is Romance Dead?

Fannie Hurst *Answers...*

WHAT has happened to romance?

There are many of the beaux of yesterday who believe that when the frail and mysterious femininity gave way to the flaming flapper with her hard-working lipstick and her own pay check, it marked the demise of romance. That with the changing status of woman, her insistence upon man's code, and her freedom to adventure, love would never more be the alpha and omega of her life and that she would not make sacrifices for it. As proof they point to the increasing numbers of women who nonchalantly turn their backs on marriage or who divide it with a career.

Not that the fair sex is entirely to blame. These advocates of yesterday likewise admit that the materialism and speed of the age, and the revelations that science has made, have also played their part in hastening the passing of romance. For how, they claim, can romance flourish in a whirling maelstrom? How can there be any glamour about love when science has stripped it of its aura of mystery and illusion?

And so they wistfully sigh for the days when woman was an ethereal and elusive creature on a pedestal who knew nothing of the world. When life was lived more leisurely and there was time for chivalry and the sentimentalities of love.

But Fannie Hurst, for one, does not join their sighs. This brilliant writer, with whom the subject was discussed, has no patience with those backward looking souls who rhapsodise about the past. She finds that there is much about life today which is alluring and thrillingly ro-



Fannie Hurst is the most vivid thing in a vivid room.

An Interview By Lillian G. Genn

mantic. Human nature remains unchanged.

And yet, as those who have read her short stories and her novels well know, she does not view life as a romanticist. She sees its dark and seamy side; its struggles and its heartbreak, all of which she portrays with the keen and sympathetic understanding that is her genius. But in her stories, there runs, too, the scarlet thread of romance; she points out the loveliness and the throbbing beauty of the world and depicts the yearning and the longing of the human soul for love. This is particularly true of her new novel, *Back Street*, in which she weaves a rich tapestry of life, centered around the story of a great passion.

Miss Hurst's studio apartment, where the interviewer went to see her, provided an appropriate setting for a discussion of

romance. It is a large room with a dim cathedral-like interior lighted by huge floor candelabras. The color motif is red—a bright romantic red that somehow makes one think of the days of the Renaissance. The luxurious rugs, the tapestries, the many cushioned sofa were all of this shade. So too was the smock which the author wore over a gown of black silk.

Miss Hurst, because she is a warm, human personality, and very much herself, is at once the most vivid thing in this vivid room. She has dark beauty that stands out effectively against the striking background. Her hair, which she wears drawn straight back from a wide brow, is a glossy black, and her eyes are luminously dark. Her skin is flawless and her features perfect. She speaks in a voice that is well-modulated and sweet.

There is something about the large cathedral-like room, with its hushed solemnity, and its religious images, that makes one imagine one is living in another age. Not even the grand piano, covered with music, and the current magazines and books which filled the tables and benches, and which brought a note of modernity into the place, seem to dispel that feeling.

HOWEVER, despite this old-world background, Miss Hurst is very much of a modernist. She sees no glamour in the past and does not worship at its shrine. She further believes that while the externals of life have changed, romance is as glowingly alive as it ever was and that love is still the supreme flower

"TODAY it is love which is the mainspring of marriage...woman has the great thrill of going out to seek Romance herself."

of life. It is the ideal motive force.

"None of the changes that have taken place," she said, "have been able to uproot human nature. Human beings are fundamentally the same. They still crave romance and are struggling to inject as much of it as is possible into their lives. It is a deep and beautiful thing that will forever be loved.

"It seems to me, too, that even though there have been many outer, material changes, the glamour of life is all about us. Certainly there is romance in flying on top of the world; romance in listening to music that travels the air for thousands of miles.

THE whole trouble is that we are apt to canonize the past. If the troubadours of yesterday could see a silver airplane against the sun or listen to the wonders of the air, they would call this the romantic age. And viewed from certain angles we are very much more romantic than the languid days when people lived under conditions that were anything but beautiful. If we examine them carefully, we will find a good many dark and somber things. Cities were rather filthy places in which to drag satin and brocaded gowns.

"I am often asked, though, how I can call our crowded cities with their gloomy subways, ugly oil stations and elevated railways, romantic? But in any age you will find that corresponding conditions existed. The old Italian cities we rave about and we believe to be so romantic, if we had to live in them today, would repel us. Indeed, they were so dark and unhygienic, that we would regard them as slums. There was nothing attractive about the slaves who had to do all the toiling.

"Life then had just as many ugly aspects as it has today, but we are prone to cast our eyes on the bright spots and gloss over the rest.

"There is romance in our surroundings if we but look for it. When I walk through Central Park and see the well-groomed people, the lines of shining, swiftly moving motor cars, and the skyscrapers and minarets looming up against an azure sky, I can't say that life is less

picturesque today. That the just-around-the-corner aspect of the city is any less romantic.

"The old days of open fireplaces and cold backs, of candles and smoky oil lamps, of traveling inconveniences and few diversions have no allure for me. It is perfectly true that we live too rapidly today, but aside from the romantic gentlemen who had time to celebrate life in verse and song, the romantic ages we talk about must have been most uncomfortable, and, considering the lack of medical knowledge, quite painful as well."

"But what about the fact," Miss Hurst was questioned, "that women now work side by side with men in the business marts? Hasn't that somewhat destroyed the romantic relation which once existed between them?"

"There's not so much artificial restraint between the sexes," she answered. "Young men and women no longer ascribe fictitious and over-idealized qualities to each other. Less illusion exists. Men and women are now human beings to each other and not gods and goddesses. In view of this, the antiquated relationship has become somewhat ridiculous.

"How can we any longer have any regard for the old relationship which relegated woman to the four walls and allowed her to look at life through the window blinds? Which accorded man an unequal share of power and of pleasures? Certainly there was something else in life for woman besides staying at home and having her hands kissed."

NEVERTHELESS," the author was further probed, "hasn't the freedom between men and women and their greater frankness, all tended to rob love of its piquancy and its romantic glamour?"

"Not at all," she smiled. "Human relationships are just as exciting. In fact they have now become accelerated because woman has become more selective. An affair has also become a battle of wits. A woman doesn't look at a man through eyes dazzled by the matrimonial halo. There are so many things the modern woman can do in life, that marriage doesn't attract her unless the man has



"Her hair is a glossy black and her eyes luminously dark."

personal merits. If he doesn't measure up, she doesn't accept him for the sake of a meal ticket. She can earn her own.

"Today it is love which is the mainspring of marriage. It is only the feeling and the love of two people for each other which unites and keeps them together. A woman is no longer compelled to endure unbearable conditions in order to present a false front of wedded bliss to the world. Society has become more broad-minded; it does not condemn her if she seeks a divorce. Nor is any door of opportunity closed to her. She can continue to get just as much pleasure from life.

"The fact that a husband and wife have greater freedom, has also made their relationship more interesting. Marriage doesn't get a chance to pall through constant and enforced association of husband and wife. And because it is the accepted thing for each to associate with members of the opposite sex, they must be more on tip toe in their efforts to hold each other.

"With the relationship based on honesty and truth and mutual respect, it gives marriage more dignity and beauty and sanctity. The fact that there are more divorces is only because men and women will not tolerate hypocrisy and pretense in their marriages. While divorce is deplorable, yet it is certainly far better than the continuance of a marriage which was miserable and in which the spiritual values were dead.

"Woman has naturally gained more by the improved marriage institution. A man now doesn't expect his wife to devote twenty-four hours of the day to taking care of the house and serving him. He respects her individuality and concedes her right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. She is not only allowed to use her own mind, but is encouraged to do so.

"All this, to my mind, has made the



Fannie Hurst, author of *Lumox* and *Back Street*, romps with her police dog.

modern woman a much more interesting and glamorous creature than the fragile, fainting prude of previous days."

"Do you believe," Miss Hurst was asked, "that the modern woman has become so self-centered and so intent on her own interests that she would not make sacrifices for love, as has been frequently charged? That she is incapable of the deep and enduring affection of her predecessors?"

"I know scores of women," she replied, "who are practically throwing their lives away for love. The heroine in *Back Street* is by no means an exceptional case. She is, on the contrary, a symbol of the deathlessness of woman's capacity to love.

PERSONALLY I believe it is a mistake for a woman to give up everything for love. If she concentrates her life on a man, and allows her individuality to be absorbed by his, she is bound to find, when love fades, that her companionship has little to offer. She loses her hold on his love. And in the end, even if she has children, she finds herself alone. She has nothing she can give anyone. There is nothing she can do for herself."

"But love does mean more to woman, doesn't it?"

"No," Miss Hurst returned. "It has

just as important a place in man's life and means as much to him. If he has not exalted it above all other things, it is only because he has never been called upon to make any sacrifices for it. It has always been woman's rôle to dedicate herself to making sacrifices.

"This is still very much of a man's world and it will take a long time before established customs will change. Men have never been required to subordinate their lives to love. But they are beginning to do it now. You find that there are men who have given up position and wealth and opportunities for the love of some woman. There have been a few rare and exceptional examples in history and in time to come it will not be an unusual occurrence. Women will have no monopoly on making sacrifices for love. Men are as romantic a sex as women and if they will be called upon to make the grand sacrifice, they will do it."

The novelist thought that while we may call this a materialistic age, yet life today is gayer and brighter than in the so-called romantic age. We should be athrill with the vast number of opportunities that are open to us to lead happier and more interesting lives.

"This is just as true for the men," she said. "If those who pine for the old-fashioned type of wife actually had to

live with her today, they would rebel. They may find it somewhat trying to have woman, who once regarded them as superior beings, now challenging their privileges and their supremacy. But I'm certain they would not exchange the new intellectual companion and comrade that they have, for the dependent clinging vine of yesterday.

AS FAR as woman is concerned, she would not care to give up the opportunities she has won for the chivalry and the courtesy which men once accorded her, or for the duels which were fought in her name. If life was romantic in the days of knighthood, it was only so for the men.

"Women were kept cloistered in their towers, and the chief pleasure they had, outside of embroidering, was the vicarious one of listening to the men's tales. The knights were the ones that had the adventures. Not their wives.

"What does the outward gesture, the hand kissing and the pretty phrases amount to when compared with the greater thrill that woman has of going out to seek romance for herself?"

"We perhaps haven't so much of the sentimentalities of romance and the outward display, but real romance, the deep, sincere and durable kind, still flourishes."

From The Old Curiosity Shop Comes The Tale of

The Golden Baton

By DAVID ROSS
and DON CLARK

IT IS dark in the Old Curiosity Shop, and the firelight casts a gentle glow on the strange and curious objects which litter its shelves and overflow into every nook and corner of the crowded room. "Tick . . . tick . . . tock . . ." goes the old French clock, green and tarnished where it once was bright gilt; and keeping time with the measured rhythm of the time-keeper a man breathes softly.

He is dozing and dreaming, a fit companion to the old relics which are on every side. But suddenly youth and life enter. Jean, the daughter of the Shopkeeper is a strange contrast to the old relics . . . bric-a-brac . . . furniture . . . jewelry. She turns on the light and asks, "Sleeping, dad?"

"No, just dreaming a little about all these old friends of mine. Some people call them 'junk' and others would prize them for their money value, but to me each little object brings a memory, a vision of things past."

"Stories, dad? I wish you'd tell me about one thing I saw this afternoon. It's over in a case at the other side of the room . . . looks like a golden wand with some kind of inscription on it."

"That, my dear, is a golden baton, and it has a strange and interesting story."

"A golden baton! Tell me about it."

So the Shopkeeper begins. "One night I was in my shop alone. It was a miserable, rainy night, and the wind was howling through cracks in the door, and down the chimney. The rain was beating against the windows like a drum. I was just about to close up for the night when I saw a man coming across the street toward my door.

"He spoke in a broken, cracked voice, with a strong German accent, and asked if I was the keeper of the shop. When I assented, he hesitated and inquired, 'You buy—second hand things? I have come to sell my baton! My precious gold baton . . . You will buy it?'

"I looked at the inscription, which was engraved in German. With my slight knowledge of the language, I could make out the words, 'affection and esteem—Herr Johann Kindler—Leipzig Symphony.'

"The old man, Johann, lifted his head proudly, 'Ja—they gave it to me! It is all I have left, my friend. All—all I have left! And now I must sell it . . . Ach—I



HERE in the mellow gloom of your shop, Old Curiosity,

How many dreams were ransomed!

How many hopes were forfeited or sold!

Here are mute witnesses of joy and sorrow

And the blind urgency of gold.

WHAT is this tarnished baton?

A bauble? Or worthless tinsel?

A worthless toy its only counterpart?

Nay, fool not yourselves

Once was this baton burnished and bright

Wielded by one who was master of musical art.

(Adapted)



remember that night when all Leipzig acclaimed me . . ."

As the Shopkeeper goes on with his story we see a great concert hall in the city of Leipzig:

BURGOMEISTER: Her: Kindler—as Burgomeister of the city of Leipzig, it is my happy privilege to show you, in part at least, the honor that is rightfully your due. In so doing, I speak for all the people of our city, from whose hearts comes this expression of esteem . . . You have just

completed the final concert of the season—a season that you have made signally successful as the conductor of the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra. Your place in the world of music is certain and assured—and now I have the honor to show that your place in the hearts of the people of Leipzig is as strong and keenly felt.

In behalf of this city, I have the honor to present you with this golden baton, on which are inscribed the words: "Presented to Herr Johann Kindler by the people of Leipzig, as a token of their affection and esteem for his work as conductor of the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra." (*Great burst of applause.*)

May health and good fortune go with you always, Herr Kindler, as do the affections and love of the people of Leipzig.

JOHANN: Herr Burgomeister, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. It moves me very deeply to see my efforts thus rewarded, and this baton of gold will inspire me to even greater things than ever before. Thank you!

(*After the concert, Johann approaches a slender, lovely young woman and both enter a waiting carriage.*)

JOHANN: Helen!

HELEN: Ah—Johann—I wanted to see you—and tell you how happy I am about your success.

JOHANN: Helen—all of this—the applause of the people of Leipzig—the success that I have had—is nothing.

HELEN: Nothing! Johann . . .

JOHANN: Nothing—if I do not have your love. Ah I know—I have never spoken of it before. But now I must, or my heart will break from

what it would have me say. Helen—I love you—with all my heart I do!

HELEN: I know—Johann.

JOHANN: The symphonies that I play—they are only your lovely voice speaking to me. I hear you in every note, my dear. The tempo is the beating of my heart for you—and once in a while I even think I hear you say—I love you—so softly.

HELEN: I thought I could sense that, Johann, in your music.

JOHANN: Then—you do love me, Helen? You do care for me?

HELEN: Yes, dear. I love you, too. I only wish that I might be worthy of a thing so fine and great as your love.

JOHANN: But you are, dearest. You are more than worthy.

HELEN: You are so fine, Johann. You are to be one of the world's greatest musicians—one of the masters of all time. And I . . .

JOHANN: And you are the woman I love, Helen. Oh—I am so happy! I shall do such great things—because of you! Now I shall live—really live—because I love! Think of it, Helen—our life together—our love—our music. I—I want to kiss you, Helen.

HELEN: Yes. *(They kiss tenderly.)*

JOHANN: You—dear heart—you are my symphony. You are the expression of all that is beautiful in life—all that is beautiful and good.

HELEN: Is it not strange, Johann, that love can stand against the world? That love lives for itself and by itself? From now on, I shall live but for you!

JOHANN: Helen!

But their happiness is short-lived. War, the great interrupter, comes to spoil their dream of a life together. And at their parting Johann speaks of his faith.

"I believe in our love, Helen. It will be like a light guiding me through the blackness of war. Always I shall see your face, looking at me, and urging me on. We'll show them that our love can stand the fire and terror of war. And when it is over—"

Helen continues the thread, "I shall be here—as I always have been—waiting for you to come to me: Waiting for you to take me in your arms and mend my broken heart, my dear."

They kiss farewell and Helen sobs, "Goodbye—Johann!"

(A lapse of time. Johann lies in a war hospital, forsaken, delirious.)

JOHANN: *(In a sick, broken voice)* My baton—my gold—baton! Ah—Helen—my Helen—come closer, Helen. I want

to play for you—the Symphony Pathétique! Listen—I will play—where is my baton—Helen.

FIRST NURSE: Poor chap—he's been out of his head ever since they brought him in from the field hospital.

SECOND NURSE: Yes. And always he mumbles something about Helen and his gold baton—and some symphony. He must be a musician.

FIRST NURSE: Yes—I expect he is. I don't know why he seems any more pathetic than the other cases, but he does.

SECOND NURSE: Perhaps it's because no one ever comes to see him. Nearly everyone else in this world has a guest now and then, but no one has ever come to ask about Kindler.

FIRST NURSE: Kindler?

SECOND NURSE: Yes—that's his name. We found out from some of the papers in his uniform yesterday. Nobody knew who he was before.

FIRST NURSE: Then—somebody has thought of him, at least.

SECOND NURSE: What do you mean?

FIRST NURSE: This letter. It came several days ago—forwarded from the front. I couldn't find out who Johann Kindler was, so I tossed it in the drawer of this desk.

SECOND NURSE: Yes—that's for him alright. But—I don't believe he'll be able to read it—for a long, long time.

FIRST NURSE: Even when he comes into his right mind again, we must be very careful about it. The doctor told me this morning that any shock—even the slightest little thing—might keep him from ever getting his sanity back again.

SECOND NURSE: I know . . . This seems to be a woman's handwriting. Do you suppose—

FIRST NURSE: What?

SECOND NURSE: I was thinking—it might be well to open the letter and read it. Perhaps it should be answered immediately.

FIRST NURSE: But—I'd feel peculiar about opening someone's mail. It's probably very personal—perhaps it's from this

Helen that he mutters about.

SECOND NURSE: That's all the more reason why we should open it. Probably she's his sweetheart, and doesn't know where he is.

FIRST NURSE: That's so. Well—open it.

FIRST NURSE: *(She tears open the envelope)* Oh!

FIRST NURSE: What is it? What's it say?

SECOND NURSE: Oh! It's a good thing we did open this. We could never have shown it to him. It is from the Helen that he's been talking about. Listen . . .

"Dear Johann: I am sorry to have to write you such a letter as this will be, but I feel that it is the only fair thing to do. That it should come at a time when you are away at the front gives me even greater concern, but to delay in telling you would be to make matters worse. Johann—our love has been a very tender and a very beautiful thing. I shall always remember it as one of the loveliest things in my life. But it is just that beauty—that fragility—that tells me it would never stand the shocks and trials of life. Johann—I have found love—the kind of love that is sturdy enough to last through, and I am to be married next week. Please try to understand, my dear, and know that the memory of our love shall always be the most beautiful part of my life . . . Helen."

FIRST NURSE: Oh! How can we tell him. How can we ever let him know?

SECOND NURSE: We can't. He would never stand it. No—we must wait until he is fit again—and let him go to Leipzig and find this thing out for himself.

FIRST NURSE: Yes . . . Oh—how many souls has this war torn apart?

(Some time later—still in the hospital.)

JOHANN: Nurse!

FIRST NURSE: Yes, Mr. Kindler.

JOHANN: Did you hear what the Doctor just told me? Did you?

SECOND NURSE: Yes—because he told me, too. Does it make you happy to know that you are discharged—that you can



Barker: "Now come over to this side of the platform, ladies and gents, and see the world's fattest boy!"



Johann: "Stop the music! Ohhhh! I can't stand it any longer! My head is going around! Stop!"

leave the hospital for good in a few days?

JOHANN: Oh—I am so happy—I can hardly believe that it is true! Now I can go back to my own Leipzig—to my sweet-heart—to all my friends. I—ohhh!

FIRST NURSE: What's the matter? Are you ill?

JOHANN: It's nothing—nothing, really. Just my lung—sometimes it pains a little, you see. Now I'm going to dress . . . tell me, Nurse—have there been any letters—any mail for me at all since I've been here?

FIRST NURSE: Ah—n-no—no mail, Mr. Kindler.

JOHANN: No matter. I'll see them all soon, anyway. Did I have any papers when I came in? There must have been some in my uniform.

FIRST NURSE: Yes—there were some papers. They're over there in the corner, in that desk. I'll get them for you.

JOHANN: Don't bother—I'll get them. (He goes to desk) This desk? Here in the corner?

FIRST NURSE: Yes—but—

SECOND NURSE: (Coming up) June! That's the desk his letter is in! Don't let him look in that drawer!

FIRST NURSE: I can't help it now—it's too late!

SECOND NURSE: Oh! I'm afraid of what this is going to do to him. The Doctor said he didn't discharge him because he's cured, you know. It's just a matter of time, I guess.

JOHANN: (Calling) Nurse! Nurse! (coming up) Why—why didn't you tell me—this—this letter from Helen—oh! Helen—dear John: (He reads a few lines)

FIRST NURSE: I'm sorry, Mr. Kindler. I wasn't going to show it to you.

JOHANN: I know. Helen—that's all there was in life for me—and now she's left me—gone—but—but—I can be

proud. I have my—my music, you see. I shall put all my life into my music. Ohhh!

FIRST NURSE: Mary—go and get a glass of water—will you? He's ill.

JOHANN: No—nothing—that lung again! (coughs) No matter . . .

(It is circus day in town. Milling crowds are clustered around the "Big Top." On a platform, plastered with posters and pictures of the Living Skeleton, the Fat Woman, the Snake Charmer and the rest of that galaxy of human freaks, stands the Barker.)

BARKER: Now come over to this side of the platform, ladies and gents. Here we have Mario, the human skeleton—the thinnest man in existence! Inside the tent he'll show you how he can wrap his arm three times around his head! And while we're waiting for the show to begin, ladies and gents—we're glad to announce a new attraction to the big show. We've just secured the services of Professor Johann Kindler, the former leader of the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra, to conduct the Excelsior Circus and Wild West Band. Professor Kindler—play for the folks!

JOHANN: But—Mowry—I—I can't go on tonight. I am ill—I cannot conduct tonight!

BARKER: Oh yes you can, old boy. Don't try to renege on me like that. Get up there on that stand and give 'em a concert, or you don't get paid this week. Hurry up.

JOHANN: I can't—I—

BARKER: Don't want your pay, eh?

JOHANN: Ohhhhh! All right—all right! . . . Ready, men! Attention . . . one, two.

(A fantastic circus march is heard. It blares forth with a loud fanfare.)

JOHANN: Stop! Stop the music!

Ohhhh! Stop it I say! I can't stand it any longer! My head is going around! Stop!

(The orchestra becomes panic-stricken and confused, playing out of rhythm and with false notes)

JOHANN: Stop! Ohhhhh! (He faints and drops to the floor.)

BARKER: Here—here—what's the matter?

VOICE: The Professor—he's passed out.

BARKER: Pick him up off the floor there! Pick him up and carry him outside!

VOICE: Better get a doctor—he's sick.

BARKER: He'll be all right. That's his last turn for us, anyway. Steve—get up there on the stand and lead the band—this show's gotta go on, professor or no professor. Hurry up there!

VOICE: Okay.

BARKER: Never mind, folks—the professor has a little attack of indigestion. But now the show goes on as usual. Right this way and hear the Excelsior Band!

(Back in the old Curiosity Shop.)

JOHANN: (In an old and broken voice.) So that is why I must sell my baton—my dear golden baton. It is the only thing—that—that I have saved—from my past! The only thing that—tells me that I was once young—and had dreams and ambitions—

SHOPKEEPER: I know. I understand all that this golden baton has meant to you. But fear not—it shall not be orphaned. I shall keep it for you.

JOHANN: No. Something tells me that I will never—

SHOPKEEPER: It will be here until you call for it—that I promise.

JOHANN: You are a kind and under-
(Continued on page 102)

Tuneful Topics

“Know Your Songs”



You're Driving Me Crazy

WALTER DONALDSON seems to be in his writing streak again. For a period of over twenty years he has given us a list of hit songs that is staggering, but during the past two years, following *At Sundown* and *My Blue Heaven*, his contributions have not been outstanding. Mr. Isaac Goldberg, who has just published his book, “Tin Pan Alley,” in which he discusses thoroughly the evolution of popular songs and the subsequent formation of the publishing houses along Broadway, which constitute Tin Pan Alley, stated that it seemed necessary for Irving Berlin and Walter Donaldson to feel the pressure of starvation before they could write a hit song. While I do not agree entirely with him in this, I am wondering whether or not Walter Donaldson has been devoting too much time to golf, the beaches of Florida, and the race track, rather than to the writing of songs for which he is so eminently fitted.

Contrary to popular belief, the writing of a hit song is not, in most cases, a few hours' work, nor is it easy. Rather, if you talk with the writers of most hit songs, you will find that it took much wrinkling of the grey matter, much changing, revamping and remodeling, before the song took the shape of the melody and lyrics which brought it into great popularity. In fact, I think Walter Donaldson will admit that the lure of California and the writing of theme songs with a big pay-check every week whether he wrote them or not, was not inclined to stimulate him to work hard on his songs, and although he did turn out *Romance* and some other very fine songs, none of them came up to the popular appeal that *Little White Lies* seemed to have, and that was written on his return from the Coast when he seems to have buckled down to business.

There in the Park Central, where he has an elaborate suite, he works, sometimes for days on end, until he completes the song on which he is working. Last Sunday night we spent a few hours to-

gether at a grill at which I was the guest of honor, and he confided to me that *You're Driving Me Crazy*, especially the middle part, was changed and changed and changed and changed again, until he found the twist which it now carries. It is partly this middle twist, with the sensational title, which is perhaps as sensa-

AGAIN, this month, Rudy Vallee, the famous Radio Star, picks ten songs and tells you all about them. With his wide Broadway acquaintanceship and his many friendships in “Tin Pan Alley” he is in a position to reveal interesting sidelights about these popular hits . . . their authorship, public debut, history, unusual characteristics and his own personal experiences with them.

The Editors are happy to announce that this will be a regular monthly feature in RADIO DIGEST.

tional as *Little White Lies*, which will bring this song into the big money class. It is already second from the bottom on the list of popular best sellers of most sheet music jobbers, and it will not be many weeks before it will head the list, although the bottom seems to be out of the music industry, especially that of songs, at the present moment.

You're Driving Me Crazy is one of the best songs I have ever sung, and from the very start it has been sensational wherever I have had the opportunity to present it. I have always felt that half the applause, or even more, that I receive after singing a good song, is rightfully

that of the composer who is never there ordinarily to receive it. In other words, “The play's the thing.” Too often credit is given to the delivery artist when the creative artist deserves so much praise.

On two occasions I have had the pleasure of having Walter in my audience when I rendered *You're Driving Me Crazy*, and I know that he was very happy when the song brought down the house. The Victor Company feels that my record of it is the best thing we have ever made for them. My throat was tightened up on the day I made the record, and it was with great effort that we finally made a “master” record that passed inspection. I feel I could have done better, but as long as the severe critics at Camden are satisfied, then I should be.

The song has a beautiful and unusual middle twist, though the first and last thirds of it are skillfully constructed, both in melody and lyrics, and with the outstanding title the song should be very popular indeed. It *must* be played slowly. We do it at about thirty measures per minute. I am sure you'll like it.

Cheerful Little Earful

HERE is a song from a revue, and a very daring revue at that, *Sweet and Low*, but it is a song that in any place would be tremendously popular, not only because of the optimistic and happy trend of the song itself, but because it is lilting, bright, and tuneful. Three song-writers contributed to its excellence—Harry Warren, whose *Crying for the Carolines* and many other songs have brought him into the ranks of the great song writers, (in fact, he is one of the highest priced writers in the ally); Ira Gershwin, brother of George Gershwin, and Billy Rose, the vaudeville artist and song writer who has turned producer and has cast his own wife, Fannie Brice, in his revue, *Sweet and Low*.

These three have achieved a song which I firmly believe is going to be very, very popular with everyone. There is an unusual resemblance in the end of the main phrase of the song to the end of the main

By

Rudy Vallee

Ten New Leading Song Hits Are
Picked For You This Month By
The Master of Rhythm



The Author . . . Rudy Vallee.

phrase of *Sing Something Simple*. In *Sing Something Simple* the last line is "The classic, I love you;" whereas in the end of the main phrase of *Cheerful Little Earful* it is "the well-known I love you." However, I am the last person in the world to accuse anyone of plagiarism, and I firmly believe it is possible for the same identical thought to spring up in two minds simultaneously, just as did the Darwinian Theory. However, I am sure there will be no blood shed over the matter, and both songs can be very popular in their own way.

Cheerful Little Earful is introduced very wonderfully in the show by Hannah Williams, and is reprised throughout the entire performance, so that eventually one goes out humming it. We do the song at a bright tempo, yet not too fast, or at about forty measures a minute.

Stolen Moments

A VERY beautiful song in the unhappy vein, and yet not pessimistic. Written by three newcomers to Broadway—at least the names are new along Tin Pan Alley. The melody seems haunting and yet is quite unlike any song that has preceded it. We play it quite slowly, at about twenty-eight measures per minute. It makes a great number for two violins.

(One of these newcomers, Mr. A. R. Pryor, bears watching in the future.)

When the Organ Played At Twilight

THIS is a waltz known to the music publishers as a "simple" waltz. The origin of the word "simple" is not difficult to explain; the term is used contemptuously, meaning that the song is very elementary, almost trite. In fact, it is always applied to a waltz that makes you think of the waltzes that our fathers and mothers danced to ten or fifteen or even twenty years back. The song is usually so simple that as one phrase is being played the listener naturally knows the next. Such simple waltzes have been *Carolina Moon*, *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles*, and

so on. The remarkable part of it all is that although this type of waltz is known definitely to be a money maker through its strong appeal to the masses who buy music, yet publishers are always looking for the beautiful type of waltz that is also popular, such as *Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life*. Not that there is any disgrace in publishing simple waltzes, nor is the publisher trying to educate the public mind, but there is pardonable pride on the part of those who select songs in seeking to see their judgment of a hit indicated in a number that is beautiful and different and yet catchy.

With the music business in the dumps, most of the publishers are publishing such waltzes of one type or another in the hopes that they will have another *Carolina Moon*.

Carolina Moon was peddled around from publisher to publisher, and finally accepted by a very small organization. This organization "went to work" on the song, that is, began trying to get the tune played here, there and everywhere. Week after week passed as "plug after plug was landed," and finally the song began, in the jargon of Tin Pan Alley, to "show up," then it gained momentum like a snowball rolling down a hill and became one of the greatest hits of the industry. In fact it made a fortune for the small two-room publisher who bought it. It seemed to be just one of those things, and yet every publisher secretly hopes, when he takes a simple waltz, that he has another *Carolina Moon*.

When the *Organ Played at Twilight* is reminiscent of a song I used to sing up in Maine, about fifteen years ago, yet it came from England, written by two of my friends over there, who, as the American publisher says, "seem to have written it merely as a filler-in to be recorded on the back of a record, one side of which was already a big hit."

I would have picked it for a mediocre hit, but it is even better than that, being perhaps the best seller in the country right now; not that "best seller" means much now, but before it finishes it will have earned the American publishers a tidy sum. Of course, it is done very

effectively by theatre organists in all sorts of ideas and combinations. The public certainly seems to like the song immensely.

Three Little Words

HERE is a fox trot that everyone predicted would be a big hit, and it really did become one. In fact, it is one of the quickest big hits I have ever seen. The song itself is really clever and well written, but being reprised throughout the first picture—*Check and Double Check*—made by Radio's foremost figures, Amos 'n' Andy, it could hardly help becoming well-known and well-liked. Duke Ellington and his band, a very wonderful negro combination, play it very effectively throughout the course of the picture, and the vocal renditions of it enhance it greatly.

I was advised to record it, but was unable to do so due to complications, but I regret it now because it is a feather in my cap to record hit songs. We play *Three Little Words* at strict fox trot tempo, bright and snappy; i.e. about fifty measures per minute, and the lyrics at that speed may be easily sung.

I'm Yours

JOHNNY GREEN, the Westchester society boy of whom I spoke with regard to *Body and Soul* in my first "Tuneful Topics", has another hit on his hands. Lester Allen, diminutive comedian with the large feet, making a Paramount-Public picture in Astoria, L. I., needed a song for the picture. Green wrote a beautiful melody, but a chap named Harburn wrote the lyrics for it.

Personally, I found it necessary to make two changes in the lyrics. In one place I leave out three words in order to secure enough breath to go up to a passage that stays high for some time; and

(Continued on page 37)

STATION VOX

Julius Caesar Runs A Broadcasting Station

—Gets Into Difficulties With His Wife Over

Cleopatra, The New "Hot" Blues Singer

A Playlet In One Spasm

By

MONROE UPTON

THE scene takes place in Caesar's private office. The curtain rises upon Caesar, sitting at his desk. (phone rings)

CAESAR: Hello! Yes, this is station VOX, Rome. Julius Caesar speaking. Oh, Yes Mr. Scipio. How is the bath business? . . . He did! Well, we'll put a stop to that. You say the announcer gave the temperature of the baths at 69, when it's really 96? . . . Well, he probably had the papyrus upside down. And it's 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., not 11 p.m. to 4 a.m? . . . I'll tell you what happened there, the announcer's candle went out just as he started to read. We'll fix that up. OK, Good-bye!

Oh, Miss Publius, will you ask Mark Anthony to come here a minute.

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

(Phone rings)

CAESAR: Station VOX, Rome, Julius Caesar speaking. (With false sweetness) Oh, hello darling. Yes, I did, dear, I didn't forget . . . I mean I won't forget . . . Yes, the string is still on my finger . . . Did you want new heels, too, or just half soles? . . . I see . . . Yes. I'm going to speak to Mark Anthony about that this morning . . . Yes, it's disgraceful, I'll tell him we need more GOOD music on this station . . . I cer-

tainly will, I'll have him take off that blues singer immediately. That's right, dear. No dear, I don't need you . . . Yes, you may come if you like . . . Good-bye.

(Mark Anthony knocks) Good morning, Mark! Have a seat.

MARK ANTHONY: Good morning, Julius.

CAESAR: Say, Mark who is that blues singer you're using every night? Seems like every time I tune in I hear her. It's got to stop. What we need on this station is more GOOD music.

MARK ANTHONY: Her name is Cleopatra. She's been working over on the big Carthage stations and I figured I was lucky to get hold of her. She is going over big. We get stacks of mail every day on her. Last week she got over a thousand requests for *Those Lonesome Tiber Blues* alone.

CAESAR: Miss Publius, bring me on all the mail you have received so far on that new blues singer, Cleopatra.

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

CAESAR: People are getting sick of all this popular stuff. They're fed up on jazz and moaning females. Now I want you to use the concert orchestra two hours every night. And throw this girl Cleo—

Cleo—what's her name?

MARK ANTHONY: Cleopatra.

CAESAR: Cleopatra off. Get it?

MARK ANTHONY: Yes, sir, but I don't like to fire her. I just hired her.

CAESAR: Send her in to me, I'll fire her.

FEMININE VOICE: Here is Cleopatra's mail, sir.

CAESAR: What! All of it? Just that card? Well I'll be—

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

CAESAR: That looks like the post-card I—let's see that post-card . . . That's all Miss Publius.

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

(Cleopatra enters—sound of deep sigh.)

CLEOPATRA: Oh Mark, there you are, I've been looking all over for you. I've a brand new song I just know you'll love. May I sing it for you?

MARK ANTHONY: Of course, Cleopatra, but first meet Julius Caesar, manager of the station. He was just speaking of you.

CLEOPATRA: Nothing bad, I hope. How do you do, Julius. I've heard so many wonderful things about you.

CAESAR: Yes, Yes, Hello—How do you do. Eh—

CLEOPATRA: Would you like to hear my new song too. It'll slay 'em. Listen!

(Cleopatra sings a low down blues number with plenty of feeling. A number that can also be sung by a soprano.)

CAESAR: Great! Great! I like that.

CLEOPATRA: Oh, I'm so glad you do, Julius—you sweet old thing!

MARK ANTHONY: Tell her what you were going to, Julius.

CLEOPATRA: Yes, do. I'm dying to hear.

CAESAR: Yes, of course. I was just saying to Mark that he should give you more work. I hardly ever hear you. Mark, give this little lady some good spots on the air. That's the sort of thing the people want. Good popular stuff, and jazz. They get too much classical now.

CLEOPATRA: You darling!

(Mrs. Caesar—Calpurnia—enters.)

CALPURNIA: Well, well, well! Am I interrupting a private rehearsal? You don't mean to say, Julius Caesar, that you intend to put that sort of singing on the air. It's perfectly disgraceful. All civilized Romans would turn it off. Not even the Goths would listen to that.

CAESAR (meekly): Mrs. Caesar, this is Cleopatra—Cleopatra meet—

CALPURNIA (brusquely): How do you do!

CLEOPATRA (sweetly): How do you do!

(Continued on page 103)





HERETOFORE the male voice has monopolized the whispering warblers but now we have Miss Hilda Harrison, the "Whispering Soprano" at WPCH, New York, and her very successful technique would seem to have solved the soprano broadcasting limitations for everybody concerned.

Hilda Harrison



Dorothy Beckloff

HERE is a face to delight the character readers. Miss Beckloff, billed as a "crooning contralto" at WTAM, Cleveland, looks the part of a prima donna of the opera. She has been with Roxy and Shubert's—but loves her friend Mike Rofone best.



THEY call her "The Mary Pickford of the Air," and why shouldn't they call Mary Pickford the "Jessica Dragonette of the Screen"? At any rate this delightful young soprano consistently remains the star of stars of the National Broadcasting Company.

Jessica Dragonette



Sylvia Winters

WHAT to do for a new delicacy for dad? Simply tune in Miss Sylvia, the household economist expert at WGY, Schenectady, N. Y. She can give you the latest from brooms to biscuits. There's another Sylvia now. When Miss Winters recently awarded a prize to one of her listeners for a cake recipe the prize arrived at the same time as the stork with a baby girl. The baby has been named Sylvia, after Sylvia Winters.



Dorothy Aggas
and
Melvin Wilkerson

THEY have real names, as you see, but KMOXers, all up and down the Mississippi valley know them best as the Singing Redheads. They sing with the glow and sparkle of real youth, and St. Louis claims them as a sort of city institution. Cute looking, aren't they?



Lillian Bucknam

SOME of us are satisfied to hit all eight on the head for one octave, others can make two octaves but Miss Bucknam can ripple musically over three octaves from D below middle C to D above high C. She is dramatic soprano at WABC and over the CBS.



PROBABLY nobody else in the whole world has a name just like that—Gogo Delys—but then there's nobody can sing the blues just like Gogo. Recently she kissed Vancouver farewell and moved down to KHJ, Los Angeles, where she promptly became an instantaneous hit.

Gogo Delys



Fifi Dorsey

"Oooooooooo—an' now just you listen! Didja ever hear about the great big Skippen-whoofen? It runs along the side of a mountain with two little bitsa short legs at the top and great long legs stretching down the side?" You are listening to Fifi, the movie queen, as she sits here on the piano story-telling to the WCAU children in Philadelphia on a Sunday morning.



Hill Billy Blues

HILL BILLY ZEKE of KMPC has no high ambitions as Glen Rice discovered when he tried to coax him into an airplane. Hill Billy Zeke is one of the Beverly Hill Billies where the Cinematians dwell, and once were reigned over by their famous mayorial dictator, Will Rogers.

World Bound

"GOODBYE, come again," and these are the "Musical Crusaders" who sing to you every Sunday afternoon from WJZ and other NBC stations in the course of their "cruise around the world." Alfred Heather, as Professor Cadenza, stands in the shadow smiling with dignity.



Adams & Ross

EVANGELINE ADAMS and her announcer, David Ross, have a sort of informal partnership in the horoscoping program over WABC and the Columbia System that is said to produce more mail than any other program in the country. Miss Adams is proclaimed one of the world's most successful astrologers.



Veona Socolofsky

GRANDCHILD of Jennie Rupert, famous French prima donna of the '70's, Miss Socolofsky comes naturally by the vibrant soprano voice that has brought her hosts of friends in the audience of KOMO, Seattle, Wash. She made her Radio debut in Boston where she studied music.



Longshoremen

COUNTLESS requests have come for "more Pacific coast" pictures. Marcella demands that The Musical Longshoremen of Long Beach, Calif., simply must appear in this January roto section. So here they are, Dick Voils, Cleo Hibbs and Bob Whittaker. They are heard over KGER and are identified with all the KGER de luxe programs.





Salt and Peanuts

THIS duo (right) dropped big time vaudeville to do their harmonizing over WLW, the Nation's Station, at Cincinnati. Frank Salt is well known to the variety stage. His partner, Peanuts, had also acquired fame in a dancing act of her own, under another name.

Audrey Marsh

CHARMING and sweet is this young woman whom you hear in the course of the A. S. Beck Brevities over the Columbia System from New York. That youthful timbre is genuine—she is not yet twenty. You are going to hear a lot more about her at the rate she is going.





"AIRIAS" come easy for petite Marie who solos from the flying field as readily as she does from the WTAM studios at Cleveland. During the Cleveland air races she flew for fifteen hours. She has been in other aviation events. But she is best known for her voice and has been heard from various stations for the past six years. Little has been heard of Miss De Ville recently. She is recovering from a serious illness. She finished at the American School of Music, Paris.

Marie De Ville

History of Osculation Down Through The Ages

By
Dr. Frank H.
Vizetelly



KISSES

Hot and KISSES Cold

MAN has been the slave of the kiss almost since the dawn of the world; for, with a kiss, woman has tamed the wildest of men, and by a kiss the strong man's will has been broken. The kisses with which we are concerned are of the sort that the poet has told us "extinguish the fire of life, yet awaken the longings of the heart, and kindle the flames of love." It was Paul Verlaine who described kisses as "fiery music on the clavier of the teeth which accompanied the sweet songs of love, beating in passionate hearts." But we have:

"Kisses hot and kisses cold,
Kisses fresh and kisses bold,
Kisses sweet and kisses sour,
Spiteful kisses and kisses dour,
Kisses short and kisses long,
Kisses weak and kisses strong,
Kisses that can dry a shower,
Kisses lasting half an hour."

In every grade of society but one kisses go by favor—in that one it can not do so since there is no kissing. Away down in South America is a tribe, discovered

by a recently returned traveler, among whom kissing is unknown.

To the young woman a kiss given and received is often the token of love offered and accepted, for the soul of a young woman is as a ripe rose; as soon as one leaf is plucked, all its mates easily fall after; and a kiss may sometimes break out the first leaf.

We derived the custom of kissing the hand from the worthy citizens of Cos, for they came upon the beautiful Psyche, one day, as she slept in her bower of roses, and making obeisance before her, kissed her hand.

The kiss is as old as Creation. Eve learned how to kiss in Paradise and no more fitting place could have been chosen. There, it is said, Adam taught her all its

PROOF that wisdom is no deterrent to humor! Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, Editor of Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary and author of this article, knows the 60,000,000 words in that monumental work. Although he doesn't use them all in his weekly broadcasts over the Columbia System, he is highly entertaining.—Editor.

Latest medical theory—kissing provides us with microbes useful for digestion. Dose before and after meals will be cheerfully taken by all.

varieties "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer" as the marriage service says. Ever since then we have known kisses as messengers of love. But do you know that every time you indulge in kissing you shorten your life by several minutes? If you want to reach a ripe old age, you've got to cut out the kiss.

What is a kiss? It is a seal that expresses sincere affection; a pledge of future union; a gift, which, as given, takes from us the impression of our heart; a crimson balsam for a heart-broken soul; in fact, kisses are the grains of gold and silver—precious gifts from the mine of the heart—that enrich the store of happiness when hearts are surcharged with love's electricity.

A touch of the lips, that is all; yet it conveys a marvelous thrill of emotion and devotion. It is the passion in a kiss that imparts to it its sweetness; it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it.

The kiss has many significations. It is regarded as the seal of faith, loyalty, truth, reverence, and love. According to its purpose, it is given in the most open publicity or in the strictest of privacy. Public kisses are required by law, court, and religion; in private practise kisses are restricted to salutation, love, and passion.

The kiss of the first-born doubtless originated with Mother Eve, and so the

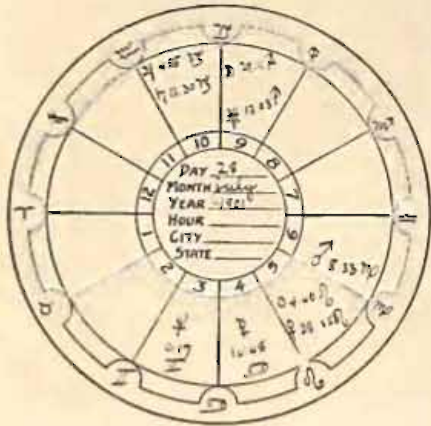
(Continued on page 94)

Venus Makes Rudy

“That Way”

*“She must be Fragile as an Orchid”
Whisper Stellar Arbiters of The
Famous Crooner's Astral Mate*

By Peggy Hull



Horoscope of Rudy Vallee reveals him as
a True Knight of Romance

EVER since Rudy Vallee's first song of love swept through the air and awakened romantic yearnings in the hearts of the female sex, personality specialists, psychologists, analysts and other experts have been telling the world the kind of girl Rudy Vallee could love; the sort of man he is at heart and the reason for his phenomenal success.

But at last we have the real inside dope on the fair-haired crooner of WEA and NBC. Here is an authentic, strictly scientific analysis of how Rudy got that way; what has made him so successful; how he feels about life and people and the sort of girl, in his secret heart of hearts, he knows he could love. This information comes straight from the four corners of heaven and is vouched for by the stars.

If you are one of those girls who likes to have the boy friend come in, grab you up, toss you in the air, catch you with a big bear hug and then administer a smart clip behind the ear as a gentle token of his undying love, read no further. You won't be interested. Send to the editor of the *RADIO DIGEST* for a copy of the November issue of the *RADIO DIGEST* and read about Floyd Gibbons. He's your meat. But Rudy Vallee, never!

LET us stop here and consider what has made Rudy such a hit. Being a mere mortal we can only come forward with the explanation that it is "something" which he puts into his songs. A "something" which breathes the very essence of romance to lonely and love-starved girls everywhere. A gentleness and sweetness which is every girl's first mental image of love. A curious note which suggests poetry, moonlight on castle walls, roses and the days when knighthood

was in flower and romance held sway.

And there's the secret! Over the air comes Rudy's voice singing a sweet melody and immediately the room is filled with gallant knights of long ago. Their hats sport great plumes and long capes swing gracefully from their stalwart shoulders. Ah, sighs the lonely woman in her chair before the Radio, it meant something to be loved in those days. Every woman was a queen and reigned in a palace and love did not end with the marriage ceremony. Her knight remained always, the romantic, eager, pursuing, devoted lover. And Rudy Vallee's crooning notes builds dreams on dreams for the girl whose daily life is a drab and monotonous existence.

BUT why can Rudy Vallee, of all the Radio singers, recreate such a scene for his invisible audience?

We open an ephemeris for the year of his birth and look at the position of the planets for July 28th. The Sun is in the lordly sign of Leo . . . Venus occupies the same sign . . . our finger moves across the page and before we have completed the journey . . . out of the jumble of symbols rides a white charger and on it a knight in a plumed hat!

Courage, independence and pride are written on his brow and in his eyes. Gentleness and charity in his mouth. He sings, but it is not the song of a troubadour for he is no vagabond. He is a proud prince of the blood and to everything he does he brings the majestic dignity of royalty. There is a sword at his side but he is not a swashbuckling cavalier ready for a lusty brawl or a battle on the slightest provocation. He draws the blade only in defense of honor or for the sake of some sweet lady, yet

we find that he is none the less skillful in combat.

And this is Rudy Vallee, a nobleman in his innermost heart of hearts, a true romantic, a modern reincarnation of those gallant lads whom Tennyson wrote about. When he sings this hidden well is opened and he transmits to his music just as deftly as an artist touches his canvas, a true reflection of his own soul.

When his critics cry out that Vallee is egotistical, or conceited, what they really resent is his inner knowledge of his superiority, his consciousness of his high ideals and unswerving integrity.

There is no doubt that Rudy is one of the most misunderstood artists now before the public. His horoscope shows the lack of the beneficent protection which was so prominent in the chart of Will Rogers. Instead, Rudy must face bitter criticism, false accusations and uncalled for enmity. His Mercury is opposed to Saturn, squared to Mars. This is the influence which has brought him litigation and trouble through false reports, contracts, letters and writings in general.

THE Moon is coming to an opposition with Neptune which causes scandal and slander and as most of his masculine planets have bad aspects, he receives much opposition from the male sex. He hates vulgarity, coarseness in manner or speech, rough and uncouth conduct.

Rudy is extremely sensitive and has had some sad experiences through misplaced confidence. His Venus, which was in Leo at birth but passed into Virgo two days later, caused these experiences. It was while this transit was taking place that he learned not to be too trusting, and too impulsive. It was this position

which taught him that he must exercise great caution in selecting his friends and associates. But Venus is now entering the sign of Libra where he will learn to balance his affections and to be less generous and profuse.

His Sun is Leo which has made him ambitious, persistent, affectionate and a natural leader. It also made him susceptible to admiration and through this susceptibility he suffered some painful disillusionments. But as his Sun has just entered the practical, analytical and discriminating sign of Virgo this tendency will gradually disappear and he will have no more trouble from that direction.

The planets in Leo predestined him for a career before the public. This sign rules theatres and places of amusement, while both Venus and the Sun occupying this sign clearly indicated that Rudy Vallee would succeed in some work connected with music, for Venus in this sign shows talent for music and acting.

A good aspect between Venus and the Moon, both feminine planets, explains why women have always rushed to his defense when columnists and critics have unsheathed acid opinions. Women will always fight for him and he will never lose his popularity with the opposite sex. This aspect also explains his deep attachment for his mother and will keep him in favor with the public in spite of the attacks of his enemies.

Mercury, the ruler of his mind, is in the discreet, sensitive, impressionable and emotional sign Cancer, which has rulership over the public. The positions of the major planets indicate what an extremely refined nature Rudy possesses. In his expression of affection, although demonstrative, he would never be aggressive, but subtle, tender and spiritual.

IT WOULD take a girl whose horoscope showed the same high vibrations and refining influences to understand and appreciate the delicacy, the fineness, the depth of an affection which stood mute and humble in the presence of its own greatness.

She would have to be as fragile as an orchid, as wistful as a violet, as dainty as mignonette, as pure as a lily, but with a character as strong and invincible in the presence of disaster or temptation as the hardy phlox is to the elements.

She must be exquisite rather than beautiful, delicate rather than vital, innocent rather than sophisticated.

But above all, she must be able to create and maintain an illusion of romance. She must never forget, even in those trying moments every couple face at some time in their married life, to be gentle and understanding. If once she gave way to a fit of temper, or hysterics; if once she became ungracious, brittle, or unjustly critical, Rudy's lovely image of her would be destroyed and the fine flavor of their romance would be ended.

IT IS no sinecure to be an angel, yet every girl longs to be enshrined in her lover's heart in just such a form, but maintaining the picture is something else, and few in the history of great lovers have been able to do it.

The girl who wins Rudy Vallee's heart will have something to cherish which few women in this mad age can claim. But when he gives his heart he will also give fidelity and no matter how many alluring

damsels seek him out, questions in their eyes, he will turn his back and remain constant and adoring to the end. He will, in other words, bring to his marriage a spirit of eternal romance.

According to Astrology the best mates for the Leo born are usually found with their Suns in Aries, March 22nd to April 21st, or Sagittarius, November 23rd to December 23rd, but birth dates from other signs could be compatible also, if the positions of the planets showed harmony but not otherwise.

One of the reasons Rudy was able to come forward in this age of jazz, gin and savage drums and substitute dreamy, sentimental songs for wisecracks is the position his Sun occupies in regard to Uranus. The trine makes for originality and as Uranus rules the ether, it is not surprising that Vallee's success came from his work on the air.

Jupiter in Capricorn enhances the fine qualities he has received from Leo. It adds fuel to the fire of his ambition. It ennobles his nature and fortifies those sterling characteristics, sincerity, honesty and industry, which he also inherited from Leo.

It would be impossible for Rudy to commit a mean or debasing act. He would never stoop to trickery for any purpose whatsoever. Success must come, only through honest endeavor. And it is because he has attributed these same upright characteristics to others that he had learned to his sorrow, all people are not expressing the highest vibrations.

AS LONG as he lives he will have to guard against being defrauded, against law suits, and against dishonest people. He will have to be careful of the letters he writes, the papers he signs and every word he speaks.

The ensuing period has its ups and downs and he must guard his health as well as his business interests. But he will always remain on the top of the heap, although it will not be the bed of roses which those who envy him believe it to be.

Whatever his trials in life, and whatever periods of disillusionment and regret he may experience, his idealism will carry him through safely and unscathed to a satisfactory conclusion of this incarnation and that is all that anyone, no matter what the position of the stars at birth, could ask for.



Rudy Vallee has retained enduring friendship for his first saxophone teacher—Rudy Wiedoft



H. G. Wells . . . Author and Visionary

Our grandchildren will live in a veritable Utopia, was the prophecy of H. G. Wells, prolific writer of novels and economist. Poverty and ugliness will vanish in a world which will care for its fellow men.

Mr. Wells' forecast was broadcast from London over station WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System as one of a series of international broadcasts.

—EDITOR.

I HAVE been asked to talk to you about the "World of our Grandchildren," which means talking about the sort of world we are going to have for our grandchildren. What sort of world are we making for our grandchildren? That is a question that has a number of possible answers. If we make so-and-so today the world of our grandchildren will be so-and-so; if we do not make so-and-so, the world of our grandchildren will be quite different. It may vary from a world full of disaster to a world full of happiness. My answer depends on a lot of "ifs."

I have been especially asked not to speak about peace propaganda tonight. I am told you are tired of hearing it and tired of thinking about it. Still, war is the most important of those "ifs" on which my answer depends. If you do not want to hear about it or think about

The World of our Grandchildren

*"Collective Buying will Solve Present Day Economic Problems" Predicts British Author
In International Broadcast*

By H. G. Wells

it, I see no good in talking about it.

So, in spending these fifteen minutes with you, I am going to assume that the world of the future is going to be without war, without disaster. We are going to assume that by the time of our grandchildren, the world will not only have solved the war problem, but also will have settled the second great riddle. You may ask me what is the second great riddle. The second great riddle is the economic riddle.

We are living in a world of bad times. This is true of America almost as it is of the Old World. Great multitudes of people are out of work. Many people are distressed by loss of capital and by the prevalent insecurity. Great stocks of goods remain unsold. Just what has brought about this situation, and how is it going to turn out?

There is too much goods that cannot be sold, too much cotton, too much iron and steel, and so on. We have all this merchandise. Now, on the other hand, there are swarms of people who cannot use up these things because they have not the money to buy them. We have the merchandise, but the people cannot buy it. There is not the ability to bring those two together. That is the fantastic paradox of world business today.

NOW, for the solution. I would like to suggest that this is the paradox and that a solution will be found.

What is the cause of this extraordinary situation in the world today? We have mass production. We can produce the same quantity of stuff with fewer and fewer hands. We produce more and more, and we use fewer and fewer hands to do it.

I should like to give you a hint as to the kind of world that lies ahead of us. We have brought mass production to the highest level. We can produce goods for everybody. However, not one of us has given consideration to mass consumption. Let us begin to think about that. What do I mean by mass consumption? I suggest to you that mass consumption will balance mass production.

LET us consider first that familiar phrase mass production. There are employed in the great industrial organizations thousands and thousands of people to do similar work every working hour of the day. Let us try and turn that same proposition around into terms of consumption. What is the equivalent? The equivalent is not buying piece-meal but community buying. You ask me, how can the community buy houses or automobiles and all the other articles of mass production that people are so anxious to sell? That is a social and economic problem. I don't propose to state how. I am putting the idea before you, and I am merely going to assume that these difficulties will be solved by the time our grandchildren are ready to buy

them. We have big production, but we still have to attain community buying. We are living in a world where production has been modernized, while buying is still in a state of medieval chaos. That is the way I will put it. Even now we have community buyers for certain things. For instance, you buy battleships on a community basis, and I buy battleships in the same way. If we can buy battleships and submarines and airships as a community, I refuse to believe that we cannot buy hotels, perfectly equipped houses and boots and shoes for all the children in the world in the same way. Collectively we could buy everything we could collectively produce. That is a great idea I am putting forward to you now.

For instance, while I am talking to you, there are scores of thousands of people living in nasty old tumbledown houses without proper windows, houses ten times older than the oldest automobile. There are also second-hand houses that have been put up piece-meal, floor by floor and room by room. Most of the people who live in them are badly in need of food, and they buy their clothes bit by bit. Why shouldn't we as a community take these people, whether they like it or not, and buy for them better houses, better clothing, better food. We can afford it. They should live in the best, and we can produce the best. I do not propose to pauperize them, I only propose to give them better value for their poor little bits of money, and make the district better and themselves better.

I DO not believe that the world which has produced the Ford factories will not produce parallel mass methods on the consuming side. I am sure that by the time of our grandchildren this problem also will be solved.

What sort of effects will the world of our grandchildren be sharing? If you look at the average contemporary town, you will see it is still in a frightful, stale, dingy, old-fashioned condition. There is always some little piece-meal change going on. There is a house here or a house there being rebuilt or a road torn up. Why shouldn't we have a new town as well as new houses? You cannot go one hundred yards from where you are without seeing houses that should be cleared away. You cannot walk any distance without seeing people wearing clothes

that ought to make you feel uncomfortable. Engineers and architects will tell you that people ought to live in houses that are up-to-date. They have the plans to suit most any city perfectly. They even have the plans for the roads. They have the materials and the thousand devices to make these things possible. They have the ways and the means to make a town up-to-date.

We have not been educated in the method of community buying. We have plenty of battleships, but we do not have plenty of the proper houses and schools.



Mr. Wells relaxes in his orchard

For these constructive things, we have to wait many generations. The textile people will tell you of the most delightful gowns they could supply if only the people would buy and wear them.

So, my generation is going to die before our present day possibilities of peace are used. Our grandchildren will find out how to buy homes as we buy battleships, and there will be little houses and cities even more adapted to the ways of the world than we are living in today. They will have all the abundant delightful food that could be grown today that we cannot use because we do not know how to distribute it. The common people of today are certainly far better clothed than ever before. They have fresher material and finer and better garments. The change in this respect, even in my lifetime, has been immense. But, it is lacking to the change that must be. Bad distribution and our buying habits is what is holding us up. That is the cause of our difficulties. So, these lovely, wonderful cities, and this beautiful clothing I dream of and shall not see, will come into existence in the generation of our grandchildren. There will be finer clothing covering healthy bodies and healthy bodies mean healthy and happy minds.

THE clock tells me my time is coming to an end. This proposition I have been putting before you has been in my mind for a long time. Mass consumption, the idea that we might buy for all instead of each individual buying scraps for himself, is the idea I have in mind. That phrase, mass consumption, has excited my mind. Perhaps it will excite yours. Anyhow, this is the gist of what I have to say to you now: What do you think of these two phrases, mass production and community buying? What do you think of them as doors towards relieving business of its present pessimism and slackishness?

"THE inmost ego, possessing what I call the inescapable attribute, can never be a part of the physical world unless we alter the meaning of the word physical to spiritual," says Professor Sir Arthur Eddington in transatlantic speech which you will read in the February RADIO DIGEST.

The Universe of Einstein

George Bernard Shaw

HERE in London we are still a great centre but I don't suppose we shall be a great centre long. All that will be transferred presently to the United States, but for the moment I am speaking in a capital where the reception of great men is a very common event. We have a string of great statesmen, great financiers, great diplomats and great generals, even occasionally an author. We make speeches and we toast them but still the event is not a very striking event. In truth, in London, great men are six a penny and they are a very mixed lot.

When we drink their health and make speeches we have to be guilty of scandalous suppression of disgraceful hypocrisy. There is always a great deal to conceal. Suppose that I had to rise tonight to propose the toast to Napoleon. Well, undoubtedly, I would say many flattering things about him but the one thing which I would not possibly be able to say about him would be perhaps the most important thing, and that would be that perhaps it would have been better for humanity if he had never been born.

BUT tonight, perhaps, it will be the only time in our lives we have no suppression to make. I have said that great men are a mixed lot, but there are orders of great men. There are great men who are great men among small men and there are great men who are great among great men. That is the sort of great man you have among you tonight.

Napoleon and other great men were makers of empires, but these eight men whom I am about to mention were makers of universes and their hands were not stained with the blood of their fellow men. I go back 2,500 years and how many can I count in that period? I can count them on my fingers. Pythagoras, Ptolemy, Kepler, Copernicus, Aristotle,

Galileo, Newton and Einstein, and I still have two fingers left vacant.

Even among those eight men I must make a distinction. I have called them makers of the universe, but some were only repairers. Only three of them made their universes. Ptolemy made a universe

which lasted 1,400 years. Newton made a universe which lasted for 300 years. Einstein has made a universe, which I suppose you want me to say will never stop, but I don't know how long it will last.

These great men, have been the leaders of one side of a great movement of humanity, which has two sides. We call the one side religion, and we call the other science. Religion is always right. Religion solves every problem, and thereby abolishes problems from the universe, because when you have solved a problem, the problem no longer exists. Religion gives us certainty, stability, peace. It gives us absoluteness, which we so long for. It protects us against that progress which we all dread more than anything else. Science is the very opposite of that. Science is always wrong and science never solves a problem without raising ten more problems.



George Bernard Shaw

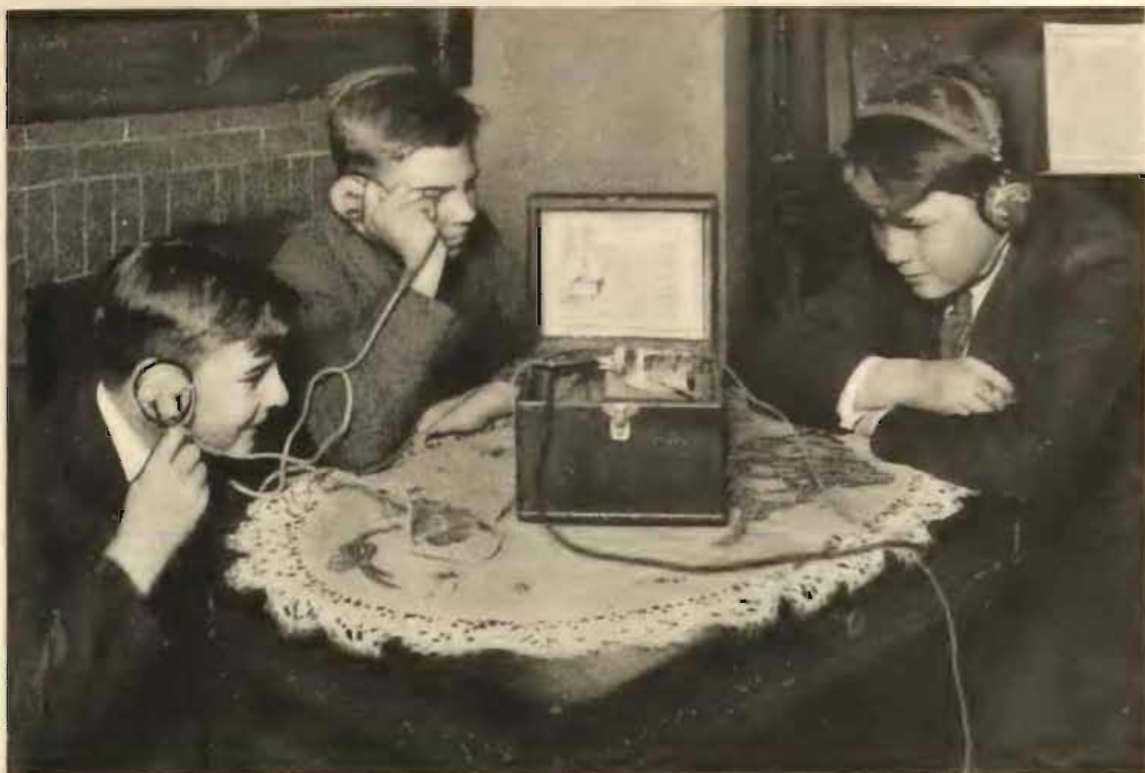
P. E. A. Photo

A great dramatist met a great scientist recently, and paid tribute in words which were heard around the world. Mr. Shaw's broadcast speech is reproduced here.

WHAT have these great men been doing? Each in turn claimed the other was wrong, and now you are expecting me to say that Einstein proved that Newton was wrong. But you forget that when science reached Newton, science came up against that extraordinary Englishman. That had never happened to it before. Newton lent a power so extraordinary that if I was speaking fifteen years ago, as I am old enough to have done, I would have said that he had the greatest mind that ever man was endowed with. Combine the light of that wonderful mind with credulity, with superstition. He knew his people, he knew his language, he knew his own folk, he knew a lot of things; he knew that an honest bargain was a square deal and an honest man was one who gave a square deal. He knew his universe; he knew that it consisted of heavenly bodies that were in motion, and he also knew the one thing you cannot do to anything whatsoever is to make

(Continued on page 103)

In the beginning Radio was a "toy" for the youth of the land. That was back in 1921.



Orrin E.
Dunlap, Jr.,
Reviews

The Rise of Radio—or

“From A Toy to The Nation’s Joy”

THE “Horatio Alger” rise of Radio in the last ten years is taken for granted by a sophisticated nation of listeners. But Radio set owners were not always blasé. It was back in 1921 and 1922 that they paused to give thought to the wonders of broadcasting. Radio was called a “craze” in those days, but its magic attracted and inspired thousands throughout the world to learn more about it. Where did it come from? How did it work? How could it reach so many cities and homes simultaneously? How could music and words fly through the walls of houses and even penetrate mountains? It was a wondering world that greeted the first broadcasts.

Radio was new to the public. They had heard of wireless and had marveled at the dots and dashes that carried messages

to and from the sea. But when this new medium began to bring music and voices into the home they wanted to know more about it. It seemed so complicated. Books and booklets were written hurriedly to take care of an urgent demand. Thousands of copies were sold. Hundreds and hundreds of enthusiasts sought wiring diagrams and instructions on how to

build a crystal set. There were no factory-built sets.

The young Marconis, the youth of the land that had been experimenting with amateur wireless, rallied to their attic and cellar work benches in an effort to meet the neighborhood demand for a machine that would pick up music from a nearby studio. What a scientific triumph it was for a New Yorker to fix the cat-whisker-wire on a piece of galena, silicon or carbonium, then

move a slider across a coil of wire wound on a cereal box and hear a piano or a phonograph playing on the other side of the Hudson, over in New Jersey.

It required an expert to operate the first vacuum tube sets. The panels were decorated with multiple switches, dials and knobs. Listening in was a complex science. Tuning was an art. So it was no wonder that commuters boasted of what they had picked up in the air the night before. To pluck music from WOC, Davenport, Iowa, off a wire hanging from the chimney to the apple tree in a New York suburb was something to be proud of. Long distance tuning became a real sport. In order to surpass the neighbor’s record it was necessary to “read up” on Radio. Sets were built and rebuilt to improve their sensitivity, to make them tune sharper and cut through interference, because in those days the “bloopers” or regenerative whistles caused by the type of circuit then in use, filled the air with sound hazards.

BUT the situation changed. The glory of the headset led to the loud-speaker. Factory-made receivers competed with the home-made instruments. The professional engineer sought to simplify Radio reception and make it fool-proof. Radio was made all-electric. It



It's the entertainers that count in Radio these days. The program is paramount!

became necessary only to snap a switch and to turn a single knob instead of four or five dials. Radio in the home became as simple to use as the telephone or the electric light. Children could tune in and travel from city to city on the air waves.

It was no longer necessary, after 1926, to be an expert technician in order to qualify as the owner of a Radio set. So the public ceased to learn about what was inside the cabinet or of the wondrous waves that brought the melodies across the horizon. They dropped their interest in electrons, harmonics, kilocycles, regeneration, frequencies, induction and oscillations. The Radio chassis now ranks with other machinery, with the mechanism of the automobile. When something happens to the motor car the owner usually calls upon the garage. When something happens to the Radio the service man is called into consultation. No longer does the motorist himself get out and get under; no longer does the Radio listener open the cabinet and shake the wires in hopes that the difficulty will disappear.

The Radio set owner of 1930 is interested first and foremost in what he hears. The program is paramount. If the performance is entertaining and of clear tone then the listener has no complaint. He does not care what the electrons are doing under the cover of the cabinet or out in the sky. If he happens to tune around and accidentally hear Cuba, Mexico or Japan, he merely passes it by as an ordinary thing in the kingdom of Radio. But, had he picked up a distant city ten years ago he would have called all the family and the neighbors to rush to the headphones to hear one of the wonders of the age.

RADIO listeners have long imagined that they are tapping an unfathomed reservoir from which entertainment drains—a reservoir that never runs dry of music or voices. One of the wonders of broadcasting, which listeners probably never think about, is that no matter how many millions are in tune with a certain wave, there always seems to be sufficient energy to actuate every detector, to make every loudspeaker sing. It is a good thing that nature has so provided else it might be necessary for broadcast listeners to rush to tune in Amos 'n' Andy or some other favorite program lest there be no power left for the late comers.

Only once, in the early days of broadcasting, did the ethereal reservoir seem to be running into an arid condition. That was when the funeral service of Woodrow Wilson was broadcast. It was in the middle of the afternoon when thou-

sands of Radio set owners in the Pittsburgh area turned their dials to the wave of KDKA. But as the time approached for the solemn ceremony to begin the station's strength began to grow weak. Reports reached the engineers at the transmitter that something must be wrong.

NEVER had this pioneer acted like that. Quickly they inspected the equipment but everything was in good shape. The meters told a tale of efficiency. As soon as the funeral was over KDKA's strength came back. The strange effect was attributed to the fact that so many had tuned in on the wave that the energy was absorbed to a greater extent than ever before. It is doubtful if this could happen today because the transmitters are much more powerful, pumping thousands of kilowatts into space, whereas in the pioneer days only a few watts were used.

The earth and its objects, the sun's



Olga Petrova in WJZ's first studio in Newark, N. J., in the days when getting a station was a scientific triumph.

rays and the emptiness of space, steal the great portion of Radio's power so that most of it goes to waste, never finding the antenna wires that reach up to pluck the words and music from the air. But the listeners of 1930 with their screen-grid tubes and powerful amplifiers never worry that there isn't scale after scale of musical notes running up and down their lead-in wire begging for entrance. They know that all they need do is snap a switch, the tubes glow and in comes the flood of entertainment. A jazzy melody may impress the hearers and so may a political speech, or a news bulletin, but the wonder of Radio's magic, the basis of the achievement, goes unheeded.

And it is that very lack of thoughtfulness that caused Dr. Albert Einstein to shake his finger at the Radio audience of the world. He declares that listeners ought to be ashamed to make use of the wonders of science embodied in a Radio receiving set while they appreciate them "as little as a cow appreciates the botanic

marvels in the plants she munches." So spoke the distinguished Professor at the opening of the recent Radio exhibition in Berlin, where he took occasion to express his regrets at public apathy toward scientists and science.

Professor Einstein has the right picture of the 1930 Radio set owner. The modern auditor merely tunes in, and on many occasions continues to read, talk or play cards while the faithful loudspeaker, never to be insulted, plays or talks on in a vain effort to attract attention. Alas, 'tis true that as the cow munches the hay, the clover and the grass, so the listener listens with little appreciation of "the God-given curiosity of the toiling experimenter and the constructive fantasy of the inventor," as Professor Einstein remarked.

WHAT have the American broadcast listeners "munched" since the dawn of 1930? No medium has dealt with such a wide variety of events, and there can be little doubt that the invisible audience has appreciated what the Radio waves have brought to their homes.

'Tis true that the mail bags of applause are not as full as in the days of yore. When broadcasting was a novelty thousands wrote to express their appreciation or to report on the distance the program traveled before being plucked from space. Times have changed. So has the psychology of the Radio audience. Few listeners write unless they bite on the bait that offers something free—a sample of tooth paste, a horoscope or a book-

(Continued on page 92)

Ten Years Old and Earns \$10,000
a Year! Fathers, Mothers and Doting
Aunts—Read How He Got His Start...

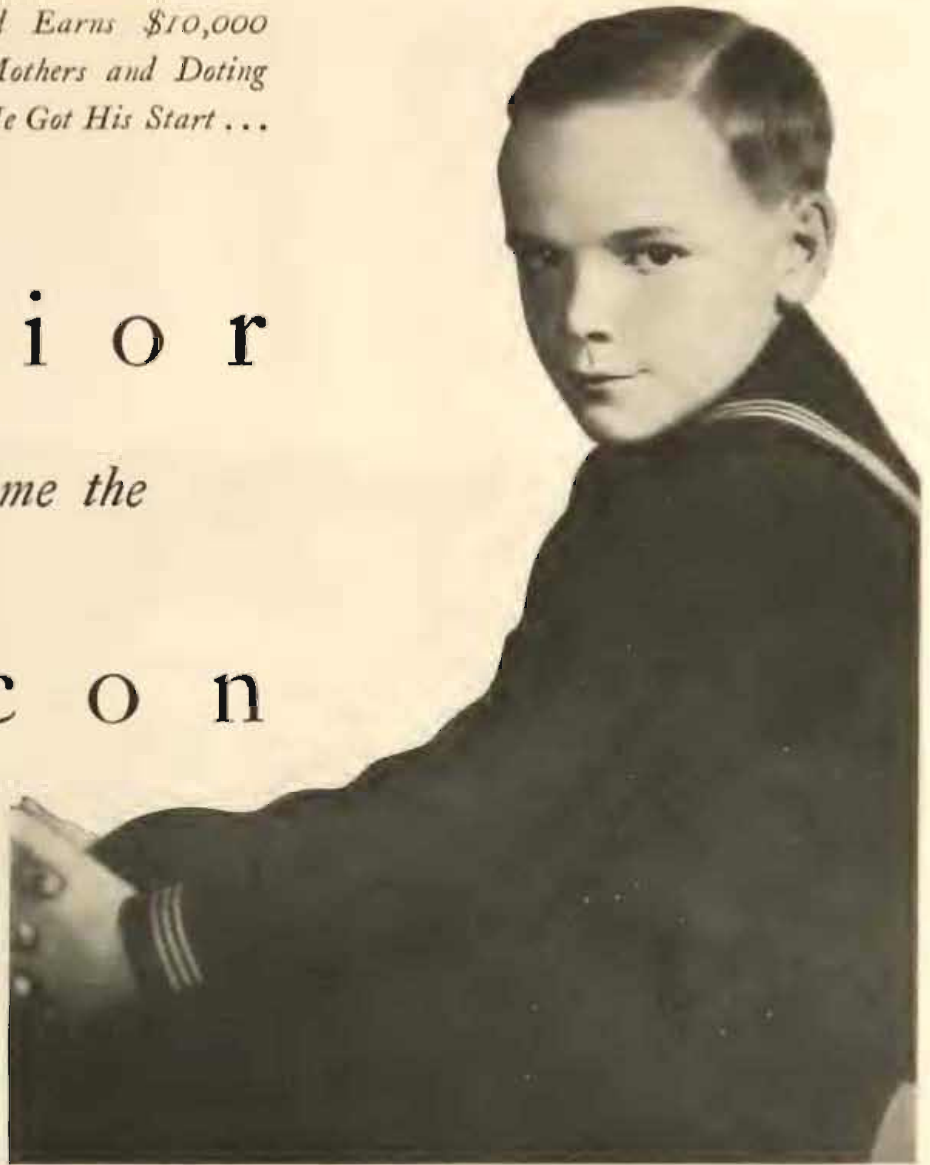
Junior

Brings Home the

Bacon

By Alma Sioux
Scarberry

Author of HIGH HAT and other popular novels.



Jimmy McCallion—Sum of the Penrod skits.

A POPULAR young Radio satellite whose salary is \$10,000 a year breezed into his place of business to be interviewed one afternoon some time ago looking very much the worse for wear.

His face was scratched, his eye blackened and there was a piece nicked out of one of his front teeth.

He caught his breath and shook his head with great solemnity:

"Gosh, you'll have to 'scuse me for being a little late. I was in a terrible smash-up!"

We sympathized, as a woman should: "Why, you poor boy! One of those terrible taxi drivers, I suppose. You can't trust them! They'll kill you every time—"

The young man shook his head again and examined the nicked tooth.

"No! Nobody was to blame but me. I was going down hill on my scooter—and I slam-banged right into a big bank. Ouch, golly!"

Curtain!

The gentleman of the great crash was none other than our little friend Jimmy McCallion, ten years old and worth his weight—professionally and otherwise—in platinum.

In other words, Jimmy is a honey. You probably have the impression of him

that he made when he played "Sam" in the *Penrod* skits for so long. But he's a good boy.

Fresh from the little boy scooter incident, Jimmy suddenly changed into a solemn little man with the weight of an interview on his shoulders. He was wearing a sailor suit with long pants and he crossed his legs and looked up gravely:

"Shall I go ahead and talk or do you want to ask me questions? I think I know what you'll want to know."

So, Jimmy set forth on his narrative. "Well, I'm the youngest of nine kids. I guess that's something. If you've never had the experience of course you wouldn't know. I'm the only one in the show business except my sister Rosalie, eighteen. She's in *Sons o' Guns*.

"My father is Joseph McCallion. Mother is named Nellie. Dad is a secretary in a local carpenters' union. By the way, we moved Friday from 348 West 56th Street to 136 Riverside Drive."

Realizing the modest salary Mr. Mc-

Callion would make as a secretary at this point we asked Jimmy how much he earned. He studied thoughtfully:

"Well—now, oh, I don't know. Maybe two hundred, maybe five hundred dollars a year. I know I earned a hundred dollars doing a picture one day."

The lad has absolutely no idea of his tremendous earning capacity. Fortunately, the father and mother have been wise enough to keep him a little boy, free from all conceit as regards his commercial value and talent. It was refreshing. Jimmy went on:

"YES, we have seven rooms on the Drive now. I want to tell you it's different from the noise over on 50th Street. It's a lot nicer for mamma and the girls. They can look at the river—and it's high-hatter. Girls like that, don't they? But, gosh, I wouldn't care about that.

"Gene Buck discovered me when I was a little tike. Guess I was about four or

five and going to dancing school. He got me into vaudeville awhile. It was good training—but hard work. I go to Professional School, you know. Otherwise I'd be out of luck, playing in shows."

At the time of the interview Jimmy was playing in *Lysistrata*. But it was decided he was working too hard with so many Radio programs a week—and his parents took him out of the show. Some of his other outstanding productions were *Yours Truly*, with Leon Errol; *This Year of Grace*, *Nice Women*, and *White Flame*.

"I've had a lot of movie experience," Jimmy volunteered when he was telling about his activities away from the mike. "I've been in twenty-five pictures. Last Christmas I did a talkie short—starred in it. I think it was called *There Is a Santa Claus*. I was a poor little boy in it.

LEO ERROL is my best friend and pal. We play golf together very often. He's a great inspiration to me. Some day I want to be like him. I want to be a comedian when I grow up. Of course, I'll stick to the show business. A lot of the fellows say they'll save their money and go into business. Not me. My heart is in the show business—especially Radio.

"I like golf, baseball and swimming. My hobby is collecting autographs. You'd be surprised if you could see some of the names I have in it. Mother wants you to come for lunch some time and I'll show it to you. That day you were to come and couldn't get there we had a swell lunch fixed for you. I've got such names in my book as Coolidge, Errol, Tommy Meighan, Harry Lauder, Sir Thomas Lipton. It's great!"

You could listen to Jimmy reel off his experiences and tell of his future plans for hours without getting bored. These Radio youngsters could give cards and spades to the older stars when it comes to giving out intelligent interviews. Perhaps it is because they are free from self-consciousness.

The elder McCallions are two hard-working, home-loving Irish-Americans who handle their little child prodigy with rare intelligence. If Jimmy happens to get a bit up-stage at home and demand his rights as the chief bread earner of the family, it doesn't take the rest of

the McCallion offspring long to put him in his place. They razz him. There are only two girls. You can imagine that a family of seven boys could do just that! Jimmy poses frequently for artists and advertising. But not at home!

You'll remember the Wragge youngsters, Eddie and Betty best, no doubt, as *Gold Spot* and *Shrimp*, their first important roles on the air. Betty, 12, was *Gold Spot*. Eddie, 10, *Shrimp*.

These two delightful, talented mike infants are of Holland Dutch parentage. The father and mother still speak with a Dutch accent. Especially the mother,

could put him in pictures. Since that time his income has averaged not less than \$85 a week and is often much more with his stage shows, movies and Radio work.

These Radio children—all of them, are as different from the average stage child as an opera star is different from a singer in a honky-tonk. They are natural. There is no show. The Wragge children, despite their years as professionals, fit into their Dutch household as naturally and wholesomely as though they had never been farther than Sunday School.

Pride shines from the eyes of Christian and Susanne as they sit in the big carpetless studio-like living room and listen to Betty and Eddie, with their beautifully modulated voices and in their perfect English, talk with visitors.

One can see that the Wragges live for their children. Everywhere there are pictures of them in all sorts of costumes. Trinkets from baby days—toys and mementoes. Eddie's bicycle and boxing gloves near the big fireplace. Betty's piano piled with her music and the things she loves. They live in three rooms.

LITTLE old-fashioned Betty laughed when asked what they did with their combined Radio income of \$12,000 a year:

"Well, you can just bet none of it has gone into Wall Street! We are going to stay here and live reasonably but well. We tie our savings up in insurance and sure bonds and put it in the bank. I think it is foolish to be extravagant and try to show off. We never have cared for it." She was business-like.

The family lives in three rooms. They are spick and span but plain. Dutch thrift is in evidence everywhere. Mother Wragge loves her home.

Eddie Wragge, a handsome blond child with the typical Dutch blue eyes (Betty is the same type) is an all 'round entertainer. He is also well known to the air fans in *Penrod*, *Empire Builders*, and *The Lady Next Door*—singing and talking.

His first stage appearance, at the age of four, was in *The Glass Slipper*, with June Walker. Then he was in *Mismates*, *The Enemy*, *The Silver Box*, *Topaze*, with Frank Morgan, and in *Mima*, with Lenore Ulric. He left *Topaze* to go with *A Mouth*



Penrod himself in person—Howard Merrill.

who speaks English very poorly. Betty and Eddie were both born in New York.

Christian and Susanne Wragge are a bit awed that their two children were discovered and made famous at such an early age. There isn't another actor on the Wragge family tree.

Christian, the janitor of the ramshackle stone apartment building, where they live on the west side of New York, is the janitor of the building. This means they get the top floor, four flights up, rent free.

When Eddie was four years old the cute little tow-head was riding on the street on his tricycle when a man came along, looked him over, then went upstairs to inquire of his parents if he



Eddie Wragge is a veteran performer.

been an American citizen.

The Wragges are so natural and unaffected—not the usual “cute” types—that their interviews are grown-up, straight-from-the-shoulder affairs. There is little comedy or childishness in them. Their smiles are gay and happy and they radiate health. Eddie interrupted once to remark:

“We don’t use any kind of a diet. We eat everything that is good for us. And don’t forget to tell them that I’ve never been late for school once in my life. Betty hasn’t either.”

One of the pioneer Radio lads is growing up. He’ll soon be out of the child class—that naughty *Penrod* of the ether waves, Howard Merrill. For Howard will be fifteen his next birthday. And, oh, how he is shooting up and growing out of



And so is his sister, Betty Wragge.

in the *Country*, with Nazimova. Later he played in *Kolia*, with the Theatre Guild, speaking both German and English.

Betty, who is growing fast into a most personable young blond lady, started her show career as the comedian with Charlotte Walker. Then she played with Belle Baker and in *My Maryland*, *Trigger*, with Claiborne Foster, *The Silver Box*, *Peter Ibbetson*, with Rollo Peters, *Liliom*, and the *Cameo Revue*. Betty did *Her Unborn Child*, with Effie Shannon on Broadway and later was in the picture.

She is an accomplished singer and dancer. Both of the little Wragges appeared in pictures in *Yolanda*, *Peter Stuyvesant*, *Citizens of Tomorrow*, and *His Children's Children*. Eddie had an excellent part in *The Love of Sunya*.

BETTY is in her glory when she is hired to pose in a fashion show. What young lady wouldn't be?

When they are playing on the road there is an arrangement made with the Professional School whereby they may do their lessons by correspondence. Betty is in the eighth grade this year, and little Eddie in the fifth.

Christian Wragge came to America nineteen years ago. The mother came fifteen years ago. The father is proud of the fact that for twelve years he has

knee breeches . . . And then, Long Pants!

However, Howard says he's rather glad. He hasn't Radio plans when he grows up. He wants to be a newspaperman! In fact, his mind has taken quite a literary turn. Howard's bedroom is lined on one side with a book case—hundreds of books. With them he has kept an index file. Every card contains a few typewritten lines of crisp criticism of the author.

Howard's parents are Russian. They live next door to Carnegie Hall on 57th Street. Howard likes to tell you that Mark Connelly, the famous playwright who wrote *Green Pastures*, lives upstairs.

Of all the Radio child homes visited Howard's home is the most artistic. There are only three rooms—but the living room is huge and tastefully furnished with a grand piano and paintings. The father, mother and an uncle live in the apartment.

Mother Merrill—who is a decidedly young looking, attractive dark woman, doesn't like to cook. So, Uncle John does the cooking and she takes care of the house. What a cook! Fried chicken and all the trimmings.

Mr. Merrill is a tailor with a modest income. The Merrills eat in the kitchen—such jolly, gay meals. Howard is a modest, well-bred boy with the typical Russian dark hair and brown eyes. He has been an actor since he was three.

Howard gave this account of his start, after a heavy chicken dinner. (Picture us all leaning on the table after one of Uncle John's banquets, while Howard spun his life story.)

“One evening when I was three years old I was sitting in a restaurant with mother when a woman came up and asked if I'd pose for an ad. That's the first time mother ever got the idea that I might have theatrical possibilities. I began in pictures when I was a little over four. Since then I've played in fifty-eight of them. However, nobody knew much about me until I went in Radio three years ago. It made me.

I'VE played with Lillian Gish, Dick Barthelmess, Johnny Hines, Richard Dix—Clara Bow. Just about all of them. And I've posed for Christy, Noles, Hare—Renwick. I go to private school. They don't like to have professional children give the name. I don't know why—I guess they don't want the publicity.

“I was with Walter Hampden for two years in *An Enemy of the People*, on Broadway. I like the stage and pictures. But Radio is even more interesting. It is harder in a way because you don't get the reaction of your audience. But it

(Continued on page 104)

Broadcasting from

The Quality of Making Friends

IT WAS a real pleasure for the Editors of RADIO DIGEST to participate in the ceremonies at which the famous Mystery Announcer was presented with the Diamond Meritum Award. For those of us whom extensive travel has enabled to behold the master works of all time—with all their great cultural and intellectual inspiration, one must confess that there is nothing greater in all the world than the man who springs from an inconspicuous existence to a position where he commands the love and esteem of his fellow men. To win a niche in human hearts seems to be the supreme achievement of mankind. Fame and Fortune may follow and in large degree, but as measuring sticks of success they can never compare with the humble but human ability to make friends and to keep them.

Some may believe that RADIO DIGEST has conferred on the Mystery Announcer this honor known as the Diamond Meritum Award. Such, however, is not the case. To be sure, we presented the diamond set medal, which is symbolic of the public popularity won by the Mystery Announcer, but the people—the Radio public itself determined who should be the proud recipient. In conducting a contest to determine the most popular individual program, we put the decision squarely up to the Radio audience. We did this not only to be entirely fair, but also because we felt that public approval of this or that program—at least the true depth of public approval—could best be established by what the Radio public would do to prove its friendship for a particular Radio star or group of stars. Voting in this contest, therefore, required specific individual action on the part of Radio fans.

Also, we had in mind that through such contests the owners and managers of broadcasting stations, as well as the creators of sponsored and sustaining programs, could gauge more accurately what the Radio public likes best. Obviously, all broadcasters want to please the public, but the extent to which they can be guided in doing so necessarily depends to some extent on proper expression from the public itself. Contests such as this one, which was won by the Mystery Announcer of Philadelphia, we believe serve a constructive purpose in this matter of focusing attention on the type of programs which is most pleasing to the Radio audience.

When an individual entertainer has won a friend in his Radio audience that friend is often anxious for an opportunity to express his friendship. He sometimes writes a letter, which helps some but does not always express adequately what the friend would like to express.

Years ago RADIO DIGEST recognized this position of the true Radio listener and, largely as a matter of service,

sponsored the presentation of prizes. At first it was an annual gold cup to the most popular announcer; then it came to a contest for the most popular station, and the most popular orchestra. When the Federal Radio Commission divided the country into sections RADIO DIGEST awarded the prizes to the leaders in each section and a top prize for the contestant that held the greatest number of votes.

There has only been one other top prize awarded by RADIO DIGEST to Eastern stations during the past eight years—and that one was to Graham McNamee. He still treasures that gold cup in his home.

The high art of winning friends knows no social or money barriers. Second and third generations of the most illustrious families more often than not grow soft and spoiled. The example of the Mystery Announcer should be a powerful inspiration to those young men and women who are ambitious for success but who shrink before the apparent obstacles. Here we have the Mystery Announcer already famous and successful and yet without the benefit of any human name—with his face still hidden behind a mask—with his real identity still unknown. The public has become acquainted with his talents and personality only through the medium of the ear. How marvelous! How mysterious! And yet how easy to understand when we stop to realize that the career of every man must begin and end in the making and keeping of friends.

Nineteen Thirty-One

THE year which has just elapsed and, in fact, a good part of the one which went before did not leave most of us rolling in capital wealth and burdened with problems of how to spend enormous incomes. Indeed, we suspect that many of our millionaire friends are entering the new year shorn of much in the way of worldly goods.

But what of it? Is money really quite all it is cracked up to be? And were the so-called boom times really taking us where we wanted to go, or just taking us up and up and up where the higher we went the greater was bound to be the fall. Life at best is a queer thing to analyze, but of one thing we may rest very much assured. The human wisdom of the world has not suddenly grown out of a greatly inspired new generation. Wisdom is still the ongrowth of the collective intellects of millions upon millions of people and centuries upon centuries of experience. Panaceas and miraculous solutions of human problems are matters of myth.

The old adages may have grown stale in popularity and in the race for limelight may have been outgeneraled by an impetuous rush of Youth which laughs in overhasty disdain at the knowledge and understanding which comes only with having lived for three score years or more.

the Editor's Chair

RADIO DIGEST is not robed as a preacher or prophet. But in the mad rush for enlightenment as to where business and the people dependent on it are going, RADIO DIGEST can at least counsel its readers to pay heed to the wisdom of ages—the type of wisdom which in the long run has proved most unerring.

Whatever goes up must come down. In other words, fictitious values and fictitious incomes must come down. But such a return to normal cannot long spell depression; it must soon rewrite prosperity and sound prosperity at that. There is nothing black about the horizon if we will but look at facts instead of fancies and if we will accept the doctrine that success is in the last analysis the result of hard work.

The New Philanthropy

THE really great people of the world have stood out not so much for what they took out of life as for what they gave to the world. In fact, the principle that unselfish service to one's fellow men constitutes the final goal of human beings is constantly gaining momentum.

At twenty-seven years of age, Andrew Carnegie, who started virtually in poverty, decided to retire at thirty-five so he would have enough of his life left in which to dispose of whatever wealth he might have accumulated by then. John D. Rockefeller will be famous through centuries, not as a successful oil magnate, but as a great benefactor of mankind in many vital directions. George Eastman, the Harkness family, George F. Baker—their names are growing ever greater for their thoughtfulness about human souls and human hearts. Indeed Dr. Dorrance, the man who made canned soups so famous, and Hetty Green, the hoarder, stand out in their wills as sad contrasts to the noble generosity of most of our modern day money barons. However, their descendants are very likely to bring eternal glory to their family names through some outstanding acts of public service.

This movement toward more and larger benefactions is a world wide trend. Undoubtedly it is part of the spiritual progress of man and as such undoubtedly it will accelerate.

And why not? Have second and third generations ever proved that silver spoons make them finer people. There are exceptions, of course, but for every son or daughter who has been made superb by dint of great material inheritance there are at least ten who have been spoiled. Indeed, all parents who are more than ordinarily fortunate in the acquisition of wealth can serve even their own children best by setting an example of unselfish human service.

The living endowment or the endowment by will of libraries, hospitals, schools, research in medicine, cultural

institutions and the host of other channels into which millions are being poured stand as the great voluntary answer to the odious and confiscatory application of inheritance taxes.

Only recently a great new field for philanthropy has opened up. Radio broadcasting presents opportunities for public service which few, if any, of the other channels can equal. The ownership of broadcasting stations is not a prerequisite, in fact is for many reasons undesirable. The entire income from *Radio broadcasting endowments* can be used for the program phase alone—to buy time on the air from one or more stations—to prepare programs of outstanding merit—and to engage talent that can do the most justice to the particular objective the donor may have in mind.

Right now sponsored programs represent considerable of a burden to many broadcasting stations and yet there must be definite limits to the percentage of programs on any (and every) station that are sponsored by advertisers. In between the sustaining and sponsored programs there is considerable room for *endowed programs*.

In connection with this new and marvelous possibility which is looming on the horizon the Editors of RADIO DIGEST earnestly suggest to that group of worthy citizens who will come to be crowned as *The Benefactors of Radio* that the following definite principles be always made to govern:

First, all endowed programs should be properly paid for as regards time on the air, administration services, and talent. The fulfilment of the purposes of charity should never be made dependent on supplementary charity.

Second, give the administrators plenty of latitude. Times will be ever changing and Radio programs must be popular in character to attract wide spread interest and attention.

Third, pick administrators on the same basis that you would for such as Scientific Foundations, Academies of Art, Hospitals and Universities.

Fourth, avoid any and all types of propaganda.

Fifth, make only the income available to the end that your endowment can be as near perpetual as possible in the service it renders to your fellow men.

It will be fascinating indeed to observe who the first and, therefore, most outstanding benefactor of Radio will be. It will be thrilling to see whether the programs provided for by the first great Benefactor will be for the promotion of health, of marital bliss, of individual morals, of music, or some other impressive phase of culture, education or even entertainment—which, after all, is a great contribution to the happiness and welfare of mankind. It will be interesting to see who are the administrators selected by the first *Benefactor of Radio*.

In any event, here's hoping and predicting that Radio will soon establish itself as a new and great medium of public philanthropy—and as a medium with the power to bring to millions of people benefits which cannot be brought to them in any other manner either so immediate or so humanly intimate.

RAY BILL

RADIOGRAPHS

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

By Rosemary Drachman

THANK GOODNESS I wore my fur coat when I went to see Mary Charles at her apartment on East 50th Street. Shiver my timbers, but the girl doesn't believe in steam heat.



Mary Charles.

Thinks it makes one soft. Guess she's right. For there she sat perfectly comfortable, clad only in some fetching blue pajamas (it was eleven in the morning), while my knees knocked together underneath my coat.

Miss Charles' hair is red, her eyes are blue, her skin has that pink and white delicate quality that so often goes with red hair. She looks frail, flowerlike. But the next time you hear her lilting soprano voice coming over the air on the Palina Hour, Wednesday nights, CBS, just remember she's the girl who stands New York's zero weather with the radiators

turned off, a direct challenge to Jack Frost.

This North Pole idea Miss Charles probably brought back from England where she is better known professionally than in America. Isn't there some joke about the English people taking ice cold tubs every morning because the water is so much warmer than their houses? However, let's stop talking about temperature.

Mary Charles was born in Germantown, Philadelphia. She says she was singing and dancing ever since she can remember. She made her stage debut at five in a charity entertainment. She was perfectly calm and collected, but her mother fainted from the excitement.

To her mother Mary Charles gives all the credit for her success, because her mother was marvelous at dialects. And she was almost always getting up amateur performances at home in which Mary took part. "I think," said Miss Charles, "that Mother would have liked to have had a theatrical career herself; and now she has double satisfaction through what I am doing."

Since Miss Charles has come into Radio, her mother sits by the speaker almost day and night, listening not only to her daughter but to all the other singers, so that she may give Mary the benefit of her observations.

Mary Charles had the typical education of the daughter of a socially prominent family. She attended fashionable schools, she made trips to Europe. In Berlin she studied voice with several teachers. Back in America she began to attract attention through her entertaining at amateur and private affairs.

In 1928 Miss Charles was in England and through a theatrical producer's seeing her at a private entertainment in London, she was engaged for a leading role in a play called *Virginia*. Then she came back to the U. S. A. and played in *Interference*. Then back to England again to play for eighteen months in *Charlot's Review*. Then here again for Ziegfeld's *Show Girl*. She has played in several Paramount short movies and last winter was with Jack Buchanan at the Casanova Club.

Her first Radio work was with the Paramount Publix hour. She was imme-

diately successful with her impersonations and dialect songs. Now she is featured on La Palina hour, and is "spotted," as they say, in many other Columbia programs.

She lives, as I said, in a charming, if somewhat chilly, apartment on East 50th Street. And if you go to see her, a tall colored maid will open the door and say, "Come in, honey, and rest yo' hat."

Ozzie Nelson

THERE are times when this P. W. G.—Poor Working Girl—feels she should take her salary check and mail it right back to the Editor of *RADIO DIGEST*. (Just a minute, Ed., I'm really not going to do it.) And one of those times is



Ozzie Nelson.

when she is sent up to the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel to interview the orchestra leader, Ozzie Nelson, and said Ozzie Nelson says, "But, of course, you're going to stay for dinner." And while she thanks her lucky stars she wore her best red coat and newest black dress, Ozzie goes back to his orchestra and the head waiter leads her to a table at the edge of the dance floor.

Ozzie Nelson. His mother called him "Oswald" because she thought it was one name that couldn't be nicknamed. But what's in a name? Look at his picture. He's the lad whose orchestra, whose sweet crooning voice, you hear Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights over CBS.

Do you think he looks like the sort of person who'd play quarterback three years at Rutgers, who'd be a champion swimmer and boxer, who'd win oratorical contests, who'd be art editor of the Rutgers' magazine of humor, who'd be a captain of the debating team, who'd be a member of the Literary Society, Ivy Club Fraternity, Cap and Skull, who'd be just about the most popular and active man on the campus? Because if you think he looks like that then you've hit the nail exactly on the head.

For Ozzie Nelson won about every honor Rutgers had to offer. And besides he put himself through college with his music.

Leading an orchestra has been a hobby with Ozzie Nelson since he was a small boy. His father organized glee clubs and amateur choruses from among his son's friends, and this was Ozzie's first and only musical training. When he was fourteen Ozzie organized a boys' orchestra and played throughout New Jersey at fraternity and high school dances. It was only natural that when he entered Rutgers University in 1923 he should organize an orchestra there.

When he graduated from Rutgers, Ozzie expected to give up his music and devote his entire time to law. But at just this time his father died and young Nelson did not then wish to take money from his mother. He went back to his orchestra work, playing in country clubs in Westchester and New Jersey. Also he coached football at Lincoln High School in Jersey City. As a result he had both a law degree and a reputation in the musical field.

He was ready to take the bar examina-



Rosaline Greene.

tions and start practising law. But could he let his very lucrative hobby go just yet? Looming ahead of him were the starvation years which seem inevitable in the law profession. He decided to play a little longer.

It was his conceit, he said, that got him into Radio. "I suppose you'd call it conceit," he went on, "but I have a funny quirk in my character. I always think I can do anything anyone else can. And when I'd hear these orchestras playing over the air I felt that the boys and I"—he gestured toward the eight men on the dais—"could do just as well if not better. So didn't we go to WMCA and tell them so. That led to an engagement at Glen Island Casino last summer and then to Columbia. And here we are."

Even so, this orchestra leading is just an interlude. There is criminal law ahead. Not that he looks down on his present profession. Gone are the days when orchestra leaders were long-haired temperamental people, just a step above the head waiter. "But," says Ozzie, "this game is something to do while you're young. I can't see myself leading an orchestra at fifty or sixty. But law, there's a career where age is an advantage."

Far-sighted, that. I was not surprised to hear him say that he thinks musical success depends more on good business than on talent. I'll bet his law firm will be a success.

As I said before, he sings as well as directs. He plays the violin, saxophone, and banjo. He wrote the words to *And Then Your Lips Met Mine*. He wrote both music and words to *I'm Satisfied With You*, and *I Dare You*. . . . And he's an artist, too. He's just signed up to do a series of cartoons for *Life*.

"Is there anything you can't do?" I asked.

"Lots of things. I have no mechanical skill. I couldn't fix a broken electric light plug. Changing a tire is about my limit."

Rosaline
Greene

ROSALINE GREENE. Tall, dark, and terribly upset. She was ten minutes late for her appointment with me. Just imagine it, ten minutes! (If she only knew how long some people have kept me waiting. P. S. Freddie Rich, please take

note.) But Miss Greene puckered her brow and shook her dark head. "I don't like it," she declared. It might be all right for a stage star to be late, she explained, but Radio doesn't function that way. Time and the microphone wait for no man—or woman.

And Rosaline Green is signed and sealed to Radio. It was in Radio that she got her start, and in Radio she will remain. She has tried the stage and found it wanting. But more about that later.

She really had a perfectly good excuse for being late the afternoon I saw her. She had just returned from a trip to Europe. If you missed her for a while from the dramatic sketches broadcast from the NBC studios, that was the reason. She was traveling in Europe, visiting the countries of all the heroines she portrayed in *Famous Loves*. And she had a thrilling time doing it. But she was more thrilled about getting back to her work. Much more thrilled, she laughed, than she would have been if that work had been school teaching instead of broadcasting.

You see, Rosaline Greene intended to be a school teacher. The girl who played *Jean of Arc* and *Cleopatra* over coast-to-coast networks began life as just another freshman up at New York State College in Albany. But when she left State College in 1926 it was with the strangest honors ever obtained at that institution, for she took with her not only her A.B. degree—granted *cum laude*—but also the recognition of possessing America's most perfect Radio voice.

It all began in her sophomore year, when Edward H. Smith, the director of the WGY studio at Schenectady, and the creator of Radio drama, offered auditions to the members of the senior class of State College. Rosaline was taken along

(Continued on page 105)

MARCELLA

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

BLINKETY - blink - blink - blink - ?XT?-!!-Z! All of which means well, Agnes Doherty, Memponset, Mass., wants to know if Rudy Vallee ever swears. By putting the right words in the place of those "blinketies" you'll know exactly what Rudy Vallee says when he gets mad. Of course, Peggy Hull doesn't say a thing about Rudy's facility for swearing in his horror-scope, printed on another page in this book, but stars don't know as much as Marcella, anyway. As a matter of fact the stars ordained that Marcella would be married in 1861—well—now, there goes my age—but her Prince Charming never came. However, she is still hoping, and occasionally she and Toddles (she's the Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court) gaze far out in the distance over the stretch of Broadway to see if the snow white charger, carrying her Prince, is approaching.

But going back to Rudy Vallee, Don LeGeorge—he's the manager of the Villa Vallee Club—tells me that when Rudy gets real mad, he blinkety - blinks. But that shouldn't disturb you, Agnes. Now, hold on Don, don't run away, Agnes wants to know lots more. What is his brother like? With whom does he live? What degree did he get in college? What did his year book say of him? Is it true that he joined the Navy during the World War



Dolores

when under age? Yes, I guess that's all. Yes, uh-huh, um-m, Yale, did you say? and a Ph.B. uh-huh. Well, that's fine. Yes, I'll meet you for dinner next week. Good-bye! Next WEEK! Well, now Don's gone. He says, Agnes, that Rudy's brother is very cute and in some respects better looking than Rudy,

being short, blond and gifted with the same personality. Rudy lives with the gang whom Don defined as a miscellaneous collection of college friends in a suite of rooms known as the barracks; that Rudy's new pet, Andy, better known as "Scotty," has been recently added to the occupants of this crowded apartment and sometimes has to be "wedged in" under the bed or behind the radiator; that Rudy joined the



Everett Sittard

Navy during the World War while still under age, having trained at the U. S. Naval Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island, in the Spring of 1917. Now that we have the inside on Rudy, we'll give a vote of thanks to Don—m-m-but that's going to be some dinner next week.

MR.S. DELIA of Willimansett writes, "Why don't you publish something about Everett Sittard? Young talented musicians should be encouraged by RADIO DIGEST." Of course they should, and thanks to Mary Bresnahan, we have been able to get Mr. Sittard's picture from WHDH, Boston, from which station he broadcasts. He certainly looks as if he has dominion over those rows of keys and I can even hear beautiful strains of music tip on silver toes.

As worlds release their treasures
From imprisoned bars
And sighing measures
Fling their music to the stars.

Well, Mr. Sittard broadcast way back in 1922 over WBZ, and while in high school he played the organ at the Strand Theatre in Holyoke. He was also guest organist in the Presbyterian Church in

that city. Everett is one of the youngest professional organists in Massachusetts and is very popular around Boston for his piano and organ recitals over WHDH.

DOLORES, one of the increasing number of Radio astrologers, is interpreting someone's destiny, at this moment. See how serious she is—anyone would be with three hundred horoscopes to read every day. Dolores receives that many letters daily as a result of her broadcasts over WOV, so if you want to know about that trip to Europe or the tip on Wall Street, Dolores is the modern oracle to go to.

MAHLON MERRICK. NBC orchestral conductor, launched out on his musical career at the age of five, and at seven he played in a theatre orchestra way out in Farmington, Iowa. And now he is conductor at the National Broadcasting Company. And maybe you think he can't swing the tennis racket and the driver as deftly as he can the magic little baton. Well, just challenge him!



Bera Meade Grimes

MAID of all Work at Station WFAA is the official title of Vin Lindhe and she writes, "Dear Marcella: (or are you a Miss?)" Vin, dear, I am neither Miss nor Mrs.—I am just a little bird who shares her crumbs with the curious—just a little bird and nothing more. Coming down to business, Wild Rose of Goldthwaite, this is about Bera Meade Grimes. Bera was born at Pecan Gap, Texas, in the year Nineteen Hundred. She has brown eyes and curly hair, loves to go fishing and golfing and her



Sam Magill



Mahlon Merrick



Glenn Riggs

favorite color is vermilion. She is married but that doesn't stop the influx of proposals from those who hear her broadcast. For six years she has been with WFAA, Dallas, using the piano as the vehicle of her talent. Vin Lindhe says that Vera's name is a source of eternal worry to her because no one ever spells it right.

She receives letters addressed to "Bury Me Grimes", "Marry Me Grimes", "Bear With Me Grimes" and "Verily Rhymes".



Agnes Moorehead

AWFULLY sorry Peggy, but Sam Magill's heart belongs to another—one Barbara Prentiss, but I'm sure that he likes being called "a perfect peach" anyway. He's only twenty-five but he has seen much in these few

years. When he was 16 he ran away from home and school and got a job selling manicure sets to department store buyers. Evidently he was not very successful so he trudged home. He attended New York University a little later, became cheer-leader and director of the NYU Glee Club Quartet, which gave an audition at WOR. Here he wrote continuities and became familiar with the Radio routine. In 1929 he was graduated from N. Y. U. with a degree and a commission in the Air Corps Reserve. Now he's broadcasting from the 50,000-watt station in Connecticut—WTIC. Connecticut is his native state.

OCIE of Tunnetown, W. Va., writes that Glenn Riggs' happy laugh over KDKA is enough to drive any frown away. Glenn, as you know, is the announcer over that station. Even his eyes sparkle with the wealth of joy behind them. Juniata College at Huntington, Pa., is his alma mater and when he stepped out on the threshold of the world, he became interested in dramatic sketches and plays



Chick Farmer

and joined several stock companies. When he's not behind the mike at KDKA, Pittsburgh, you will probably find him playing baseball, football or tennis. This is also for Sally of McKeesport.

AGNES MOOREHEAD appears in such NBC features as the Silver Flute, East of Cairo, and Mystery House. Her father, a minister, showed no opposition to her inclinations for a theatrical career but insisted that she finish her education at the University of Wisconsin, where she got her master of arts degree. She took parts in college shows and won her way, five years ago, to roles in several Broadway shows—*Candlelight* and *Soldiers and Women*.

GUESS who yodels Emmett's *Lullaby* every Friday night on the Nestle Program over WJZ. You're wrong. It's Chick Farmer and when Chick yodels—well he yodels and there is no mistaking it either. Chick is a graduate of Ogelthorpe University at Atlanta, Ga. He has only one aversion—he can't stand song-pluggers—so those who are engaged in the activity of song-plugging take this as a warning, and never rush into the studio when Chick



Eddie East and Ralph Dumke

Farmer is broadcasting and ask him to plug a song.

DEAR Gladys, Clark G. Myers of WENR says that he was born in the State of Ohio, where most of the presidents come from, and that he is now waiting for his turn. He has brown eyes and auburn hair—five feet, six inches in height (not quite as tall as Lincoln) and weighs one hundred forty-five pounds. I think he'd make a scrumptious president—don't you? He hasn't told me yet how old he is—and he hasn't confessed to being a bachelor. Farmer Rusk, Uncle Luke and Aunt Mirandy are separate individuals—occasionally, however, Clark has used the name of *Farmer Husk*. Uncle Luke and Aunt Mirandy, off-stage are really married—their names are Marian and Jim Jordan.

EVERYONE knows that Sir Arthur Sullivan, of the team Gilbert and Sullivan, originators of those famous operettas, wrote some very beautiful hymns. And now Gene Arnold, director of the Weener Minstrels at WENR, Chicago, once stage director and teacher of dancing and public speech, is also composing hymns. Gene was connected with Henry W. Savage, Montgomery and



Gene Arnold

Stone, Victor Herbert and other well known musical producers. It was through his experience on the stage that he became interested in broadcasting. That spiritual something in us "will out," and in Gene Arnold it has found a channel for the composing of hymns.



Virginia Lee

I FOUND Virginia Lee's picture on my desk, and she had such a wistful expression, that I said, "All right, I'll put you in." Virginia is the "blues" singer, and she and Andy Mansfield do a Radio vaudeville act over WLW—that's the station that had a little romance not long ago—*Natalie Giddings and Ralph Haburton*—and now they're married!

TWO hundred and fifty pounds! That is exactly what Ed East weighs. Mr. East, as you know, Alice of Milwaukee, is of the team, East and Dumke, star Radio comedians of WGN, Chicago, Ralph—that's Ralph Dumke—weighs just a trilling 240 pounds. East was exposed to the higher education at Indiana University, but having been inoculated against it, the contagion didn't affect him—so off he went to vaudeville. He is married and has one daughter, Joan, aged 13. Ralph was born at South Bend, Ind., but he didn't weigh very much then. He attended Notre Dame University, took leading parts in Gilbert & Sullivan operettas, and was (Cont. on page 100)



Clark G. Myers

Let's Chat with and Hear



When is a quartet a quintet? When the four NBC Revelers get together with their director. Left to right: James Melton, Lewis James, Frank Black (director) Elliott Shaw and Wilfred Glenn.

PUGILISTS, columnists, astrologers, aviators, showmen and their wives . . . sooner or later the little black box, mike, gets them all. For example, Billie Burke, who Radioed recently, "When a woman ceases to be jealous everything is all over." That from the woman who married the man (Flo Ziegfeld) who glorifies the American girl! Other revelations she made about her showman husband: he is the only man she knows who can tell at a glance what a woman is wearing; "he is an expert shot, a regular Dead-eye Dick who can aim by using a mirror;" he owns fifty-six pairs of moccasins and uses them for house slippers; and he loves to go to little out-of-the-way theatres and cafes looking for new talent.

* * *

CHILDREN cost a lot. That's why Paul Wing works for his salary as Uncle Toddy. He has two of his own, Lorraine and David, and the older they grew, the more expensive they became, until he decided they would have to do something to help support themselves. So he told them stories to keep them from crying for food which he lacked money to buy. If they liked the stories, Paul Wing wrote them down and sent them to his publisher. Now he lives in Darien, Connecticut, writes there, but commutes to the NBC New York studios every Thursday.

* * *



Paul Wing, "Uncle Toddy" to boys and girls.

A VIOLIN worth \$3,500 today was bought for almost nothing a few years ago by Pa Crockett of Columbia's mountaineers. How come? Outside of a hole in its back, several thousand scratches and a shattered neck, it was almost perfect when he found it in a second-hand store. But it bore the imprint of Jacob Steiner, so the elder Crockett, who is official repairman for the instruments used by



Billie Burke, who recently Radioed inner secrets of married life with Flo Ziegfeld, who likes camping, comfort and a midnight snack before bed.

himself and his five sons, fixed it up and today he could sell it, if he wished. Although it's too valuable to be used in ordinary playing, Allan, his youngest son, sometimes uses it for solo numbers.

* * *

MISCHA ELZON, famous Polish violin virtuoso, once played Saint-Saen's *Concerto in B Minor* in the presence of the composer himself, so his interpretation during a recent Minneapolis Honeywell hour on CBS must have been authentic. Paris and other European capitals have heard Mr. Elzon, and in 1929 he toured this country with Schumann Heink.

* * *

"SINCE listening to your hour, *Bill Schudt's Going to Press*," wrote one fan to Bill recently, "I have realized that the

The Chain Gangs

the News



They grow hearty in the logging camps . . . John Whitcomb, master of ceremonies of the Vermont Lumberjacks, who deserted the tall timber for Radioland

movies are wrong . . . newspaper men are really intelligent . . . they are not all drunkards and lowbrows." Such encouragement is spurring the former Radio editor of the New York *Telegram* on to greater efforts! This program, Radio's oldest and most comprehensive newspaper feature, recently celebrated its second anniversary on the Columbia Broadcasting network. Its list of speakers reads like a "Who's Who in Newspaperdom"—Karl A. Bickel, president of United Press, Barry Faris, vice-president of the International News Service, Arthur S. Draper of the New York *Herald Tribune* . . . and many others, all announced by the able voice of Bill Schuddt.

THE great MacDowell himself recommended Helen Corbin Heintz when the National Cathedral School in Washington asked the famous composer to send them a music teacher. Mrs.



Rehearsing for "The Rise of the Goldbergs". Gertrude Berg (author of the sketch) as Molly, James R. Waters as Jake, and Alfred Corn as "Sammy" in their Bronx flat.

Heintz, who made her Radio debut with Jack Frost Melody Moments, was born in Indiana, lives in Washington, and makes frequent visits to New York, Mecca of musicians.

TWO of the world's most confirmed yachtsmen are Gus Haenschen and Jack Parker, of the *Men About Town* trio. But fond as he is of water, Parker can't swim. So he ties a scout rope to his middle, gets a friend to hold the end, and then drops overboard for his "swim." But Frank Luther, third member of the trio, prefers land and sticks to his saddle. He first learned he had a voice back in his Kansas ranch days when he sang ditties to keep cattle from stampeding.

THEY told Gertrude Berg it couldn't be done . . . that a Jewish dialect program would never go over. But the lady was little Miss Persistence herself and finally got an NBC audition. From then on, her rise was even more rapid than *The Rise of the Goldbergs*, the sketch which she writes and in which she plays the principal part of Molly. Another proof of the fact that talent will out!

AND Talent will be Up too! As witness Tom Truesdale and his Musical Aviators—all eleven of them are licensed air pilots. Musicians first, they got a contract on an RKO circuit and, disliking Pullmans, learned to fly. If the plane needed adjustment, the sax player would put the carburetor right. Now they are at the Park Central Aviation Grill, and broadcast over the Columbia network.



Tom Truesdale, leader of the Musical Aviators

Jack Brinckley Makes Hit at WTIC

CONTRAST—that's the element that makes certain personalities stand out in bold relief above others. And it is almost certain that it's the secret of the popularity of Jack D. Brinckley, announcer of Station WTIC of Hartford.

For it is something of an anomaly to hear such a dyed-in-the-wool southern voice as Brinckley's coming from a New England Radio station. The contrast between his slow, mellow drawl and the crisp, staccato voices of his fellow announcers was bound to attract attention in his direction.

Jack was born in North Carolina. In the few years that have elapsed since he first saw the light of day he has packed a variety of activities. After a try at "higher learning" at the University of Richmond, he joined the staff of the Richmond Times-Dispatch. From there he hopped to New York, where he annexed himself to the staff of The New York American, eventually becoming Radio editor. It happened that Lucille LaVerne was then playing on Broadway in a play based on southern life entitled "Sun-Up". Jack stepped into Miss LaVerne's dressing room and told her if anybody was equipped to play in that show it was he. After hearing him read a few lines from the script, she agreed, and so Jack stepped into the cast.

Meanwhile his activities as Radio editor had brought him in contact with the metropolitan broadcasting studios. Officials of WOR of Newark liked his voice and his ready wit, so they invited him to join the staff. He

made such a hit at WOR that National Broadcasting Company officials obtained him for the announcing staff of WJZ, where he announced several important programs and where he wrote, produced and played the leading part in a series of sketches entitled "Southern Cameos."

On November 1, 1929, he transferred the now well-known drawl to Station WTIC, and there he is today. A few months after joining the WTIC staff he took unto himself a wife, Miss Maxine Merchant, daughter of Grace W. (Merchant) Towne, supervisor of the artists' service bureau of the National Broadcasting Company. Mrs. Brinckley is herself a talented Radio actress and often plays in her husband's dramatic skits.

* * *

HUGH WALTON, former Columbia System announcer, has joined the staff of Station WTIC of Hartford. Walton is a Missourian and a graduate of the University of Oregon, where he majored in journalism. His success in undergraduate theatricals prompted him to abandon his journalistic ambitions in favor of the stage, and then he turned to Radio.

* * *

IT'S beginning to look as though New England may have a network all its own. Station WTIC of Hartford is transmitting programs to five New England stations each Monday evening. "Hawaiian Echoes", which features Mike Hanapi and his five Hawaiians, is relayed to the audience of WTAG of Worcester, and "Seth Parker's Old-Fashioned Singing School" is dispatched by wire to WNAC of Boston, WEAN of Providence, WORC of Worcester and WLBZ of Bangor.

* * *

INCENTIVE for engineers to invent a device to transmit smells—a "telemell"—as well as sounds, is seen by officials of Station WTIC, who have established a unique "cooking school of the air". There is a



Jack D. Brinckley (top) hasn't the crisp, New England tones you'd expect way down east from Hartford. No, the good-looking WTIC announcer is a Southerner by birth and accent.

Betty McKee and Dot Harding (above), assisted by the two pianos in the background, contribute KDKA's program, "Twenty Fingers of Sweetness" from the Pittsburgh station's studios.

Caught holding hands! But Jimmie Barr, baritone and Anita Mitchell, soprano of the Silver Slipper Cafe program at KPO, San Francisco, aren't a bit ashamed. Cotton Bond is at the piano.

model kitchen adjacent to the studios, where every recipe and suggestion is tested before described over the air. A device which would transmit the savory odors from the kitchen would lend atmosphere to the programs, say WTIC broadcasters. Florie Bishop Bowering, who is supervising the cooking broadcasts, recently attained a record for "fan mail". The response to one broadcast from WTIC totaled 1,032 letters requesting recipes!

* * *

STATISTICS from the South—The Gondoliers of WJSV, Mount Vernon Hills, Va., have received from admirers 4,500 letters, 763 picture postals, and on their part have mailed over 4,000 autographed pictures, signed their names 700 times for autograph collectors and played over 2,600 different selections on the Radio. No—they don't come from Venice . . . their real names are Manon and Clyde Stoneberger, born and raised in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains at Luray, Va., and this month they celebrate their second anniversary with the Mount Vernon station.

* * *

TONY CABOOCH, star and only member of the cast of the Anheuser Busch One Man Radio Show, lives in St. Louis and makes KMOX his headquarters Tuesday evenings, when he broadcasts over the Columbia Broadcasting System. He is plumpish, wears polka dot neckties, is getting bald at the temples, and finds it no trouble at all to portray sixteen characters in one evening.

* * *

DO YOU know that the first play broadcast was from the studios of WGY the General Electric Company's studio at Schenectady, in Aug. 1922. A little cast of veterans from the legitimate stage successfully produced a Radio version of Eugene Walter's success *The Wolf*. This was followed by another tabloid adapted from *The Garden of Allah* in which the sandstorm was realistically produced, probably the first time the old



Margaret Jane Kendrick (top) was favored by the gods, for she is possessor of a beautiful soprano voice, an accomplished pianist and an artist besides! She's on the staff of KQV, Pittsburgh.

The Gondoliers (above), who pluck strings at WJSV in Virginia, answer to the names of Manon and Clyde Stoneberger. Once they conducted an orchestra . . . now they rely on their talents alone.

What does "L" stand for? We don't know—it's the name of the Frohne Sister on the right. The other members of this popular singing team of WTMJ, Milwaukee, are, starting left, Fritzie, Billie and Bunny.

wind-machine of back stage lent its services over the Radio.

Frank Oliver, one of the pioneers of WGY and now director at that station, brought his many years of stock and road experience into the new field, the experience gained since boyhood days in the hard grind of provincial theatricals in Great Britain and Ireland. Coming to America in 1906, he saw what an earthquake could do to San Francisco and decided the best thing to do was to see the great American continent via the actor's route, which included nearly all the states in the union and Provinces in Canada. Then he tried the movies, when they were young, traveled a little more and then came to anchor in Schenectady where he just naturally drifted into Radio.

* * *

THE Buffalo Broadcasting Company and the destinies of Stations WGR, WKBW, and WMAK are now being directed by Carlton P. Cooke, president and treasurer. Irvine J. Kittinger, former president, is now vice-president and director.

* * *

RALPH ELVIN, of Indianapolis, who announces sports and special features for "the voice of the capitol", as WKBF is known throughout Indiana, has been to Hollywood. He met the leading luminaries of the talking screen, and upon returning to Indianapolis he told Indiana movie fans about their favorites and described his interesting experiences in the same breezy, clever style that has made him a headliner in sport broadcasting.

Elvin also announces the weekly American Legion boxing show broadcasts, a specialty that several years ago won him the "cauliflower orator" title which is his Radio nom-de-air. Broadcasting circus performances and parades is another forte of this versatile WKBF performer, who in private life is a successful Indianapolis business man.



News and Views

YOUTH will have its say, KFWB thinks. And why? Page KFWB's new master of music, Mr. Charles Bradshaw. He is slender, tall, with restless hands, staccato speech, and the most friendly smile in existence. In addition to that, he has a tremendous earnestness and is only twenty-three!

His career can be summed up briefly: learned the banjo at twelve years old, brass in high school (no pun intended), went to the University of California, played trumpet and French horn in the Berkeley Symphony orchestra and conducted at rehearsals—a distinct honor for a student; was a member of the Musical Honor Society, and studied medicine.

But the sweet dulcet tones of the French horn sounded more intriguing, so he collected a variety of experiences in the orchestras of California theatres and the Victor Talking Machine Company.

And then—ah, then! Europe! Specifically, Monte Carlo, and more specifically, the Cafe Paris in Monte Carlo, as a member of the orchestra. Shades of Monte Carlo! When he came back to America, he was on the Publix circuit, and then he went back to the Victor

Beth Chase, popular blues singer, was arrested for speeding four days in succession on her way to the KROW Richmond studios. She claims this as a record, and challenges all comers, for she didn't get a ticket. Clever girl Beth.

* * *

Betty The Shopper, of KROW, is five feet five, blonde and has grey eyes. She claims an origin of Scotch and Irish ancestry. Five years of theatrical and newspaper experience have aptly fitted her for broadcasting the women's hour at KROW. Outside of shopping and running down the best bargains in town, Betty's hobbies are Persian cats and rock gardens. She says that before she went to work broadcasting she used to live in Berkeley, but now she only sleeps there. She is alive and alert and has a large following among women.

* * *

Don Allen, KTM's chief announcer and recently a proud father, doubles up on characters and becomes Arizona Pete on the ranch hour . . . sings, plays the piano and strums away on any stray guitar that is handy.

* * *

Al Schuss has three jobs . . . KJR announcer; football coach at the O'Dea high school in Seattle, and freshman basketball coach at the University of Washington. He does 'em all well. His football team won the city title in October.

* * *

XAVIER CUGAT, long a favorite violinist and tango orchestra leader around Los Angeles Radio stations, and whose caricature work has been frequently exhibited in the columns of RADIO DIGEST, is now down in Ensenada, Old Mexico.

The spot is some ninety miles south of San Diego. He is directing the new Hotel Ensenada orchestra . . . in the new resort center financed and managed by a group of American capitalists including Jack Dempsey.

* * *

KTAB's programs are being interspersed these days with "kid" songs, and fans have been wondering whether they are being sung by a youngster or some older person with a youngish voice. The answer is neither. It is Gerda Lundberg, 18 year old Berkeley miss, who is a good looker and a good dresser. With piercing blue eyes and fair complexion, her soft features are surprisingly set off by a stylish bob . . . just five feet tall and 155 pounds of loveliness. The staff an-

nouncers vie for the honor of announcing her numbers.

* * *

JUNE PARKER, who left KHJ in September to free lance for awhile, was bumped in an automobile accident that kept her away from broadcast for nearly three months. But she is practically recovered and will be heard again in crooning lullabies over Los Angeles stations during 1931.

* * *

HENRY STARR, known in the West as "the hot spot of Radio" has moved about again. Once heard via KFL, KMTR and other Los Angeles stations, he has been on NBC coast stations for awhile. Now he is with KYA on its regular staff for a nightly program.

Critics generally have been loud in their praise of his work, and many of them term him the best "single" act in the West's Radio today. Strange to say, this colored entertainer does not have the "typical" negro voice. Negro spirituals are not his special forte. Neither are the hot type of popular tunes. His best work is in the pathos of tone which he lends to various ballads and popular numbers of more serious type. Besides vocal interest, Starr does all his own accompanying . . . composes a bit . . . plays eleven instruments, including all the brass and wood wind instruments in the band.



Three early risers—Sam, Ed and Mandy of the KPO morning frolic

Talking Machine Company, this time as an assistant conductor. And then he made his debut as a Radio personality at KFVB in the movie city, Hollywood.



KHJ's handsome baritone—Bob Bradford

From The West



Betty, The Shopper, of KROW (left); Charles Bradshaw, musical director of KFVB (right)



Billy Bilger (below) is a theatre organist and star at KMO



George Nickson, KXA tenor

The three smiling gentlemen in the centre are KHJ's Biltmore Trio—Paul Gibbons, Bill Seckler, Roy Ringwald



Above (right) Don Allen, announcer at KTM; right, Agnes Nielsen, KOMO contralto



Al Schuss (left) is the new KJR announcer; also a sports coach in his spare time



Jack Strook, KGER announcer

Edna Fischer (above), jazz pianist at KFRC, plays three times a week

Felipe Delgado (right) is NBC's featured singer on the Spanish Hour at KGO





"Harold Teen's Gang" at WGN—Left to right: Harold (Bill Farnum), Lilacs (Wally Colbath), Beezie (Jack Spencer); seated, Giggles (Irene Wicker), and Lillums (Eunice Yanke).

Chatter From Chicago

By BETTY MCGEE

"SCHOOL days," says Pop Jenks, "school days—ah, them are the best days of your life."

To which Harold Teen's reply is: "Ya can't tell, Pop. Ya can't tell. I mean when you're in school, things happen so fast, why Holy Cats, ya never have time to stop and figure out if school days are the best days of your life or not."

And that's the keynote of *Harold Teen* program at WGN, The Chicago *Tribune* station. Things—baseball, robberies, football, dances, wise cracks, club meetings, unemployment—all are subjects for their discussions and the engineers always keep an extra microphone ready in case one gets all filled up.

Harold is a perfect flaming youth—as much so in real life as in the cartoon strip or before the microphone. Bill Farnum is the off-air name of Harold Teen, and Bill is one smooth youth. He pursued the elusive Three R's first at Lake Forest College, where he was captain of the tennis team and leading light of the dramatic class. Then he went to Northwestern, where the fraternity boys whaled him into an outstanding Delta Tau Delta. On the legitimate stage, Bill has, at various times, played Willie Baxter in *Seventeen*, Merton in *Merton of the Movies*, and Tommy in *Tommy*. As they say in the *Harold Teen* theme song composed by Joe Sanders, of Coon and Sanders. Radio entertainers, he is "romance personified".



The Melody Maids (left) who lift their voices in gentle harmony every so often at Springfield (Tenn., not Mass.) on the precincts of WSIX.

Charles Mercein (below), actor-narrator-composer - advertising man, whose dramatic readings feature a program broadcast over WTMJ, Milwaukee, each Tuesday night.

Eunice Yanke plays the part of Lillums as sweetly in her own life as she does on the air. She's just out of college—still lives at the Delta Zeta sorority house, and likes nothing better than to have a crowd of college kids down at the performance. Her alma mater, like Harold's is Northwestern.

Jack Spencer's chief worry in life is that he's putting on so much poundage that he's looking as much like Beezie in real life as he talks like him before the mike. Jack, by the way, used to play football at Bowen High school-center, the same position as Beezie—and he thinks garters almost as quaint as mustache cups.

Blair Walliser, who writes the continuities, won the coveted Phi Beta Kappa key in his senior year at Northwestern and was associate editor of the *Purple Parrot*, *Scrawl* and a member of the editorial board of the *Daily Northwestern*. He keeps up on high school doings by slipping in on a dance now and then and listening to the boys and girls talk it over at corner drug stores.

THERE are so many interesting things—and people—behind the scenes of a Radio station. Take Bobby Brown at WBBM for instance. Bobby is a very busy man. He has been called the most versatile man in Radio, and you'll believe it when you listen to this. Generally, Bobby works under the title of WBBM production manager. He is also singer, banjo player, general entertainer, feature announcer, continuity writer and program director. And when we said production manager therein was implied the fact that he is "the power behind" which is responsible for all programs of that station.

Likewise the source of all activity at KYW is Maurie Wetzel. He has been with the station since its voice was first heard eight years ago. Naturally as station director he has a finger in every pie but he also has some specialties. One of them is program building. He writes the continuity, the music, if necessary, selects the talent and announces the program himself. Such a program is "State Street Tomorrow" which is heard evenings at 10:10. Another of Maurie's specialties is the color, black. He wears it exclu-



sively . . . hats . . . ties . . . coats . . . everything. And another specialty—his favorite pair of moccasins. He is positively wedded to them and wears them on any and all occasions.

* * *

PROBABLY not all the old friends of the Prairie Daisies who used to delight WLS listeners know that they are now two-thirds of the Sally, Irene and Mary trio of WGN. The trio is a family affair, consisting of Erma, Thelma and Lorraine Ashley. Erma, who has brown hair and twinkling brown eyes is the oldest, with Thelma coming next and Lorraine, the baby. They are all quite tall and Thelma and Lorraine are decided blonds with engaging blue eyes.

Erma, the pianist of the trio, started dueting with Thelma many years ago and it wasn't until they became associated with WGN that Lorraine joined in making it the Sally, Irene and Mary trio. Lorraine attended art school and knows all about costume designing and "sculptoring."

Although the youngest of the three, she



Celebrities of the new New York station, WBEN. Standing, left to right, William Cook, Merwin C. Morrison, Bob White; Seated, Edward Obrist, and Louis Kaiser.

Marion Farrand and Jimmy Keith (right) look too sedate to be called "Radio Rascals," but that's their title at KSTP, St. Paul, where they present a talk-sing act. They've teamed up ever since they met by chance at a picnic.



Burton Schlie (below)—they tell us he's very young, but don't reveal his age. No one would think this stripling was the possessor of that deep bass-baritone heard so often at WOWO, Fort Wayne.



is the "Business Manager" and Erma and Thelma look to her every week for the old pay envelope. Lorraine is also inclined to be literary and has had several stories published.

And Erma! Erma has had her hand in the movie business! Literally. Her exquisite fingers were shown in a prominent picture as substitutes for those of the star of the production. And who knows but the Ashley's may eventually be more completely in the movies—for you know when a woman gets her finger in anything one might as well let her have what she goes after.

* * *

ISNT it a joy to find an artist who really looks the part? Such a one is Harold Van Horne whose piano work is one of the best solo features presented through WMAQ. Harold with his mop of curly brown hair and dreamy eyes is in appearance extremely temperamental. He is an artist to his finger tips and looks it.

NEW YORK'S "baby station" greeted the world in September, 1930, and two months later joined the Red network of the NBC chain. WBEN, Buffalo, already has taken its place as one of the most important stations serving Western New York State and nearby Pennsylvania and Ontario.

It is owned by the Buffalo *Evening News*, of which Edward H. Butler is editor and publisher, and the work of organizing the new project was undertaken and carried to completion by A. H. Kirchhofer, managing editor of the *News*. The station manager is Merwin C. Morrison, formerly of the *News*.

In addition to Bob White, the announcers are Louis Kaiser, who also is program director, and Edward Obrist, both formerly of WSYR, Syracuse, and William Cook, Buffalo. Merwin C. Morrison, manager of the station, serves as special announcer, while Mrs. Margaret Adsit Barrell, who sings frequently over NBC networks and is nationally known as a concert singer, is musical director. Arthur C. Snelgrove is director of the studio orchestra of this young, but lusty "baby station".

Of the twenty staff members, one of the most popular is "Bob White", who outside the studio is Gordon Higham (formerly of WHK, Cleveland). He sends an hour of cheer each morning to his listeners. Incidental music is furnished by Jack and Loretta Clemens, a brother-and-sister, banjo-and-piano combination already highly popular with WBEN audiences by this time.

CLASSICAL MUSIC SIMPLIFIED

A Monthly Feature By

Dr. WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music



Dr. William Braid White

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of the Editor, 420 Lexington Avenue.

OFTEN the question is put to me: "Do you think that young children can appreciate classical music?" Or again: "Ought we to try to get our children interested in classical music when they are so young?" I could give many answers, all to the effect of saying "Yes" emphatically to both questions. I prefer however to quote something said the other day by a very great authority, by in fact the one man in the whole country who knows more about this very thing than any one else. I refer to my friend, Ernest Schelling, one of the greatest of contemporary musicians, who conducts the children's and young people's symphony concerts, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. This remarkable man knows more about the



Ernest Schelling, who conducts the Saturday morning Young People's Concerts.

ideas that children have in matters of music appreciation, than any other man in the world does or can know. For years he has given each season to thousands of children and young people, the best in music. And he has worked out a system of giving his concerts whereby he is able to maintain the interest of his youthful audiences every second of the time. He gives them stories about the music, illustrated with lantern slides and pictures. He gets them to write their thoughts about what they hear. He has taught enormous numbers of them to think seriously and with deep happiness and satisfaction, about music. He is building up a new and musical generation in this country. He has well said, "There is no use having a series of great symphonic concerts all over the country if we have to be forever fighting for audiences . . . The time to begin is with children, and their interest must be aroused not by merely dragging them to concerts, but by more active and more direct means. The great danger is that a child should be bored.

"The desire for song," he continues, "for melody, harmony and rhythm exists in most of us. It is only a matter of awakening good taste at as early an age as possible. You may be sure that children who are having their interest aroused by concerts specially prepared for them will develop such a genuine love for symphonic music that they will always be patrons of symphony concerts."

Concerts for Children

Mr. Schelling has worked out his own way of giving concerts for children. He never lets his young hearers grow bored. At his concerts there is no intermission and hardly any pauses. He talks to his hearers, makes friends of them, shows them pictures, gets them to sing the melodies which the orchestra has been playing, teaches them to recognize the different instruments by their tone qualities; and

all that sort of thing. Last year about 90,000 children and young people attended his concerts. Doubtless ten times as many will hear them this season via Radio. The hook-up is over the Columbia broadcasting network from New York. The concerts take place on Saturdays at Carnegie Hall, New York, at 11 a.m., eastern standard time.

May I suggest to fathers and mothers who do me the honor of reading these words, that they should make genuine efforts to get their children to listen to good music this way? Mr. Schelling is entirely right when he says that most of us have the natural love for rhythm, melody and harmony. The trouble is that most of us hear far too little music of any kind, and that, since no one stands by to tell us what to listen to, most of us listen only to what we are sure we understand. Hence we get only the second-rate music, most of the time. Then we say that we don't understand "classical" music.

Let us give the children a chance. Start them at it young and you will never be sorry.

More Information About Musical Words

Here are just a few more bits of information about the language of music. I gave you some last month. Here is a little more of the same painless treatment:

Movement: A symphony, sonata or other work of the same general type (see my words on "Symphony" last month) is always divided up into blocks called "movements". Music can always be considered primarily as the orderly movement of tones, and so the word "movement" is very appropriate. There are usually four of these, and their general outlines are always much the same.

First Movement: In this the composer sets forth the main musical themes

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*Evangeline Adams' Fingers
Undergo Character Analysis*

HANDS of an *Astrologer*

By

GRACE STONE HALL

Special analysis for RADIO DIGEST

STARRING three evenings a week in the New York studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Evangeline Adams conveys in her talks much of her individuality.

Charm of her personality is carried over to her Radio audience in a picture televised by the sound of her voice.

Impression is felt of her modesty, her distinction of ancestry, her wealth of knowledge, her clear thinking, her fairness and her firmness.

Were it possible for her great audience to see Miss Adams as she broadcasts it would be noted by her listeners how gracefully she uses her hands. Her decisiveness would also be noted as she adjusts her copy to time, and how definitely her hands quite as much as her voice record a picture of her very self.

Touch of her handclasp is warm, friendly, sure, like the handshake of a great surgeon.

It is comforting, this handclasp of hers, even though she must behead you, astronomically speaking, and show you that one by one your pet deficiencies must go on the block for good of your horoscope.

In shape her hand is square with slight conic trend of outline. This makes it similar to the hand of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink and somewhat similar to that of Jane Addams.

Full padding of tips of Miss Adams' hand, high mounting of the side of her hand, fulness of the saddle of her thumb, combined with fine-grained, pink texture of skin shows that she is by temperament markedly sensitive to vibration, harmony, momentum. Squareness of her hand indicates that this sensitiveness is balanced by systematic exactness, orderliness, and mathematical thoroughness.

"Divine heredity," the something of intuition that cannot be exactly defined

probably wings her finger tips with their idealism while definite forces background her thumb.

It's a very practical thumb, aggressive, square-jawed and of pioneer type jutting out from her hand, firmly socketed and but slightly indented between the joints.

Inspirational qualities of her finger tips with their indulgent tolerance are given balance and dependability by her thumb.

Thumbs of this type command by sheer force of executive ability. What smoothness and other trimmings must follow up on a job they leave to other characteristics of their hands. Her thumb is quite similar to that of Mme. Schumann-Heink. It contrasts with that of the great philanthropist, Jane Addams, in that hers is somewhat less decisive, less straight to the grindstone.

HAD the stars not given Miss Adams precedence as the greatest astrologer of the day with outstanding ability to interpret the humanism of astral forces, she might easily, according to record of her hand, have added stars to her crown in a number of other professions.

Warm fulness of her hand indicates mothering qualities. Home and its ideals will always have the protection of her hands. This combined with thoroughness



Merle Photo

Shape and fulness of her hands are infallible proof of Miss Adams' great capabilities and power as an astrologer.

of the square type of hand, exactitude and scientific turn of mind, might easily have given her prominence as the judge of a court of domestic relations, a research lawyer, builder of a subdivision of carefully planned homes, a congresswoman, or writer on subjects of political science and history.

And as the director of children's institutions she would have combined sentiment and sense in fashion to have added to her crown of success two, or three, or one comet, at least.

"But what about feminine frills and things," asks the feminine chorus of Radio listeners. "Would her hands thrill to possession of a new jewel, and what does the hand of her husband look like?"

Answering these breathless inquiries without even waiting for time signals, it may be said that the rounded molding of Miss Adams' hands tells her admirers that she does love beautiful things and that whenever her staunch upstanding con-

(Continued on page 102)

Abigail
Belinda
in
an
Interview
Discovers
the



By
Anne
B.
Lazar

Simplitude ob *DINAH* an' *DORA*

LAWDY, Lawdy, am yoh still here?" I looked up and there was Abigail Belinda, broom in hand ready to sweep up the place.

"Yes, I'm here and I'm in a dilemma," I sighed.

"Whut yoh mean yoh am in a dilemma dis time ob night?"

"Well you see, it's this way, Abby," I confided, "I have a perfectly good invitation to the opera tonight. But I also have an assignment to see Dinah and Dora and they're on the air tonight—that's my dilemma."

"Yoh doan mean dem Gold Dust Twins—Dinah an' Dora?"

"Yes'm—those are the gals," I murmured.

"Can't Ah do somethin' dat will complicate dat dilemma foh yoh, Missy?" kindly offered Abby.

It was then that the idea occurred to me to let Abigail Belinda, our beaming, genial cleaning woman, go out on my assignment.

So while Marguerite was sailing away on those coloratura notes in the *Jewel Song*, I was wondering how Abigail Belinda was faring with Dinah and Dora.

The next morning Abby rushed into the office quite breathlessly.

"Well, how did the interview turn out?" I asked.

"Ah neber was receptionized wid sech hostility befoh in all mah life. Ah took mahself ober to WOR an' Ah walks right ober to de elevator boy. 'Boy,' sez Ah, 'take me to dem Harlem dames. Ah'se jes' about bustin' wid a glorified puhpose so take me quick.'

"So up Ah goes, an' Ah'se reproduced to Dinah an' Dora. Lawdy. Ah neber

did see sech unperoxide coal blondes as Ah recountenanced—neber—an' so fair complexionated!

"Ah'se Abigail Belinda,' Ah reproduces muhself, 'an' gals, dis am de mos' spasmodic moment in yoh ambuscaded careers. Ah'se gwine make yoh famous,' I sez to 'em, 'so famous dat notoriety an' renunciation will be qualified wid amplitude an' consecration.'"

"M-m, well that's interesting. What then happened?" I asked.

"Well, Ah sets mahself down much to home an' stahts makin' some interlocutory interrogations. But Lawdy dem two gals am de mos' unresumin', disostensibilized damsels whut eber dis universe yet hab perused. Dey wouldn't disenclose nuthin' by no remarks dat would antagonize de feline ob de species. Wid great specularity I was invitationed to see de manager followin' de rehearsal ob de episode which dey wus goin' to broadcast," ran on Abby.

FUST Ah wants to prescribe Dinah an' Dora so dat yoh kin keep dem in yoh mental opticals. Dora am one ob dem slenderized individualities wid a twilight cast ob countenance. Yoh kin look in dem great big eyes decorated wid elongated lashes and see in dem de germinology ob deep signification. She am one ob dem dreamy etherized creeturs—which if it wusn't fer Dinah's reliability, would facilitate wid evaporation. Yoh knows de type—soft but unrepliable."

"Yes, I know the type exactly," I replied, trying to formulate some kind of a picture in my mind that would conform

to this new softness and "unrepliability".

"Now, Dinah," continued Abby, "has got a little moh waistline an' backbone—if yoh knows whut Ah'se referrin' to—both wid actuality an' wid immortality. She am de kin' whut yoh kin lean agin' an' feel dat yoh ain't gwine to fall wid gravitation. She has whut one might entitle de spirituality ob sustensibility, yoh know what Ah mean."

"Yes, it's very clear to me, Abby, clear as crystal," I replied, trying to extricate myself from the bombardment of extravagant verbiage.

"Waal, den dey goes in foh a li'l dialogatude," continued Abby, "an' I wuz jes' roarin', so I busted in at a periodical moment consolidated dem wid hilarity on de harmonious success ob de dramatical act.

"Now Ah knew, Missy, dat you done wanted to be apprehended on de apparel dese two damsels retired in. Dora wore one ob dem stylish gingham dresses, it wuz soht ob a sky blue checker board affectation wid a baby pink thread runnin' shyly through an' embracin' de moh conspicuous blue at intervals. Lawdy, she looked as magnified as a refractory skyscraper. Now on top ob de dress was a green apron—it's wid residual difficulty Ah kin prescribe de shade—de green dey make de window shades from—an' Lawdy dat was some symphonic contrast ob harmony. Now Dinah dressed wid a triviality ob conspicuousness wid nevertheless de exactitude ob de rules manufactured by de fashionalities ob de punctilious."

"I should say you have made some very extraordinary observations, Abby." I interrupted.

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Beauty and the Job

The Handmaid of Success in a Woman's Career Is Attractiveness—and Beauty Treatments Provide Important Steps to Loveliness

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin
Heard on NBC every Tuesday morning

THE other day a girl of about twenty-two came into my office with a letter of recommendation from a friend in Pittsburgh.

"Please help Dorothy to get a position in New York," I read. "She was graduated from college with high honors last June and I am sure that with your help she will have no difficulty in making a place for herself in the business world."

Now, I had always considered this friend of mine rather a pessimist, but after reading her letter, I was thoroughly convinced that she had become one of the world's most outstanding optimists.

Certainly no one but an optimist could think getting a job a simple matter in these days of depression and unemployment, and the fact that anyone would consider Dorothy an outstanding prospect nonplused me.

Our mutual friend had claimed in her letter that this girl was intelligent. But there was nothing intelligent about the way in which she was going after a position. In the first place, she was inappropriately dressed. She wore a raccoon coat over what appeared to be a pretty elaborate dinner dress; her beige gloves were soiled; her heels were badly run over; she needed a manicure; and I was hypnotized by the absolute griminess of her complexion. She told me that she had been looking for a position for three weeks and she seemed honestly surprised that no one yet had attempted to employ her in any way. After three weeks of job hunting, she was a little bit discouraged, but I think I was the more discouraged of the two of us.

However, I was anxious to do what I could for the girl. While she waited, I telephoned to Miss Wilson, a friend of mine who runs an employment agency. I told her that I would like to send this girl over to see her.

"All right," she said, "but for heaven's sake tell her the story of Elizabeth Adams before she comes, will you? It's hard enough these days to place an experienced girl, and if this girl is just out of college, it's going to be harder still to get her any kind of a job. And by the way, I could use you over here. Most of the girls need a beauty expert more than they need

an employment agent. I get positions for them, although, to tell you the truth, I don't know why the people hire them. Some of these girls have been out of jobs so long that they have forgotten all they knew about the importance of appearance. So I'm never very much surprised when they're back in a week or ten days—fired again. You haven't told me what this girl looks like, but before you send her over here, don't forget to tell her about Elizabeth."

Elizabeth's is a success story. Six years ago she came to New York with the remains of a debutante's first season's wardrobe, a degree from Vassar, and nothing else. Her first job paid her twenty dollars a week. She didn't do much in this position and after three months she was discharged. Her employer told her that a more attractive girl was going to take her place. He was very fair with Elizabeth and he explained to her that an attractive appearance had a real business value. He told her that he preferred to hire good looking girls because they made his office look successful. He said he thought Elizabeth would profit by this experience and he advised her, as a business investment, to learn to be as attractive as possible before she even began to look for another position.

Naturally Elizabeth was somewhat crushed. But not for long. I'll never forget the rainy Saturday morning she telephoned me and asked me to have lunch

with her. I met her for lunch and she told me the whole story.

"And he was right," she said, speaking of her ex-employer. "And so this afternoon I want you to help me buy a dress which is appropriate for an office and I want you to tell me everything you can think of that will improve my appearance." I was rather dubious about the dress because knowing Elizabeth's salary, I was sure she could not have saved much toward the type of dress which I thought she should have. I was right on this, too. Her capital consisted of six dollars—five dollars for

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An attractive appearance is a great asset in a responsible position.

Ida Bailey Allen
Tells about the

Romance of

*The Modern Ice Cube is the Offspring of
Sixteenth Century Cooling Methods—
Spring Houses and "Buckets in a Well"*

THE other day I wandered into the headquarters of the National Radio Home-Makers Club to learn the news on modern home keeping. I found the entire staff grouped around a new piece of equipment in the Kitchen Laboratory. Their eager curiosity puzzled me and I edged myself up to a point of vantage. There before us stood a gigantic ice cube—no, really a new electric refrigerator. But it looked as frosty as Jack himself, and as efficient.

I looked that new refrigerator over, inside and out, and I became fascinated with this latest development in food refrigeration. But the more I thought about it, the more curious I became about the beginnings of food preservation. I went to the public library and succeeded in unearthing one interesting fact—I'm sure you know the story from your early history books. It is this: in the fifteenth century meat was commonly preserved by spicing it. As these spices were procurable only from India, Columbus set out to discover new and shorter water routes to that country. The result of that voyage led to the discovery of America, and incidentally to the real preservation of food, for the most modern methods are American inventions.

But that bit of a story did not satisfy me. "Surely," I thought, "someone can trace the development of refrigeration more thoroughly." And I went back to see Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, president of the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

SHE had all the facts at her fingertips. I shall give you her story, verbatim: "We seem to accept as a matter of course the fact that refrigeration has been in common use for centuries. But in reality it has not. Man has learned by a very slow process of development to use cold in preserving food. Nero, one of the early Roman Emperors, ordered his slaves to bring snow from the mountains for this purpose. To keep it, they packed the snow into deep trenches lined with straw and sod for insulation—a principle adopted later in making the first refrigerator.

"The use of snow for refrigeration, popular so many centuries before, came into use once again in France in the 16th century, when the far-

sighted physicians of that day realized that food on the verge of spoilage, was a menace to health.

"The scientists told their French compatriots to keep their foods as cold as possible, but the government taxed ice so heavily they were forced to discontinue this custom.

"The high cost of ice—fancy thinking of the high cost of anything in the 16th century—set scientists to looking around for a substitute.

"But the only suggestion they could give was to place the containers of food in vessels of water to which salt petre had been added and so to lower the temperature. If this was impractical they suggested lowering the food in buckets from the well or placing it in a spring house.

"All this while, the scientists had no inkling of the real reason why food should be kept cold, they merely knew that when food was spoiled or spoiling, people who ate it were made sick.

"Later in the same century however, a Dutch janitor made a magnifying lens, and announced to the horror of his friends, that when he looked through it he could see thousands of tiny things crawling over everything. People thought he was crazy; they thought he possessed some evil power that produced those so-called animals.

"But this discovery was responsible for the science of bacteriology, and the knowledge that cold was essential to keep food in a health-promoting state.

"The first record that we have of the delivery of ice to an American home, was in 1802—here in New York City. Before long the manufacture of ice-boxes became an important industry, and for years city homes were visited each morning in warm weather by ice men—dragging in ice cut during the cold weather from neighboring lakes and streams and preserved in sawdust-filled icehouses. But physicians found that this ice made people ill, for epidemics of typhoid and other troubles were traced to the sources from which the ice was obtained.

"To keep food cold was not enough; the source of cold must be pure—so discovered Pasteur, the French chemist, who found that microbes were responsible for

Recipes for Frozen Dishes

CHOCOLATE NUT FLUFF

1 tablespoon gelatin	½ cup chopped nuts
¾ cup cold water	3 eggs
¼ cup boiling water	½ cup powdered sugar
2 squares melted chocolate	½ teaspoon salt
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for five minutes; pour over the boiling water; and stir until dissolved. Add the melted chocolate, salt, sugar, and vanilla; and fold in the nuts and the eggs, beaten separately. Transfer to a mould rinsed with cold water; and chill in an electric refrigerator until firm. Unmould; and serve with whipped cream.

FILLED SNOWBALL CAKES

12 cup cakes	½ teaspoon lemon juice
½ cup heavy cream	½ teaspoon gelatin
½ cup applesauce or	2 teaspoons cold water
raspberry jam	Speed boiled icing
	Colored sugar crystals

Remove the tops from the cup cakes; and scoop out the centers. Soften the gelatin in the cold water; melt over steam; and add to the applesauce or jam and lemon juice. Fold in the cream, whipped stiff; and fill the cup cakes. Replace the tops of the cakes; cover with speed boiled icing; and sprinkle with colored sugar crystals. Chill before serving.

FROZEN TOMATO SALAD

1 quart can tomatoes	Few grains paprika
1 sliced onion	1 tablespoon vinegar
1 small bay-leaf	1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons salt	1½ teaspoons gelatin
½ teaspoon celery seed	2 tablespoons salad oil
2 cloves	

Combine the tomatoes and the seasonings; and simmer until the liquid is reduced to three cups. Strain; and add the oil and gelatin which has been softened in cold water for five minutes. Cool; transfer to a freezing tray of an electrical refrigerator; and freeze to a mush. Mould with a large spoon or ice cream scoop; and place in nests of lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise and cress.

SAVORY CRABMEAT MOULD

1 tablespoon gelatin	½ cup chopped cucumber
¾ cup cold water	2 tablespoons minced
¼ cup mayonnaise	stuffed olives
1 cup flaked crabmeat	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup minced celery	½ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons minced parsley	1 tablespoon lemon juice
	Few grains cayenne

Soften the gelatin in the cold water; melt over steam; and add to the mayonnaise. Combine with the remaining ingredients; and transfer to a ring mould rinsed with cold water. Place in an electrical refrigerator until firm. Unmould; and fill the center with lettuce hearts and sprigs of water-cress. Garnish with cut lemon dusted with paprika.

Refrigeration

In an Interview with
Catherine Adams

the spoilage of food and also for disease. And microbes he discovered lurked in ice gathered from lakes and streams.

"At this point another scientist, Michael Faraday, rose to help investigate the cause of ill health, and to him we owe the principle of refrigeration as it is used today—that of condensing gas to a liquid on the application of pressure and changing the liquid rapidly back to the gaseous state while it absorbs heat during the process—so producing a temperature low enough to form ice.

"At once this principle was applied to machines for making artificial ice. Then these machines were used to create a low temperature for cold storage plants, so foods could be kept over long periods of time. Finally, certain manufacturers put their heads together and said, 'There is no reason why ice should not be manufactured in each home instead of at one central location.' And so individual home refrigeration was launched.

"The modern home-maker realizes that to keep her family healthy, she must give them only food that is pure and wholesome. How to keep the food in this condition is her big problem; but it can be solved very easily with a

modern electric refrigerator to help her.

"The woman who purchases need no longer feel she cannot afford it, for she can buy an electric refrigerator now that meets all her needs and some of them are very moderately priced. One beautiful new design of gleaming porcelain looks like a large white music cabinet. It has hinges and fittings of chromium plate.

"THE door opens into the interior which is equipped with commodious shelves and sufficient trays to freeze eighty-four ice cubes at a time—plenty for the guests at even a large party. The cold control device, with which this new model is equipped, enables the housewife to regulate the temperatures to suit her needs. She is thus assured that foods kept in the refrigerator will always be fresh and sweet, ready to use. By a swift turn of this control she may increase the cold and in an hour's time make any of the delicious cold-cooked foods, recipes for which are given in this article.

"By owning an electric refrigerator the busy housewife can save herself much time and considerable money if she plans

her meals a little in advance, and purchases at one time enough food to last for two or three days. Quantity buying is always cheaper and eliminates the necessity of going to market every day. Large quantities of fruit can be kept on the floor of the refrigerator where the temperature is just right. Milk, butter and meats, because they need to be kept very cold, may be stored on the top shelf, nearer the icing unit.

"In the household model of this refrigerator, there is space for bottles twelve inches high, and a second space on the bottom for holding five bottles, eleven inches high.

"Electrical refrigerators are offering a whole new vista of possibilities for making unusual and delicious cold-cooked foods.

"... What do I mean by cooking with cold? Just this: cooking is the changing of foods, physically and chemically, by the application of some external agent.

"Therefore freezing, or congealing with cold is cooking, just as boiling or congealing with heat is cooking. And since home-made frozen foods are new, they are also smart. Serving ices, ice creams, mousses, frozen salads, soups, fruit cups, hors d'œuvres, and ice-box cakes at your parties or dinners will at once lift them above the average. But best of all, the preparation of such foods is actually simpler than cooking them with heat.

"COME on back to the Kitchen Laboratory with me. I want to show you some of the results of our experiments with our new refrigerator.

"Making frozen party salads, desserts, sandwiches and other fancy foods is a simple matter when there is an electric refrigerator in the home. These foods can be prepared in advance and placed in the refrigerator, with the cold control properly set, until they are ready to use. Even sandwiches may be made up in advance and kept fresh for hours."

It is impossible for me to describe to you how those cold cooked food-tasted. So that you, too, may enjoy these tempting dishes, I am giving some of the recipes which Mrs. Allen has prepared for me, and they all can be frozen in one hour or even less than that. So why not surprise the family with some of these corking cold cooked dishes?



Many of the new porcelain electric refrigerators have the shapeliness of music cabinets.

Recipes via Radio

*Batters, Puddin's an' Stuffin's in Great
Stir as Betty Crocker Broadcasts
Cooking Lessons*

By

Pauline Chesnut

"I LL NEVER do this again!" exclaimed Betty Crocker as she turned away from the microphone in a middle western Radio station six years ago.

In speaking of this first broadcasting experience, Betty Crocker said, "It's hard to realize that only six short years ago I could have been so panic stricken and so sure I had been talking to empty air—that no one had listened to me or would listen!

"I was used to teaching cooking school pupils in a classroom and to standing on a stage platform with hundreds of women watching me as I mixed an angel food cake and explained the why and wherefores of every move I made. Those girls' and women's faces were stimulating. I could tell what they liked best and what they needed. But to sit alone in that silent, empty room talking to an expressionless owl-faced little instrument called a microphone! No, I couldn't go through that again."

"BUT you did broadcast again, and you've been broadcasting ever since," Betty Crocker was reminded. "What made you change your mind?"

She laughed, "Changing one's mind is a feminine prerogative, I suppose. But I'll tell you what sent me back to the microphone—and with enthusiasm and an assurance that I was doing something really worthwhile. It was the huge pile of letters from women who actually had listened to me!"

It must be remembered that those were the days when the Radio was very new and still regarded as a man's plaything. Most of the programs then were in the evening and on Sundays when the men were home to enjoy them.

The idea of putting on a morning program just for women seemed so absurd that those who heard of Betty Crocker's new venture shook their heads and declared it wouldn't, it couldn't succeed—that Betty Crocker had better stick to her classroom and community cooking schools.

In the first place, they said, women were too busy mornings to sit down and

listen to the Radio, and even if a few did listen—how could you teach them cooking when they couldn't see you stirring your cake batter or mixing your bread dough?

It is little wonder after all this that Betty Crocker considers the reading of that first pile of Radio letters as the most thrilling experience of her life. What a panorama they unrolled before her of the lives of her listeners! Letters from lonely

What's Your Problem?

HAVE you a little problem in your home? If you have, consult the Woman's Page Editor, who will be pleased to give her expert advice in an endeavor to solve it for you. This Department also invites its readers to send in their suggestions for subjects which they would like to have discussed in these pages.

women living on farms miles away from their nearest neighbors wrote that they regarded her as a friendly neighbor dropping in of a morning to discuss recipes. Discouraged women in towns and cities hailed her as the friend they had secretly longed to know whom they could turn to for advice and encouragement.

One letter in particular stood out from all the others in that first Radio mail, and impressed on Betty Crocker the marvelous opportunities that the Radio offered her of being truly a friend in need to women whom she never could have reached in years of teaching cooking in a classroom and from the stage platform.

The letter was from a nineteen-year-old bride who said that she and her twenty-year-old husband had been married just a few months. She wrote to Betty Crocker:

"You probably will be surprised to know that your talk yesterday and the recipes you gave for a delicious one-dish meal have saved me from a divorce. When we got married, we both thought I'd just naturally know how to cook nice meals for him. But, oh, Miss Crocker! Everything went wrong when I tried to cook. Something in the oven would burn while I was watching something on top of the stove, and I really didn't know how to do a thing right. He'd come home and just look at what I'd fixed on the table or maybe he would take one taste. Then he'd say, 'I can't eat that stuff'—and slam out of the house and go downtown to a restaurant to eat, while I'd just sit at home and cry over my terrible failures.

"The Radio happened to be going yesterday and I heard you telling about that one-dish meal. You made it sound so good and so easy to make that I thought maybe I could do it. I wrote down every bit of it and fixed it up just as you said—and then I made the salad you told about to go with it. When he saw those things on the table, I wish you could have seen his face, and then heard him when he tasted them. He just couldn't believe I'd fixed them up all myself. After supper he dried the dishes for me, and we went to a movie. Oh, Miss Crocker! I can't thank you enough, and I can hardly wait to hear you again."

AS THE days went on, Betty Crocker returned regularly to the studio to broadcast. She was no longer conscious of the silent, empty room, and the owl-faced microphone. She was visiting with her new friends.

"You see," she explained, "I have been anticipating television in a reverse sort of fashion—for instead of my listeners seeing me, I always see them and feel that I am right there in their homes whether they are isolated farms, kitchen-

(Continued on page 108)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

ARIEL, 1930

A tricky sprite was Ariel
When Shakespeare was a bard.
He hovered in the air, unseen,
Or darted heavenward.

In sweet invisibility
He sang or whispered soft:
He brought with swift agility
Mirth, music, from aloft.

Today so does my aerial
Catch music from the air;
Its varied voice ethereal
Floats in from everywhere.

The voice of Vallee crooning,
The caws of two black crows;
Quaint dissonance of tuning:
"Moonlight and the Rose."

Kings in early morning,
(Words across the sea);
Recipes for corning
Beef or brewing tea.

Statesmen's oratory,
Topics of the day;
Baby's bedtime story,
Weekly Bible play.

Always smoke a Plucky,
How's your motor oil?
Gee, but I feel lucky—
She's my two-time goil.

Toothpaste full of tonic,
Try our gooey soap—
Orchestras symphonic,
Latest market dope.

Half an hour of old songs,
Schubert's serenade,
Cuties singing bold songs,
(Wonder what they're paid?)

Albert on the fiddle,
Bringing heaven near;
Horoscope and riddle—
Say you love me, dear.

Ariel was a tricky sprite,
There is no dispute.
But aerial serves me day and night
And when I'm tired, he is mute.
—Helen Mary Hayes, Lincoln, Neb.

SUPPOSE IT SAID "FORDOGS"?

Heard on the air:—
Mrs.—"Sandy, don't you see that
you're washing your hands with my
sixty cent tooth paste?"

Mr.—"Yeah, I know, but it says
here, "Forhans".

—Valentine Sadowski, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is a cold and cheerless and humorless winter day, with the wind whoo-ing and rattling the window-panes. But in the inner sanctum of Indi-Gest's retreat it is warm and cheery. Slit goes the letter opener and out pops a joke that's so funny it would warm the icicles off the very tip of the North Pole itself. And then another and another, and the stack of hits and slips grows higher and higher.

Suddenly the laugh thermometer drops a dozen degrees. "It's another one," groans Indi-Gest, and the Office Nurse rushes in with a pepper shaker. (aromatic spirits of ammonia never seemed to bring Indi out of a faint) and recives the stricken sense of humor with a sneeze.

"That's the ninetyfour billion six hundred forty nine thousand three hundred-twenty-ninth one since I last oiled my funnybone," gasps the poor joke editor. Little White Lies . . . if Toscanini himself conducted and Werrenrath sang it I would stop my ears with cotton and rubber. This morning it was a politician who was making a campaign speech full of promises, which was followed by the orchestra playing, Little White Lies. At 11.00 A.M. a real estate agent describing his new subdivision was preceded by a tenor rendering Little White Lies. Just before lunch a Grampus, Kanstucky correspondent had to let me know about a big bargain sale announcement which came hot on the heels of two xylophonists, a jews

Cash for Humor!

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

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

harp, a piccolo and a clavichord in the throes of a stirring rendition of *Little White Lies*.

So the Office Nurse offers a word of advice to aspiring Indi-Gest contributors. Don't mention lies, prevarications or falsehoods in your Indi-Gest contributions . . . don't tell what happened before, during or after Little White Lies.

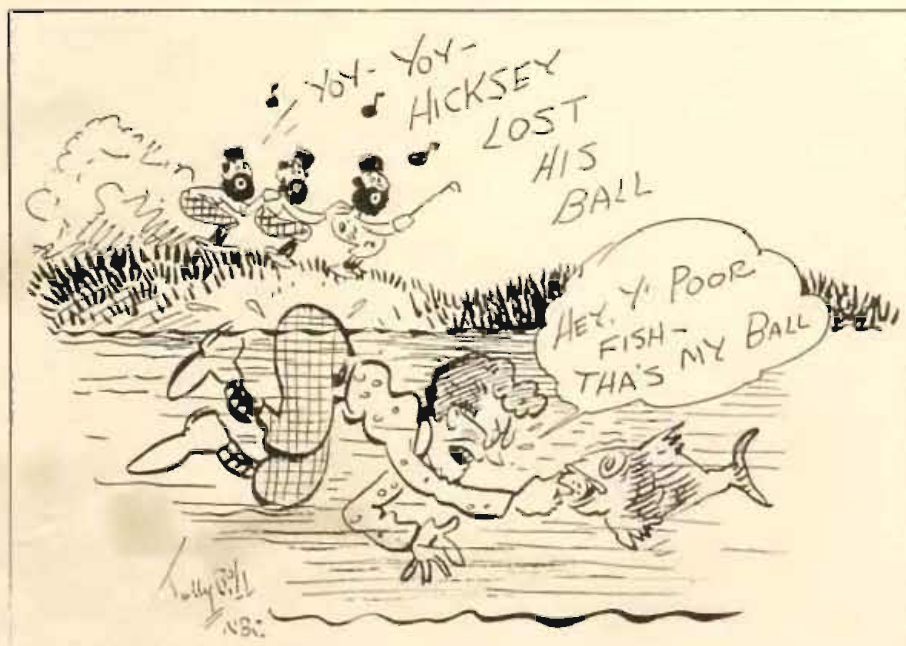
IT MUST BE SATAN

Announcer over National Broadcasting Chain, announcing song just played, "I Want to be Bad with special permission of the Copyright Owners." Who owns the copyright on being bad?—Ray Martin, Grandview, Mo.

GOLF ADVENTURES OF AN ANNOUNCER

One day George Hicks, NBC Announcer, was slicing and topping the little ball worse than usual. He lost every ball but one. Then that landed in a pond.

"I've lost enough balls for one day and I'm going to get this one", he declared. Taking off his shoes and socks, Hicks rolled up his trousers and waded into the pond. The mud was deep, and as Hicks sank up to his waist while fishing for the ball with a pole the other three members of the foursome sat on the bank and sang the Song of the Volga Boatmen with wisecrack interludes. Hicks got the ball.





Radio calisthenics—starting the "daze" work.

They say it takes a joke sixteen years to go around the world. But here's an old family friend which in Indi-Gest's early days was told about two ladies in the theatre. Now it's graduated to Radio.

Several ladies were sitting around the parlor of a hotel listening to a radio program. The music had started soft and low, changed suddenly to a loud prestissimo until with one large sweep the band gathered momentum, then suddenly stopped. The ensuing silence could almost be heard—it was so still. And in that hush, one of the talkative ladies shrieked out loudly, "Why, we fry ours in butter."—*Mollie Zacharias, 3106 Park Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.*

JUST IN CASE

Heard on "Something for Everyone" (C B S)—

A woman was buying material with which to make her young son a pair of trousers.

"My!" my'd a friend. "Do you need all that material for one pair of trousers?"

"No," was the reply, "some is for the reserved seats."—*Miss Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.*

A STRANGE QUIRK OF FATE

It's been a tough life for Walter Soderling, the veteran character actor who plays in *Harbor Lights*, NBC's sea-going serial. Once he thought it would be smooth sailing. In 1915 he was cast in a small part in one of Charles Frohman's plays.

When the first night performance was over, Frohman, as was his custom, called the cast on the stage and censured or praised each one. "Where's the old man?" he asked. The "old man" in the play happened to be Soderling, who stepped forward, ready to be called down.

"My friend," said Frohman, "you did a splendid piece of work, and I'm going to take care of you from now on. You have nothing to worry about. Cast dismissed!"

Soderling nearly jumped sky-high for joy. But not long thereafter Charles Frohman, the man who had assured his future, lost his life in the torpedoed *Lusitania*!

Checks of \$1.00 each are awaiting the following Indi-Gest contributors upon proper identification and receipt of address: A. M. Davis, Florence May and M. Dowd.

*At first it worked . . .
I liked it so
I thought of it
As Radi-oh!
But now it feeds
A chronic grouch . . .
I call the thing
My radi-O U C H!*

Elias Lieberman

RADIO BUSINESS

Crawford—I understand there's been no slump as far as the Radio is concerned.

Crabshaw—Of course not. That business is picking up all the time.—*J. J. O'Connell, New York.*

SLIPS THAT PASSED IN THE MIKE

Over Radio Station WENR, Everett Mitchell announced, "Now Little Joe Warner *Singing in The Bath-tub* with Sally Menthes." (Sally is the accompanist at WENR.)—*Joey Foley, 810 Bradley, Peoria, Ill.*

At KGHL, Billings, Montana, the announcer said, "The next record we present as Paul Whiteman plays it *Sitting on a Rainbow*." I am afraid it would take a rather large rainbow.—*Alice Leslie, Oregon Basin, Wyo.*

Phil Cook had completed his morning program and CKGW's announcer began extolling the virtues of Quaker products. "Don't delay a moment," he said. "Buy a package of *Craker Quackles* from your grocer."—*Harry S. Hawkins, Muskoka Hospital, Grovehurst, Ont., Canada.*

George Sutherland jumped sky-high . . . alas, all too soon.



PAGE THE CENSOR

I heard the cutest thing over the RKO Theatre of the air. Here it is:—
Jimmy—How many pages are there in a bedroom farce?

Johnny—I thought it was unlimited. How many are there?

Jimmy—Two sheets.—*Roberto E. Rodman, 220 E. Central, Fairview, Okla.*

A BED TIME STORY

Heard over WOWO:

Mr. Brown—Did you ever hear the story of the man who drowned in bed?

Mr. Truck—No; how did that happen?

Mr. Brown—The bed spread, the pillow slipped and he fell in the spring.—*Mrs. R. E. Ulshofer, 666 Warren Ave., Wabash, Ind.*

The next one hit the bull's eye on that shooting-for-laughs-gallery of Phil Cook. "Do you get it, Phil?" pipes Crackles)—

English tourists in a New York station asked:

"Where does that train go?"

"Buffalo in 10 minutes."

"It's sure going some."—*Frances E. Cherry, Wayne, Neb.*

GOSSIP SHOP

Add to list of outlandish pets: Guppies (or goupies or gyuppies) . . . a bowlful possessed by Annette Hanshaw of CBS, sent her by a Florida fan. They're the queerest fish in the world . . . about as long as your finger nail, but related to the whale because they're one of the few fish that bring forth full-fledged children instead of laying eggs. They're cannibals too.

Tuneful Topics *By* Rudy Vallee

(Continued from page 35)

in another place I thought that the part "Then I'll be lost alone" was rather far-fetched, and I changed it to "I'll be left alone." I even had the audacity to make a change in the melody, a change of one note, which seemed to me more logical than the way Johnny Green originally conceived it.

I played the number the way I saw fit to change it one night for Mr. Green when he was a guest at my club. As we were old friends I asked if he minded the change, to which he replied that he did not, inasmuch as he thought I should play it the way I "felt it," which, after all, is the sensible way for the writer of a song to feel when the artist, unless he is a rank amateur, seems to feel it necessary to make a few changes.

We play it at twenty-eight measures per minute, and although it is written in E flat, I find that I can sing it more comfortably in the key of D.

Go Home and Tell Your Mother

HERE is a song published by the same firm that at one time boasted of the famous *Pagan Love Song*. In fact, this song, too, is in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, and although it is by two great writers, as was the *Pagan Love Song*, it will never see the popularity that the former song did. Jimmie McHugh and Dorothy Fields, writers of *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*, wrote this, one of the last songs that they wrote while still on the Coast.

Their original lyric is sung in the picture, *Love in the Rough*; it was deemed quite suggestive by the officials of the National Broadcasting Company and the song may be sung on the air only with revised lyrics. The original lyrics were not really suggestive, but were possibly just a bit too human. For instance, the line, "For she certainly did a wonderful job on you" and "That we're marryin' like respectable people do."

Not knowing that the lyrics had been censored by the National Broadcasting Company, on one of the Fleischmann programs I innocently sang the original—to the consternation of the censors of the National Broadcasting Company—but it was their own fault for not notifying me that only revised lyrics could be used.

We play it snappily, or about fifty measures a minute. It is a difficult number to sing when the throat is not open, due to the fact that it hits the high notes and stays there. We have had to transpose it to various keys from time to time depending on the condition of my throat when I have tried to sing it. It was very well received the first time I did it at the Brooklyn Paramount, which is one of the indications of how the public likes a song.

To the Legion

HERE is a song with a very unusual history. Every day I receive manuscripts from outside organizations, and one day this manuscript came to me from the Commander of Post No. 1 of the American Legion in Memphis, Tenn. The song in its unfinished state was called *For the Legion*. It was originally intended to be sung by this particular post as its own marching song, stating that they were the marching legionnaires from the banks of the Mississippi, or Tennessee.

In the piano arrangement sent me, the authors had either innocently or deliberately taken a few measures of Victor Herbert's *Babes In Toyland*. On hearing the opening few measures played on the piano, it struck me that these composers were better than amateurs, and then the origin of the introduction came to me. The verse and chorus, while rough in spots, showed me that there were the possibilities of a real song there. I realized, however, that it must not be sectional or provincial, but should apply to the legionnaires of the entire United States, or the world, for that matter.

Being a member of the American Legion, Post No. 62, Westbrook, Maine, I recalled that the American Legion had no song of its own, and felt that such a song might be welcome, so I hastily reconstructed the lyrics and melody in an effort to make a song that the legionnaires of every state in the union might be able to sing as they marched along, or wherever they might gather. I obtained permission from the Post No. 1 Commander and the composers to reconstruct the song as I thought fit. Although I finished the song before the big Legion Convention in Boston, it was not in the hands of the publishers until several weeks later. Contracts were issued for the three members of Post No. 1, and one for myself as the fourth composer.

I think our Victor record of it is one of the finest things we have ever made, and at times our Connecticut Yankees sound like Sousa and his orchestra. During Armistice Week I did it at the Brooklyn Paramount, where it received a tremendous reception. It is a song that grows on you, one that I hope will eventually become the favorite song of every legionnaire throughout the country.

Being in 6/8 time it is played in a snappy, march tempo.

Blame It on the Moonlight

HERE is a simple yet effective song, dealing with the moonlight as the cause of one's falling in love. Published by a small but very energetic firm, it is already becoming very popular. It was written entirely by Milton Ager, who, with Jack Yellen, during the past ten or

fifteen years, has written a series of hits as long as your arm.

The number is well-constructed and of a sweet, lilting nature. Ager is one of the few men who write songs and play the piano excellently; he is a very cultured, scientific man on many matters other than music. It was a pleasure listening to this song before it was published, when Ager insisted that I hear it. I found its composer, who had just returned from the Coast, and whom I met for the first time, to be a quiet, refined and extremely intelligent individual.

We do it quite slowly at about thirty measures per minute.

We're Friends Again

HERE is another odd thought, written by the two boys who gave us that very unusual hit, *I'll Get By*, and who followed it with *Mean to Me; To Be In Love Especially With You*, and who have been out on the Coast writing for pictures for the past year and a half, since the advent of sound pictures. They have returned to New York and perhaps the first song which has told Tin Pan Alley that they are back officially, is this song, *We're Friends Again*.

They played it for me while it was still in embryo, and struck by the odd thought and beauty of melody and harmony, I suggested that it be published. Roy Turk, who is the lyric writer of the pair, inclines toward slang lyrics; in fact, in all his songs there is a tendency to use American slang, and in this case he dwells on such phrases as "my honey," "I spoke out of turn," and "why bring that up now?" yet the song is typical of the daily conversation of hundreds of young clerks and young business men who might tell this story of how they quarrelled with their sweetheart, but made up again the morning after the quarrel.

Fred Ahlert, who writes the melody and plays piano, is a student of melody and knows what he is about when he sits down to write. The song begins with a dropping glissando; that is, the voice drops from the high note to the low note in a sort of water-fall, with the end of the melody of the high note brought down to the low note, with hardly a break between them, almost chromatically. This type of dropping glissando must be heard to be understood. It is the use of it both in upward and downward glissandos that has led to the use of the word "crooner", a crooner being merely an individual who employs a great deal of glissando.

Glissando makes a song very appealing and tender, as it takes the harsh intervals out of the composition. This number should do quite well with the song-loving public. We do it quite slowly, at thirty measures or possibly thirty-five per minute. Although it will probably be published in the key of E flat, I find that the key of D makes it more easy to render in my particular case.

Read Rudy Vallee's Special Article, *Night Clubs of New York in February* RAY'S DIGEST—EDITOR

FIRST TRY—AND HE MAKES V. O. L.!

THIS is my first letter to your splendid magazine, although I have read almost every issue of it since I got my first Radio in March, 1926.

Just as Radio is said to be essential in a home as a necessity, so is RADIO DIGEST if the listener, wants to know what is going on in Radioland. He cannot learn all that is in RADIO DIGEST even if he listens twenty-four hours a day to his Radio. RADIO DIGEST gives you, as it were, the inside dope of all in Radioland. As a constant reader of RADIO DIGEST for four years I like it better all the time because of the great improvement. You have a great magazine!

I was very glad when you published the Official Log because it comes in handy when DX'ing. When I had my first Radio four years ago it was a two-tuber and I logged 241 stations in two months. Now I have a nine tuber.

—George A. Phillips, Jr., Smith Falls, Ont.

REQUEST FOR BACK NUMBERS

WITH reference to copies which you can not supply, we are venturing to make a suggestion. It is that a notice be placed in a forthcoming issue of RADIO DIGEST that the numbers mentioned are needed in the Library's file and that the courtesy will be appreciated if readers, who no longer need their copies will present them to us. Publishers frequently do this for us and almost invariably with successful results. We shall be grateful for any assistance you may render us in this connection.

Copies wanted:—1928—June, September, 1929—January, February, April, August, September, October.—E. H. Anderson, Director, New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

We will appreciate any cooperation you can give the New York Public Library. Send requested issues to the address given.—EDITOR.

YOU'LL FIND WTMJ WELL REPRESENTED IN THIS ISSUE

JUST got the November issue of the RADIO DIGEST, your splendid book. It's a book that's interesting to everyone with stories, household hints, and other short articles good to read as well as the wonderful Radio articles, but there is one thing I'd like to write about.

One reads so much about Chicago Stations, WENR, WMAQ, and very distant stations in great number. But, why not more of WTMJ, Milwaukee Journal Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin—the best station in Wisconsin. One artist, particularly, I want to mention is their staff soprano, Myrtle Spangenberg. Hearing this soprano I'll say she possesses a very sweet and pleasing soprano voice, and her very wide selections of numbers—both popular tunes of to-day and classical numbers—is fine.

Their organist, Terese Meyers, is also very fine, with her melodies, and WTMJ announcers are pleasing to hear too.

Will look forward to reading more of WTMJ—A RADIO DIGEST and Radio Fan, Margaret R., Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

APPRECIATION OF "JERRY BUCKLEY" ARTICLE

I WANT to voice my appreciation to the RADIO DIGEST and Mr. Robert L. Kent for devoting your magazine column in behalf of our dear friend "Jerry" Buckley who was so cruelly assassinated for fighting so bravely for the "common herd," which he so loved. The "common herd" of Detroit miss his voice each night. Such "friends of the poor" are few.—August Keranen, Detroit, Mich.

WESTERN STATIONS, MEND YOUR WAYS!

AFTER reading my first copy of RADIO DIGEST—the best on the market—I decided immediately to become a constant

Voice of the

reader. I would like very much to become a member of the V. O. L. Club.

I am an ardent Radio fan, but there is one thing I would like to know. Why do stations out here cut in on chain programs to advertise a special make of washing machine or candy or give the football scores? We do like the Eastern programs but don't like to have someone chop the beginning or end off them to give us the news items or the market reports. One San Francisco station in particular has this habit.

—Dorothy Graham, Morgan Hill, Cal.

WHAT DO OTHER READERS THINK OF THE RADIO LOG?

I HAVE just received the November copy of the RADIO DIGEST and after looking it over have decided to write you one more letter suggesting that in all issues you make your official list of wave lengths more complete. As I have written you previously, I have taken your magazine ever since the very first issue, when it was a weekly, and during all of these years I have taken it for one purpose only, and that is to get a complete and up-to-date Radio log.

The thing that I miss most from your November issue is the list of stations arranged by states, which I have found by experience to be almost as useful as the list arranged by wave lengths. I think a list of Canadian, Cuban and Mexican stations arranged by wave lengths would be a very valuable addition to your magazine.

I am sure that the "fan" matter contained in your magazine is very interesting to most of your subscribers and am finding no fault with it although it does not interest me.—C. L. Farnsworth, Omaha, Nebraska.

RADIO DIGEST is interested in readers' opinions on this subject. Please write us.—EDITOR.

FROM A GRANDMOTHER—74 YEARS YOUNG!

I BOUGHT my first copy of RADIO DIGEST to get Harlow Wilcox's (WGES) picture. You say, "he has made good"—I'll say he has—and How! He has the best voice and is the most natural reader we hear. We are worried all the time, fearing he may quit for some cause. He is too good to be true!—A Sincere and devoted fan.—(Mrs.) G. A. Lijeau, Oak Park, Ill.

A LITTLE ANTIDOTE FOR "THE HAMMER WIELDERS"

WHAT does it matter if we aren't "crazy about" Amos and Andy or that we can't "rave" over Rudy Vallée any more? Did you ever stop to think that if we heard our best friend, or even one of our beloved parents, sing or speak along the same lines every day, perhaps two or three times a day at the same hour, we would perhaps grow a trifle bored.

And how trying the daily grind must be to the entertainers themselves! If we are a little weary, turn them off for a while, but don't "knock" them. They are untiring in their efforts to please and I, for one, consider myself fortunate to be able to hear this super-talent free of charge.

I have Radio-ed for at least ten years. My first lasting Radio thrill was when I heard John Drew give a sketch of "The Taming of the Shrew." And the singing of John McCormack on one New Year's night. Living in a small

town then, I knew I was tasting something real and hearing famous artists whom I knew I would probably never see.

May I say a word for the endless "prep" and enthusiasm of Phil Cook? I hear him twice a day and never seem to tire of him. And those two lovable characters, Abe and David. Don't they take you back to the days our parents used to tell of—husking bees and spelling matches—and can't you just smell gingerbread and wood fires and hickory smoked meat? And how I enjoy Mike and "Hoiman," and that adorable couple Cecil and Sally, whom I hear from my home station WMBD.

I bought my first copy of RADIO DIGEST and was shocked to read the knocks in V. O. L. In this old world of hard knocks why pass them on? A word of praise does so much more good.

—Mrs. E. R. Harris, Peoria, Ill.

PAGING OTTO HOEG, RADIO ARTIST

CAN any one give me some information as to the whereabouts of Otto Hoeg—former program director, announcer, pianist and composer of KGB, San Diego, California.

I always enjoyed his playing and would like to know if he is still broadcasting.—Clara Bailey, 1616 Bancroft St., San Diego, Calif.

SOME DX RECORD!

WITH my set, on October 13th, 1930, from 6:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. I "tuned-in" 64 stations, 55 of which were DX, reaching from coast to coast and from WPG of Atlantic City, N. J. to KFI, Los Angeles, California.

I believe that this will amount to a possible record of stations received for this time of year, if not, for all time.—H. Meta Tafel, 509 So. 45th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

STATION POPULARITY CONTEST WINS FAVOR

HURRAH! This is the contest for which I have waited. May I nominate my favorite station, WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y., for first place. I could enumerate many reasons for my choice but it would take too long. However, I am sure there are many in Central New York, besides myself, who consider that "The Voice of Central New York," although just a baby in size, has the best programs, for a small 250 watt station, that can be heard anywhere.—(Mrs.) R. E. Lauber, Fulton, N. Y.

PICTURE OF BILL DALY COMING SOON

THIS is my first letter to the Voice of the Listener, though I am a regular reader of your pages.

I always read your magazine from cover to cover, and then wait eagerly for the next issue.

Why don't you tell us something about Bill Daly and his orchestra? I have heard him on the "Revelers" programs and think he deserves some mention in your pages.—Louise Stockton, Cambridge, Md.

YOU'RE FUNNY—THANKS FOR MONEY

ENCLOSED you will find check to cover a year's subscription to your magazine. Until I received your letter I didn't know that my subscription had run out. But anyway—here's your dough for another year—so let's go—send along the old reliable Radio magazine

Listener

which I have been receiving for the past six years.—Ray Van Sledgright, Grand Rapids, Mich.

* * *

WE AIM TO PLEASE—BRINKLEY'S PICTURE IN THIS ISSUE

I KNOW that you are used to receiving many letters from fluttering youngsters, who rave on about their favorite Radio star without giving any reason for their criticism other than, "He is simply marvelous".

The writer of this letter is not in the above mentioned category. To begin with, I am a man. That alone should put me out of the regular herd. Secondly, I do not like to see my name in print. Thirdly, I am a college graduate and have served as dramatic critic and reporter for several of the country's leading newspapers.

Now, to get into the real purpose of this letter: About a year ago Hartford's radio station, WTIC, "blossomed out" in a number of ways, the least of which was not the employment of a southern announcer named Jack E. Brinkley. Many of us in Hartford had looked with favor upon the work which Mr. Brinkley had been doing in New York City before he came to our town. And now—well, that is the real story.

Almost all of my friends and acquaintances, with whom I had discussed the matter, admit a decided preference for Jack's work on the air, both in announcing and acting. Thereby, you would greatly please many listeners, if you would give us a story and a really sizeable photograph of this man.—G. S. W., Hartford, Conn.

* * *

ODE TO JOHN L. FOGARTY

As the setting sun fades
In her bed of old gold,
So does McCormack, who's
fast growing old.
In his place comes another,
Still more famous to be;
Sure, a son of Old Erin—
And his name's Fogarty.

—Adele McCullough, Easton, Pa.

* * *

RUDY FANS ARE RALLYING ROUND

TONIGHT I bought my first copy of *RADIO DIGEST* and I know right now, it will certainly not be my last.

The real reason I made this edition my first is because I saw on the cover that Rudy Vallée was going to write in it. Rudy is my weak moment and I read anything he writes or that is written about him (if it's favorable) so many times I have it memorized.

In going through your magazine I noticed how interesting and original every article was. I know that there have been countless stories about Rudy Vallée but I feel that since he likes your magazine so much that he writes in it, and because it deals with Radio, his first love, surely you would be able to get a more original interview of him, one that gives different sides of him. What is his brother like? Whom does he live with? What degree did he get in College? Does he swear? Is it true that he joined the Navy during the World War when under age? I guess that must be true, for he marched in our Boston Legionnaire Parade, and what a hand he got! Even the men said he wasn't so bad, after all, and you can guess what that

admission meant coming from those who have always growled when their wives gave up all engagements to listen in on Thursday nights.

Couldn't you please have one of your staff answer my questions? I know it would also please those ardent Rudy fans I'm going to tell about your magazine and who are sure to buy anything that even mentions Rudy's dog.

—Agnes Doherty, Neponset, Mass.

Marcella is going to try to answer all your questions, Agnes, so watch her columns.

Rudy Vallée joins *RADIO DIGEST* in thanking the many admirers who wrote to express appreciation of his article. So many letters were received that there wasn't room for all. We're especially sorry we couldn't print the masterly epistles from Helen Kruse, Wood Ridge, N. J.; Verna Geideman, Niles, Mich.; Dorothy R. King, Brownsville, Pa.; Christine H. Vass, Kenosha, Wis.; Harriette Whalen, Neponset, Mass.; and R. N. Walker of Seymour, Ind. . . they were good.—Editor.

* * *

MORE VOTES FOR MOST POPULAR ORCHESTRA—GUY LOMBARDO AND BEN BERNIE

THIS is my first appeal to the "Voice of the Listener."

I give first place to Ben Bernie and his orchestra (not forgetting his long-necked pianist, and gum-chewing drummer), siding with Ed. Russell, of Wasco, Calif., in my opinion of Guy.

For those who stand up for Ben and Guy, more power to their pens!

A rabid Bernie and Lombardo fan.—Robert Macgregor Eadie, Pasadena, Cal.

* * *

MANLY PRAISE FOR WILL OSBORNE

I THOUGHT perhaps you would like to hear a man's opinion. It's Rudy's voice, not him that they have fallen for! American people want plain, untrained, naturalness which we all have to admit Rudy has. But for real man's appeal give me Will Osborne.—Gene Bailey, Portland, Me.

* * *

A BOOST FOR COON SANDERS

FOR my first attempt at V. O. L. I am going to try to boost Coon Sanders' Original Night-Hawks, a little, as I sincerely believe they deserve this praise, even though they may not need it.

Here is one dance orchestra that can do justice to any type of musical number, from the slowest, dreamiest waltz to the fastest moving *Tiger Rag*. In all of these, the arrangements are very clever and the rhythm perfect.

Then comes the important matter of the vocal chorus. Here again, they excel. "Coonie" is a steady reliable singer, with a good voice and plenty of pep. His partner, Joe Sanders, can croon with the best of them, but how many crooners can "open up" with his quality and range?—Philip N. Clarke, Hindsdale, Ill.

* * *

WRITE TO V. O. L.

CHAIN CALENDAR FEATURES have been omitted this month because several readers say they don't like them. What do you think? Give us your opinion and join the V. O. L. Club.—Editor.

TCK! TCK! HE SIGNS IT "FRIEND"

I take this awaited opportunity to point out that I haven't the slightest interest or use for your magazine. I am sorry to see *Radio Broadcast* go, and it could have become no more worthless if one had tried to accomplish the ultimate in that direction. It is now—junk, with my regards—H. H. Friend, Engineering Dept. RCA, Photophone, 153 E. 24th St., New York, N. Y.

* * *

ALL RIGHT—SO LONG AS YOU'RE CRAZY ABOUT US

I WANT to tell you we are simply crazy about your magazine. I have been reading it every month for nearly two years, and think it gets better every issue. We enjoy our Radio much more after we read *RADIO DIGEST*. It is chock full of the most interesting Radio news—and is by far the best magazine published.—Mrs. E. L. Loudder, Lueders, Texas.

* * *

POEM—WITH APOLOGIES TO LITTLE JACK LITTLE

When I'm down and out and feeling blue,
Can you imagine what I do?
Why, I jump to the Radio, turn the dial,
"Yes we have no bananas," can be heard for a mile.

Joe and Vi, the loving pair
Make me glad I am far from there.
Sanderson and Crummit sing their songs,
As the train of the Fast Freight sounds its gongs.

The Crocket Mountaineers with songs of yore,
And Heywood Brown with admirers galore.
Up steps Burbig with talks so amusing,
That we almost forget our friend Ted Husing,
California Melodies out of the west,
For the latest of tunes, this is the best.

Radio Follies bring Eddie Cantor and Helen Morgan,
Jesse Crawford, world loved poet of the organ,
Paramount Public, I almost forgot,
Brings stars, music, and news served hot.

—Richard C. McGinnis, Oil City, Pa.

* * *

WE CAN'T ALL BE SWEET, LIKE THESE SOUTHERNERS!

PLEASE may I join the V. O. L.? I'd love to! I thoroughly enjoy the *RADIO DIGEST*. It has so many pictures and articles about Radio artists I've always wanted to find out about, and now that I've discovered the R. D. I know I'm getting up-to-date news.

It seems to me there is rather an unpleasant argument going back and forth in V. O. L. What I can't understand is, why be unpleasant about it? There are plenty of artists for everyone—different people require different attractions. So let's please be sweet about our arguments. Those of us who like Rudy—say so, but not at the same time condemning some one else.—F. C., Memphis, Tenn.

* * *

M. A.'S EARS SHOULD BE BURNING!

THE Mystery Announcer and his gang of TWOPEN are wonderful. A person couldn't be blue and listen to them at the same time.

There's Melody Mae who is a pianist, organist, comedian, singer and what not, all rolled into one. Then there is Bill. Everybody likes him for his voice, impersonations and happy-go-lucky ways. Every boy at the station is an artist in some way. M. A., short for Mystery Announcer, is grand. He has a most wonderful personality and he puts all he's got into his work to make people happy.

Some of your other V. O. L. fans write in and tell us what you think of our M. A. and his gang, won't you? And, please print more about them in the next issues.—Dot Martenson, Haverford, Pa.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Radio and Aviation

DURING the years that have elapsed since the Wright brothers demonstrated that flight was possible the airplane has been developed to its present efficiency. In recent years the bonds tying together Radio and Aviation—each the fastest thing in the world in its own realm—have steadily grown stronger until today the mail and transport pilot is relying more and more upon Radio to bring him, through fog and storm, safely to his destination.

Here is an interesting tale of the value of Radio in aviation. Recently a plane roared over Hadley field in New Jersey from the west, but the clouds were so low

land. Floodlights are on," was the message.

The noise of the plane's motor died down. Suddenly the ship broke through the low hanging clouds and glided down to an easy landing. The pilot cared for his plane, then went over to the Radio room and with a grin that meant more than words, said to the operator, "Thanks".

Radio receivers installed on both mail and passenger planes are now used to bring to the pilot information regarding weather conditions in the path of his flight. Beacon systems, Radio searchlights, that send out beams of Radio like a lighthouse sends beams of light are now located at various points throughout the country and send out signals that enable a pilot to keep to his course, though

sider their Radio beacon receivers fully as important as the compass.

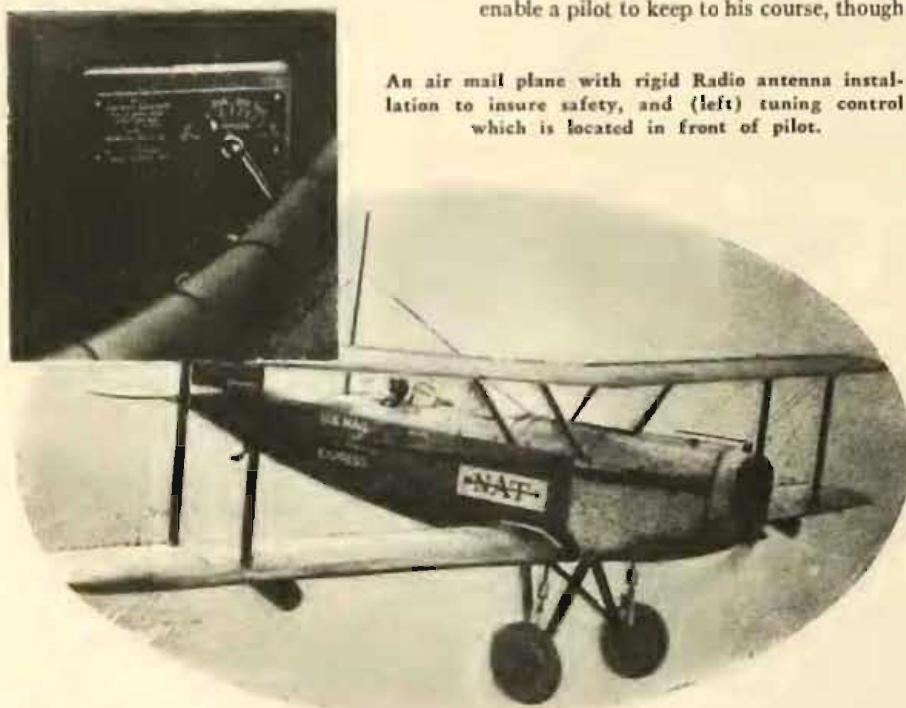
A pilot leaving Hadley field to fly to Chicago would tune his receiver to the beacon at Hadley field. So long as he hears one long dash he knows he is on his course. If he hears a long dash then a short dash he knows he has drifted to the right of the proper course; a short dash followed by a long dash indicates that he is to the left of the course. Before the signals from Hadley field become so weak as to be useless he will find himself within the range of another beacon; and so he continues along that definite, unfailingly infallible beacon course until he reaches his destination.

Some of the beacon systems give audible indications which the pilot hears through a pair of telephone receivers clamped over his ears. Other beacon systems use a visual indicator, mounted on the instrument board, the indicator consisting of two reeds which vibrate when the pilot is flying a beacon course. So long as he stays on the course both reeds vibrate equally. If he gets off the course the reeds vibrate unequally, and then he simply steers his plane back until both reeds are again vibrating with equal intensity. The importance the government officials attribute to Radio in aviation is indicated by the fact that the government pays an additional three cents per mile to mail planes equipped with Radio.

Safe landing is another field where Radio will be used. Imagine the task of trying to land a plane on a field covered by a dense fog, the ground absolutely invisible and with no instruments to indicate exactly how high the plane is above the ground. But experiments have been made with very, very short wave lengths and it has been found that if the transmitter is located a few feet above the ground that the signals shoot forward parallel with the ground for a short distance and then gradually curve upward. When a pilot wants to land, but cannot see the ground, he needs simply to get his plane into the path of those signals then follow them down along that perfect curved path until the wheels of the plane are but a few inches above the ground.

Radio's part in increasing safety is gaining prominence every day.

An air mail plane with rigid Radio antenna installation to insure safety, and (left) tuning control which is located in front of pilot.



that the pilot hesitated to drop below them. The Radio operator at the field, appreciating the situation, got into instant Radio communication with the pilot.

"You passed directly over the field. Turn around. The wind is east", came over the air to the pilot.

The plane roared back over the field. Then, by Radio, the pilot heard, "You have a 300 foot ceiling. Turn around and

the fog be so dense that he cannot see more than a few feet ahead. The Radio beacon system between New York and Chicago is complete. Also it is now possible, by means of government beacons, to fly a continuously defined course from Boston to Omaha and from Boston to Savannah. National Air Transport now has about 25 planes operating in the Boston to Omaha territory and the pilots con-

of the Radio Arts

Programs from Records

OUT OF modern Houses of Magic now comes a new type of program for the broadcasting station. On a piece of soft wax is recorded a carefully planned and flawlessly performed program suitable for broadcasting. From this soft wax record a copper plate is then made. Finally, passing over the intermediate processes, a "stamper" is produced from which a great many ordinary phonograph records can be manufactured. We called them phonograph records. But the organizations that produce these programs that whirl on discs never refer to them by such a prosaic name. They refer to them in the high-sounding scientific terms of "electrical transcriptions" and it is with this appellation that the recorded programs are described when they are presented over the air. Many Radio broadcasting stations are experimenting with this new type of program material; in fact it has already been adopted by a number of stations.

Electrically transcribed programs make it possible for any station—even the smallest station in the smallest town—to present entertainment featuring the greatest artists and all the well known musical organizations; entertainment essentially as good as that transmitted by the largest stations. They guarantee to the audiences of these small stations the finest of talent.

The sponsors of these electrical transcriptions feel that they have a number of distinct advantages. In the first place the records can be made in a very carefully designed studio and the program can be repeated as many times as is necessary to obtain perfection; mistakes made in an ordinary broadcast cannot be rectified. Once made they leave the station with the speed of light, never to return.

The records when pronounced perfect can be shipped to stations throughout the country and can be presented over the air at the most desirable time in each locality. This eliminates the difference in time between east and west coasts that forms a serious drawback in chain broad-

casting. When a program is sent over a chain at eight o'clock eastern standard time it is heard in San Francisco at five o'clock in the afternoon. With recorded programs this time difference is eliminated and west coast listeners can hear the program at eight o'clock or at any other desired time.

Possibly the most important objection the listener will have to recorded programs will be that he misses the feeling



The final testing of electrical transcriptions.

of listening to an actual performance, a feeling that many listeners apparently believe is an essential part of Radio entertainment. It is too early to say how serious a factor this will be in the adoption of recorded programs, for the production of electrical transcriptions especially for broadcasting has not been under intensive development for much over a year. Personally we don't care whether we listen to actual performances or electrical transcriptions, so long as the program is good.

When the recorded programs are broadcast from a station they are not played on a phonograph placed in front of a microphone, such as was done in the early days of broadcasting. Instead the output from the pick-up placed on the record is directly fed into the transmitter. The pick-ups used, much more costly than those found in phonograph-radio combi-

nations designed for the home, are generally operated in pairs so that as one record ends the next one can be cut in without any pause.

At the present time some 95 per cent of the broadcasting stations throughout the country will accept electrical transcriptions for broadcasting.

The organizations engaged in this electrical transcription work, in almost every case select talent, create the programs, supervise the making of the records, book time on the air and if necessary supply suitable reproducing apparatus to broadcasting stations.

High Power Broadcasting Stations

IT HAS been reported lately that the Federal Radio Commission is viewing with satisfaction the present power of broadcasting stations and hesitates to permit stations on clear channels to use higher power. The reader should understand what is meant by "clear channels". The broadcast band is divided into some ninety-eight channels and out of these a certain number are clear channels and only one station in the entire country is assigned to any one of these clear channels; on all other channels more than one station is operated. The limitation of power on those channels used by several broadcasting stations is necessary to prevent serious interference—but when there is only one station in the entire country operating on a particular channel it is difficult to understand why its power should be limited.

We discuss this subject because it definitely affects the listener and the quality of broadcast service which he receives. It is high power that makes it possible for small towns and rural listeners to hear good programs unmarred by static and other local interference. It is high power that makes it possible for a single broadcasting station to give consistently good service to millions of listeners, instead of thousands. We believe that the advance of broadcasting is predicated largely on the use of higher power, by broadcasting stations, so that they can serve a continuously increasing number of listeners.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Do you use the logs? Then don't forget to fill in the questionnaire on page 97 which puts their continuance to a vote.—EDITOR

K

- KBMT.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
- KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.
- KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
- KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
- KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
- KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
- KEX.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
- KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
- KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.
2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
- KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
- KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
- KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KPH.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KPI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
- KPIP.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KPIO.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KPIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KPJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KJFF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1460 kc.—202.6 m.
- KJJI.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KJMJ.....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KJFR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KJFY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KPJZ.....Port Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KPKA.....Greely, Colo.
1000 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
- KPKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
- KPKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
- KPKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
- KPLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- KPLX.....Galveston, Texas.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KPMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- KPNP.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- KPOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
250 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KPOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- KPPL.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KPPY.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
- KPQD.....Anchorage, Alaska.
100 w.—1210 kc.—243.8 m.
- KPQU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KPQW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KPRC.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.
- KPRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
- KPSD.....San Diego, Calif.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
- KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KFUL.....Galveston, Texas.
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
- KPUM Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
- KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KFWL.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KFXP.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KFXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KFXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KFYO.....Abilene, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
500 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
- KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
- KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KG B.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
- KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- KG B N.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KG B Z.....York, Nebr.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KGCI.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KG CX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
- KGEP.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KG ER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
- KG EW.....Port Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KG EZ.....Kallispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGFG.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGFL.....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KG F J.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
- KG GC.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KG GF.....South Coffeyville, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
- KG GM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
500 w.—1230 kc.—245.8 m.
- KGHP.....Pueblo, Colo.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- KG IQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
- KG IW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KG IX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KG J F.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
- KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGMP.....Blk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KG NP.....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KG O.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
- KG RS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- KG U.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
- KG W.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
- KH J.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- KH Q.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
- KH CK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KH D.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KH DO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- KH BS.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
- KH R.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
- KH O.....Ojden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.—212.6 m.
- KH PM.....Minn. N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KH RA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KH S.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
- KH X.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
- KH Z.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
- KH A.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KH BC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- KH IC.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KH J.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KH MJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
- KH O.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
- KH ON.....St. Louis, Mo.
5000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
- KH PC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
- KH TR.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
- KH X.....Hollywood, Calif.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
- KH A.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—461.2 m.
- KH AC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KH B.....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
- KH C.....Chickasha, Okla.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- KH H.....Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KH IL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KH IN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
- KH L.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KH O.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KH ONO.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KH OS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KH ORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KH OY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KH PCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—421.3 m.
- KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
- KPOP.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
- KPRC.....Houston, Texas
2500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
- KPWP.....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
- KQV.....Pittsburg, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.
- KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—256.9 m.
- KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
- KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
- KSJ.....Sioux City, Iowa.
2500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
- KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—317.1 m.
- KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
- KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KSO.....Clairinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.
- KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
- KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
- KTAB.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
- KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
- KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
- KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
- KTHS.....Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
- KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
- KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
- KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
2000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
- KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTUE.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KUJ.....Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
750 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- KUT.....Austin, Texas
100 w.—1300 kc.—228.9 m.
- KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
- KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
- KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
- KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
- KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
- KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
2,000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
- KWWG.....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
- KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
- KYV.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
- KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

W

- WAAP.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
- WAAY.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
- WABC.....New York City
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
- WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—203.2 m.
- WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
- WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—277.1 m.
- WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
- WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—236.1 m.
- WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263.7 m.
- WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- WBAA.....Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
- WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
- WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
10,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
- WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- WBMM.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
- WBRR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- WBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
1000 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- WBCM.....Hay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
- WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
- WBNY.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
- WBOQ.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
- WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- WBSS.....Wellesley Hills, Mass.
250 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.

WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WBTV.....Danville, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.—508.2 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N.Y.
500 w.—1230 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr.
500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WCAK.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAF.....Asbury Park, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WCBZ.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn.
7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WCDA.....New York City
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—970 kc.—301.9 m.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WCOG.....Meridian, Miss.
1000 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WDAQ.....Amarillo, Texas
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
1800 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
350 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WDOB.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
2500 w.—1280 kc.—214.2 m.
WDRG.....Hartford, Conn.
500 w.—1330 kc.—226 m.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
160 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WEAL.....Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis.
2500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WEBO.....Harrisburg, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
200 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

WEEL.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WEHC.....Emery, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WEMC.....Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.5 m.
WEPS.....Auburn, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEVD.....New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WFAP.....Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WFBG.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFBP.....Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WFBZ.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WFDL.....Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFDV.....Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WFDW.....Tallahassee, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WFLC.....Akron, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
2500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WFOA.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGBG.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1410 kc.—209.7 m.
WGBP.....Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WGBS.....New York City
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WGBM.....Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—1160 kc.—320.4 m.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WGMIS.....St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
WHAP.....New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBL.....Shelbyville, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHDH.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WHBC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WHPC.....Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHIS.....Blairfield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215 m.
WHN.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—234.2 m.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—560 kc.—535.7 m.
WIBU.....Poyntette, Wis.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
300 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
1000 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WISJ.....Madison, Wis.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WIAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.4 m.
WIAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WIAR.....Providence, R. I.
400 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WIAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WIAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—331.1 m.
WIAY.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WJBT-WBBM.....Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WJJD.....Moochheart, Ill.
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
1500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WJLB.....Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WJLV.....Alexandria, Va.
10,000 w.—1400 kc.—205.4 m.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJZ.....New York City
30,000 w.—700 kc.—394.5 m.
WKAA.....San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WKAV.....Lucerne, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBP.....Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—209.7 m.
WKBR.....La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1480 kc.—217.3 m.
WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WKBJ.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKCV.....Cameronville, Ind.
150 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.6 m.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WKKE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—331.1 m.
WLAN.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WLHP.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WLBO.....Petersburg, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WLHL.....Stevens Pt., Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLWB.....Oil City, Pa.
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WLXB.....L. I. City, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLZ.....Bangor, Maine
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WLIB.....Eglin, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WLSI.....Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214 m.
WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WLWL.....New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WMAC.....Casterovia, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMAP.....S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WMAL.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WMAV.....St. Louis, Mo.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WMBR.....Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBZ.....Detroit, Mich.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WMBD.....Peoria Hts., Ill.
1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WMBF.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBQ.....Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WMBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WMCB.....New York City
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMMN.....Fairmont, W. Va.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WMPG.....Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMSG.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WSTT.....Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WNAK.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WNAH.....Norman, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—269.9 m.
WNAK.....Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WNBK.....Birmingham, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WNBH.....New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNRD.....Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1208 kc.—249.9 m.
WNRB.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WNI.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
2000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WNRK.....Greenboro, N. C.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WNYC.....New York, N. Y.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WQAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
5000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WQAN.....Whitewater, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WQAN.....Trenton, N. J.
500 w.—1290 kc.—234.2 m.
WQBT.....Union City, Tenn.
500 w.—1410 kc.—228.9 m.
WQBU.....Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WQD.....Haverport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WQDA.....Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WQFN.....Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—214.2 m.
WQI.....Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—640 kc.—463.8 m.

WOKO.....Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
100 l.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WONT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
100 w.—1310 kc.—247.8 m.
WOOD.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
WORC.....Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WORD.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WOV.....New York City
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WOW.....Omaha, Neb.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WOWO.....Pt. Wayne, Ind.
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WPAD.....Paducah, Ky.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WPAP.....Chilfield, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WPC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—560 kc.—535 m.
WPCB.....New York City
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WFOR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.—241.8 m.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
WQAN.....Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WQAO.....Painesville, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
100 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WQDV.....Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WRAP.....LaPorte, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1020 kc.—291.9 m.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBT.....Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBN.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
WRDO.....Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRDW.....Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WREB.....Memphis, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WRHM.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WRJN.....Raritan, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRNY.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
WRR.....Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAL.....Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1410 kc.—228.9 m.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WNAH.....Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ.....Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—463.8 m.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1240 kc.—243.8 m.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSEN.....Columbus, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSPA.....Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSTG.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS.....Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

WSM Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—680 kc.—461.3 m.
WSMB New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSPA Spartanburg, S. C.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WSPD Toledo, Ohio
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WSSH Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—217.3 m.
WSUL Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WSYR Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WTAD Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WTAG Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTBO Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WTPI Toconga, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis.
2500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WTNT Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WTOC Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.
WXYZ Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRK, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m,
889.9kc, 50w.
CPCA - CKOW - CNRT, To-
ronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc,
500w.
CPCF, Montreal, P. Q.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CPCI, Iroquois Falls, Ont.,
500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CPCN-CNRK, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CPCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m,
1210 kc, 50w.
CPCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m,
629.9kc, 500w.
CPCY, Charlottetown, P. E.
I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CPNB, Fredericton, N. B.,
247.9 m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon,
Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co.
Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m,
1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E.
I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 329.7m,
910kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte,
Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwack, B. C.,
247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m,
729.9 kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton,
Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9 m,
880kc, 50w.
CJJC-CHCA, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJJC-CNRL, London, Ont.,
329.7m, 910kc, 500w.

CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m,
629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask.,
329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask.,
500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m,
1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P.
Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B.
C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880kc, 50w.
CKCL, Toronto, Ont.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m,
889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRO, Quebec, P. Q.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S.,
322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont.,
434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer,
Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m,
1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m,
540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg
Man., 384.6m, 790kc, 5000w.

CNRA, Moncton, N. B.,
476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta.,
357.7m, 840kc, —w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C.,
291.3m, 1038kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc,
50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc,
100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m,
622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
50w.
CMBT, Havana, 441m,
680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m,
1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m,
611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc,
100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc,
500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc,
100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m,
1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m,
643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc,
300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m,
1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinco, 379m, 791kc,
500w.
CMHD, Calbarien, 325m,
923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc,
500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc,
2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc,
1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc,
250w.

XEB Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—450 m.—895 kc.
XEC Toluca, Mexico
50 w.—225 m.—1333 kc.
XED Reynosa, Tamps.
2000 w.—312.3 m.—960.6 kc.
XEE Linares, N. L.
10 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEF Oaxaca, Oax.
105 w.—265 m.—1132 kc.
XEG Mexico, D. F.
2000 w.—362 m.—828.7 kc.
XEH Monterrey, N. L.
101 w.—265 m.—964.6 kc.
XEI Morelia, Mich.
101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEJ C. Juarez, Chih.
101 w.—350 m.—857.1 kc.
XEK Mexico, D.F.
101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEL Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—275 m.—1091 kc.
XEM Tampico, Tamps.
501 w.—356.9 m.—841 kc.
XEN Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—410 m.—731.7 kc.
XEO Mexico, D. F.
101 w.—305 m.—983.6 kc.
XEQ Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000.
XER Mexico, D. F.
101 w.—280 m.—1071 kc.
XES Tampico, Tamps.
500 w.—337 m.—980 kc.
XET Monterrey, N. L.
500 w.—336.9 m.—890.4 kc.
XEU Veracruz, Ver.
101 w.—375 m.—800 kc.
XEV Puebla, Pue.
101 w.—290 m.—1034.5 kc.
XEW Mexico, D. F.
5000 w.—385 m.—780 kc.
XEX Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—325 m.—923 kc.
XEY Surestera, Yuc.
105 w.—548.6 m.—546.8 kc.
XEZ Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—548 m.—588.2 kc.
XETA Mexico, D. F.
500.
XFE Villahermosa, Tab.
XFF Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—325 m.—915 kc.
XFG Mexico, D. F.
2000 w.—470 m.—638.3 kc.
XPH Mexico, D. F.
250 w.
XFI Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—507 m.—791.7 kc.
XFX Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—357 m.

Mexico

XEA Guadalajara, Jal.
101 w.—250 m.—1200 kc.

What About Logs?

FOR years RADIO DIGEST has published station listings under various arrangements for handy reference. As these listings have become fairly stable, and the list of one month is practically the same as the list of the next month the question

arises as to whether the readers of RADIO DIGEST would not prefer only intermittent publication of the lists, thus allowing for more space to be devoted to features and personalities of the air. Let's put it to a vote.

	Monthly	Alternate	Drop it
Alphabetical List. Call letters in alphabetical order with power, kilocycles and wave.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Official Wave Lengths. Frequency and wave in numerical order with city or town.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
State and City Index. Alphabetical order by state and city.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Chain Calendar Features. Day by day log of chain features. (Owing to the fact that this material must be prepared six weeks in advance, and changes are taking place daily it is impossible to keep the listing accurate.) Such as it is do you want it?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Check in the square as to what you would like RADIO DIGEST to do about the logs. Cut out this notice and send it to the Editor of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

She Burns Green

(Continued from page 18)

packed up and come to Nevada to see if I couldn't find me a marsh of this stuff.

AARON: Did ye find any?

JOE: I saw plenty . . . but none that somebody else hadn't located first. I saw it rising in price, too, and the market for it gettin' bigger an' bigger . . . but as usual, I'd jest missed out.

AARON: Well, that's a queer thing. Strange stuff with a name like borax. What's it good for?

JOE: It's got so many uses, I I don't know hardly where to begin. They use it in makin' drugs, an' china, an' glassware. An' they're jest beginnin' to discover it's useful around a house too. It helps women folks get their clothes and dishes cleaned an' shinier. It makes water soft. It helps starchy clothes. It drives away bugs . . . I dunno . . . 'pears like it keeps every thing it touches sweet an' clean.

AARON: Ain't nothin' invented has so many uses as that. Sounds like jest another o' them sucker's yarns to me.

JOE: No, you're wrong there.

AARON: What's it look like?

JOE: I got a little package of it here in my saddle bag. I'll show it to you. And this other is what it looks like when they find it. Sometimes like this, in crystals . . . an' sometimes like this . . . cotton balls they call 'em.

AARON: Hm . . . why, that looks jest like salt crystals an' alkali rock you see lyin' round loose.

JOE: Well, the feller that sees any of this stuff layin' around loose has got a fortune waitin' for him. I'm keepin' an eye peeled for it all the time . . . though I reckon it ain't in the cards for me to find any.

AARON: Hm-mm. How can you tell when it's the real thing, stranger?

JOE: There's one test that never fails. See this little box? Well, inside are some chemicals. You mix 'em together and pour 'em over a piece of the stuff you've gathered. If it burns green it's borax.

AARON: Hm-m-m.

ROSIE: Speaking of burning . . . the coffee has almost boiled away while you two have been talking.

AARON: I dunno's I want any coffee, anyway, Rosie. You and the stranger here divide it.

ROSIE: No coffee? Why Aaron . . . don't you feel good.

AARON: No, no . . . I've got something on my mind. Rosie. Leave me

alone, like a good girl. (Back to the old Ranger and the bride.)

"WELL, very next day, the minute the stranger had left in the mornin', Aaron Winters unfolded his plan to Rosie. He'd been lyin' awake all night . . . too excited to sleep . . . but afraid even to whisper the news of his hopes to his wife. He knew Death Valley by heart, an' he'd seen heaps of stuff lyin' around in

returning. He 'peared all excited."

ROSIE: (Calls) Hoo-oo—Hoo'oo.

(Faint answering call from Aaron.)

ROSIE: Oh, I wonder . . . I wonder.

AARON: (Calls) Hello there, Rosie? You all right?

ROSIE: Yes. You . . . you got it, Aaron?

AARON: (Coming closer) You bet. Loaded as much as I could on the burro.

ROSIE: Oh . . . Aaron!

AARON: I found a heap of the stuff layin' around. But I dunno if it's worth anythin'. I been trampin' over it for years.

ROSIE: Let me see it.

AARON: Look, Rosie. Did you ever see a cotton ball as big as that before? Makes them Teels Marsh cotton balls the stranger showed us look like pinheads.

ROSIE: Did you stake, Aaron?

AARON: Not yet. We got to burn it first before we know for sure it's borax.

ROSIE: The chemicals . . . quick.

AARON: Not yet, Rosie. It ain't dark enough. We can't make the test till the sun goes down.

ROSIE: Oh, will it never sink?

AARON: Don't get your hopes up too high, honey. We been disappointed before now, you know.

ROSIE: Yes . . . perhaps it would be better for us if the sun never sank this evening . . . but hung, just as it is now low over the mountains.

AARON: Rosie, you talk like you was in a dream. You got a faraway look in your eyes, too.

ROSIE: I was wondering how a place that has been so dreadful to man and is so full of terrors can be so beautiful, too. See . . . all those colors of gold, from the palest to ruddy copper . . . and yet it is not like metal. Over there, it is like opal, like pearl . . . and there again like a creamy velvet. Living light . . . The valley floor . . . it is jade and turquoise and rose quartz. Those tremendous mountains . . . see how the old sun is wrapping them now in

robes of purple and crimson to hide their terrors. This whole great valley is a lie. It smiles and puts on a beautiful dress to deceive . . . underneath is just a skeleton.

AARON: But tonight, Rosie, Death Valley is going to come to life for us.

ROSIE: (Suddenly) Look, Aaron . . . the sun's dropped behind the mountains. It's dark.

AARON: Sure enough . . . black as pitch, all of a sudden. Jest like those darn



John White, who acts as the "lonesome cowboy" singer.

it that looked jest like the stuff that that tramp prospector had showed him from Nevada. In exchange for the hospitality of the Winters the stranger left them some of the precious chemicals. Then Aaron and Rosie went prospectin'. They pitched camp on Furnace Creek . . . this strange couple . . . the grizzled old prospector and his frail pretty Spanish wife. And then Aaron started off with his burro to a nearby marsh. Rosie waited for him, and jest shortly before sunset she seen him

Happy New Year

(Continued from page 24)

Harold Sanford, for years Herbert's closest friend and now considered the world's foremost Herbert conductor, follows suit with his new year anticipations. "I believe," said he, "that some great sponsor will again come to the fore with a wide coast-to-coast network and present a full hour's program weekly, featuring Radio versions of Herbert's operettas, and perhaps including those of Lehar and Friml."

The lovable and homely NBC Pickard Family have pretty well defined ideas regarding their New Year's resolutions. Mother resolves to make as many people happy as possible; Ruth, to strive harder for success; "Bubb", to "work hard and trust the Lord"; little Anne, to study hard in school and Radio, and Dad, to live better, work harder and make more people enjoy life.

But the resolution Nat Brusiloff, clowning director of the NBC Nestle Chocolateaters makes, he will probably have broken before you reach this sentence. "I'm going to be more serious," Nat resolved. "What I'd like to see is better synchronization of affiliated stations on network programs," the wag added. "Last week I had reports that the station in Omaha finished my concluding number two measures behind New Orleans and a bar behind Cuba."

Frank Luther, tenor of Lucky Strike, Chase and Sanborn, Happy Wonder Bakers—and others—claims he is going to be just twice as nice to everyone this year by way of repaying some of the kindnesses shown him by Frank Black, Gus Haenschen and Nat Shilkret, directors of programs for which he sings. Black, incidentally, hopes during 1931 to produce, and will produce he vows, better arrangements and orchestrations than ever before.

Lee Sims, of CBS and pioneer fame at the "ivories", hopes this year to see the perfection of a type of program he has been working on for many months—a program wherein the music presents such a perfect picture, or story, that the words of the announcer will be superfluous. (They generally are.—Editor's Note.) Sims and Ilomay Bailey, his partner in life and at the mike, will thus hold the unique title of "Painters of Musical Portraits".

Paul Whiteman, aside from resolving to keep his present "youthful figure", looks forward to one other thing this year. That is a successor to the "Rhapsody in Blue" which "is as good," to use his own terms. As for Ben Bernie, one of the world's most masterful masters of ceremonies—and band leader, Ben turns over a new leaf and claims he will no longer use any old gags, "that is," he explained, "any that they won't laugh at any more. And in 1931," Bernie added, "I hope they

like it as well as they've been liking it."

Phil Spitalny, who deserted New York last year to crash into instant popularity in Chicago, hopes 1931 will bring many new and long-lived songs for his Edgewater Beach Hotel orchestra to play. "I resolve," he said, "to continue gratefully to give my listeners exactly what they want, so tell them to be sure to ask me for it."

Muriel Pollock, NBC composer-pianist who also commits herself to toil, said, "My resolve is to adapt for two-piano interpretation several of the longer compositions which I have written for orchestra. Among them are *Spanish Shawl* and *Shadows on the Teche*."

Muriel Wilson, soprano of the Maxwell, Davey and light opera productions, said she plans this year to please and entertain, rather than simply elevate or improve the repertoire of her audience.

Lew White, of the mighty NBC organ console, already has his pet numbers selected for this year. "I'll give my audience programs of a unique nature including such numbers as Ravel's *Bolero* and the Cuban melody *El Manisero* (the Peasant Vendor). The modernistic note, expressed in new and unusual arrangements, will be an interesting aspect of musical programs for the year."

Guy Lombardo Battles A Gunman

(Continued from page 11)

"Well, to get back to the subject. As usual, hilarity reigned in the place. It was nearly 2 A.M. The headwaiter came to me and said a man insisted on talking with me. I went to the phone. The voice at the other end was full of sobs.

"Mr. Lombardo, will you please play and sing *My Buddy*!" he asked. "I am at the Soldiers' Hospital with my buddy of the other side. He is dying. There is a Radio in his room. We want you to play it so we can sing it with you."

"We stopped playing almost in the middle of a number. I announced to the folks present and to the Radio listeners that the request for *My Buddy* had been made, and told them the circumstances surrounding the request. The tenor of the place changed from one of hilarity to one of profound silence.

"Never before or since have I heard the song played as we played it. 'Carm' outdid himself in the singing of the chorus. The patrons of the cafe were silent and reverent. There was nothing we could do but sign off after that song had been played. We couldn't possibly think of 'getting hot' again that night.

Steele Jamison, concert and operatic tenor, on the other hand, will specialize on grand opera arias and stress the dramatic spirit of those. "I hope 1931 sees a renaissance of grand opera on the air," Jamison added.

Judge Whipple of *Real Folks* and Cap'n Jimmy Norton of *Harbor Lights*—in other words, Edwin Whitney—resolves to lose no more hair during 1931, a resolution which will surely be broken. The famous Radio character actor and NBC production man hopes to present more "true characters" that will cause fans to say, "Isn't that just like so-and-so?" To play characters that are unconsciously humorous or pathetic, according to the situation, is also Whitney's wish for 1931. "My interest in program development is to see more dramas based upon historical facts, as *Death Valley Days*, or upon accurate local color, as *Real Folks*."

* * *

And that's that. Many excellent resolutions, hopes and plans are to be carried out by our favorites for the loud speaker this new year. So I think I'll make a resolution too. It has been many a year since I sat down and wrote letters to my friends of the air and suggested ideas to them, applauded their work, or offered friendly criticism. I'm afraid I've grown to expect all and give nothing. That's my resolve for '31—to "take my pen in hand" more frequently. How about you too?

"We were packing our instruments when the headwaiter came over again. 'Captain ——— is at the door and wants to see you.'

"I asked that he be shown in. As fine a specimen of American manhood as I have ever seen came into the room. He was crying like a baby.

"I don't know how I can ever thank you, Mr. Lombardo," he began, "I guess you thought the request was just a joke. Well it wasn't. This boy had saved my life in France and we had been constant companions since. He was all shot up and had been fighting death ever since just before the armistice."

"The doctor had told him he couldn't survive the night. And he didn't. He tried to sing *My Buddy*, as you played it, lying in my arms. That's how he died. Just as you ended the song."

"For more than a year the thought of that sad thrill was ever present in my mind. And it is one of the reasons why I will never refuse a request. Captain ——— and I still correspond."

And there are the outstanding thrills in the career of Guy Lombardo.

Kisses Hot and Kisses Cold

(Continued from page 49)

mother's kiss has come down to us from the dawn of time, but the first kiss of the Bible record is that of Affection and was given to Isaac by Esau. The others are: The Kiss of Adoration, Love, Brotherhood, Friendship, Salutation, Homage and Obedience, Lowliness and Solicitude, Subjection, Reconciliation, Treachery, Farewell, and Death.

Among the ancient Hebrews, kissing the beard was a sign of great homage. In the pagan world, those who failed to throw kisses to the statues of the gods on their feast-days, or to the sun and moon, were considered unbelievers. The rites prescribed the kissing of some part of the statues themselves. Among the Mohammedans, when the muezzin calls the devout to prayer, they kiss the ground that lies in the direction of Mecca, and the pilgrims to the Kaaba, or Mohammedan shrine at Mecca, all kiss the sacred black stone which they believe was brought from heaven.

Under Diocletian, the correct form of salutation, showing subjection to an emperor, was to kiss the feet of the sovereign, a practise that ultimately led to the kissing of the ground over which the august Cæsars had passed. Then the sturdy Roman fathers, "the best of men," were so bashful that, when in their own homes, they continued their postnuptial wooing, they never kissed their wives in the presence of their daughters, fearing perhaps, that example might shatter precept, and that the ingenious maidens

might overcome maternal objection by inculcating such a principle as was established in later times.

In Roman families, kissing before marriage was not customary, nor is it so in the polite society of France today. In Rome, only the closest relatives were permitted to salute their kindred of the gentler sex on the mouth, and when a lover kissed his betrothed, she became heir to half of his worldly goods if he died before the marriage ceremony, and in the event of her death, her heritage descended to her next of kin—a custom, which, if it prevailed now, would put effective check on actions for breaches of promise.

In feudal times the kiss was an important feature of knighthood. When the oath of investiture was administered to an apprentice, after he had kept his vigil, he took his sword by the blade and kissing the hilt at its guard, which in those days was emblematic of the Cross, solemnly pronounced the words, "By my good sword I swear it." Later, at tournaments, balm for the wounds of the victors was found in kissing the hand of the Queen of Love and Beauty who presided.

In the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, kissing was the special privilege of husband and wife, brother and sister, lover and betrothed. Etiquette was better regulated in Colonial times. Then a lady reserved the privilege of kissing her hand for her most intimate friends, and the young girl gave her hand to a friend, her cheek to

a relative, but kept her lips for her betrothed.

A country damsel, describing her first kiss, said that she never knew how it happened, but the last thing she remembered was a sensation of fighting for her breath in a hot-house full of lilacs and violets, with the ventilation choked by blush-roses and tulips.

"Come, kiss me," said Robin. I gently said 'No.

For my mother forbade me to play with men so.'

Ashamed of my answer, he glided away. Though my looks very plainly advised him to stay.

Silly swain, not at all recollecting, not he, That his mother ne'er said that he must not kiss me."

The dangers of kissing, as an alleged means of infection, have received considerable attention. Dr. A. E. Bridger, a leading physician, has expressed the opinion that "in the act of kissing we encounter only beneficent organisms. The advantages of kissing outweigh its infinitesimal risk, for it provides us with microbes useful for digestion." We must congratulate Dr. Bridger on having a remedy for dyspepsia, which has at any rate the merit of acting agreeably. His teaching can hardly fail to make kissing even more popular than it is. It will probably be found that the "beneficent organisms" required flourish in greatest abundance on the lips of the young and comely, and in carrying out the treatment sufferers will doubtless be eager to abjure the heresy of homeopathy by kissing only persons of the opposite sex.

Vote For Your Favorite Station in Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

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For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct. . . .	\$3.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. . . .	6.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. . . .	9.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. . . .	12.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. . . .	15.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year		

and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. \$30.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Classical Music Simplified

(Continued from page 74)

(tunes) which he has invented and proposes to use. These he distributes among the instruments of the orchestra, and then develops in various ways so as to build up out of them a large organized pattern of sound, comparable, as I have said before, to the intricate yet intelligible pattern of an oriental rug. In this first movement the composer of a symphony utilizes his learning and fancy to build up a pattern in the most scientific way possible. The secret of listening to such music is to get in one's mind the leading tunes and then follow them throughout with careful attention. The first movement of a symphony always constitutes a perfected and completed pattern.

Second Movement: This (see again what I said last month on this) is usually taken at a slow speed and is rather in the nature of an extended song. The composer writes the most beautiful tune he can think of and then subjects this to variation in one way and another, so as to produce the deepest effect upon his hearers' feelings. The Second movement is usually the sentimental part of a symphony.

Third Movement: This is usually called the "Scherzo", which is another of those Italian words, and means "joke". It is the jolly part of the symphony, usually written in fast waltz time and often reminding one of a very elaborate and complicated dance.

Finale or Fourth Movement: This is usually a sort of triumphal song and march combined. The working out of the great pattern is here brought to its appointed end. Often modern composers introduce into their Finales tunes from the other movements and thus, as it were, bind up the whole structure into one great architectural pattern.

Here is another comparison to keep in mind. Music is architecture which flows. Architecture might be called frozen music. In each the design, the pattern, the subordination of part to part, are essential. Music is design, just as architecture is design, but the one moves and the other stands still. The next time you think of a piece of music, think of its design, and when you hear it, follow the design in your mind. That will help very much.

Time: The rhythm of a piece of music is that part of its design which must first be thought out. In music we use mainly two kinds of rhythm, the square and the triangular. The first may easily be described by saying that it is the same as the rhythm or time of a military march . . . 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4, again and again. The other is equally well to be described by saying that it is rhythm or time of a waltz . . . 1 . . . 2 . . . 3, again and again. All rhythms used in music are based on these two.

Key: Put your finger on the key C anywhere on the piano keyboard. C is the white key that stands just before two black keys. Sound it, and then the next to your right. Then go on sounding the succeeding white keys till you have sounded eight of them. Then you have played a "scale". Moreover, you have played it in the "key" of C major.

Start from F on the keyboard (the white key just before three black keys) and sound succeeding white keys to the right till you have reached the next F in the same way as you did in the case of the C scale. You will find that in order to make it sound right you must play the black key which is the third in that first group of three. Do this and you will have played a scale in the key of F major.

Start from A on the key board (white key two to the right of F). Play a scale on the white keys. You will get the scale of A minor. Notice that it sounds quite different from the major scales.

Every piece of music begins in some one of the twenty-four "scales" which may be had from choosing as a starting point any one of the twelve white and black keys in each octave of the key board, and then running the rest of the scale to sound major or minor. Beginning in whatever key is thus chosen, the music may vary from it into other scales every so often, but always it ends by getting back into the original key. Otherwise it would seem to have no end but to have been left "up in the air". This matter of "key" is the base of all musical structure, being that which gives to music its foundation of form.

I Have Heard

Toscanini's conducting of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra on November 16th from New York (Columbia Network-WABC beginning at 3 PM eastern standard time) was a big, a very big, event. For one thing, the masterful Italian has an astonishing reputation. New York goes crazy over him. He is talked about as if he were the only man who could ever direct an orchestra as it should be directed. I candidly say that from these excessive eulogies I dissent. I find Mr. Toscanini altogether too much of a musical drill sergeant and I dislike his stiff brass-band-like playing. To say this just at the present time is to lay oneself out to be denounced as an incompetent ass; but that is how I feel about it all the same.

Anyhow, it was interesting to hear Toscanini directing a program of very classical music. He began with three chorales by Bach, orchestrated by a modern Italian, Respighi (I do not like Respighi's Italian ways of doing this sort of thing). He went on to Beethoven's first symphony

and ended by the first symphony of Brahms. This was certainly a most classical program, as if to refute the complaints of persons like myself who say that they do not like classical music as Toscanini. Beethoven's first symphony is of course a youthful work. A young man wrote it, still inclined to lean on his predecessors, still not quite ready to do his own flying, solo. It is charming and it has (in the Scherzo especially) some suggestions of the giant power soon to burst forth in the third symphony; but in general it is definitely old-fashioned. Brahms' first symphony was held back by its composer for twenty years while he improved, refined and polished it. He was over forty in 1870 when it was first produced. It is a magnificent work, in most ways the greatest piece of symphonic work done since Beethoven's Ninth, which by the way was heard Wednesday morning, November 12th, from the Columbia studios in New York. I hope that many of you heard it.

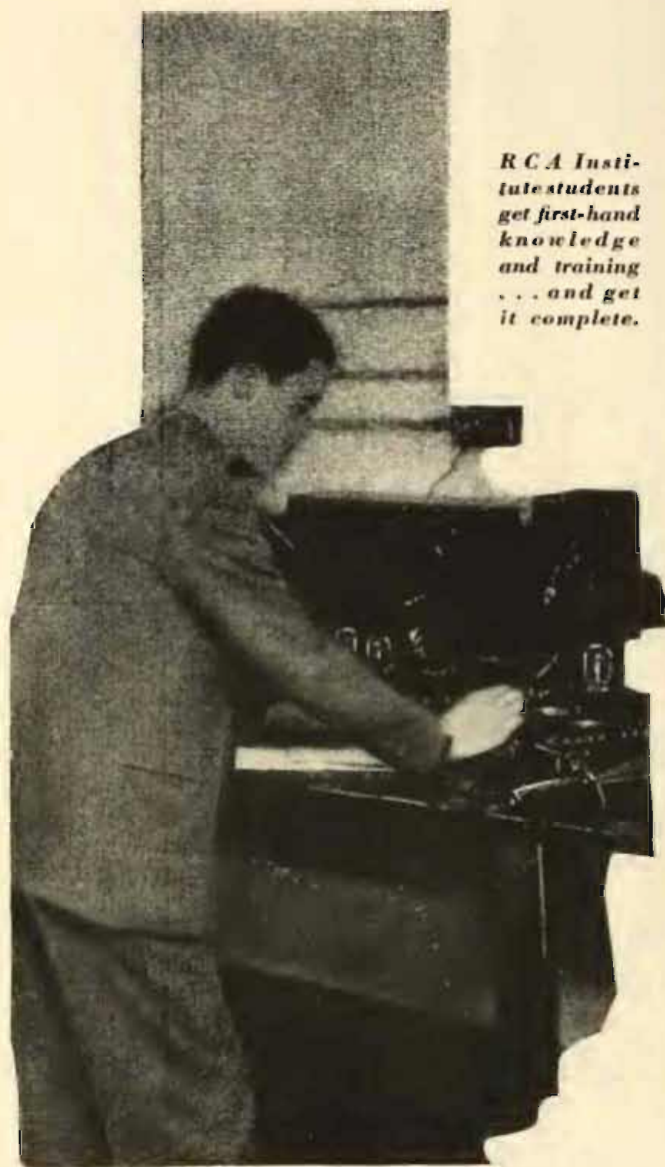
But, do you know. I hope that the practice which has been started lately, of having some competent person talk to the Radio audience before and after the performance of a symphonic work, will be carried out more and more. Olin Downes, the very distinguished New York critic, did this for the first Toscanini concert. This is splendid. I should like to see it done universally. Schelling does his own talking at the children's concerts, but then he has the art brought to a pitch of perfection not reached by any rival. We need much, very much, more explanation at these affairs.

About Wagner

Speaking of Ernest Schelling once more. I hope that many of you heard his November 15th children's concert. It was entirely devoted to excerpts from Wagner's music dramas. The gifted conductor told his audience as much as they needed to know of the story of each opera and illustrated the music in his own inimitable manner. It may sound strange in most persons' ears, but the truth is that no music written is so easy to understand as Wagner's. The moment you know the story which the music is illustrating, the whole vast pattern falls into place, and the music becomes as clear as crystal. Wagner was one of the great pattern-makers of music. His scores are all melody; which perhaps is why some careless listeners have said that they cannot hear the tunes. That is doubtless because there are so many of them. It is the old story of the wood and the trees. We'll talk about Wagner some time in this department. No more fascinating personality, whether as man or as musician, ever lived in this world of ours.

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National Broadcasting Company

Beauty and the Job

(Continued from page 77)

the dress and one dollar for beauty. Well, anyway, we started out, and to make a long story short, Elizabeth got everything she had planned to get and she began the following Monday morning on the career which has made her one of the highest salaried and best known stylists in the advertising business.

The improvement in Elizabeth's appearance not only helped her to get a position, but it changed her whole mental attitude. She became more alert, more efficient, more self-confident. And these qualities were reflected in her work. After all, there is a decided mental reaction which comes from the assurance that one looks attractive. Elizabeth was never a pretty girl. But, of course, looks are not a matter of regular features. They are a matter of attractiveness—and any girl can be attractive.

In this present period of unemployment, appearance is more than ever important.

On November fourteenth the newspapers quoted Miss Gilbreth, noted consulting engineer and member of the President's Emergency Committee for Employment, as saying: "The beauty parlor treatments are a splendid thing, not to be smiled at, for women looking for work should feel as physically, emotionally, mentally, and sartorially adequate as possible."

It doesn't make any difference how intelligent a girl may be. She is not using her intelligence if she does not realize that an attractive appearance will help her get a job and will be of inestimable benefit in keeping that job.

All of these things went through my mind as I sat talking to this girl who had come to my office with a letter of recommendation from my friend in Pittsburgh. And yet I found it difficult to persuade myself to say any of these things to her. A young girl starting out to look for her first position is usually embarrassingly sure of herself. While I was debating the advisability of being

frank with this girl, my phone rang. It was the beauty editor of one of the national magazines.

"I wish you'd have lunch with me today," she said. "I'm awfully upset. I just had to fire my secretary and I certainly did hate to add to the army of the unemployed, too."

"Then why did you do it?" I asked her.

"Well, I simply couldn't put up with her any longer," she answered. "I've told her time and again that she was a blot on the landscape of our magazine. You know yourself how she looked. And I finally got to the point where I couldn't go on looking at her any longer. Besides, she was just as sloppy in her work as she was in her personal appearance."

That decided me. I felt that I could not allow this girl to go out again to hunt a position handicapped as she was by an unattractive appearance. And so I told her this story of Elizabeth Adams which, while it is a success story, is also a story of beauty and the job.

Free booklets or the Care of the Skin, by Frances Ingram, will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.

The Simplitude of Dinah an' Dora

(Continued from page 76)

"Waal, de dramatical act which dey wuz playing had a multitude ob contraptions what done move long wid rapiditude, an' Dinah done give Dora sech inspired morsels ob consultation. Sez Ah, 'Dinah, let me bask in de good sound rarefied atmosphere ob yoh judgment. How kin one git a husband in the scarcity ob dis war massacrution?'"

"An' she bein' so unresumin' said, 'Well Ah ain't claimin' to be no expert on macrimony jes' cause I's an actress, but Ah buhlieves dat wid persistent pursuance ob de objec' an' by ruinin' jes' as fast as de fugitive, git up to him an' wid pretentious indignation, walk by wid casualty. Be sho' as yoh pass de objec'

ob yoh affectation dat yoh nose ain't got no shine an' dat yoh has dat Pola Negri swing ob graceful simplitude.'

"Now when Ah hears dat, Missy, Ah wuz jes' about confabulated wid de right smaht reasonin' back of dat advice, an' Ah sez, sez Ah, 'Dinah, Ah ain't no school teacher or preacher-mans, but de simplitude ob yoh remarks am de essence ob yoh regeneratin' success. Simplitude reaches de haht-strings ob de simple folk wid more exhilaration dan mos' ob de high-soundin' phrases which resounds wid sech ferocity agin' de nat'ral way of hearin' words. Ah joins wid yoh as a exponent on de simplitude ob argufyin' by plain talk. Simplitude, my dear am what's needed mos' in dis continent ob political controversy, travesty an' complicity.'

"Den Ah sez to Dora, 'Good-bye dearie, an' if'n Ah wuz yoh, I'd repose a plentitude ob perennial repliance on de simplitude ob Dinah's admolitions.'

"Yes, Abby," I gasped, "it would be well if we all showed a little more *simplitude* in our speech."

"Well, as Ah wuz stahtin' foh de door, Ah wuz reminded by de manager whut puts dis dramatical episode on de air an' he repressed dis heah infomation: 'De Gol' Dust Corputation airs Dinah and Dora's affairs ebery Friday mornin' ober de National Broadcasting Company, but so as to extenuate de circumstances ob program continuations, de series am broadcast ober WOR on Friday nights. De identity ob de two belles am, Ah found, Ann Freeman an' Artie Belle McGinty, two resperienced theatrical professionalities. Dis heah gal, Dinah, come from Nashville, Tennessee, an' dat gal, Dora, come from Atlanta, Ga.'

"Well, Missy, dat am all de reformation Ah'se got. So wid great pride ob expansive proportions Ah shook de Manager's hand an' sez Ah, 'Ah hopes to hab de unremitin' pleasure an' privilege ob returnin' de compliments ob dis suspicious occasion,' finally concluded Abby, "an' if yoh has any moh dramatical acts, Missy, whut yoh wants me to criticize wid aberration an' veracitude, why, Ah'd jes' love to do it."

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Gentleman Jim Broadcasts

(Continued from page 14)

description of the fight with Sullivan when I won the championship.

THE INTERVIEWER: And you objected?

CORBETT: Oh, no. But he insisted that I tell the whole story in seven minutes and I refused to do it in so short a time. He suggested that I give just the highlights but, man alive, there are enough highlights connected with that fight to keep me talking for an hour or more. However, I did tell him that I would boil it down and make it a continued story covering four seven-minute periods. He couldn't see it and, as his heart was set on my doing the job in one broadcast, we agreed to disagree—that's all.

THE INTERVIEWER: Well, here's hoping you get a chance to spin that yarn on the air sometime. And, by the way, speaking of Sullivan, is it true that you and he were never friendly after you whipped him?

CORBETT: For several years there was no friendship lost between us. You see, John L. had been champ so long that I guess he expected to carry on until his death. He said some pretty terrible things about me and I'll have to admit I resented those statements.

I remember one meeting I had with Sullivan very well. It was out at Jim Jeffries' camp in Reno a few days before Jim fought Jack Johnson, in 1910. Sullivan came around to watch Jeffries train and I gave orders to the gateman not to admit John L. I was still sore about the way Sullivan had talked. But that night I got to thinking things over and I decided that my action in refusing admittance to Sullivan was pretty small so I sent word to him that he would be welcomed at the Jeffries' camp any time he cared to come out.

I figured it out that Sullivan's pride had taken a worse licking than the physical one I had given him; that there really was nothing personal in his hatred as his feelings would have been the same toward anyone who took his crown away.

Well, the next day when John L. appeared at the gate I was there to meet him. When I offered him my hand he refused to take it. But, as there were several reporters about, I induced him to pocket his pride temporarily and pose for a picture. This he agreed to do. And so, for the benefit of the public, he clasped my hand in what appeared to be a friendly greeting. The picture was published and the newspapers reported that we had made peace.

It turned out to be a pretty one-sided peace pact, for Sullivan continued to say plenty of unkind things about me.

THE INTERVIEWER: Did you ever see him again?

CORBETT: Yes. Two years before he

died Sullivan came to New York to see the Willard-Moran fight. He was stopping at a little hotel in the fifties. One of the newspapers called me on the phone to ask if I would be willing to pose for a picture with Sullivan. I said it would be all right with me if Sullivan was agreeable. In fact, I offered to go to his hotel and pose for the pictures in his room. Five minutes later I was called to the phone again and told that Sullivan had consented to the arrangement and that if I would go at once to the hotel the newspaper would send a photographer right up. . . . I hadn't seen Sullivan since my fight with him but I had heard a great deal about his hatred for the man who had taken the belt from him. John L. had a sharp tongue and many of the things he had said were far from complimentary. As I made my way to his hotel I wondered what this meeting would be like.

THE INTERVIEWER: I hope this story isn't going to end in another fight!

CORBETT: Far from it. I went directly to Sullivan's room and the hand which clasped mine in greeting was that of a friend. We sat down and chatted while waiting for the photographer. It was two hours before the man arrived—two of the happiest hours of my life. Sullivan was abject in his apologies for the things he had said about me. He called himself all kinds of a fool and it was some time before I could get him to change the subject and talk about the old days. When I left he was in marvelous humor—a changed man. It was as though a load had been lifted from his shoulders.

LOUIS MANN: (*Passing the table*) Hello, Jim. (*He sees The Interviewer*) Hello, Doxy. Say, I never got those cigars yet.

CORBETT: Hello, Louis. If there are any cigars going around let me in on it.

THE INTERVIEWER: This is a private quarrel, Jim. Louis was the guest artist on a La Palina Smoker which I directed a couple of years ago and at Christmas time I sent him, as usual, a card and kiddingly wrote on it, "Enclosed please find box of La Palinas."

LOUIS MANN: How about it, Jim? Don't you think I have a right to feel a little sore?

CORBETT: I should say so. Probably lead to a fight sooner or later.

LOUIS MANN: That would be nice publicity for both of us! Did you ever have a street fight, Jim?

CORBETT: Not quite. I came very close to it not many years ago. It happened during a vaudeville engagement and my wife and I were making the short jumps from one city to the next by auto. I was driving alone merrily one day, when I overtook a hay-wagon which was taking up the entire road. I honked the horn

but the driver paid no attention. I honked again and a voice having about the quality of the Leviathan's fog-horn told me in no uncertain terms where to go. I continued to honk and the voice continued to reply with language that grew stronger and stronger. At an intersection I slipped past and the string of oaths that were hurled at me was just too much for me to stand. I pulled over to the curb and started to climb out. My wife tried to stop me but I wouldn't be stopped.

I took a stand in the middle of the street and told my annoyer that no man could use that kind of language in front of my wife without taking a licking. The driver, up to his neck in the hay, pulled up and accommodatingly slid to the paving. If ever there was a more ridiculous situation exposed to public view then I never saw it. The man who owned the fog-horned voice and who came toward me bristling to fight couldn't have weighed over a hundred pounds. He was all voice and no body. It must have looked like a meeting between David and Goliath to the onlookers and the only thing I could do was burst out laughing. He stopped and glowered at me and when I finally got my speech back all I could say was, "Mister, you win!" I left him standing there, got into the car and drove away. That's the nearest I ever came to having a street fight.

LOUIS MANN: You should have laid him across your knee and spanked him, Jim.

THE INTERVIEWER: That gives me an idea, Louis. If you ever mention cigars to me again that's what I'll do to you. (*Louis Mann puts up both hands in pretended fear and walks away.*)

CORBETT: This is developing into an interview of interruptions. Here come Will Mahoney and Harry Hershfield.

THE INTERVIEWER: It's all right with me as long as the interrupters pull a good yarn out of you.

WILL MAHONEY: Greetings, Jim. Hello, Hobart. What is this—a private conference or can anyone butt in?

CORBETT: It's supposed to be an interview, Will, but it's open to the public. If we had wanted to make it private we would have held it in the waiting-room at the Grand Central Station.

WILL MAHONEY: (*Starts away*) Oh, pardon me.

THE INTERVIEWER: Don't go away, Will. We meet all comers for one round. This is your turn. All you have to do is ask Jim a question.

HARRY HERSHFIELD: (*chiming in*) Do we hear the answer?

CORBETT: Sure. If I can answer it.

THE INTERVIEWER: No hitting below the belt, Harry. It has to be a fair ques-



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tion—one that can be included in the published interview.

HARRY HERSHFELD: Who is the best prospect for the next American heavy-weight champion?

CORBETT: If you mean who do I think is best I'll tell you in a hurry. Stribling.

GENERAL CHORUS: What!

CORBETT: This is what I mean. That boy has everything that a good fighter should have. Courage, speed, timing, a wallop—everything. But, and again I say, *but*—he has something else that he doesn't know he has.

HARRY HERSHFELD: I'll bite. What is it?

CORBETT: The ability to take it. He's overly cautious because he's afraid to let his right hand go, fearing that the other fellow might let his right go at the same time. In other words, he is afraid to gamble his right against his opponent's.

Say, the first time I had the gloves on in a gymnasium out in Frisco I was knocked cold. When I finally came to my right senses I was on my feet trying to carry on. I didn't even know I had been out. And right then and there I learned the greatest lesson a boxer can ever receive—that it doesn't hurt to be knocked out. Once Strib learns if he ever does, that his mind is master of his body—just watch him cut loose. As soon as an opponent looks aggressive Strib immediately becomes cautious. In that terrible contest he had with Sharkey at Miami Strib had the fight won and didn't know it. He landed a right that had Sharkey ripe for a series of follow-up punches that would have put Jack out but just because Jack, the instant that blow landed, looked twice as aggressive as he had before, he tricked Strib into laying off, by pulling his own right back in a position to shoot. Say, this will have to be all for this gab-fest. Got enough dope, Doty? If you haven't give me a ring on the 'phone and we'll have another session. Good-bye, everybody.

Curtain.

Marcella

(Continued from page 65)

soloist in some churches. He, too, is married, and has two boys. Mrs. Dumke is a concert pianist.

* * *

IMOGENE of Odessa, Mo., wanted a picture of Sally Perkins. In the absence of a picture of Sally, the belle of the Happy Hollow program, will you be happy, Imogene, with a photo of Ted Malone? You know he is the author



Ted Malone

of the Happy Hollow sketches. Sally—her real name is Ruth Lee Bren—is a very charming little girl, not quite five feet tall. She has merry brown eyes and merry auburn-brown curls and a cheery, sunny disposition. In Happy Hollow, Sally is the little girl who is constantly falling in and out of love. In real life, Sally is a continuity writer and piano accompanist. But no matter where she is, Sally or Ruth unfailingly dispenses cheer.

* * *

NO ONE at KGBZ seems to know the whereabouts of Bill Jonason. Maybe someone reading our S.O.S. will come to the rescue of Ruth of Jamestown, Kans. Roy Faulkner was down in Texas when you missed him over KFKB, but he's back on that station again. Mr. Denver, Chief Announcer of KFKB, says he thinks Roy is 23

* * *

ANOTHER S.O.S. Does anyone know the whereabouts of Marguerite Curtis, formerly connected with a Household Department of some Radio Station?

* * *



Charlie Kretzinger

EDDIE, of Peoria, here is the little dish of news that you are so hungry for. Gene and Charlie were born in Kansas City, Mo., Charlie in 1900 and Gene five years later. They were both educated in the grammar and high schools of that city.

They have been in Radio for eight years, having broadcast from WDAF, WDAG, Amarillo, KFH, WFAA, and they are now the popular harmony team over Station

WJJD. Len Ivey of that station says they have only two hobbies—harmony and more harmony in the team. They are both single! This may or may not have anything to do with their attainment of harmony—that's not for Marcella to judge.

* * *

WHY didn't you come in to see Marcella when you were in New York, Ruthie? I can't begin to tell you how much I appreciate the hand-painted card and the lovely inscription. I'll keep it forever and ever. And the next time you go gallivantin' over this country of ours you mustn't forget to visit us, will you?

* * *

IT WAS this way. C. L. H. of Binghamton. Our Imperturbable Printer thought Floyd Gibbons would look cuter with the patch over the right eye so without even consulting Floyd or the Editorial Staff, he went ahead and reversed the picture. Hoping this 'splains the matter.

* * *

"NORMAN MORK has the sweetest voice that I have ever listened to," writes Shirley of Sugarhouse, Utah, "and he has a quality in it that seems to just 'get you!'" Norman is none other than the Whispering Baritone on KDYL Salt Lake City, the station over which he has been broadcasting since 1922. He remembers the days when the studio was so small that the artist had to back his way to the elevator when he was through with his song before the next artist could go in. Norman is very modest about his talents, and has a great dislike for personal appearances although he is one of the most popular singers in the state. In private life he is manager of one of the largest printing establishments in Salt Lake City—and only twenty-eight.



Norman Mork

* * *

J. D OF Spokane wanted a picture of Jerome De Borde. Weren't you glad to see his and Henry's pictures, Jay Dee, on page 114 in November RADIO DIGEST?

* * *

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

The Pipes of Pan

Use Only Real Talent, Please— Newly Organized "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Radio Fans" Voices its Opinions

WITH no desire to be an idol-shatterer, nor to destroy cherished illusions, does this department commence functioning. Ours is not a hypercritical soul, made sour by age and adversity, and easily disposed to cavil and carping. No neurologist has found us lacking in proper reflexes; no complex born in youth now rears its ugly head to make us a prey to spleen or despondency.

It is because we love Radio that we will undertake, now and then, to slap its wrists, and, if necessary, take it into the woodshed. Occasionally we shall be admonitory, but never captious; often reproving, but never vituperative.

If we can't be constructive, we shall cultivate the habit of talking to ourselves in some quiet corner, and airing our acridity where none may hear. Perniciousness will find no home in this pillar of prattle, nor will pussy-footing, either, for that matter.

We have just purchased a brand-new hisser, which saves wear and tear on the lips, and which we expect to use here frequently. But in our zeal to employ that device, we shall never forget that we also own an automatic applause-making machine, which we shall not permit to grow rusty.

* * *

IF IT be true that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then we doff our chapeaux graciously to a certain dark and slim crooner, who is, by his mimicry, evidencing a generous lavishness as far as his flattery of a fellow vocalist is concerned.

Let's not kid ourselves, nor permit ourselves to be kidded. We know who inaugurated the crooning era, and those "on the inside" are well aware that a clever ability to copy the performances of stylists made the imitator bask in the reflected glory of the imitated.

By some it isn't sophisticated to "go for" Rudy Vallee, and those who acclaim the master crooner are sometimes condemned as sappy and sentimental. However, there's nothing of the barker in Vallee; no strain of the carnival man exists in his make-up. What some are quick to decry as ego is merely his supreme confidence in himself; his alleged conceit is faith in his art. You can't censure a man because he believes in the things he does.

A word of advice to the megaphone men, though. Accepting the gentlemen of the fourth estate, including the tabled columnist, as men of intelligence and open mind, he is oftentimes prone to discourse a bit too frankly, thereby leaving himself "wide open" and innocently giving vent to utterances that become sensational copy. He should be cautioned against free discourse with the press lads who, although they invariably become Vallee fans after an interview, have a duty to their city desks. More times than once, an innocent remark uttered by a celebrity provides material for a story that can do irreparable harm.

Rudy Vallee,—clean, real,—a true artist, has done much for Radio. He has enemies, though. We insist that he refrain from making himself a target for those who find him good copy.

* * *

ONE of our pet peeves is the promiscuous use of "names" on commercial broadcasts, regardless of talent or suitability for broadcasting.

It is easy to comprehend the thrill that a "seeing" audience gets from viewing an erstwhile favorite, despite the fact that the star's ability may be definitely on the wane. But on the air, past performances are discounted; reputation is an empty asset. Not that the tuning-in public is hard-boiled; the reason is that little tricks of showmanship are lost via the air and nothing registers but "cold" results.

A beloved veteran of the operatic stage, for example, was recently offered by an important commercial hour as the "super-special" attraction of the evening, and the result was close to pathetic. Those in the studio to whom her name was a delightful tradition and a cherished memory must have agreed that her air debut was something like leading a lamb to the slaughter. Her voice "gone," she stood bravely and resolutely before the microphone, a vision to those who saw her, but, without doubt, just "static" to those who tuned in to hear her. Television, alone, might have saved her.

When will program sponsors realize that talent,—not "names"—is what the public wants? Radio's favorites came from nowhere. The biggest disappointments, from an entertainment point of view, have been the internationally famous "name" performers, hallyhoed for weeks prior to their appearance, and then, after it's all

over, making the "fans" wonder what all the shooting was for.

You're in show-business, Mr. Radio Man. Use some ingenuity and dig up your own talent. There's no entertainment nourishment in a "name."

* * *

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Radio Fans should try, at their next meeting, to curtail the indiscriminate choice of songs by orchestra leaders.

By actual survey, one so-called "best-selling song hit" was played fourteen times one night recently from an important station, giving the listener, at about the tenth repetition of the "classic," a feeling much akin to good, old-fashioned nausea.

Can't something be done to regulate programs? Never, in a vaudeville theatre, will you hear a song offered more than once during the performance. Programs are carefully checked during rehearsals by the house manager and the musical director, and when two acts use the same number, one or the other must make a substitution.

Not so via the ether, however. And for several very good reasons, if you insist on knowing. *Par exemple:*

In many cases, your good friends, the orchestra leaders, have what Tin Pan Alley refers to as "cuts" in songs. These range from one-half cent to thrice that amount for each copy of music sold, thereby making it good business policy for the leader to give "his" song as much "plugging" as possible, regardless of its fitness to his program or its pertinence to his general presentation.

Then again, dear lovely people, a contemporary racket among many Radio columnists is either to write songs or permit the publishers to present them with a slice of the royalty melon. Subsequently, nice, juicy "puffs" are given obliging leaders and singers who offer these songs on the air, and those who do not are graciously ignored.

Just a few reasons why you're getting an over-dose of certain tunes, and why you'll keep getting it until the S.P.C.R.F. takes a hand. For Radio, like all other cherished institutions of this turbulent era, is not immune from the machinations of the great evil Racket.

George D. Lottman

Hands of An Astrologer

(Continued from page 75)

servative, straight, unbending thumb turns its back she is likely to indulge her fancy for things quite feminine.

Asking about her husband's hands reminds me of their country home. Their hands sought fastidiously everything that's in it.

It's a dream of a farmhouse in Westchester, high up on the hillside. Its wide spreading veranda merges into the branches of heroic trees. All the love of home and pioneer traditions suggested by Miss Adams' hands show in this gem of a house converted by her into this lovely place from a bare old Quaker meeting house as her ancestors had done before her in England in days gone by.

Old Currier and Ives prints hang on the walls of the numerous rooms of the house. Highboys and lowboys of early American days lend their interest to the furnishings. An old settle on which Rip Van Winkle himself might have nodded stands in a corner. Burnished pewter brightens old shelves in the dining room and treasures of clocks with wooden works still going hang in hallway and "parlor" while stiffly erect stand antique andirons of the days of Miles Standish.

You'd love to see how motherly are Miss Adams' hands as she pats quaint coverlids on the beds of guest rooms giving added gesture of good measure to her gracious hospitality.

And it's not for naught that the third phalange of her fingers—the ones next to her palm—is full molded for it's the grandest of food that comes from her farmhouse kitchen. But Miss Adams' own hand indulges lightly in food and often much of it is diverted to the moist-eyed, expectant little Lover, her pet of a dog, and to his dainty little Pekinese girl friend.

Leaving the coziness of her adorable farmhouse, the week-end guests who gather there, noted artists, writers, scientists, musicians, and business men and women of national importance, Miss Adams goes back to her studio in Carnegie Hall.

It is fascinating to watch her hands as she works there. All personal qualities seem to recede. She is now the scientist and astrologer dealing with lives and stellar promises. As her hand, deftly arched, turns the great astronomical globe beside her desk, she is guided by the most exact of mathematical knowledge, astrological lore, and long experience in making deductions pertaining to the human equation.

Her hands are now intense, vibrant. She studies, weighs the evidence, writes the record of a life. If it is burning brightly, it is well. If not her hand must write the word of caution, or courage, or

calmness to keep this life true to its one particular star—the good star that guides each destiny.

"You've forgotten those other questions—" this from the feminine Radio audience.

Oh, yes, well—she does like jewels. I'm sure for she wears a magnificent diamond ring, and the hands of her husband—he's George E. Jordan, noted astrologer and business consultant—are the specialist type, angled thumb and irregular fingers, and he's enough of an artist that everything that was placed in the gem of a farmhouse had to suit his hands—just so.

The Golden Baton

(Continued from page 33)

standing man, my friend. I go now—

SHOPKEEPER: Until you come again, the—

JOHANN: Goodbye!

Once again the tick—tick—tock—of the old gilt clock marks the passing moments, as Jean sighs and says, "I almost felt the beating of the man's heart as I looked at the baton. So much of his life went into it. But tell me, Dad, do you know what has become of him?"

The Shopkeeper does. He answers.

"Yes. It seems that some kind people took pity on him and made him their gardener. Of course, he knew nothing of gardening—it was just an act of generosity. I was told that he would listen to the wind in the trees, because it reminded him of his music—and on moonlight nights he would sit out in his little garden and listen to the song. It was just such a night that they found him beneath one of his trees, and in his hand was clutched a little piece of wood that he had whittled into the shape of a baton. And there, in the moonlight, under the trees, he heard the last strains of the symphony of his life."

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* * *

Dramatic sketches are becoming increasingly popular with Radio listeners. No small part of this interest was stimulated recently by the introduction of Majestic's Old Curiosity Shop series which, since last October, has been presented Sundays at 9 P. M. by the Grigsby-Grunow Company over the Columbia international network headed by WABC, New York.

Both the verse which precedes the play and the idea of the Old Curiosity Shop were created by David Ross, Columbia announcer, who also takes the part of The Old Shopkeeper. Afterward Mr. Ross turned over his general theme idea and the synopsis for the scripts to Don Clark, head of Columbia's continuity division. It was Don's job to rewrite the stories and dramatize them. Although Ross's

idea, the stories, as you hear them on the air, are made into that form by Mr. Clark.

The cast which portrays the scripts is a notable one indeed. For we find many of the famous actors and actresses of Arabesque fame playing leading roles. Georgia Backus, the director of dramatics at Columbia headquarters, is the leading lady in the plays.

Jean Sothorn, whose name recalls the movie thrillers of yesterday in which she starred, plays in the prologue as The Shopkeeper's daughter and in the play-within-a-play.

Frank Knight, Columbia's senior announcer, is leading man. Reyn Evans, another announcer, also plays in the sketches.

Don Clark is one of Radio's pioneers. He began his career as a newspaperman in Albany, New York. Later he went in for Radio and became an announcer. His rise to fame in this field was slow and soon afterward Clark turned to writing Radio scripts, in which he has excelled, and his knowledge of broadcast requirements is reflected in his work.

Town Crier Tales

(Continued from page 19)

I rushed into print with it. Then the bricks began to fall. By various constant and annoying readers, it was pointed out to me that this was a story which got printed regularly once every year. It was pointed out to me that it had been anticipated two years before by The Saturday Evening Post.

"An angry old countess wrote me from her villa at Monte Carlo that there must be some mistake because whereas the thing had happened as I described it, it had happened to a friend of hers the year before in Nice. A professor at Ohio State College wrote me that there must be some mistake because, whereas, it had happened four years ago to a friend of a friend of his in Chicago.

"I knew then what I had done. I had, and not for the first time, (or the last time either, I might add) come upon a piece of American folklore. There are certain stories which, seem chronically recurrent. They are told not by writers only, not, indeed, by writers chiefly, but by all manner of people—preachers, baseball players, dressmakers. And they are always told as true.

"The strange events which take place in them are always told as having happened to some cousin, or at least to some dear, dear friend of the narrator. Try to trace such a story back to its first appearance and you will find yourself involved in newspaper files of thirty or forty years ago in cities all over the world.

Alexander Woolcott continues his Town Crier Tales in February issue of

RADIO DIGEST

Universe of Einstein

(Continued from page 54)

it move in a straight line. In other words, motion will not go in a straight line.

If you take a poor man and blindfold that man and say, "I will give you a thousand pounds if you, blindfolded, will walk in a straight line," he will do his best for the sake of the thousand pounds to walk in a straight line, but he will walk in a circle and come back in exactly the same place.

Mere fact will never stop an Englishman. Newton invented a straight line, and that was the law of gravitation, and when he had invented this, he had created a universe which was wonderful in itself. When applying his wonderful genius, when he had completed a book of that universe, what sort of book was it? It was a book which told you the station of all the heavenly bodies. It showed the rate at which they were traveling; it showed the exact hour at which they would arrive at such and such a point to make an eclipse. It was not a magical, marvelous thing; it was a matter-of-fact thing, like a Bradshaw. (A time-table compilation—Editor.)

For 300 years we believed in that Bradshaw and in that Newtonian universe as I suppose no system has even been believed in before. I know I was educated in it and was brought up to believe in it firmly. Then a young professor came along. He claimed Newton's theory of the apple was wrong.

He said, "Newton did not know what happened to the apple, and I can prove this when the next eclipse comes."

WE SAID: "The next thing you will be doing is questioning the law of gravitation."

The young professor said: "No, I mean no harm to the law of gravitation, but, for my part, I can go without it."

"What do you mean, go without it?"

He said: "I can tell you about that afterward."

The world is not a rectilinear world; it is a curvilinear world. The heavenly bodies go in curves because that is the natural way for them to go, and so the whole Newtonian universe crumpled up and was succeeded by the Einstein universe. I am sorry to have to say it. You must remember that our distinguished visitor could not have said it. It would not be nice for him to say it; it would not be courteous; but here in England he is a wonderful man. This man is not challenging the fact of science; he is challenging the axioms of science. Not only is he challenging the axioms of science, but the axioms of science have surrendered to his challenge.

I have talked enough. I rejoice in the new universe that Einstein has produced. From our little solitude to his great solitude we want to extend our admiration.

Station Vox

(Continued from page 36)

CALPURNIA: Mark, did you have anything to do with this? Here is the way that number should be sung. Give me the music (*sits at piano and strikes chord*). Why don't you get this piano tuned? It's all out of tune. (*Sings same number in high soprano voice, with plenty of trills.*)

(*At end of song a shot is heard. Both women scream. Then brief silence.*)

MARK ANTHONY: For the Love of Rome, which one did you shoot?

CAESAR: The one who didn't faint.

MARK ANTHONY: If you've shot Cleo I'll tell the Senate and have you kicked out. Get some water quick.

CAESAR: Oh, you call her CLEO, do you? Here, help me lift her up.

MARK ANTHONY: Cleo, Cleo, are you all right?

CLEOPATRA (*Jeebly*): It's YOU Mark? Oh, Julius Darling, why did you shoot her?

CAESAR: Well, if she had just been a soprano, I couldn't have done it. If she had been both a soprano and my wife, I couldn't have done it. But having a soprano for a wife—and knowing you, at the same time, there was no alternative. Do you feel all right now?

CLEOPATRA: Yes, I feel swell.

CAESAR: Mark Anthony, I request that you submit your resignation.

MARK ANTHONY: I do not accept the request.

CAESAR: You'd better. I'll fire you anyway. I don't want you around here any more.

CLEOPATRA: Oh, Julius, don't fire Mark, he's a perfect peach.

CAESAR: You're fired!

MARK ANTHONY: I'm not fired!

CAESAR: You are!

MARK ANTHONY: I'm not!

CLEOPATRA: Boys, boys, boys! Stop it. This quarreling sounds terrible. Everybody is all heated up and bothered. I'll tell you. Get your togas and come with me down to the baths and we'll all have a swim together.

CAESAR: That sounds good.

CLEOPATRA: Then we'll go up to my house for a lovely bowl of punch.

MARK ANTHONY: Cleo, you're a woman of ideas.

CAESAR: That sounds great—let's get out of here.

CLEOPATRA: That's the spirit. Come—Sweet Mark and Darling Julius—

CAESAR: I'll figure out what I'll do with you later, Mark.

MARK ANTHONY: I'll be doing some figuring too.

CLEOPATRA: Boys, not so loud. (*Very sweetly*) I'll tell you both what to do!

(*Curtain*)

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Ray Perkins

(Continued from page 15)

don't make as much money as a good fullback, but then I doubt if even Irving Berlin could kick a field goal.

"I see they found an ancient Roman galley in an Italian lake. One of those eight-oared barges of the time of the Caesars. The Naval Limitations Committee is all hot and bothered. They say Mussolini had it dug up on purpose as proof that Italy actually did scrap a ship at one time. But several editors say, however, that it is only a galley proof, so it doesn't count.

"I have often been asked if Perkins is the real name. Well, it is Perkins, and I didn't say Schmalz. However, you can call me 'Ducky Daddles' if you want to.

"One morning not long ago, the traffic jam was terrible. A traffic jam isn't the kind of jam you put up, it's the kind you have to put up with. This particular morning of which I speak it was spread all over both sides of the street. It got all over the coat of the cop who stands near the National Broadcasting Company studios. So I hollered: 'Some jam, eh, kid?'

"He had seen me crossing the street with a can of pineapple under each arm. I always bring along some pineapple because you never can tell who is going to drop in. And he said: 'Oh, yeah? Well, it will be a pineapple jam if you don't watch where you are going.'

"I guess everybody knows that for the past 13 years I have puttered about in every branch of show business. In fact, I gained quite a reputation as being one of the best putterers that ever puttered. You must also know that I have been an advertising salesman, and was second Lieutenant Perkins during the world war, and was assigned to the intelligence division, which may have been another paradox. But we won't go into that at this time again.

"My Radio debut in 1926 over WJZ as *Judge, Jr.*, was quite a thrill. But at that time I didn't much care for broadcasting. So after turning advertising salesman and then editor, I went to Hollywood and wrote theme songs. Hey! who threw that brick? *Under the Texas Moon* and *Lady Luck* were the most overplayed.

"Oh, by the way. You might want to mention the fact that I was born in Boston and therefore moved to New York as a small boy. Yes, that is true, I haven't grown very much during the ensuing years. That is, except that I have grown older and wiser with the passing years. But that isn't very original with me either. Everyone gets older with the passing years, and stops trying to fill inside straight.

"And so has life been with me. I have been going along in the whisky-tenor of my ways . . . just me and my little grand piano, which is my constant companion. My piano, always at my side, has been, these many years, from

baby grand to concert grand, a one-man piano. But with it all my piano has been very tolerant of my wife and young son. Good old piano.

"WELL, it's early yet, so I guess I'll be up and doing. I can't waste a lot of time hanging around with Radio interviewers, you know. Glad to have met up with you all. Give my regards to the family and tell them you've been hanging out with me, and tell them I'm a fine upstanding example of young American manhood and all that"—you know—make a hit with the folks.

Carefully folding the old topper, and putting a muzzle and leash on "good old piano," Ray "Pineapple" Perkins, faded away into the lengthening shadows, and I stood on the dock, waving my handkerchief until he had gone under for the third time.

Maria Jeritza

(Continued from page 21)

simply could not calm myself. I actually delayed the curtain for several minutes, while the overture was repeated, before I could summon up sufficient courage to walk on the stage. Then the warmth and the friendliness of the audience at once permeated through me and soon I was singing with entire ease. I felt that the American audience had taken me to its heart. This was a big moment for me because it marked the beginning of an association with America that has brought me great pleasure and happiness.

In fact, it has now come to be that I consider America as my home. When I go to Vienna in the summer, to rest and to play at my country place, it is of New York that I speak as home. I love everything about this great city and I have made so many wonderful friends here that I would not make any but brief engagements elsewhere.

There is one more great moment in my life that I must mention—one that is precious in every woman's life. And that is my marriage to Baron Popper, who comes from a famous musical family. He is the son of Blanche Marchesi, who sang here years ago in concert, and the grandson of Mathilde Marchesi, the famous Paris teacher, who numbered Melba and other great singers among her pupils. Baron Popper himself is a pianist and violinist of talent.

I believe that no matter how successful and famous a woman may be nor to what artistic heights she may climb, her life is incomplete and unfulfilled unless she marries. In order to make it a happy and lasting one, she should prepare and train herself for it, just as she would for a career. She should regard it as a sacred obligation on her part to give of her best to it, for only in that way can she make her marriage the supreme adventure in life.

Junior Brings Home The Bacon

(Continued from page 59)

makes you work really harder than the footlights."

Howard has a little twinkle in his eye that brought the question:

"Are you, by any chance, a *Penrod* off the air as well as on?"

He looked a little guilty. And his mother admitted, trying to look severe:

"You'd have thought so if you'd seen the water fight he led at one of the coolers at the National Broadcasting Company a few days ago."

Howard spoke up defensively:

"Well, mother, it wouldn't have done any harm if I hadn't sprayed Florence Malone. I didn't see her."

Howard, when it comes to seeing shows, prefers opera and musical comedy. Even though he is dramatic himself. We were assured by the young actor:

"Nearly all my money goes toward my college fund. I buy my own clothes and sort of help sometimes around the house. But I want a good education. Then no more acting. I don't think very many successful child performers grow up to be real actors. Why not leave well enough alone. Besides, I want to write. If I could go right out on a story now I'd jump for joy. A good fire or a hot murder story. Maybe I'll be a Radio critic. That's a good idea, isn't it?"

Responsibility for the success of these children of the air may be laid at the doorstep of a very young and pretty golden-haired lady who has charge of all the NBC children's programs. She is Madge Tucker, *The Lady Next Door*.

Miss Tucker also may be given credit for keeping them natural and free from the usual professional precociousness and freshness. One little conceived move and they are brought down to earth, diplomatically, but firmly. She punishes them by keeping them off the air a while.

But there is nothing so interesting about this whole Radio baby business as (mercenary speaking) all the money that seems to be floating around through the ether these days.

It is quite safe to say that not one of these fathers are earning more than from \$25 to \$50 a week. The average should be about \$35.

While baby, bless its li'l heart, gets that much for (sometimes) just about fifteen minutes or a half hour on the air.

So baby is taking the family, papa, mamma and brothers and sisters by the hoot straps and lifting them from poverty to the Drive.

If the roof needs a few new shingles or mamma needs a fur coat rush baby to the nearest broadcasting studio at the first sign of a boop-boop-a-doop or a fit of dramatic emotion.

Maybe that temperamental fit junior had last night was suppressed desire. It may sound like static but you never can tell!

Radiographs

(Continued from page 63)

as supercargo—a lowly sophomore stood no chance in the exalted company of seniors. But when the auditions were over Rosaline Greene was the only one asked to join the WGY Players.

It was her first contact with either the theatre or the Radio, but before the year was over she was the leading lady of the company. The following year she continued her work at WGY, and in addition accepted a position with a stock company presenting a repertory of plays in Albany and Troy. Then began a hectic existence for Rosaline Greene. Her family, back in Hempstead, L. I., where she was born, were not theatrical people, and did not take kindly to their daughter's dramatic ambitions. Nor would the authorities at State College have been at all pleased to learn that one of their students was appearing in stock. So Rosaline had to carry on her dramatic activities under an assumed name and you can imagine her embarrassment when an instructor at the college stopped her one day to comment on her resemblance to the leading lady at Proctor's Theatre.

She could not keep her identity hidden forever, however, and the year she graduated the dark-eyed girl who intended to become a school teacher found herself fêted at the Radio World's Fair in Madison Square Garden as "the perfect Radio voice." Not long after that came her one and only contract with the metropolitan theatre. Lee Shubert personally called upon her to ask her to take the leading role in his new production, *The Pearl of Great Price*. For two months Miss Greene played at the Century Theatre, and then she made her decision. She would cast her lot with Radio.

"It gives me so much more opportunity," she explained. "On the stage I'm limited in the parts I can play by my

size, age, general appearance, and a hundred and one other things that have nothing whatever to do with my ability to feel and portray the character. In Radio there are no such limitations. I can play *Joan of Arc* one night and *Cleopatra* the next. On the stage the actress who played one of those parts would probably never be considered for the other."

But just at that time Radio wasn't considering many characters of any type. Radio drama was not so well established as it is today, so Rosaline Greene filled in the interval with post-graduate work in dramatics at Columbia University and with her first love—teaching. It was while teaching in a private school on Riverside Drive that she formed her own company of Radio players, wrote plays for them and introduced them to New York audiences over local stations.

Then, slowly, dramatics began to find their place among the jazz bands and male quartettes that crowded the air. With their establishment on the big networks came recognition for Rosaline Greene. She gave up her teaching, signed an exclusive contract with National Broadcasting Company, and ever since has been started.

She loves to ride, swim, and walk, and has an ambition to become a famous writer of Radio drama as well as a famous Radio actress.



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Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike. 10c. Chas. A. Philklaus, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

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SONGWRITERS—Advance royalty payments, new talking picture song requirements, etc., fully explained in our free instructive booklet. Write today. Song poems examined free. Newcomer Associates, 1674-P Broadway, New York.

SONGWRITERS-POEMS-MELODIES—Opportunity, Tommie Malle, RD 4215 North Avenue, Chicago.

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YOU have seen how the men and young men who got into the automobile, motion picture and other industries when they were started had the first chance at the key jobs—are now the \$5,000, \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year men. Radio offers you the same chance that made men rich in those businesses. Its growth has already made men independent and will make many more wealthy in the future. Its amazing growth can put you ahead too. Don't pass up this opportunity for a good job and future financial independence.

Hundreds of \$50 to \$100 a Week Jobs Opening Every Year

Radio needs more trained men badly. Why slave your life away for \$25 to \$40 a week in a no-future job when you can get ready in a short time for Radio where the good jobs pay \$50, \$60, \$75 and \$100 a week? And many of these jobs can quickly lead to \$150 to \$200 a week. Hundreds of fine jobs are opening every year for men with the right training—the kind of training I'll give you.

Many Make \$10 to \$25 a Week Extra Almost at Once

The day you start I'll show you how to do ten jobs common in most every neighborhood that you can do in your spare time. I'll show you how to repair and service all makes of sets and do many other jobs all through my course. I'll give you the plans and ideas that are making \$200 to \$1,000 for my students while they are taking my course. G. W. Page, 107 Raleigh Apts., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I made \$935 in my spare time while taking your course."

I Am Doubling and Tripling Salaries

Where you find big growth you always find many big opportunities. I am doubling and tripling the salaries of many men every year. After training with me only a short time they are able to make \$1,000 to \$3,000 a year more than they were getting before. Figure out for yourself what an increase like this would mean to you—the many things that mean so much in happiness and comfort that you could buy with an additional \$1,000 to \$3,000 a year.

You Have Many Jobs to Choose From

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers. Radio manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers and managers. Shipping companies use hundreds of operators and give them world-wide travel with practically no expense and a good salary besides. There are hundreds of opportunities for you to have a spare time or full time Radio business of your own. I'll show you how to start one with practically no capital. My book tells you of other opportunities. Be sure to get it at once.



Operating on board ship gives you world-wide travel without expense, and a salary of \$85 to \$200 a month besides.



Spare time set servicing is paying N. R. I. men \$200 to \$1,000 a year for their spare time. Earnings begin almost at once after enrolling.



Commercial Land Stations are being opened very rapidly in our leading cities. Trans-Oceanic telephony offers many attractive jobs.



Radio factories employ thousands. Salaries for well trained men range from \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year.



\$400 a Month

"I spent fifteen years as traveling salesman and was making good money but could see the opportunities in Radio. Believe me I am not sorry, for I have made more money than ever before. I have made more than \$400 each month and it really was your course that brought me to this. I can't say too much for your school." J. G. Dahlstead, 1484 South 15th St., Salt Lake City, Utah.



\$800 in Spare Time

"Money could not pay for what I got out of your course. I did not know a single thing about Radio before I enrolled but I have made \$800 in my spare time although my work keeps me away from home from 6:00 A. M. to 7:00 P. M. Every word I ever read about your course I have found true." Milton I. Leiby, Jr., Topton, Pennsylvania.



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"My earnings in Radio are many times greater than I ever expected them to be. In November I made \$577, December \$615, January \$165. My earnings seldom fall under \$100 a week. I'll say the N. R. I. course is thorough and complete. You give a man more for his money than anybody else." E. E. Winborne, 1414 W. 48th St., Norfolk, Va.

for a **Big Pay** Radio Job

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My course not only gives you a thorough training in Radio—all you need to know to get and hold a good job—but also your choice, without extra charge, of any one of these special courses: Television, Aircraft Radio, Broadcasting, Commercial and Ship Radio Stations, Sound Pictures and Public Address Systems, and Advanced Radio Servicing and Merchandising. You won't be a "one job" man when you finish my course. You'll know how to handle a job in any one of Radio's 20 different branches of opportunity.

Lifetime Employment Service to all Graduates

When you finish my course you won't be turned loose to shift for yourself. Then is when I will step in and help you find a job through my Employment Department. This Employment Service is free of extra charge both to you and the employer. My Employment Department is getting three times as many calls for graduates this year as last year.

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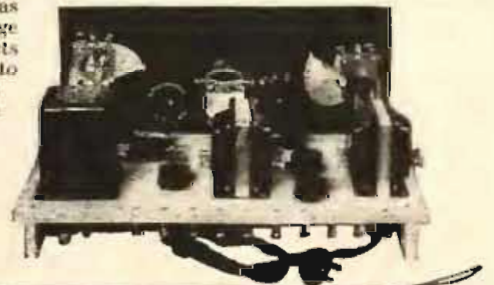
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"Before I completed your course I went to work for a Radio dealer. Now I am Assistant Service Manager of the Sparks-Withington Company. My salary is three times what it was before taking your course. I could not have obtained this position without it. I owe my success to N. R. I. training." H. A. Wilmoth, Sparks-Withington Co., Jackson, Mich.



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Dear Mr. Smith:— Send me "Rich Rewards in Radio." Tell me more about Radio's opportunities for good jobs and quick promotion; also about your practical method of Home training. I understand this request does not obligate me and that no agent will call on me.

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Walter Winchell

(Continued from page 7)

and dance act had to be continued.

During long train rides from one city to another, Winchell used to amuse himself by writing intimate stories about his fellow-vaudevillians. Little anecdotes, little human-interest stories, a little bit of dirt—these he pieced together into an altogether spicy column about vaudeville-life and vaudevillians. This column, he, one day, sent in to the *Vaudeville News*. To his surprise, *Vaudeville News* printed the article, paid for it—and asked for more. Two more such columns were written and printed and Winchell felt that, at last, a decent excuse had presented itself for his leaving the vaudeville game for good. He would return to 42nd Street in order to cover Broadway gossip for *Vaudeville News*.

And he did—with such success, in fact, that Sime Silverman of *Variety* was attracted by those writings and sent out a flattering bait to the young columnist. A neat contract was awaiting Winchell if he would only work for *Variety*. Would he come? For a while Winchell played with the idea of accepting. But then a still more flattering offer came which definitely decided for him. The *Graphic*, a new tabloid, was looking for interesting young writers, and its editor Bernarr Macfadden—sensing that in Winchell he had a columnist that would be a valuable asset to any newspaper—gave Winchell a breath-taking salary to work for it. Winchell grabbed the opportunity; he was earning now five times as much as he had ever earned before. And on a job which was as easy as it was fascinating. His columnist career was now fully launched.

This was five years ago. Four years later, the New York *Mirror* enticed Winchell into accepting a position on its paper by doubling his already munificent salary. His column was to be syndicated throughout the entire country. And shortly afterwards, the Radio got him for a weekly broadcast of Broadway news. Gossip had triumphed. Walter Winchell was its prophet.

WALTER WINCHELL is only thirty-three—yet, despite his youth, he is practically gray. Other characteristics which distinguish him include the fact that he writes with his left hand, he works only two hours each day on his column—usually from 5 to 7 P. M.; he is invariably up all the night, making the rounds of the night-clubs, and he sleeps all day; he does not dress well; his principal affections are night-clubs, good beverages—and gossip. But gossip above everything else. He could never have developed that truly remarkable scent for scandal, if he did not love it so.

It is generally a source of wonder for

his readers and listeners as to where Winchell gets his remarkable revelations—some of which precede the newspaper headlines by weeks. The answer is that three sources supply him with his gossip. The first is Winchell himself. Snooping around night-clubs, important hotels, large restaurants and other important Broadway rendezvous-places, it is inevitable for him to pick up a considerable amount of first-hand gossip. Then (although this is not generally known), it is said he has a small battalion of spies working under him, whose duty it is to pick up information and scandal about anyone in the public limelight, and who get paid from Winchell himself. The greatest amount of his information comes from this source. Finally, generous readers swamp his desk every morning with information which, by chance, they happened to pick up. Winchell confesses that some of his best "scoops" have come to him in his morning's mail from some kind-hearted reader or Radio listener. Needless to say, all gossip is fully verified before it is put into print or told over the Radio. Otherwise there would not be enough lawyers in all of New York to defend Winchell against libel-suits. Incidentally—and this is, by no means, a small tribute to Winchell's accuracy—despite all the remarkable information, some of which is of the most intimate and bewildering nature, too, Winchell has never had a libel suit on his hands.

George Jean Nathan has recently complimented Winchell by saying that the latter is not only a superb journalist but that he has also enriched the English language. Winchell's vocabulary is almost as famous as his gossip. It is well-known, for example, that it was he who made of "whoopee" a national by-word. It is well-known that he coined such picturesque words as "literotic"; such graphic phrases as "having it Reno-vated," as "melting their wedding ring"; and such apt metaphors as his description of Broadway, "the hardened artery". He has brought a new vocabulary to the lingo of the average Broadwayite; he has made speech piquant and vivid.

Winchell himself has often spoken of himself, over the Radio, as "the man whom they love to hate." Broadwayites hate him because they have no secrets which this bewildering journalist does not learn and reveal; theatrical producers hate him, because he has disclosed so much of their sham. The Shuberts, as a matter of fact, will never permit him into any of their theatres—and two years ago Walter Winchell was able to see *Animal Crackers* only because Harpo Marx dressed him up as a woman and sneaked him in through the main entrance. Night-club owners, racketeers hate him. Any-

one who has a secret hates him. Gangsters hate him. No man ever makes the rounds of Broadway's night-life being so liberally hated as Walter Winchell.

And yet, paradoxically enough, he is also one of the most celebrated and best liked columnists in the country. His stint is syndicated to thirty-two newspapers; it is estimated that more than two million people read his column every day. Something like ten million listen to his broadcast every Tuesday night—to judge by his correspondence. And any man who receives a salary of \$100,000 a year—not to mention his salary for broadcasting—cannot be said to be unpopular. It all depends on which side of the fence you are. If you are of the group whom Winchell exploits for his gossip then you are among his enemies; but if you are merely an innocent bystander who gets a tremendous kick out of learning the inside stories about Broadway, then you probably worship him. But no one is indifferent.

Incidentally, there has recently spread a lot of talk, in and out of night-clubs, that Walter Winchell will be "bumped-off" within the next few months. Those of his admirers who are terrified by this bit of inside information will, perhaps, feel a little more at ease if they knew that the one who started this rumor circulating was none other than—yes, our Mr. Walter Winchell, the man who knows everything.

Recipes via Radio

(Continued from page 80)

ette apartments in large cities, or substantial suburban homes. I see several brave, cheerful women who in spite of total blindness manage to keep house and prepare meals, and a certain lame girl who sits beside her Radio taking notes and writing down recipes for her busy neighbors who cannot listen in. These and all the others are before me as I talk. And, oh, how I try to give them each and all the help, encouragement and actual cooking information they feel they need and want!"

The next year Betty Crocker's talks were sent over the country as the first morning chain program. Her circle of homemakers was widened to include women living in the cities, towns and villages, and on farms and ranches all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast whose homes Betty Crocker now enters twice a week for a friendly visit by means of a National Broadcasting Company network through the courtesy of General Mills, Inc.

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