

Radio Digest

JANUARY, 1932

25 Cents



CONNIE BOSWELL, CBS

Stokowski • Vallée • Sousa • Perkins

PYORRHEA

creeps upon its victims unawares

IT is the pernicious nature of pyorrhea to infect the mouth as long as ten years before the victim knows it. This dread disease of the gums comes to four people out of five past forty.

Not content with robbing humanity of half of all adult teeth lost, it also breeds virulent poisons which it sends coursing throughout the entire system to undermine the individual's general health.

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And in your home, brush your teeth and massage your gums, morning and night, with Forhan's. This remarkable dentifrice is unique in that it contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, an ethical preparation, developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea. The Forhan formula was



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

the outgrowth of Dr. Forhan's 26 years of specialization in the treatment of this disease.

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Forhan's

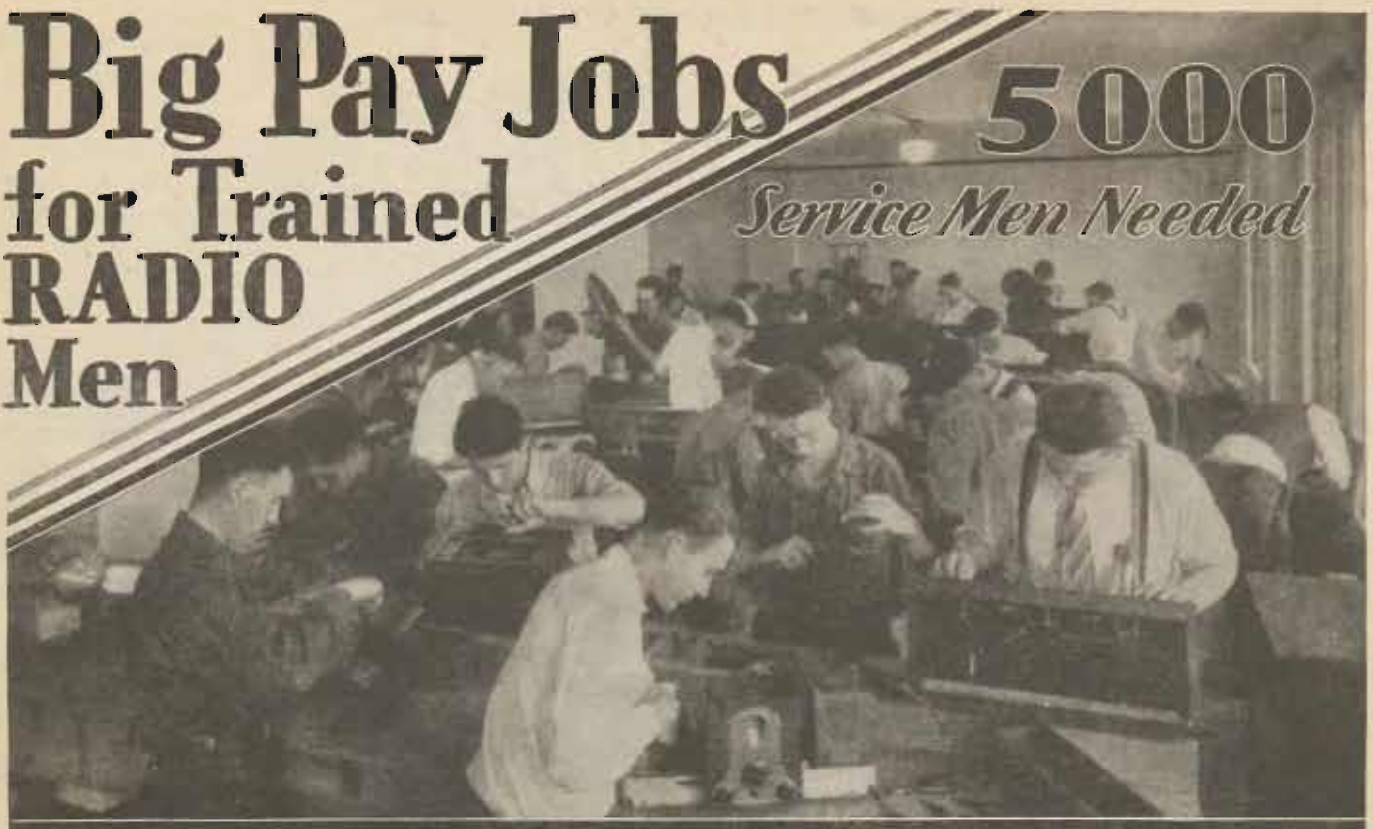
YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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

Big Pay Jobs for Trained RADIO Men

5000

Service Men Needed



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF STUDENTS WORKING IN SERVICE DEPT. OF COYNE RADIO SHOPS

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

Broadcasting — Television Sound Equipment

In addition to the most modern Radio equipment, we have installed in our Shops a complete model Broadcasting Station, with sound proof Studio and modern Transmitter with 1,000 watt tubes—the Jenkins Television Transmitter with dozens of home-type Television receiving sets—and a complete Talking Picture installation for both "sound on film" and "sound on disk." We have spared no expense in our effort to make your training as COMPLETE and PRACTICAL as possible. Mail the coupon for full particulars!

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Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST
Raymond Bill, Editor

VIRGINIA FLOHR, dark-eyed and soulful, brings instant sympathy and feeling in the heart of the listener through her well modulated soprano voice as she sings at KFI-KECA, Los Angeles. She is regarded as one of the most popular radio personalities on the Pacific Coast.



LILLIAN SHADE, who won her first national fame as a moving picture star, recently made her radio debut over a Columbia coast-to-coast broadcast in a Radio Roundup program. Her voice proved especially suitable for the air and a sponsored series is said to be in the offing.



HELENE CARLIN appeared as guest artist on an NBC program in New York, and the next day had a call from Harry River, the Eskimo chief. She soon became a regular feature and her voice may now properly be reckoned as one of the elect of radio. She is heard regularly on the network.



TAMARA, the great Russian songbird, wanted to have a try over the American radio system. Rudy Vallee heard about it and invited her to share one of his Fleischmann programs. She did so, was thrilled and has come to the conclusion that broadcasting is a very fine medium of art.

January, 1932

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Darkened areas show the foreign countries in which Scott All-Wave Receivers are depended on for radio contact with the rest of the world.

Not only in America, is the Scott All-Wave supplying an entirely new concept of radio performance. In other lands too—in difficult spots, this receiver is doing equally sensational work. For instance, atmospheric conditions are so bad in the Canary Islands that reception there has always been considered almost impossible. Scott All-Wave Receivers located in the Canary Islands, bring in stations 9,000 and 10,000 miles away with good clarity and volume. But it is the underlying reason for such amazing performance that interests you!

The Scott All-Wave Receiver is so powerful and so sensitive, that when operated with the volume turned way down below the noise level, there is still more than enough sensitivity to give ample loud speaker reproduction of signals originating 9,000 and 10,000 miles away. This is one of the main reasons why Scott All-Wave Receivers are being used with complete success in 63 foreign countries today—why Scott owners in this country can tune 'round the world with their receivers whenever they choose—and why YOU will want a Scott!

What is the Difference that makes the Scott All-Wave so much Better?

The Scott All-Wave is not a factory product. It is built in the laboratory by experts and to laboratory exactness. Physical measurements are by the micrometer—electrical measurements are computed to the smallest fractions—each nut and bolt, each wire, and each operation, no matter how small, is performed by a man with a thorough technical understanding of radio.

The result is a precision-built receiver capable of doing things that factory-built receivers can never hope to do. The result is sensitivity so great that Chicago owners can listen to G5SW, Chelmsford, England; 12R4, Rome; YK3ME, Sydney; HRB, Honduras; and many others any day they choose. The result is also perfect 10 Kilocycle selectivity. No "cross talk." And the resulting tone is nothing short of downright realism—full, round and natural.

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8. BRITISH OCEANIA
9. CANADA
10. CANAL ZONE
11. CANARY ISLANDS
12. CHILE
13. CHINA
14. COLOMBIA
15. COSTA RICA
16. CUBA
17. CZECHOSLOVAKIA
18. DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
19. ECUADOR
20. EGYPT
21. ENGLAND
22. FINLAND
23. FRANCE
24. FRENCH WEST AFRICA
25. FRENCH WEST INDIES
26. GERMANY
27. GREECE
28. GUATEMALA
29. HAWAII
30. HAITI
31. HONDURAS
32. INDIA
33. ITALY
34. JAMAICA
35. JAPAN
36. MALTA
37. MEXICO
38. NETHERLANDS
39. NETHERLAND EAST INDIES
40. NETHERLAND WEST INDIES
41. NEW ZEALAND
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43. NORTH AFRICA



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Write for Full Details

Surely, a 15-550 meter receiver that will satisfy the exacting requirements of 63 different foreign countries, will suit your needs better than any other. Surely, a receiver that is tested on reception from London and Rome before shipping is the receiver you would rather own. Mail coupon today for full particulars of the Scott All-Wave Receiver. (Name and address of Scott owner in any foreign country, sent on request).

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Street.....

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

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in
1000 Rooms



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\$350,000,000
RADIO CITY CENTER**

and near the prominent broadcasting studios. The amusement, shopping and business centers are all a matter of a few minutes from the hotel.

RATES ARE MODERATE

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Double from \$4.00 a day*

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7th Ave. at 51st St., New York

News, Views and Comment

By Robert L. Kent

NEWSPAPERS popping all over the map . . . as Floyd Gibbons, the great headline hunter would say. And one bit of news is that Floyd, at this writing, is in Japan, making arrangements to go into Manchuria. Few men have experienced the thrills that have been the lot of America's most famous war correspondent, and evidently the lure of strange places and danger has proved too much for him to resist. It has been said that he will broadcast via shortwave from the Manchurian plains.

And speaking about shortwave broadcasting . . . so great is the interest in this that the British Broadcasting Corporation, which controls all broadcasting in Great Britain, is planning to erect a shortwave Empire station. The programs emanating from foreign countries which you have received through your radio all were first broadcast via shortwave and then picked up on this side of the Atlantic and rebroadcast through the regular channels. This new British station will serve not only Great Britain but all British colonies.

All sound creates vibration. There was once a singer whose voice was so powerful that he could break a window when he sang. This makes the biblical story about Joshua and the walls of Jericho seem very real. Bugles, you know, played a very important part in Joshua's amazing feat. Scientists declare that the musical vibrations caused the destruction of the wall. And to further demonstrate the power of music, in the laboratory of a mid-western university scientists have been experimenting with musical sounds in extinguishing flames and they have put out candles merely by playing music.

And what has all this to do with radio broadcasting? Well, believe it or not (apologies to Bob Ripley), there is an actor in France, M. Rainu by name, who smashes microphones when he talks. The microphone membranes are very delicate and they split because they are unable to withstand the frequency range of his voice. Technicians are experimenting to develop a tougher mike.

Radio, it seems, is invading all spheres of modern life. American Airways, operating transcontinental plane service, keeps in immediate touch with its planes and fields through its private radio-telephone network . . . plans have been completed by the police department of New York City for a complete radio system that will enable the department to flash messages to 250 squad cars cruising throughout the greater

city. Crime pays less and less as police methods become more modern. And in Great Britain, too, new uses for radio are making life safer and more enjoyable. Consideration is being given to the matter of equipping fast lifeboat cruisers with radio-telephone apparatus. These ships would patrol the entire British Coast in bad weather.

Who is the most popular radio artist? Your guess is as good as mine but we are trying to find out. That personally autographed photograph offer we make to listeners on pages 6 and 7 is flooding us with requests for pictures. Rudy Vallee leads all the other artists in popularity, if the demand by listeners for his picture means anything. Gene and Glenn are a very close second. It is rather early to judge the relative popularity of these artists but we shall tell you more about it next month. Anyway, if you have a favorite and you want his or her picture you had better read the rules and get busy because we don't know how long we will be able to continue this offer.

The "craze" for big names on the radio continues. Many program sponsors as well as broadcasting stations seem to work on the theory that simply because a person has achieved a reputation in some other field he will gain instantaneous listener popularity. The result has been many uninteresting programs. Needless to say, the lack of enthusiasm on the part of listeners has resulted in the quick elimination of these dull "radio hours." The listener is in the rider's seat. Express your opinions of the programs you hear. Only in that way can you be an active factor in the campaign for better programs. Advertising agencies, sponsors and broadcasting stations are trying to please you. If they have failed they want to know it. Tell them. Send your letters of criticism to me. I will forward them to the right persons.

The "Tell a Friend" campaign is adding many names to Radio Digest's army of readers. Have you told a friend? Will you? All right, here is the idea. Simply tell a friend about Radio Digest. By doing this you will help us to bring our message of better radio entertainment to a wider following.

Also don't fail to cast your vote in the Radio Digest campaign for the Beauty Queen of American Radio. You will find a ballot on page 32 of last month's issue and further details on page 32 of this issue of R. D.

Happy and prosperous New Year to you all.

I will train you at home to fill a **BIG PAY** Radio Job!



Here's Proof



\$100 a week

"My earnings in Radio are many times greater than I ever expected they would be when I enrolled. They seldom fall under \$100 a week. If your course cost four or five times more I would still consider it a good investment."

E. E. WINBORNE
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Norfolk, Va.



Jumped from \$35 to \$100 a week

"Before I entered Radio I was making \$35 a week. Last week I earned \$110 servicing and selling Radios. I owe my success to N. R. I. You started me off on the right foot."

J. A. VAUGHN
2187 E. Grand Blvd.,
Grand Radio and Appliances Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.



\$500 extra in 6 months

"In looking over my records I find I made \$500 from January to May in my spare time. My best week brought me \$167. I have only one regret regarding your course—I should have taken it long ago."

HOYT MOORE
R. R. 3, Box 919,
Indianapolis, Ind.,

If you are earning a penny less than \$50 a week, send for my book of information on the opportunities in Radio. It is free. Clip the coupon NOW. Why be satisfied with \$25, \$30 or \$40 a week for longer than the short time it takes to get ready for Radio?

Radio's growth opening hundreds of \$50, \$75, \$100 a week jobs every year

In about ten years Radio has grown from a \$2,000,000 to a \$1,000,000,000 industry. Over 300,000 jobs have been created. Hundreds more are being opened every year by its continued growth. Many men and young men with the right training—the kind of training I give you—are stepping into Radio at two and three times their former salaries.

You have many jobs to choose from

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers and pay \$1,200 to \$5,000 a year. Manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers, for jobs paying up to \$7,500 a year. Radio Operators on ships enjoy life, see the world, with board and lodging free, and get good pay besides. Dealers and jobbers employ service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay \$30 to \$100 a week. There are many other opportunities too. My book tells you about them.

So many opportunities many N. R. I. men make \$200 to \$1,000 in spare time while learning

The day you enroll with me I'll show you how to do 25 jobs, common in most every neighborhood, for spare time money. Throughout your course I send you information on servicing popular makes of sets; I give you the plans and ideas that are making \$200 to \$1,000 for hundreds of N. R. I. students in their spare time while studying. My course is famous as the course that pays for itself.

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J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute Dept., 2AR3
Washington, D. C.

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Special Free Offer



In addition to my big free book "Rich Rewards in Radio," I'll send you my valuable manual "25 Tested Methods for Making Extra Money." Never before available except to students. Now, for a limited time, it is free to readers of this magazine. How to make a good profit for some specialists, how to reduce built-in eternally fed dummy speakers, how to operate 25 cycle apparatus on 60 cycle current, how to operate 110 V. A.C. receivers on D.C., how to shield sets from local interference are five of the subjects covered. There are 25 others. Get this valuable book by mailing the coupon now.

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I will give you my new 8 OUTFITS of RADIO PARTS for practical Home Experiments

You can build over 100 circuits with these outfits. You build and experiment with the circuits used in Crosley, Atwater-Kent, Eveready, Majestic, Zenith, and other popular sets. You learn how these sets work, how to make them work. This makes learning at home easy, fascinating, practical.



I am doubling and tripling the salaries of many in one year and less. Find out about this quick way to



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National Radio Institute, Dept. 2AR3
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Dear Mr. Smith: I want to take advantage of your special free offer. Send me your two books, "Rich Rewards in Radio" and "25 Tested Methods for making extra money." I understand this request does not obligate me and that no salesman will call.

Name.....
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Lifetime Employment Service to all Graduates

PHOTOGRAPH OF YOUR FAVORITE

Radio Star

Personally Autographed



Rudy Vallee

HAVE you a Radio Favorite? Would you like to have an intimate photograph of this artist or announcer? Personally Autographed? This is your opportunity! Act without delay. Take advantage of this offer and select from the list on the opposite page the name of the Radio Star whose autographed photo you want. For the first time Radio Digest makes it possible for its readers to obtain a **PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED** Photo of an outstanding radio personality.



Kate Smith

You can obtain this **PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH** of your **FAVORITE RADIO ARTIST OR ANNOUNCER** by filling in the coupon at the bottom of the opposite page.

Read the requirements carefully.

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Introduce Radio Digest to a friend. Send in a subscription and indicate on the coupon the name of the artist whose photo you want. The picture will be mailed either to you or your friend—whomever you designate.

Fill in this Coupon NOW—This is a Limited Offer

RADIO DIGEST . . . 420 Lexington Avenue . . . New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Herewith is remittance for \$2.00 (\$3.00 in Canada and foreign countries \$3.50) to cover a year's subscription to Radio Digest. Please start with the (month) issue.

Send **PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO** of (Artist or Announcer)

Name

Gift Subscription for

Street

Name

City, State

Street

City, State

NOTE: Subscription price for two years is \$3.00 and entitles you to select two **PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS** of your favorite **ARTISTS** or **ANNOUNCERS**.

WHICH

Radio ? Radio
Artist ? Announcer

Do you prefer—Select from this list

Ben Alley
Amos 'n' Andy
Georgia Backus
Don Ball
Three Bakers
Pat Barnes
Andre Baruch
Irene Beasley
Ben Bernie
George Beuchler
Billy Jones and Ernie Hare
Ford Bond
Breen and de Rose
William Brenton
Brad Browne
Henry Burbig
Phillips Carlin
Cheerio
Chuck, Ray and Gene
Clara, Lu and Em
Colonel Stoopnagle & Bud
Russ Columbo
Phil Cook
Lew Conrad
Jesse Crawford
Bing Crosby
Milton J. Cross
Louis Dean
Vaughn de Leath
Emery Deutsch
Peter Dixon & Aline Berry
(Raising Junior)
Three Doctors

Morton Downey
Jessica Dragonette
Douglas Evans
Catherine Field
Edna Fischer
John Fogarty
Fray & Braggiotti
Gene and Glenn
Irma Glenn
Alois Havrilla
Bill Hay
Doc Herrold
George Hicks
Ted Husing
Harry Horlick
Jolly Bill and Jane
H. V. Kaltenborn
Theo Karle
Jean Paul King
Wayne King
Frank Knight
Laudt Trio and White
Ann Leaf
Little Jack Little
Guy Lombardo
Vincent Lopez
Frank Luther
Mary and Bob (of True Story)
John Mayo
Graham McNamee
Bill Munday
Barbara Mural
Myrt and Marge

Helen Nugent
Al Pearce
Ray Perkins
Leo Reisman
Jacques Renard
Nellie Revell
Freddie Rich
Kenneth Roberts
David Ross
Lanny Ross
Singin' Sam
Sanderson and Crumit
Domenico Savino
Toscha Seidel
Sisters of the Skillet
(East and Dumlee)
Kate Smith
Vincent Sorey
Street Singer
Stebbins Boys
Carlyle Stevens
Tastyeast Jesters
Lowell Thomas
Rudy Vallee
Adele Vasa
James Wallington
Ted Weems
Carveth Wells
Ne'er-do-Well
Doc Wells
Lew White
Peggy Winthrop
Paul Whiteman
Tony Wons
William H. Wright
Harry Von Zell

Radio Digest will supply the autographed photograph of any radio artist or announcer on any station in this country selected by the listener. Should any unforeseen circumstance make it impossible for us to deliver the autographed photograph requested, listeners have the option of selecting any other artist or announcer as a substitute.

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

IT IS customary at the first of the new year to recapitulate some of the high points of the year that has just come to a close.

What would you consider the most outstanding evolution of radio during 1931? Probably many would answer with the one word, "Television." All that seemed hopeful may not have matured as expected. Nevertheless real programs with real talent are being televised by regular schedule every day from the larger metropolitan centers. And that's something. When it is possible to sell time for television the same as it is sold for audio broadcasting we will see other pronounced developments.

We have been presented with some new vocalists. The chains have gone in for baritones. New names have flashed across the sky in a blaze of glory. Stage celebrities have made more friends during a few weeks of broadcasting than by years of stellar performance over the footlights.

American broadcasters have brought us voices from other nations all around the world. We have heard thoughts first hand from the greatest thinkers in all the world. We have heard presidents and potentates who rule all the great masses of civilization. They have talked to us in our own homes. We have heard the supreme artists by voice and instruments. World leaders in science, literature and philosophy have given us of themselves through the radio.

In fact there is scarcely anything in the realm of culture or sheer entertainment which the most fastidious could imagine that has not been provided.

From the vantage point of January 1st the Year 1932 bodes well for the listener. Competition for his attention was never keener. He is being surveyed and analyzed. His desires are being studied by experts. If he does not get what he wants it will not be for the lack of investment of brains, cash, talent and time.

* * *

JACK FOSTER, radio editor of the World-Telegram, New York, completed a poll of 132 radio editors scattered over the United States and Canada on December 5th as to the All-American broadcasting staff. The questions, of which there were 24, also included opinions as to the outstanding broadcasts. A summary of the results might properly be included in this department of Coming and Going. The questions and answers are briefly tabulated as follows:

1. The three foremost dance orchestras. Ans. Guy Lombardo, Paul Whiteman and Ben Bernie.
2. The three foremost symphony orchestras. Ans. Philadelphia, Philharmonic-Symphony and Walter Damrosch.
3. The three foremost male singers of popular songs. Ans. Morton Downey, Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallée.
4. The three foremost women singers of popular songs. Ans. Kate Smith, Ruth Etting and Mildred Bailey.
5. The three foremost male singers of classical or semi-classical songs. Ans. James Melton, John Charles Thomas, Frank Munn.
6. The three foremost women singers of classical or semi-classical songs. Ans. Jessica Dragonette, Virginia Rea, Olga Albani.

7. The foremost feminine harmony team. Ans. Boswell Sisters.
8. The foremost male harmony team. Ans. Revelers.
9. The foremost dialogue act. Ans. Amos 'n' Andy (77 votes with the Goldbergs second with 10 votes. *Who said A. & A. were slipping?* Editor.)
10. The foremost master of ceremonies. Ans. Ben Bernie.
11. The three foremost sports announcers. Ans. Ted Husling, Graham McNamee and Bill Munday.
12. The three foremost studio announcers. Ans. Milton J. Cross, David Ross and John S. Young.
13. The foremost commentator on news, life, morals, and the like. Ans. Lowell Thomas.
14. The foremost organist. Ans. Jesse Crawford.
15. The foremost instrumental soloist. Ans. Toscha Seidel.
16. The three foremost all-dramatic programs. Ans. Sherlock Holmes (25), March of Time (24) and Radio Guild (15).
17. The three foremost musical programs. Ans. Erno Rapee with Virginia Rea (Olive Palmer), and Frank Munn (Paul Oliver); (2) Rosario Bourdon Orchestra with Jessica Dragonette (*Cities Service*); Walter Winchell with dance orchestra (*Lucky Strike*); Eddie Cantor with Dave Rubinoff.
18. The foremost comedy act. Ans. The Gloomchasers.
19. The foremost children's program. Ans. Lady Next Door, Madge Tucker.
20. The foremost program offering advice to women in home. Ans. Ida Bailey Allen. (*Regular contributor to Radio Digest*.)
21. Three entertainers from stage most successful in broadcasting. Ans. Eddie Cantor, Ruth Etting and Julia Sanderson.
22. (A) The outstanding news broadcast of all time. Ans. Lindbergh reception after flight to Paris.
22. (B) The outstanding studio broadcast of all time. Ans. President's Unemployment Program.
23. (A) Outstanding news broadcast this year. Ans. Opening of Papal Station.
23. (B) Outstanding studio broadcast this year. Ans. President's Unemployment Program.
24. Which program now off the air would you like to see return. Ans. Josef Pasternack's Sunday night concerts with Metropolitan stars.

Do the readers of Radio Digest agree with the opinions expressed by these radio editors? There may be an opportunity for you to express yourself as a non-professional listener through these columns in the February Radio Digest. It is gratifying in the light of these figures to note that Radio Digest has been keeping you posted with pictures and stories about the notables. Miss Dragonette, who stood 208 points to 113 points above her nearest competitor, was pictured on our last month's cover, and we have a feature about her in this issue. Sherlock Holmes also was featured in our December number. Radio Digest has published more about Amos 'n' Andy than any other periodical printed. Ben Bernie has been featured in both the December and the current issue. Kate Smith and Morton Downey have been featured in serial articles recently. Stokowski of the Philadelphia Orchestra is featured in the current issue. Lombardo has been featured several times. So, dear reader, if you really want to keep posted the moral is obvious.

H. P. B.



HELLO, EVERYBODY

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

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

or any other field of Broadcasting

Excellent positions in Broadcasting are open to talented men and women after they have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read below how you can prepare yourself for a big paying job in Broadcasting.

Let FLOYD GIBBONS train you for a Broadcasting career

Have you an idea for a radio program? Can you describe things? Have you a Radio voice? Are you musically inclined? Have you the ability to write humor, dramatic sketches, playlets, advertising? Can you sell? If you can do any of these things—Broadcasting needs you!

Last year alone, more than \$31,000,000 was expended for talent before the microphone to entertain and educate the American people. The estimated number of announcers, speakers, musicians, actors, etc., who perform yearly at the 600 or more American Broadcasting Stations is well over 300,000 persons.

The Fastest Growing Medium in the World

The biggest advertisers in the country recognize the business strength of Broadcasting. They rely on it more and more for publicity, promotion and sales work. They are seeking new ideas, new talent every day.

If you are good at thinking up ideas; if your voice shows promise for announcing or singing; if you can play an instrument; if you can sell or write; if you possess hidden talents that could be turned to profitable broadcasting purposes, you can qualify for a job inside or outside of the Studio. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to capitalize your hidden talents!

No matter how much latent ability you possess—it is useless in Radio unless you know the technique of Broadcasting. Unless you know how to get a try-out. How to confront the microphone. How to lend color, personality, sincerity and clearness to your voice.

Merely the ability to sing is not sufficient. It must be coupled with the art of knowing how to get the most out of your

voice for broadcasting purposes. Merely the knack of knowing how to write will not bring you success as a radio dramatist. You must be familiar with the limitations of the microphone, and know how to adapt your stories for effective radio presentation. It is not enough to have a good voice, to be able to describe things, to know how to sell. Broadcasting presents very definite problems, and any talent, no matter how great, must be adapted to fit the special requirements for successful broadcasting.

The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the broadcaster. Floyd Gibbons, one of America's foremost broadcasters, has developed a unique method for training men and women at home for this fascinating work. This home-study course offers you a complete training in every phase of actual broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Radio. You can develop your talents right at home in your spare time under his guidance, and acquire the technique that makes Radio stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos and Andys, Graham MacNamees, Rudy Vallees, Olive Palmers and Floyd Gibbonses whose yearly earnings will be enormous.

Unlimited Opportunities for Men and Women

Men are needed to do special broadcasting of all kinds; Descriptive broadcasting of political events, banquets, football games, boxing, wrestling, baseball and hundreds of other occasions of a similar nature.

Women, too, have found Broadcasting a profitable new field of endeavor. Broadcasting Stations are always interested in a woman who can present a well prepared program devoted to

domestic science, interior decorating, etiquette, child welfare, styles, beauty and home making.

A Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting By FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

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An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered in our Home Study Course. Here is your chance to enter a life-long profession—to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send for "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2A61, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

Name..... Age.....

Address

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

Broadcast History is Being Made by

Stokowski

*Famous Conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra
Departs From Beaten Paths — Creates Special
Devices, Presents New Exotic Programs—If Music
and Science Fail He Can Qualify as a Cake Maker*

RADIO has brought the fulfillment of two of his most cherished and often expressed desires to Leopold Stokowski, the famous blond conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra . . . no applause and an invisible orchestra and conductor.

Perhaps these stand substantially among the reasons that have caused radio to create such interest and enthusiasm in the breast of Mr. Stokowski. Still another reason is that it has given him definite rhyme and reason for dabbling in science, a field that has long held his attention and has caused him to remark half-whimsically, half-seriously, "Oh, didn't you know? I should rather be a scientist than a conductor!"

Living up to Mr. Stokowski's desire (of necessity), the occasions upon which the Philadelphia Orchestra has broadcast have not been shattered by "that strange sound people make when they beat their hands together," but the music and its vibrations have been allowed to linger undisturbed in the air. The thousands of letters sent after one of these broadcast concerts expressing pleasure and enjoyment of the music are of far more interest to Mr. Stokowski than the so-called "ovations" that take place noisily in the concert hall.

"We work so hard to give you our music," says Stokowski. "With sound we paint for you pictures upon a mirror of silence. This curious custom of beating hands destroys the vibrations of beauty that we have just created. When you stand before a beautiful painting you do not applaud it. But if that painting were framed in ugly red lights that glared into your eyes it would have the same effect to me that applause has

By Mildred Martin

after a great symphony or a wonderful piece of music."

As a result of his interest in radio Stokowski has brought to radio audiences unique and unusual things quite outside the general kind of standard programs that are given. Last season he brought Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" to his audiences of the air, and this year Kurt Weill's "Lindbergh's Flight," a part of Alban Berg's pathological opera, "Wozzeck" and operatic oratorio, "Oedipus Rex."

Concert audiences to whom Mr. Stokowski's perfectly and expensively tailored back and humming-bird hand are definite parts of the performance, would be astonished could they peep behind the microphone during a broadcast. Instead of the sober black evening or afternoon clothes, they would find Mr. Stokowski in tan golf knickers, probably coatless and almost certainly minus his cravat and with his shirt open at the throat.

WITH the thoroughness that marks anything that Mr. Stokowski undertakes, he has not been satisfied to remain a mere outsider in anything that excites his interest. And so he has not left the mechanical side of radio to those who deal with the technical difficulties where most artists are concerned. Instead, Stokowski has gone into the laboratory and has studied the scientific side of broadcasting. At some of the orchestra's broadcasts this past season he has even gone so far as to have the electrical controls in his own hands, as well as the conducting of the orchestra itself.

Each new broadcast has been a source of deeper understanding and knowledge of radio's technical peculiarities and difficulties to Stokowski. Beginning his first series of broadcasts with the entire personnel of the orchestra, he cut it down sharply last season, using only about fifty percent of the men. Asked why he did this, Stokowski said, "Through the marvels possible through amplification, I believe that we can obtain far finer results by using fewer men and having the volume increased mechanically."

Perched high in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia is Mr. Stokowski's own laboratory where he conducts his experiments. Often the Friday afternoon or Saturday night audiences wonder to see a microphone hung above the stage, not realizing that ways for improved broadcasting are continually being tried by the maestro.

Stokowski believes that there is still much to be done in this field. Also that much that has already been accomplished has not yet been given to the public.

"Broadcasting as it now stands," he says, "is like a man with his head cut off at the neck, with his body cut off at the knees and with his arms amputated. They already know how to overcome many





Leopold Stokowski

BLOND, tall, thin and not nearly so severe as he appears in this picture the conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra prefers silence to applause . . . and he sheds his formal raimen for light tans and knickers as soon as the concert is finished.

of its faults, but it is again a case of 'Big Business' holding back the scientist. There are already known ways for overcoming the greater amount of static and interference if the business men would only allow us to go ahead as fast as these discoveries are made."

To know the real Stokowski is to know not the mythical person that legend and wagging tongues have created, but an extremely simple, warmly magnetic person with a restless, active and thoroughly practical mind. Stokowski's feet are, fortunately, planted firmly upon the earth though his head and emotions may tread the realm of the stars.

He is vastly amused by some of the stories that have been circulated about him and can repeat many of them with enjoyment and a twinkling sense of humor.

At one time he had a German cook with a passion for music and a particular interest in hearing Fritz Kreisler upon one of the occasions he was to play in Philadelphia. Mr. Stokowski arranged seats for his musical ruler of the kitchen and upon returning home asked her how she had liked Kreisler's playing. The cook eyed him solemnly and delivered herself of the weighty observation that "Mr. Kreisler's trousers were too short."

"Such an attitude," said Stokowski, "is all too universal. While you are lifted to the heights and you think that the audience is there with you too, all they often see is that 'your trousers are too short!'"

SOMETHING over a year ago excitement spread through musical circles at the rumor that Stokowski had written a symphony of his own. Recently he was asked if he had ever really completed this symphony.

"Oh, yes," said he, "and I have had the orchestra play it. But I shall never present it publicly," and his eyes flashed. "I have had my fun from hearing it, but you know what audiences and critics are like. They would say that as a composer I was a good conductor!"

Music and radio are by no means all of Stokowski's interests. At the moment he is deeply concerned with the new Temple of Music to be built in Philadelphia, and he has definite ideas and plans for the creation of a perfect home for the arts. Stokowski has opinions and practical suggestions concerning the acoustics, the lighting, the size, shape and mechanical facilities of the stage and artistic ideas for the color scheme of the house as well as the practicability of the unseen orchestra and conductor.

Whimsically this tall good looking director smiles and says that his cooking is perhaps the very best thing that

he does. He has invented a special (and very delicious) kind of cake containing wheat, honey, cinnamon, olive oil and pecans. Should the field of art suddenly fail him, judging from the excellence of this cake, there are vast new enterprises awaiting the Leander-like conductor in the culinary domain.

A scientist Stokowski is already, but added to this imposing list of accomplishments is his skill in sketching as well as his ability as a writer, for he has already written some magazine articles and often supplies program notes that are individual and interesting.

In his extensive wanderings about the world Mr. Stokowski has penetrated to some exotic and strange corners, bringing back with him music of other

"AFTER all some people probably would think that my greatest accomplishment is cooking," said Stokowski. And there are those who sing paens of praise for his symphony in cake. It is his own invention and is a confection of wheat, honey, cinnamon, olive oil and pecans. His recipe repertoire contains many other culinary classics worthy of a genius for harmonious combinations.

races and climates. He speaks with most interest of some time spent in Java and of the strange, drug-like music of that country.

"It is not music that we could listen to in America with our peculiar and Puritanical background and our mild climate," said Stokowski. "In Java the days are very, very hot and the nights, when they have their music, are even hotter. There are all sorts of exotic flowers that bloom only at night. In the air is the heavy fragrance of their perfumes, perfumes that are totally strange to us. The people in Java are all extremely thin and muscular and they all dance, even royalty, they too dance to this music in the hot night with its heavy perfumes. Yes, I brought some of the music back with me, but we could never play it here. It would not sound the same."

Stokowski believes that the cinema holds a definite place in the field of art and he has a special enthusiasm for Greta Garbo. His chief interest in films at the present centers in the cartoons from which he thinks may grow a more expansive and interesting art form. A new sort of picture requiring three years to make has come from Germany, although as yet it has not been shown anywhere in this country.

The film was made by a woman, Mr. Stokowski says, who, with infinite labor and patience cut the most delicate and sensitively hinged silhouettes from paper, placed them over an illuminated glass background and took thousands and thousands of photographs each time moving her hinged characters a fraction of an inch until the film was finished. Stokowski thinks positively that there should be a place for the cinema in the new Temple of Music when it is completed.

His mind is filled with new ideas for the staging and the method of production of some long familiar musical things. He hopes to present a visual as well as an audible version of Rimsky-Korsakow's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade," using a modified form of motion picture combined with new effects in lighting.

"FOR the destruction of the vessel," said Stokowski, "I should have a catastrophe of light. We have a new and very powerful lamp and I should like to have it swung round and round at great speed to represent this."

Stokowski's debut as a conductor of opera this year when he conducted "Wozzeck" for the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, has turned his thoughts strongly toward opera and its possibilities for unhackneyed presentation. He is interested in presenting a novel performance of Claude Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" perhaps with puppets, perhaps with pantomime on the stage while the singers remain in the pit with the orchestra. Richard Wagner's "Das Rheingold" also holds his interest with its possibilities for extraordinary effects in lighting and apparent simplicity of detail. Certainly Mr. Stokowski seems to find no dearth of material into which he can pour his unique powers and his great ability.

Coming in from a cool, moon-lit autumn night Stokowski remarked upon the very fundamental effect that the moon exerts upon him.

"When the moon is at its fullest I believe our powers and emotions are at their fullest also," said Stokowski, "and as the moon wanes I think our powers decrease with it. At least I am sure mine do."

Mr. Stokowski has recently designed two new types of radio cabinets, not as yet to be brought out publicly but which are being made up simply for his own use. Perhaps soon, though, we may be listening to Mr. Stokowski over a radio of his own patterning.

One can do nothing but admire the simplicity and honesty of Stokowski. An honesty that scorns false modesty and insincerity. In speaking of some advanced ideas and plans of his it was

(Continued on page 85)

HELLO Hawaii!

KGU of Honolulu Joins NBC Chain and Contributes Typical Program

TO THOSE of us who sat up through the midnight hour between November 14th and 15th to hear Hawaii from KGU,

Honolulu, on the inaugural program linking that station to the NBC network there came one of those rare thrills of radio broadcasting. It wasn't alone the distance that made it exciting—we have heard Lindbergh and the Japanese from Tokyo. And European stations come to us almost daily. Probably the sheerest effect came from the very quality of the music of the native Hawaiians, noticeably a peculiar wavering in the tenuous fabric of the element that transported the sound over that great distance.

There was a plaintive child-like naturalness in the voices, the something different all program directors are so sedulously seeking. Fancy and the atmospheric effect may have added that touch which made this Hawaiian broadcast different than the ones we have heard from continental studios and from the stage. It was indeed a real thrill.

All of us who live beneath the Stars and Stripes may also have felt a surge of patriotic pride—our own Hawaii was within speaking distance of our own family circle. Through the enterprise of the National Broadcasting Company our fellow Americans who yesterday were "way out there" in the middle of the Pacific

and we who are here are tuning in and listening in to the same radio programs.

Herein Radio Digest is privileged to show you pictures that were taken in

connection with that first broadcast in and about the studios at KGU on November 14th. They were hurried aboard a ship that night, and rushed by plane to New York where they arrived November 25th. Immediately they were given to the engravers and finished in time to make this issue. We are advised by the National Broadcasting Company that these pictures are reserved exclusively for Radio Digest readers.



Little Hula ladies rehearsing for first broadcast to United States.

THE day of the broadcast was one of intense anxiety to engineers and entertainers alike at KGU. It was a curtain bow to an audience so immense—and perhaps critical. All the greatest artists in the world, it seemed to them, were already in the American continent. What could they add? Homer Tyson, the director, had his hands full. He had his heart set on "getting over" the real spirit of the real Hawaii. He wanted no affectations.

So he had some of the girls put on their grass skirts and go out under the palms to rehearse—and incidentally this gave the photographer a chance to get in some of the natural background. One of the boys seemed a little sluggish, perhaps a bit gaga over the significance of the affair.

"Get out in the water, take a board, break loose, be yourself. Shake all those day dreams out and then come back here



and sing the way you can sing," Tyson ordered. When the orders were carried out the young man came back in the pink of condition and eager for the festivities to begin.

The foyer to The Advertiser where KGU is located is an architectural classic. As you enter an ornate staircase sweeps upward from either side. They curve around to an arch beneath which is a glimpse into the Hawaiian Garden. In this garden below a fountain springs from a rough-hewn rocky mass that rises in the center. Tropical plants in bold profusion are grouped round about. Sunlight sprays over the scene from an overhead sky-vista. Not many broadcasting stations anywhere in the world can exhibit such attractive surroundings.

IT WAS still light when guests began arriving either to listen or to participate in the program. The engineers had completed their final tests. All conditions seemed to be working in perfect order. Mr. Tyson had all the details arranged at his finger tips. He looked up with a bright smile when the chief engineer told him he was ready to pick up the first program.

The first NBC program to be heard by Hawaiians over their own facilities was the Siboney orchestra playing in Havana, Cuba, more than 6,000 miles away. The music was brought by wire from Havana to New York, then sent across the NBC-WEAF network to San Francisco. From there it was transmitted by short wave to KGU in Honolulu on the Island of Oahu. KGU is the only 1,000 watt station in the territory, and may be heard throughout the eight Hawaiian Islands.

The Cuban program was heard during the regular Lucky Strike period. Later the same evening

Scene in KGU studio as Hawaiian artists presented their initial program over NBC network.

a special dedicatory program was broadcast as a welcome to the new station, during which Governor Lawrence M. Judd of Hawaii, visiting in Washing-

ton, extended greetings to the Territory.

Hawaii listened to Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees and to the Coon-Sanders orchestra, playing to supper club crowds in New York. It was just past tea time at Waikiki. Wayne King's orchestra in Chicago also participated in the program, as did Russ Columbo, Jones and Hare, Fred Hufsmith, Charles Magmante, Mabel Jackson and the Cavaliers Quartet in New York. From San Francisco Mahlon Merrick's Vagabonds and a group of NBC coast entertainers joined the broadcast.

Then KGU reciprocated with fifteen minutes of native music and chants from Honolulu, which were heard throughout the United States. Thus, in slightly more than two hours, Havana, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Honolulu were all represented through NBC stations.

Regular exchange of programs between Hawaii and the continent is being arranged, although as yet complete schedules have not been announced.

B. A. ROLFE, who has conducted his orchestra in hundreds of NBC programs and who recently arrived in Hawaii on a vacation, planned to direct a musical broadcast from Honolulu sometime during December. This will be heard throughout the United States. It is expected that he will conduct both regular dance orchestras and Hawaiian groups during his broadcast.

KGU, owned and operated by the Honolulu Advertiser, is a veteran station, having come on the air first in 1922, with 50 watts power. It was the thirty-second station to receive a broadcasting license from the Federal Radio Commission. In 1924 its power was raised to 100 watts, in 1926 to 500, and last



Odetta Bray, as she looked when you heard her.

year it was authorized for full time operation with 1,000 watts. It broadcasts on 940 kilocycles or 319 meters. The station has two sound-proof studios with glass walls looking out upon a public auditorium, and is fully equipped with modern facilities.

The owners of KGU believe that the new association with the NBC, bringing the islands into close daily touch with the mainland and making available to Hawaiians many of the educational and entertainment programs heard in the United States proper, will have an excellent effect. Also the broadcasting of programs from Honolulu to the mainland will tend to keep the thought of Hawaii, with its many natural advantages and its growing industries, in the minds of "the folks back home."

The personnel of KGU includes an efficient staff of announcers, directors and continuity writers, in addition to concert, dance and native orchestras and artists of every type, who may now become familiar to listeners in the States.

THE territory of Hawaii does a large business with continental United States, exporting more than \$100,000,000 worth of goods to the mother country annually, and importing more than \$80,000,000 worth. Its tourist business also has increased greatly during the past few years, and it is expected by officials of the islands that the broadcasting hook-up will further stimulate the growth.

In his address during the inaugural program, Governor Judd of Hawaii said:

"This is an evening of great importance to the people of the territory of Hawaii, for tonight there has been inaugurated the National Broadcasting Company service in Hawaii through co-operation with station KGU in Honolulu, which is owned and operated by the Honolulu Advertiser, Hawaii's leading morning newspaper.

"What wonderful changes have taken place in the realm of communication during the past century and one decade, since the early pioneers from New England landed in Hawaii. In those days of 110 years ago the sole medium of communication between the east coast of the United States and the Kingdom of Hawaii was the sailing vessel which took an average of six months to reach Honolulu from Boston via Cape Horn.

"How eagerly these early American settlers in Hawaii awaited the arrival of a vessel to bring them the news from the outside world. How different it is

today when the people of the territory of Hawaii can now hear my voice over a distance of 5,000 miles by merely tuning in upon their radios. Only today someone asked me how long I had been in the United States, completely forgetting that the territory has been an integral part of the United States since 1898, and that the people of your territory assume all the obligations of the people of any of the sovereign States.

"During the last fiscal period the taxpayers in Hawaii paid into the Federal treasury more in internal revenue than the people of any one of thirteen states. The territory is indeed proud of its status in the Union.

"On my return to Honolulu I am looking forward eagerly to hearing broadcasts originating in New York, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco and other cities. I know that I will get great enjoyment from the programs of entertainment. I am anticipating receiving much pleasure in hearing the voice of the President and others who speak over the radio from time to time. To the people of Hawaii, my home, I extend a most sincere Aloha, that word so expressive of friendliness, cordiality and love."

When Governor Judd had concluded his speech the guests who were seated in the auditorium of the KGU studios applauded. It seemed as though he had just been among them, instead of thousands of miles away. It was Sam Alama and his Hawaiian Troupe who furnished the remarkable instrumental numbers from Honolulu. Mainland listeners may be interested in knowing that others in his quintet were Solomon Kane, ukulele; Louis Kamaka, bass viola; Charles Namahoe, steel guitar; and David Bray (of the Bray Troupe), gourds.

Among the women whose voices were heard singing Hawaiian songs were: Johanna Wilcox, Nani Madakoa, Lydia Bray, Helen Alama, Rose Tribe (the Hawaiian Song Bird), Odetta Bray, Minnie Texeira, and Kahala Bray.

One of the most interested participants in this extraordinary radio broad-



Tenor limbering up for a far cry.

cast was Mr. Lorrin P. Thurston, president and general manager of the Advertiser Publishing Co., Ltd. Mr. Thurston is a young man with limitless energy who was one of the first to recognize the importance of radio to the Hawaiian Islands. A census taken one year ago shows that there were 13,000 receiving sets in the city of Honolulu alone.

RECENTLY press reports indicate that experiments have been completed whereby the residents of all the Hawaiian Islands may communicate with each other through a short wave telephone exchange. The water is said to be too deep to allow for cable connections on a practical basis. The Advertiser has been influential in cementing the mutual interests of the islanders.

When the native Hawaiians first heard the rumba coming through on this inaugural program from Havana their faces lighted with surprise and pleasure. It was not that the rumba was absolutely new to them; they had heard When Yuba Played the Tuba, and the Peanut Vendor, but there was something to the fact that the program came from Havana and was by Cubans, whom they never had heard before.

All in all it was a grand welcome.



Homer Tyson, chief announcer, KGU.



Henry Thies, Director of Van Camp's Orchestra

An Outstanding VAN CAMP'S

*Musical and Cheery It Also Takes You
Places like Sherry's Where You Hear
Fashion News in the Making---Henry
Thies Supplies Orchestral Background*

on the "Nation's Station," owned by Mr. Fowel Crossley, every week-day night at 10 o'clock, CST. It is strictly musical in character, even during the spoken lines, which occur in between announced musical numbers. Thies has assembled a dance orchestra which has been declared by national authority one of the three best orchestras in the country. And in the many special arrangements he provides for this program he certainly would seem to deserve that recognition.

The program is designed to appeal to smart and stylish women as well as those who aspire to be considered so by their friends. While your senses are regaled by the music which floats like a brightly colored veil in the back-

ground you hear helpful suggestions and absolutely the very last word in the trend of fashions as they are decreed in Paris and New York. Henry Van Camp acts as the master of ceremonies under title of "Host." It is he who brings the choice hits to tantalize the feminine heart. As the strains from the orchestra drift into the distance you may hear him say things like these (which were given in November):

"That last piece started me thinking about women—beautiful women—and some of the new styles that are already enroute from Paris. I was talking only yesterday to one of New York's leading authorities on dress. She tells me that Paris has decreed that there will not be any successor to the Empress Eugenie costume idea that has been

sweeping the country.

"For a while it looked as if we were going to pass through a whole succession of costumes based upon periods in history. Finally we would become period conscious in dress, just as we are in furniture and decoration. Men might have gone back to buckled shoes, wigs and bright silk knee breeches. But that's all off now. My friend, the fashion expert, tells me that shorter skirts, shorter hair and the other so-called 'Modern' ideas are on the way back.

"The same source of information reveals that the bathing suit styles which are scheduled to appear on the Riviera and at Palm Beach this winter have gone almost completely uncut.

"**P**RACTICALLY the entire body, something like ninety-nine and 44/100th per cent is exposed. It sounds quite shocking, but I suppose it is due in part to the numerous pictures of Mahatma Gandhi in his traveling costume. The style setters seem to be copying him in all save the matter of using white as the garment color.

"Somehow, every time I listen to music I get thinking about women. Perhaps it is because they attract me so much or possibly it is because I have a complex about being interested in styles and fashions for women.

"Did you, by the way, ever hear about the Fashion Group of New York and the monthly luncheons held at Sherry's on Park Avenue by the women who belong? At the last meeting Lucien Lelong, the famous couturier, who had come over from Paris for a visit was a guest.

"He talked on various fashion subjects when someone mentioned perfumes. One of his listeners asked him what is the popular trend in perfume. 'Do you think,' she asked, 'women like

1931-32 Program Is

NIGHTCAPS

the exotic perfume, or do you think that very pale or dark clothes influence the sale of perfume?"

"To which Lelong replied, 'No longer is the tendency to exotic or heavy perfume. They do not blend with our spirits just now. We need something fresh, something floral. That does not mean that we should make perfume entirely of flowers or roses, but it does mean we really go back to what is more natural. There is a fashion in perfume exactly as there is fashion in dress. Now the silhouette is very straight and as near the body lines as possible. That means it is very natural and perfume to be fashionable should be just the same way.'

"**I**T WAS also noticeable that the women most famous for their chic at the Opera at the opening carried bags made of velvet satin and occasionally lame rather than the pearl or strass bags that were in favor in recent years. These fabric bags were soft and rather largish, sufficiently so to add a definite spot of color to the costume since most of the smartest were in bright colors."

From time to time the music wells up. The music sketches in suggestively

scenes like that at Sherry's and those artists eagerly absorbing the very latest thought which later will be published as authentic style dictates. This program is the first to publicize this information so important to the lady of the house in this obviously rather easy-to-take manner. Much of the information is telegraphed in detail to WLW and immediately incorporated in the evening's program.

Buyers in several parts of the country for the big department stores and dress shops listen regularly for Henry Van Camp's style gossip so authentic is its character.

At another point in the program when the Nightcaps hush down for him to speak Henry Van Camp may discuss the movies or food for the table in this manner:

"That music makes me feel just a bit more cheery—which reminds me of what Wid, the great movie critic told me last night. He says the whole moving picture industry is getting behind the idea of giving the public more entertainment and more and bigger laughs.

"While the depression is on the moving picture producers figure that most people are getting enough serious angles in life without paying to get into

the theatres to see and hear more. I certainly share this belief.

"What the world needs these days is fewer people taking themselves too seriously and more people developing a better sense of humor."

WITHOUT submitting you to any advertising talk on food you will hear Henry Van Camp discuss viands from a scientific standpoint:

"I wonder if you all know about the discoveries that are being made in the art of living, particularly in the field of nutrition. Even though I'm a man, I share the ambition that is so pronounced in the ladies, to want to keep young, healthy, and as good looking as possible.

"The new theory, which is gaining wider and wider acceptance in scientific and medical circles teaches that what we eat has a tremendous effect on how we look, how we feel and how long we can go before succumbing to some disease or sickness. Your figure! The brightness of your eye! The character of your complexion! Your health! Your vitality!

"Doctors and scientists are making many new discoveries that prove that these things can be largely controlled by how you eat. For years we have fed our animals intelligently, controlling their growth and character of anatomy by varied rations.

"For years also we have fed our lands intelligently in order to beget crops of a predetermined kind. Yet, with our own human selves, most of us continue to eat largely according to the accidents of habit—of convenience—of theory or fad. That's rather foolish, isn't it?"

(Continued on page 89)



Van Camp's Orchestra at WLW, Cincinnati; Henry Thies, directing.

Education by Radio

Dean of Law Believes Pedagogos Have Much to Learn about Instruction by Broadcasting Considers Proposed Fess Bill, 5589, Dangerous

By GLEASON L. ARCHER, LL.D.

Dean, Suffolk Law School, Boston

THROUGH all the ages of human history the educators of the world have been waiting for the radio—only they did not know it! In fact they do not realize it, even now!

Great educators of the past have been limited to pitifully small groups of listeners. Socrates, for example, with his little company of eager youths was typical of the teachers of all time. His tiny group of disciples might in truth, after his death, carry the reflection of his great personality into an increasing circle of seekers for knowledge.

But suppose that this shabby and shambling old genius, upon whose tones and wisdom his followers hung breathless, could have stepped to a microphone in Athens and have spoken not to a score of individuals but to a score of millions of people in all parts of the earth—think what that might have meant to humanity!

Socrates of the Microphone.—Socrates would have stood forth to the world in the full majesty of his magnificent personality. He would have gone forth over the air not as a shabby and shambling old man but as a great soul, a dreamer of dreams, vibrant with a message to all the ages.

FOR the radio, be it observed, has a way of projecting the soul of the speaker to his unseen audience. The very tones of the speaker's voice, the sincerity of his message, the play of his fancy and the human qualities of the man combine to create in the minds of his unseen audience a glorified picture of the speaker.

But the radio requires a peculiar type of orator—a clear voice; a vibrant sincerity of utterance; a compelling message and a sweep of imagination that can strike to life the imaginations of numberless souls in his vast audience.

I am sure that the great Socrates possessed exactly those qualities; just as I am sure that Abraham Lincoln would



Dean Gleason L. Archer is a tall genial New Englander properly certified as a Mayflower descendant. Law becomes dramatically human in his broadcasts. He is heard over 29 stations on an NBC coast-to-coast network.

have had the power to hold the entire world spellbound by such a matchless broadcast as his Gettysburg Address would have been had there been radios in his day.

Dawning of a New Era in Education.
—But the day has at length dawned

when a Socrates or a Lincoln, could we but find them, may speak face to face, as it were, to a greater multitude at one moment of time than all the great orators of the past have ever addressed through recorded ages.

THE great radio broadcasting chains of the nation are already keenly aware of the possibilities of public service in this miracle of modern science which they are laboring so successfully to make perfect. Notwithstanding the fact that commercial programs are their sole means of support yet, with utmost generosity, they freely offer the facilities of their stations to educational or ethical programs that give promise of benefit to radio listeners. There is seemingly but one condition imposed—that the program offered be of genuine public interest.

A dissertation on the sonnets of Shakespeare, for example, interesting as it might be to poets and scholars, would cause the ordinary listener instantly to tune out that program and search for some offering on the air to which he might listen without boredom. The station or stations broadcasting the Shakespearean lecture would thus be playing to empty air. This fact must never be lost sight of in considering the special problems of this new art.

The radio is regarded by the public as a means of entertainment and diversion. Froth and nonsense and programs comparing perhaps in mentality with the comic strips in the newspapers, will be preferred by the public to any program that lacks human appeal. Amos and Andy may massacre the king's English and the Kukoo Hour's "Maestro of the Air" may afflict the ears of musicians but the popularity of such programs is due to the fact that they have genuine entertainment value. With such programs education by radio must successfully compete.

Those in authority in the radio world

are continually beset with appeals to try out this and that program. The standard of measure is, and must ever be, the entertainment value of the offering. If a program is tried out and it fails to win public approval that program is promptly discarded.

I speak not as a theorist in this matter but as one having had experience in securing a national and international audience for an educational program. When I began a series of law talks over WBZ-WBZA in Boston in November, 1929, I did not even dream of the larger opportunities that have since come to me. But I have always believed that in teaching law it can best be presented from the human interest angle. In my beginning of radio talks I stressed the human side and presented the truths I wished to impart in the form of dramatic stories from real life.

This program won instantaneous success in New England. The National Broadcasting Company were at first too skeptical to try it out on the nation at large. When they did give me the opportunity in July, 1930, it was distinctly understood that unless the program won widespread approval it would not continue beyond September. Fortunately I was able to duplicate the New England experience.

THE program soon went beyond the borders of the nation and now it has listeners in seven Canadian Provinces, in Bermuda, the British Isles, British Guiana in South America and also in far off Australia—that topsy turvy land where 7:15 P. M. Saturday with us is 9 o'clock Sunday morning with them.

Could the mind of man have dreamed of any such miraculous means of transmitting education as this? The wide world has suddenly become a possible schoolroom for the ambitious pedagogue if he can but devise a program interesting enough and universal enough to capture a world-wide audience.

To be able to speak into a microphone in a hushed broadcasting studio in New York City and have those words go out to home firesides all over the English speaking world—why it is partaking of an omnipresence that we had fancied belonged only to the Almighty himself! Yet this mighty privilege even now awaits the educator who masters the technique of preparing and broadcasting a message of universal interest.

Having blazed the first trail into this great field of international broadcasting of educational programs it is perhaps fitting that I should set down on paper some of my discoveries and experiences during the first year as guest speaker for the National Broadcasting Company.

Problems of Education by Radio.

During the eighteen months in which I have been engaged in the type of broadcasting already described I have acquired some definite convictions as to manner of approach to a very difficult objective. Not only is there a technique about successful broadcasting but there is also a difficult psychological approach to the listener as well.

As already indicated, the radio is regarded by the public at large as a means

BEWARE SENATE BILL 5589

SINCE the air belongs to all the people it is only just, in return for permission to use it, that radio stations should devote a portion of broadcasting time to educational programs. Legislation to oblige them so to do would be entirely proper. But in the present stage of educational broadcasting any such legislation, unless accompanied by appropriate safeguards, would seem to me unwise.

To set apart 15 per cent of all broadcasting time, to be awarded to such educational institutions as might be approved by a government commission, might well give educational broadcasting a death blow with the public. Lectures appropriate to a classroom where listeners cannot escape, simply would not be tolerated by radio listeners. By a turn of the dial the radio public may instantly escape boredom and leave the learned professor discoursing to empty air.

The fact is that an educational program must compete with musical and dramatic rivals, horse races, prize fights, ball games and what not. In order successfully to compete it must present great truths so flavored with human interest that listeners derive pleasure as well as instruction from the program. This requires showmanship and a technique that few educators have as yet even glimpsed, much less mastered. Until they do so it would be extremely hazardous to the future of education by radio, it seems to me, to give any institutions carte blanche on the air.

My experience and observation indicate that broadcasting officials are eager to secure educational features that have gripping human appeal. If legislation is enacted program managers should be given the right to choose the programs rather than have speakers foisted upon them by fiat of a commission. Ambitious pedagogues would thus be obliged to learn the technique of radio broadcasting and we should soon make great progress on the road to education by radio.

Senator Fess is an able statesman and a sincere friend of education. If he can be persuaded that the bill in its present wording has elements of danger I am confident that he will include proper safeguards therein. G. L. A.

of entertainment and diversion. Radio listeners must therefore be captured by an educational broadcast. If it comes upon them suddenly in the midst of the froth and frolic of the air so much the better. The swift success of my early broadcasts in New England was I believe due to the fact that when I was promoted to an evening period I was given that quarter-hour immediately following the comedians "Amos

'n' Andy." My audience was already gathered for me.

While the listeners to the black face program might have tuned me out had they known in advance that an educational broadcast was next in order, yet the well known indolence of listeners gave me a chance to make a beginning before I could be silenced in favor of some program from a different station. Curiosity and mild surprise that a law talk could be made interesting quite naturally delayed the tuning out process and thus enabled me to add to my growing constituency.

This is typical of what all educational programs must face in winning public approval. I am convinced that if a station were to devote all its time to educational programs it would not reach one per cent of the listeners that are possible in the diversified programs especially of the great broadcasting chains.

WHILE there is some outcry against allotting broadcasting privileges to private enterprise there seems to be no other effective way of developing this great art. Were the taxpayers footing the bills those in charge of radio stations would have less incentive for study of the needs and desires of the radio audience. Development might thus be arrested in what we may well regard as a crude and amateur phase of the art. Regulation by the government may indeed be essential but such regulation, I believe should be undertaken with true understanding of radio problems.

One of the truly amazing things to me about commercial broadcasting at the present time is the lofty spirit of public service manifested by those in high places in the radio world. The fact that in a year and a half a mere free lance, with a program frankly educational, could be allotted a round half million dollars worth of time on the air free of charge is significant.

Some time ago, in a conference with John W. Elwood, Vice President of the National Broadcasting Company, he declared that his company, and he believed the same was true of the Columbia Broadcasting System, would welcome any group of educators who could devise a workable plan for educational broadcasts and would give them every possible aid in the matter.

"The difficulty is," he declared, "that educators in general cannot understand that radio broadcasting is an art in itself. A lecture that might accomplish results in a classroom simply would not be listened to by a radio audience.

NEXT month Dean Archer will continue this subject with hints as to how to prepare an attractive, educational program.

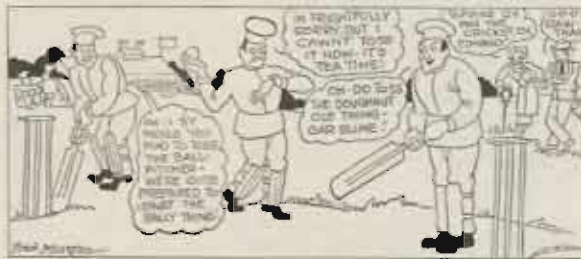
COMMODORE RAY PERKINS *as* *The* FOURTH BAKER

BY THE time you read these lines the first Fourth Baker will have been cast into another biscuit tin. But while he lasted as the coxswain of the Kitchen Marines he made radio history. For that matter he will make radio history wherever he goes, for Ray Perkins, the merry Old Topper of the NBC, has created a niche for himself, in fact, niches that crease around the corners of a million mouths throughout the radio firmament.

And did you hear the broadcast which he called *The Three Bakers in Merry England*? Whether you did or not you'll get a chuckle as we slightly revise the original broadcast into something of a running story, preserving of course the blithesome comment of the skipper—or was it the topped coxswain that we called him. Anyway—

"EVER hear of the Gist Song, playmates?" said young Mr. Perkins as he stepped jauntily out of the ether wave canoe and walked over to the microphone. "You know it perhaps as *I'm Gist a Vagabond Lover*. I bag your pardon! Tonight, deah friends, we present *The Three Bakers in Merry England* or *It's Not Cricket, Old Fellow*, a jolly little drama enlivened by some perfectly ripping dance music furnished by our rather top-hole band leader, Colonel Sir William Artst, K. C. B.—meaning Can't Kid Billy. Hot dog, Sir William, let's go to town!"

And while Sir William swings a wicked little baton and the orchestra rips out a perfectly gorgeous interpretation from Pinafore *The Three Bakers* follow their leader out of the canoe and form in line in front of the mike. Then as the sounds of the orchestra drift out on the ether tide for a thousand miles or so the boys barge into a



song which fades as the band comes surging back on *The King's Horses*—a galloping rhythm. The Old Topper takes off his hat and puts it on the piano (it fits). His pipe he holds in his hand as he leans over toward the mike and says:

"Topping, my good lads, perfectly topping! I say audience old things, I want you to meet the Three Bakers . . . socially, you know. First here's Tom, the First Baker, the fun-loving fellow, really scads of money, good solid Darbyshire stock . . . no end of a keen scholar . . . and a dashing figure at rugger to boot. Pip, Pip, Tom . . . say a word, old deah, say a word!"

Twirling his chef's hat on his finger Tom ambled awkwardly over toward the mike. The red flushed back of the big yellow freckles as he grunted:

"Aw . . . bo-loney!"

"My word! My word exactly!" steamed the Old Topper taking several quick puffs on the Dunhill. Shrugging his chubby shoulders he turned an inquisitive eye

toward Dick, the Second Baker. "I now present to you the Honorable Dick Baker, fifth Earl of Scarsdale and the modest leader of our brave boys . . . heart of oak and all that sort of thing. Men of his ilk have jolly well made England supreme on land and sea. Ilk a little for us, Sir Richard."

Now The Second Baker was no less embarrassed than the first. Furthermore he had just tucked a sizable quid of Jolly Tar into a berth between his cheek

and right molar piles. But he hitched over to the mike and said:

"Sure—" gulping and almost strangling for a moment, "an' it's a grrreat pleasure to be meetin' wid yez all . . ."

"Well, you see, playmates, he's from the south of England. And now meet Sam, or Harpo, youngest son of Old Baron Baker. Speak up Sammy."

Sammy squirmed. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. But suddenly it came loose and he exploded with one loud rolling "Haw-w-w!"

Always nonchalant the Old Topper gave the smirking and gulping Sam a gentle pat on the shoulder as he explained to the radio audience.

"Sorry, playmates, Sam hasn't been the same since England went off the gold standard . . . a sterling character though, really. Well, well, let's troll a stave."

SO the Three Kitchen Marines cleared deck for action and threw down a salty vocal barrage—or should one say, broadside. At the conclusion of the song they dashed down to the ether shore and hopped into their canoe to make ready for a long journey. The Fourth Baker, which as you know was Mr. Perkins, the skipper, or as we sometimes say, the commodore, bent over the microphone once more to take the listening audience into his embrace. He said:

"Now for the plot, playmates, now for the plot. Sir Richard Baker, fifth Earl of Little Rock, Ark., is madly in love with Lady Chatterly . . . pronounced Chundy . . . formerly the lovely Charmaine Winterbottom, belle of London. In Act I, Lord Cecil Chatterly . . . pronounced Chumly . . . a cad, discovers his wife, the former Charmaine Winterbottom, with Sir Richard in the library of the ancestral Chatterly castle at Punts, Puddle-on-the-Thames, West Sussex, Darbyshire.

"As the curtain rises, Lord Chatterly . . . pronounced Boggs . . . confronts our hero, sneering.

"'Aha!' he sneers, 'Aha! What are





So the Three Bakers detoured by way of the Grocery Bar where they paused to observe the grace and beauty of the nautch dancing girls. They debated the meaning of the word "nautch" but Sam ended it by saying, "whatever the hathen choose to be callin' it at all, at all, 'tis nothing short of angel food cake with a nip of Bergundy to rinse it down."

you doing in this library with my wedded wife? So! And how long has this been going on? Well, well, well!"

Dick hopped out of the canoe, rushed over to the piano, put on the Old Topper's topper and swaggered over to the mike. He snorted like an honest liar.

"GIVE it credence or not, my good man, I am merely waiting the arrival of a tram car. And I believe I hear one coming now."

Living the part Dick threw the topper at the shining dome of the bull fiddler and dashed for the canoe where his comrades already were dipping the oars in the surf. The bull fiddler, disconcerted, sawed a quarter note into two one-eighths and would have gone on dividing it into sixteenths but the leader brandished his little black cane and the orchestra rallied into a riot of sole stirring music. When they had subsided the Old Topper was burnishing the ruffled silk of his hat and cursing softly into the microphone. He may not actually have been cursing. But let's get on.

"After the Lady Chatterly . . . not as in Talkie . . . scandal there was only one thing for Sir Richard Baker II . . . the colonies. Act II finds him on the eve of his departure for the Orient. With Tom and Sam he stands bareheaded in Scotland Yard. Manly tears in their eyes the Three Bakers await one last English sound . . . the sound of the most famous bells in the world . . . the chimes of Big Ben!"

The scene fades while the station chimes echo across the continent and a couple of oceans.

As the silken cords pull back the velvet curtains of sound in our next scene we find the Old Topper in white duck with a cork helmet cocked airily over one ear. He still drags the same old Dunhill from his lips as he bends over the microphone. He says:

"Our scene shifts now to the state road just outside Mandalay . . . Route 107 . . . the uh, the road, by the way, is paved with baristones.

ON our right is the old Mulmein Pagoda, looking eastward to the sea . . . and on our left is Oungha Din, where the old Flotilla lay. Recently they have installed a new flotilla . . . the old one got pretty shabby. Just around the corner . . . with television and prosperity . . . is a native oblong hut . . . or medulla oblongata . . . where refreshments are on sale and a man can raise both a beard and a thirst.

"And down the road to Mandalay . . . chin up, eyes front, every button glistening . . . march the Three Bakers . . . on whom, incidentally, the sun never sets.

"How about a little Kipling, boys?" asks Dick.

"Oak-y. Let's have a little kipple," cries Tom.

"I'll take flotilla," chortles Dick, bursting into a barrack room ballad.

"England expects every man to do his ditty," muttered the Old Topper. He took off his helmet and nipped the sweat band with

a damp kerchief. And by this time the audience suffered no shock as the boys burst right out singing *The Road to Mandalay*.

That sharp tat-tat-tat which the audience imagined to be machine gun fire on a flock of Ghandi followers was none other than the Old Topper himself tapping the ashes out of his pipe as he stepped up to the mike after the song.



"A bit of all right . . . what, what, what? We next find the Three Bakers in a native bazaar, or speak softly, as we sometimes say. Each has a gooseberry flotilla with two straws. It appears they already have acquired the deadly gooseberry habit . . . the Englishman's curse in the tropics . . . the white man's burden. But you know how it is, dear playmates, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints. Ah, no,

"IN the smoke-filled bazaar, native merchants or bishmullahs, are vending their wares . . . nautch girls are nautching . . . they're nautchy but nice . . . and native musicians, or pun-kaha, are playing a seductive song of the ancient East . . .

"Ah, my fellow playmates, such is the Orient for you and for me . . . take it or leave it alone. Personally I'd leave it . . . it's not British . . . it's not cricket . . . it's not even cellophane-wrapped.

(Continued on page 94)



Carrying on . . . music will continue to flourish in the land so long as the Sousas exist. Here are three generations in a row with the youngest learning his CDE's from the illustrious grandfather, John Philip Sousa.

AMERICA, and John Philip Sousa, America's "March King," are still to be found marching along together after more than a half century of companionship.

January 1932 finds Sousa, nearing seventy-eight, still recording the history of the United States in music. He still makes an occasional tour and frequently responds to requests to lead his band at an important national celebration. But his audience, thanks to radio, has vastly increased and where he was formerly heard possibly once a year in a score or more cities, he now broadcasts, once a week in the Wednesday night programs of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. His letters indicate that a very large national audience listens in each week.

That Sousa's musical contributions have paralleled the history of the United States since Civil War days is quite evident in the record. The man who wrote "Semper Fidelis," as the official march of the Marine Corps in 1885, and "The Stars and Stripes Forever," among many other nationalistic pieces, in 1897, is still at it as the new year begins. His "Century of Progress," written recently for the 1933 Chicago

World's Fair, calls to mind the fact that back in 1876 he was represented by "International Congress," written to commemorate the Philadelphia Centennial. Inspirations for his recently completed marches have come from widely scattered sections of the world. "The Legionnaires" was written upon request of the French Government, for the Paris Overseas Exposition. At the behest of the Kansas State Agricultural College he turned out "Kansas Wildcats." "Northern Pines" was dedicated to Interlachen Camp, Michigan, where he leads his band once a year.

Curiously enough, just as he was signing an important radio contract with Goodyear, whose Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation built the navy's new U. S. S. Akron, he was ready to play, for the first time, "The Aviators," which was written upon request of Admiral Moffett of the U. S. Navy. Sousa's Band was a feature of the ceremonies of commissioning the Akron, at

*Vigorous and Going Strong
the March King Passes the
Seventy-Seventh Mile Stone
of His Career with Work
on His Hands Sufficient to
Keep any Man Busy at the
Prime of Life*

SOUSA at 77

By DUKE PARRY

Lakehurst, and was heard over a nationwide network.

SOUSA, at 77, says that he wants to live to be 100 so that he can write more marches. He turned out seven in 1931, some of them to be introduced to his radio public in the next few weeks. And his grand total of marches alone, exclusive of longer compositions—and even a novel now and then—has reached 142.

Sousa is still denying the story circulated years ago that he was, in the beginning, John "Philipso," and that by some strange chance the letters U. S. A. were appended to his name, making the name "John Philip Sousa."

"I wouldn't stop a good story like that," Sousa said the other day, "except for the fact that I come from a large family, a family that is still increasing in numbers. And it might cause confusion for some of the members of future generations if the 'John

MILESTONES

- 1854—Born, Washington, D. C.
- 1868—Apprenticed as a musician in United States Marine Band.
- 1876—Wrote "International Congress," his first march.
- 1879—Married Miss Jennie Bellis at Philadelphia.
- 1880—Appointed Director United States Marine Band.
- 1884—Wrote "Desiree," his first light opera.
- 1885—Wrote "Semper Fidelis," official march of United States Marine Corps.
- 1892—Resigned from Marines to form Sousa's Band.
- 1895—Wrote "King Cotton" March.
- 1897—Wrote "Stars and Stripes Forever."
- 1898—Appointed Musical Director Sixth Army Corps with rank of Captain, United States Army.
- 1900—Made First European Tour.
- 1905—Wrote "Pipetown Sandy," first novel.
- 1910-1911—Made World Tour with Band.
- 1917—Appointed Musical Director Great Lakes Naval Training Station with rank of Lieutenant, United States Navy.
- 1919—Retired for Age from Navy with rank of Lieutenant-Commander.
- 1922—Awarded honorary degree of Doctor of Music by Marquette College and Pennsylvania Military College.
- 1930—Invited by British Government to conduct dedication of "Royal Welsh Fusiliers" March.
- 1931—Wrote march "Century of Progress Exposition."
- 1931—Celebrated seventy-seventh birthday and arranged to broadcast his band on nationwide network, under sponsorship of Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., every Wednesday night.



At the age of 35 Commander Sousa had a uniform and a beard. The uniform is that of a director of the United States Marine Band, which he conducted from 1880 to 1892, when he earned the title The March King.

other members of the Imperial Family were said to have been seated behind tightly drawn curtains, in the Imperial Box, while the Sousa band played.

One of his most recent appearances in Washington, D. C., was on Armistice Day, 1931, when he led the service bands at dedication of a memorial to aviators who lost their lives in the World War.

Sousa is hale and hearty at 77. He still enjoys trap shooting, spends some time in California, where live John Philip Sousa II and John Philip Sousa III. He maintains a New York apartment and a home at Port Washington, New York. And every possible request for his personal appearances, especially those having to do with national days and patriotic celebrations, is granted.

Many people who see Sousa today are astonished to find that his heavy beard, once the subject of many friendly caricatures, is no more. It was gradually reduced in size until, upon his beginning work at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station during the World War, he removed it entirely.

Sousa explains that he grew the beard originally to convince the Navy Department he was old enough to lead the Marine Band, and that he finally shaved it off to convince the same department he was young enough to become musical director at the Great Lakes Station.

Sousa is living evidence of the vigor and strength a man can possess at 77. He is tremendously active, but rather likes the comparatively tiny niche he has in a Broadway office building, with mementoes of the past and business of the present. His closest associates in

(Continued on page 84)



John Philip Sousa at the age of 21 when he was first violinist with Jacques Offenbach.

Philipso' myth were allowed to endure."

Sousa is now associated in his broadcasts with Arthur Pryor, who is on the air for Goodyear, every Saturday night. Pryor was toastmaster at a birthday party in Sousa's honor recently at which time Sousa recalled that Pryor played in a Sousa band nearly forty years ago. Pryor, to many, is Sousa's "crown prince."

In his office in New York City Sousa is surrounded by huge rusty keys to various cities, keys presented to him along with scrolls of appreciation. Photographs of his world tours, pictures taken at banquets and important events where he has been a leading figure, may be found in abundance. He likes to recall his command appearance at Windsor, for King Edward VII. And how the present King George V, as a youngster, played, with the other English princes and princesses, Sousa marches on the Victrola while the band was playing in another section of the castle. He recalls vividly one of his appearances at St. Petersburg Theatre, in the Czarist days, when Czar Nicholas and

Two Men in a Tub

*Thrill Broadcaster for NBC Tells of
Exciting Adventure Crossing Alps
by Cable Hoist*

both sides for the battle-work up there in the clouds.

There were two ways to reach the top. The regular one was the long, tedious mountain road that had to wind



Knee deep in daisies. These Carpathian hillmen held the author's life in their hands. Two war correspondents hopped from one peak to another in a shallow basket or "tub" attached to a cable hauled by a wheezy one-lung gas engine.

up and down two spurs before it climbed Pasubio itself. The other was in a new-fangled contraption that we understood didn't work any too well; but when it did work saved a lot of shoe leather and muscle soreness.

The contraption consisted of a pulley operated by a stationary gasoline engine that raised a basket over the gorges to spur number one, the second long pull was to spur number two and a third engine and pulley finished the trip to the Italian hump at the top of the mountain. The basket, as I call it, was not a basket in the usual sense but rather a flat-bottomed tray with wire-woven sides about six inches high. Supplies were strapped into these trays, but sometimes two officers crammed themselves into one and would take this rattle-trap short cut—hoping the Austrians would not snipe it with shrapnel while they were en route.

SMILER JACK and I were told that one of us must crawl under the tackle and the other would have to sit between his protruding knees with only the six-inch sides for his physical protection and moral comfort. I remembered having heard that some types of people become dizzy at great heights and lose their heads—and then the rest of them. I wondered if possibly I belonged to one of those types, and not being too sure that I didn't, I decided that it would be better for me to get in first under the tackle.

I was about to propose to Hales that I do this on the basis that I was much more wiry than he and could squirm under the tackle and save him the trouble.

But he beat me to it with a bright idea of his own. "I'll just crawl in under there first," he told me. "What ho! Two men in a tub, the butcher—"

"Oh, no, Jack," I protested, "that will be a pretty tight squeeze for you. Just let me do the wriggling in underneath."

"No," Jack objected, "You'd better let me go in under that tackle, then you can just sit in between my knees and hold them down. You know, I'm not used to a ride in a thing like this and I might get a trifle dizzy."

By TOM CURTIN

*Author of Land of the Deepening
Shadow, The Edge of the Quicklands
and The Tyranny of Power*

It bothered me to hear Jack say that. It made the outside position seem even worse than I had first thought.

"All ready," the Italian engineer sang out.

I was as ready as I'd ever be, so I told him to go ahead.

Up we went. I remembered that a tight-rope walker had once told me that a person should never let his mind fill with thoughts of walking when at a dangerous height, because if he does he'll do the very thing that he most wants not to do.

So I tried to talk about other things to Jack. I tried to appreciate the view after we were up about a thousand feet.

"Just think," I said to him, "only three weeks ago I was strolling along Piccadilly and down through Leicester Square."

"Same amount of brass hats there as always?" Jack asked, taking the cue.

"More," I answered.

"And I suppose the same amount of young lady parasites as ever," he continued.



"Come on in, the water's fine. Big war goin' on eh. I'll tell my mother. She'll stop it all right. Oh, ma!" Photo by Curtin.

I took a look straight down at the deepening jagged gorge until there seemed to be not even six-inch sides on the basket. Brr—that wouldn't do, got to keep my mind off that stuff.

"You know, Jack, this is stimulating, isn't it?" I burst out, making myself look at distant peaks, rather than straight down.

YES, it's certainly uplifting," Hales chimed back. "I'd rather be up here than down on Piccadilly Circus right now," I made myself say.

"Sure," came from under me. "I'd rather be up among the eagles anytime, than down among the barnyard fowl."

And so we went on talking this brave bunk until the first pull was finished and we stepped out on the platform across which was the second basket on another pulley.

An Italian soldier who had been to America helped tuck me in over Jack.

"This one will be much more long; and vera, vera deep," he explained. "Looka out, or—" and he made a significant gesture. "You make vera big splash down there."

I laughed hollowly and told him that my friend Jack could make a much bigger splash than I. But it was a mean idea he had put into my head just the same.

We kidded each other and ourselves about the beautiful view that the second long pull afforded. We even tried to get up an argument over the exact spot in the Alps from which Napoleon first caught sight of the rich Italian plain.

During the third pull I noticed with comfort a long shelf of rock protrude under the cable until we passed only



Tom Curtin who broadcasts thrill stories of his adventures in the World War as a secret correspondent behind enemy lines. The incidents are dramatized and released through an NBC network.

thirty feet above it. There was to be a drama connected with that shelf that I couldn't foresee as we swung over it.

Well, we landed. And I saw other



Bend down sister—if you want to get thin. But this peasant lady had never heard the song. Photo by Curtin.

dramas before we were ready to start back from the top of that mountain.

(Continued on page 84)

Beautiful Thoughts

By JAMES H. COOK

*"Beautiful Thoughts they come and go
Like tides of oceans, that ebb and flow,
They bring a mem'ry, a smile or tears
They take us back to bygone years.
They bring again to us the dreams of long ago,
In fancy we hear the songs we used to know
When hearts were young and love was new
Beautiful Thoughts come softly through."*



Irma Glen, the feminine part of the Beautiful Thoughts program.

AND another program of Beautiful Thoughts is ushered on the air with the old team of Chuck, Ray and Gene and Irma Glen weaving harmony, melody and sentiment into the fifteen minutes that caught

known as Voices At Twilight, appeared locally in Chicago on WENR.

It dates back to the days when Gene Arnold was a lad in knee pants lending his piping boyish soprano to the hymns in the Presbyterian Sunday School at



Thinking pretty - Chuck Haynes (1), Ray Ferris (2) and Gene Arnold

the fancy of the radio listeners of the nation.

But the history of Beautiful Thoughts dates farther back than the time it won first honors in the nationwide radio contest conducted by Montgomery Ward and Company over the National Broadcasting Company network. It dates much farther back than the days when the program, with the same cast and

Newton, Ill., and speaking his pieces at the Children's Day exercises. It was in those days that the trio laid the foundation for singing sacred numbers with such obvious sincerity.

On the same Sundays that Gene swelled the melody at Newton, Chuck Haynes drove in from the farm at New Winchester, Ohio, to take his part in the Sunday School programs and Ray

Ferris trudged a certain street in Chicago with shining face to one place where he could croon his tenor.

THE trio has been together since February, 1928, when Arnold came to Chicago, firm in the belief that radio had a place for him. He left his voice, dancing and expression class at Muncie, Ind., and came to the Windy City, where almost the first radio people he met were Chuck and Ray, then harmonizing over local stations.

Gene was first auditioned as a singer at station WOK and three days later was engaged as an announcer, (which is not to the discredit of his ability as a vocalist.) He announced at the Trianon Ballroom and sang there as well for some time.

Then he organized his three man minstrel show, with himself as interlocutor and his new found pals, Chuck and Ray, as end men. Incidentally when Arnold went to WENR in the fall of 1928, he took the minstrel show with him where the orchestra was enlarged to 25 pieces, more end men were added and it became the Weener Minstrels. The minstrels went along "up river" when NBC assumed management of the station, and it has now had more than 150 performances.

A year and a half ago Arnold suggested that a program of harmony, organ music and readings might have a wide appeal to radio listeners. He built his program and it went on the air under the name of Voices At Twilight.

But let us leave the program for a while and tell something of the people

(Continued on page 91)

LETTERS *to the* ARTIST

DEAR MISS DRAGONETTE: Radio Digest is anxious to know for its readers whether radio artists still receive letters of applause from the radio audience. We are told this mode of expressing appreciation has subsided. Would it be too presumptuous for us to ask concerning your personal mail. Do you hear from people who might be considered too blase or indifferent? If you do receive notable letters would you be willing to let us print some of them, provided the writers have granted their permission?

Very cordially,
Editors of Radio Digest.

Editors of Radio Digest:

In reply to your letter of recent date in which you requested "notable fan" letters I have selected eight from my scrap book which I have found especially inspiring and interesting. The writers are:

1. Elisha Brown Bird, Bookplate Designer.
2. Berta and Elena de Hellenbranth, Hungarian Portrait Painters.
3. Beatrice Fenton, American Sculptor.
4. The Postal Telegraph Co.
5. Margaret Lukes, writer.
6. Lucile McNally, a little girl.
7. Flora Warren Brown, art collector and poet.
8. The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

The tribute of an artist is high compliment indeed—and so I wrote to Elisha Brown Bird when I acknowledged his letter. In return he paid me the still greater compliment of making a painting of me, which he called "Singing to the World." This exquisitely delicate yet forceful pictorial representation of singing has so amazingly expressed my own feeling of song that it is notable indeed; and considering the fact that Mr. Bird has never even seen me—truly remarkable.

Margaret Lukes' letter is exceptional because Miss Lukes was one of my earliest interviewers. It was she who convinced me that it would be wise to abandon my early ideal, "never to be interviewed." It is gratifying that this skilled writer has followed my progress and approves.

Similarly I could comment on each letter but in order to achieve brevity I have attached biographical data to each one and I shall trust to your imagination to recapture the inspiration each brought to me. Because of the public
(Continued on page 92)

Admirers Still Express Appreciation for Talented Offerings through the Mail



Jessica Dragonette receives many letters from admiring radio listeners. Some of the letters are published here.

"DEAR Emma: . . . Please attend to this matter at once! He will never amount to anything if you permit him to run the streets all day. School is the place for him. After school hours, for the Lord's sake, keep him indoors away from bad company. You know he is at the age when he will learn everything, (bad especially) and those boys around are, I think, too old in every way for six-year old Floyd. And Emma, if you want to save yourself trouble in the future, just take your boy in charge now."

This warning note was penned by Aunt Annie on the Third of October in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-three. It was plain that Dear Aunt Annie was alarmed. Which conscientious aunt wouldn't be. For whenever there was a broken window, a can tied to a cat's tail, a false alarm at the fire house—the townspeople would exclaim with one accord, "It's that Floyd boy again." Already they were condoling Aunt Annie on the sad future which would fall to this boy's lot. Make the best of it, they sighed. You're doing all you can. But the devil is just in him. Aunt Annie shook her head slowly, knowing only too well that the sympathetic neighbors spoke the truth.

Something was always happening in the town, and proud mothers of darling little lads gasped with relief in the assurance that their pets were guiltless, that there was *one* culprit who could be depended upon for the prank. Although no one ever did find out who chalked up the teacher's chair—when she got up to the blackboard and the white pattern on her dress was seen by the pupils—there was a general snickering and a natural turning of heads in the direction of Floyd. There was no use in trying to defend himself, for anything that savored of mischief savored of Floyd. Poor Aunt Annie. She was beside herself. And what a blot on the family escutcheon. There were four others in the family, outside of Mother and Dad—Donald, Edward, Zelda and Mar-



Floyd's Brother, Edward

That Gibbons Kid

Floyd's Family and Relatives Were Worried about Him and Aunt Annie was in Despair

By Anne B. Lazar

garet. Their whole lives would be spoiled—ruined, and with downcast eyes they would have to admit in later years, "Yes, Floyd is our brother."



Floyd's Father, Brother Ed, and the Headliner himself on the S. S. Republic taken soon after the Mother's death.

So Aunt Annie wrote to Floyd's mother and urged her to do all that was humanly possible for the salvation of the boy—doubting of course in her heart that any kind of discipline would avail.

With these very happy prospects about his future, little Floyd Gibbons set out on the Great Adventure of Life, and every event which would be just "another thing" to someone else, has flamed up for him into a breathless episode.

A Utopia on earth would burst into a conflagration if Floyd Gibbons were to set foot on this peaceful land. A mountain that had never quaked in all its born days would suddenly spout forth lava if it saw Gibbons approaching—for who but Floyd could give such a vivid and graphic description of such happenings, and both the Mountain and Utopia knew it.

Dad was aware of Floyd's faculty for evoking the most dangerous elements in any situation, and that if anything, newspaper work would develop this power. It would never do. No newspaper job for Floyd if Dad could help it. So up went Dad Gibbons to his son's first editor boss and insisted that his offspring be fired. But Floyd was too valuable an asset to his newspaper—and

Dad left the newspaper office wondering what would become of this recalcitrant, incorrigible adventurous son of his.

It might be mentioned here that six months later, on an occasion when Floyd did not use his usual mastery and skill in reporting a certain activity, that this same boss, in utter editorial disgust, shouted, "Say, you ought to go to Timbuctoo and learn to be a reporter. You're fired." It so happened that in 1923, Floyd Gibbons happened to be in this legendary-sounding country, and recalling with a smile the sound advice given to him by Editor, the First, Bill Shepherd, now one of the editors of Collier's Weekly, sent him a telegram, "Am in Timbuctoo, carrying out your assignment." The curious part of this incident was that Mr. Shepherd, leaving
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"UNACCUSTOMED as I am"

Famous Leader of Connecticut Yankees Pays Tribute to Each Member of His Band at Birthday Party aboard Stuttgart

By Rudy Vallee

COMPLETING two years of broadcasting on the Fleischmann Hour Rudy Vallee was tendered a banquet aboard the German S. S. Stuttgart. Friends of Mr. Vallee and members of his band were present. Sitting at the head of the table Rudy talked into a microphone and smiled toward the individual of each comment. The individual would rise, bow and the guests would applaud. So many inquiries have come from Radio Digest readers for an article about the members of the band Rudy was prevailed upon to furnish a transcript of his tribute to members of his organization.

Editor.

MR. TOASTMASTER, gentlemen of the press, radio listeners-in, and others of our guests who are honoring us with their presence today.

There are luncheons and luncheons; there are testimonial dinners and testimonial dinners; there are benefits and benefits. In other words, there are festive occasions where genuine sincerity prevails, and there are festive occasions which really degenerate into the class of rackets!

The recipient or recipients of an occasion such as this may well wonder just how sincere the givers, or sponsors of the occasion may be. At one time I had a child-like faith, and to me there was nothing more beautiful than the wonderful dinners that were given to various men on various occasions, at which I sat with the orchestra, contributing music to the evening's entertainment. Secretly I hoped that some day I, too, might walk down the hall to the strains of "Hail to the Chief," instead of sitting back and playing the aforesaid air. But shortly before the first testimonial dinner came to me, my illusions about them were somewhat shattered. I say "somewhat," because I still look for the best in everything and everyone. But when the editor and publisher of a great theatrical magazine bluntly told me that many testimonial dinners were merely an excuse for the raising of money, and that

the central figure of the occasion was picked blind-folded, or from the standpoint of his or her ability to bring peo-



Rudy Vallee is invited to the captain's quarters and is reminded of days gone by when he, too, was a man of the sea.

ple to separate themselves from \$5 for their plate at the occasion, I somehow lost my taste for something I had always coveted as one of the world's greatest rewards for perseverance, hard work, and industry.

I WOULD like to feel, however, that today's occasion has some sincerity behind it. Hardly anything in the world of commerce and business is done without some thought of publicity in mind, yet I think we who are honored by this simple gathering today may genuinely feel a thrill of pardonable pride of work well done, and the satis-

faction thereof. There are our detractors who will question the "work well done" part of my statement. However, as in art nothing can actually be measured or proven, I believe that the artist's conscience of a satisfactory job is sufficient proof of having accomplished something, because a true artist is even more critical than his critics.

To some of my listeners, especially those detractors who take a keen delight in tearing down, and to whom it seems to be an effort to judge impartially, and to be fair, let me say that I don't mean to infer that we have not, in the past two years, played some Fleischmann programs which were not an hour of sheer delight to every listener, but on the whole we feel that in the course of those many Thursday evenings we must have brought enjoyment to a certain number of people at least; otherwise a gigantic and business-like organization such as Fleischmann certainly would not have continued to keep us on an expensive payroll.

IT IS a common fallacy in business that there can be no sentiment. I say "fallacy" because nothing could be more fallacious. Business itself is built on sentiment, and whether the heads of the organizations, will or no, apparently subject themselves to anything sentimental, they perforce must do so, and although we like to tell ourselves that there could be no sentiment in business, we find ourselves constantly falling back on a play of emotions to accomplish every little thing we try to do.

Music itself is built on a psychological feeling which the body displays upon hearing certain compositions, and only a person who has been stricken ill and forced to lie with his face turned to the ceiling may appreciate what music brought by the radio can mean toward recovery. Only one who has talked with the hopelessly blind may appreciate what radio means to them. I don't mean to wave the flag, or to turn sob

sister, when I say that our Fleishmann programs have brought happiness to many thousands of these, whether or not they have stimulated the sales of the yeast cakes. This is not mere guess work on my part, as evidences of what I have just said are brought to me daily. And we must have succeeded in the prime purpose for which the hour is given, otherwise we would not be looking forward to a continuance of the programs for many months into the future.

Sometime ago I undertook to say most of these things that I would like to say today through a literary effort which was comparatively well-received. Perhaps the most unhappy part connected with that particular venture was that many people doubted the fact that in my book it was really I who spoke. I am happy in the opportunity that the occasion affords me to tell those who are listening, and the gentlemen of the press here assembled, something about the Connecticut Yankees and our individual rise to what the world terms success.

AS I look around, I see a pale-faced young man who shows in his make-up the sincerity and the qualities which have made him so dear not only to me but to our radio listeners who voted him sometime ago as the most popular individual performer of an instrument on the air—a boy whom I knew during my years at Yale, and whose pianistic work always evoked an admiration from everyone who heard it; a young man who was pleased to come to New York at my request to form the bulwark and the basis, one might say, of our little group of eight men three years ago. I don't think he has ever regretted that move, and it has been my happiness to know him over a period of many years, see him happily married and the father of a fine boy, and to have found him always loyal, energetic, eager to help, and always extremely conscientious. His nimble fingers and his arranging ability have been responsible for many of the early hours of delight which emanated from the Heigh Ho Club and the Villa Vallée. I would like, at this time, to introduce to everyone present, *Clifford Burswell*, original pianist of the Connecticut Yankees.

More quixotic perhaps, than fiction, is the appearance in the band of a young giant, who from the first disagreed with my policies of hand direction, and who even today does not sympathize entirely with them. But a young man who has lent his unusual rhythmic ability, coupled with a keen sense of artistry in music, to producing the rhythm which early made the Connecticut Yankees so popular to their listeners. Our drummer and assistant leader, *Ray Toland*.

Also from New Haven, Connecticut, a friend of my college days, a boy who seemed willing to place himself in my hands that I might direct and mold his saxophone style and ability, a boy who, like his Connecticut chum and pal, has given me those same qualities of loyalty, dependability, and fine musical worth—*Joe Miller*.

Another young man, a Connecticut Yankee who hails from the Bronx, a boy who grew a mustache to disguise his extreme youthfulness, and who came to us as a performer on the string bass. He had previously played the violin, but on that instrument and the string bass the older performers would have none of him; he looked too youthful, and they had no faith in what might be behind that mask of extreme youth. Possibly today some of these same conductors regret their decision extremely, as he turned out to be one of the finest, perhaps the finest string bass player in all the dance world—certainly one of the finest in the entire country—*Harry Patent*.

A day-dreaming, happy-go-lucky Swede, with a hobby for foreign automobiles, in fact a foreign complex which extends to anything having the expensive foreign stamp upon it; happy-go-lucky, but nevertheless, a sincere, loyal, and extremely capable young man, whose crisp chord playing has also been one of the mainstays of our rhythm section from its inception—*Charles Peterson*.

As I come to the violins, I cannot help but feel a bit unhappy at the thought that an unkind fate took from us temporarily one of the most conscientious and finest boys who ever lifted a bow. After working with us for more than a year, ill health finally forced him to seek a return of his health down in the Carolinas. At last he is well, and the doctors assure me that he will be able to rejoin us next Spring. Although he is not here, he is listening in, and I know that he will be very happy to hear a fine hand of applause as I mention his name—*Mannie Lowy*.

ONE of the most noteworthy of our band, from a standpoint of artistic qualities, is a boy who was a prodigy at the piano, playing solos when still in short pants, and whose extremely fine artistic ability, bordering closely on genius, has helped make many of our programs, I hope, enjoyable. A Brooklyn boy, one of the finest dance pianists in the entire world—*Walter Gross*.

Other new editions to our violins—*Phil Buatta*, who has filled so ably the place of our absent violinist. Another extremely capable violinist, *Sal Terini*, who, like Walter Gross, used to play with me in the days of our broadcasts at tea time from the Lombardy Hotel.

And still another young man, who borders toward the Kreisler in his style and quality of tone. His solo bits have been a bright spot of many of our recent programs—*Buddy Sheppard*.

In the saxophone field is a boy who aided and befriended me when I first came to New York looking for work, and whose beauty of tone and style is unsurpassed in the entire saxophone world—*Sid Topletz*. Another New Haven boy, one of the reasons for the use of the name "Conn. Yankees," energetic, the best-natured boy in the band, a little gentleman at all times, and a fine saxophonist—*Bob Bowman*.

And then to our brass section. Inasmuch as my theory is that brass should be seen, but little heard, these boys and their work may be less well-known to our radio audiences. *Andy Eich*, first trumpet who was with me in our debut at the Paramount Theatre, and whose fine quality and artistic perfection make him one of the finest. *Angel Rattiner*, whose modernistic hot style makes him one of the finest exponents of that type of playing. *Andy Wiswell*, (and Mike Durso if present) like myself a Maine boy who also went to Yale with me, and whose ability has made him an extremely valuable man to me always.

TWO pianists have served us in substitute capacities as well as arrangers—very fine pianists, extremely fine gentlemen, and expert arrangers—*Lester Bankers* and *Frank Leithner*.

I feel that I should express the sincere feeling of appreciation that I have always had for the co-directors of this hour, men sent by the advertising agency to help me in my selection of programs and guest artists.

It is a general fallacy along Broadway that the advertising directors of most radio hours are bad show-men, and know little or nothing about pleasing a radio public. Possibly that might be the case on some hours, but it is certainly not true in the case of John Reber, Gordon Thompson, and Kai Kuhl of the J. Walter Thompson Co. These gentlemen have always directed us with a policy of clean programs, yet one which should please our listeners-in, and to them I express my appreciation for their extreme tolerance and their very fine aid to us in the period of our association with them.

And to that gentleman whose contagious enthusiasm of voice first electrified me when I heard him announcing a Yale-Harvard football game long before I had met him, a man whom I admired from a distance for a long time before I came to know him, and whom I admire as much, if not more, after completing two years of continuous association with him, *Graham McNamee*.

(Continued on page 90)

Big Time

Nellie Revell and Sisters of Skillet

Heavyweights in Light Humor Crash the Gates to Nellie's Studio—Mirthquake Gabalogue!

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

IT WAS a lucky thing for some of us who happened to miss Nellie Revell's broadcast the night the Sisters of Skillet crashed into her studio that Miss Anne Downey happened to be practicing her shorthand by taking notes of what was being said. For, as it turned out, that was just about the funniest thing that has happened in broadcasting for a coon's age.

Probably Nellie suspected what was coming for she had accidentally bumped into that quarter-ton of comedy at the entrance of the NBC building on Fifth Avenue not many minutes before her broadcast of the Radio Digest program over WEAF and associated stations. You can always catch Nellie Revell on a Wednesday night at 11 o'clock, right following Graham McNamee and Grantland Rice on the Coco Cola hour.

Miss Downey is a clever little magazine writer, and she likes to jot down things she hears over the air—not only to keep her fingers nimble but to familiarize herself with the technique of what she hears.

This is the story she transcribed. Her accuracy is attested by the fact that it tallies to a "t" with that part of the continuity—as radio scripts are called—written originally by Miss Revell, associate editor of Radio Digest.

"Click-click-clickity-click," came the

first sound of a typewriter in the scene with Nellie Revell, the Voice of Radio Digest, and Paul Dumont, famous announcer and end man.

Paul: "Hello, Nellie, who are you sending the telegram to?"

Nellie: "Oh, hello, Paul. * * Must you know?"

Paul: "No, I was just asking you."

Nellie: "Well, it's no secret . . . and I wouldn't mind telling you even if it were. * * Tomorrow is the second wedding anniversary of our good friends, May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose . . . the Sweethearts of the Air."

Paul: "Oh, that's so. * * How time

flies. * * Add my congratulations, will you?"

Nellie: "I'm not congratulating them . . . I'm interrogating them. * * Asking them their formula . . . how to be happy though married."

Paul: "Don't you believe in marriage, Nellie?"

Nellie: "Sure I do . . . some of my best friends get married . . . often. * * But I don't know, Paul, about looking at that same face 365 breakfasts a year . . . that is, if he gets home in time for breakfast."

Paul: "Well, the secret of it all is to find someone whom you know you can live with."

Nellie: "No, the secret of it all is to find someone that you can't live without. * * And that seems to be what May and Peter have done. * * And this little program and Radio Digest congratulate them."

Paul: "And now that you got all that sentiment and philosophy off your chest . . . maybe you'll be good enough to tell us who was that crowd I saw you with downstairs."

Nellie: "That wasn't any crowd . . . that was Ralph Dumke and Eddie East, the Sisters of the Skillet. * * We just came up on the elevator together. * * They're going to drop in on us later."

Daly: "Is that so? * * I guess we had better take the hinges off the door if those boys are coming in here."

Paul: "Wait a moment . . . let me get this straight. * * You say that you and Ralph and Eddie all came up together in the same elevator? * * I didn't know that the freight elevator ran this late, Nellie."



Sisters of the Skillet after they had crashed into Nellie Revell's studio

(Continued on page 93)

Fans Rally to Support Candidates in Beauty Queen Race

Radio Digest's Campaign to find most beautiful radio artist in America Off to Flying Start --- Enthusiasm at High Pitch as National Election Gets Under Way

THE campaign to find the Beauty Queen of American Radio is off to a flying start. Already, all evidence points to a race to the finish. It is far too early to give any indication as to the relative standing of the fair damsels who have been entered

are the voters in this election, will have declared themselves to a greater extent and the entries will be rounding the turn and straining on the home stretch.

Never has a campaign inaugurated by Radio Digest aroused such enthusiasm among radio stations, artists and

tirely by the readers of Radio Digest.

You readers who have not already done so, now is the time to rally to the support of the radio artist you believe to be the most attractive among this bevy of more than thirty beauties. The campaign opened in the December issue

Zone One

Edith M. Bowes, CHNS-CNRH, Halifax, Canada.
Catherine Fields, WEAJ, New York City.
Rosalind Greene, WJZ, New York City.
Estelle Happy, WTIC, Hartford, Conn.
Ethelyn Holt, W2XAB, New York City.
Harriet Lee, WABC, New York City.

Verna Osborne, WOR, Newark, N. J.
Mary O'Rourke, WPAW, Pawtucket, R. I.
Lillian Parks, WCDA, New York, City.
Christine Perera, CMBT, Havana, Cuba.
Nina Tonelli, WLWL, New York City.
Mary Williamson, WMCA, New York City.

Zone Two

Nell Cook Alfred, KRMD, Shreveport, La.
Virginia Clarke, WJJD, Chicago.
Donna Damerel, WBBM, Chicago.
Nan Dorland, WENR, Chicago.
Jane Froman, WMAQ, Chicago.

Connie Gates, WGAR, Cleveland, O.
Lena Pope, WCKY, Covington, Ky.
Peggy O'Neil Shelby, WEBO, Harrisburg, Ill.
Constance Stewart, CKNC, Toronto.

Zone Three

Elizabeth Anderson, KTLC, Houston, Tex.
Celeste Rader Bates, KGDM, Stockton, Calif.
Miriam Dearth, WNAD, Norman, Okla.
Alice Holcomb, WFAA, Dallas, Tex.
Hazel Johnson, KFYR, Bismark, N. D.
Rita Lane, KPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Helen Musselman, KGO, San Francisco, Calif.
Julietta Novis, KFWB, Hollywood, Calif.
Nellie Santigosa, KROW, Oakland, Calif.
Madaline Sivyver, KQW, KTAB, San Jose, Calif.
Annabell Wickstead, XEQ, Juarez, Mexico.

by various stations throughout the United States, Canada, Cuba and Mexico. They are lunched on the first lap in this preliminary race, but within the month the readers of Radio Digest, who

readers of this magazine. The stations are preparing to get behind their entries with all the power at their command. Each entry is a potential winner. And the final result will be decided en-

of Radio Digest and the first group of beauties was pictured in the rotogravure section. That issue also contained a ballot for voting purposes. The second
(Continued on page 88)



A WINNER of contests is this attractive Miss who delights the listeners over KRMD, Shreveport, Louisiana. Miss Alfred won fifth place in a movie face contest, first place in a funny face contest and she inspired the story "Oil and Riches" by George Marvin. She is a soprano—one of the best they'll tell you down in Shreveport.

Nell Cook Alfred



**Donna
Damerel**

WBBM, Chicago, is the home of this broadcast beauty. Plenty of "IT" on and off the air. A new star, she is better known as Marge of the team of Myrt and Marge, in a new program devoted to the interest of gum — you know, the kind stenographers use.



GENTLEMEN prefer 'em! Beautiful and blond and has she got personality? She has—plenty—and she ought to have because she is a personality singer at WJJD in Chicago. The fans think so too—or fan-mail don't mean a thing.

Virginia Clarke



Nan Dorland

NAN has the leading role in "Keeping Up With Daughter" at WENR in Chicago. She is blue eyed and auburn haired; started in radio at KFI and KTM and has become one of the popular radio-artists in the Mid-West.



THIS little lady is one of the most popular artists at WMAQ, Chicago. She can sing "Blues" numbers so that the indigo comes right through the loud speaker. The public likes her and so do the rest of the gang at the Chicago NBC studios.

Jane Forman



Lena
Pope

ALWAYS suspected Kentucky had beautiful girls and this proves it. Miss Pope has been gracing the studios of WCKY, Covington, Ky., for the past year. She is entered in the Radio Digest contest for the Beauty Queen of American Radio and she was chosen to represent the station by Kentucky World readers and station listeners.

Connie
Gates

WHEN Connie sings a "Blues" number people stop playing bridge and talking to concentrate on the radio out Cleveland way. She is one of the reasons why WGAR is tuned in by listeners throughout the Middle West. The photographer caught her in a serious moment . . . wonder what her thoughts were just then?





Constance Stewart

CONSTANCE does "drama" at CKNC, Toronto, Ontario, and she does it so effectively that she has become one of the outstanding artists at that station. She has appeared in about seventy-five plays from that station. Miss Stewart is blond, 26 years old, and weighs 120 pounds.



Peggy O'Neil Shelby

REMEMBER that song "Peggy O'Neil is the girl who could steal any heart any place, any time"? Well, that's just the kind of girl this Peggy is and also that's the reason why WEBQ is such a popular place when Peggy is on the air. What does she do? "Blues" songs.



Betty
Council

BETTY COUNCIL is rapidly winning widespread popularity as one of radio's foremost feminine announcers. Her smooth Southern accent is one of the features of the Pond's Dance Program, broadcast each Friday at 9:30 P. M. (EST) over an NBC-WEAF network.

HITS« QUIPS SLIPS»

By INDI-GEST

Catch That Slip!

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

GATHER 'round, dear Indi-gestians, and see what a swell spot we're in now. Right in the middle of the book with roto and everything. Fancy type, too.

First letter opened comes from our little friend Marjorie Mapel of Denver. Another poem. Here 'tis.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN"

By Marjorie Mapel

Now I have heard a little line that will appeal to great and small,

You can please some folks part of the time, and some no time at all.

How well this adage works we know, with programs on the radio.

One wants a jazz band wild and hot, another dialogue quite snappy,

One wants slow rhythm and why not, a love song now to make me happy,

A business talk must come for father, psychology for studious brother.

I can't appreciate them all, nor you,—I guess we're not that plastic,

But surely we need not be small, and rave around in mood sarcastic.

Because some programs we can't see, perhaps the wrong's with you and me.

You wrote a hatful in them thar lines, Marjorie. We sometimes get a holler from a crabbed VOLLer—makes us hot beneath the collar. Ain't no rhyme nor reason, jest squawkin' outa season, mebber they're only teasin'—, Anyway you get a dollar.

. . .

During a Sunday school broadcast on WJR, Detroit, the children were allowed to ask questions of the teacher.

"If Jesus was so great that he could do anything, why didn't He invent electricity?" was one child's query.

"Can any of the other children answer that?" asked the teacher.

"Sure," replied a tiny voice, "because that wasn't His business."

Mrs. J. P. Brooks, Orchard Lake, Mich.



ESSIE WATTS

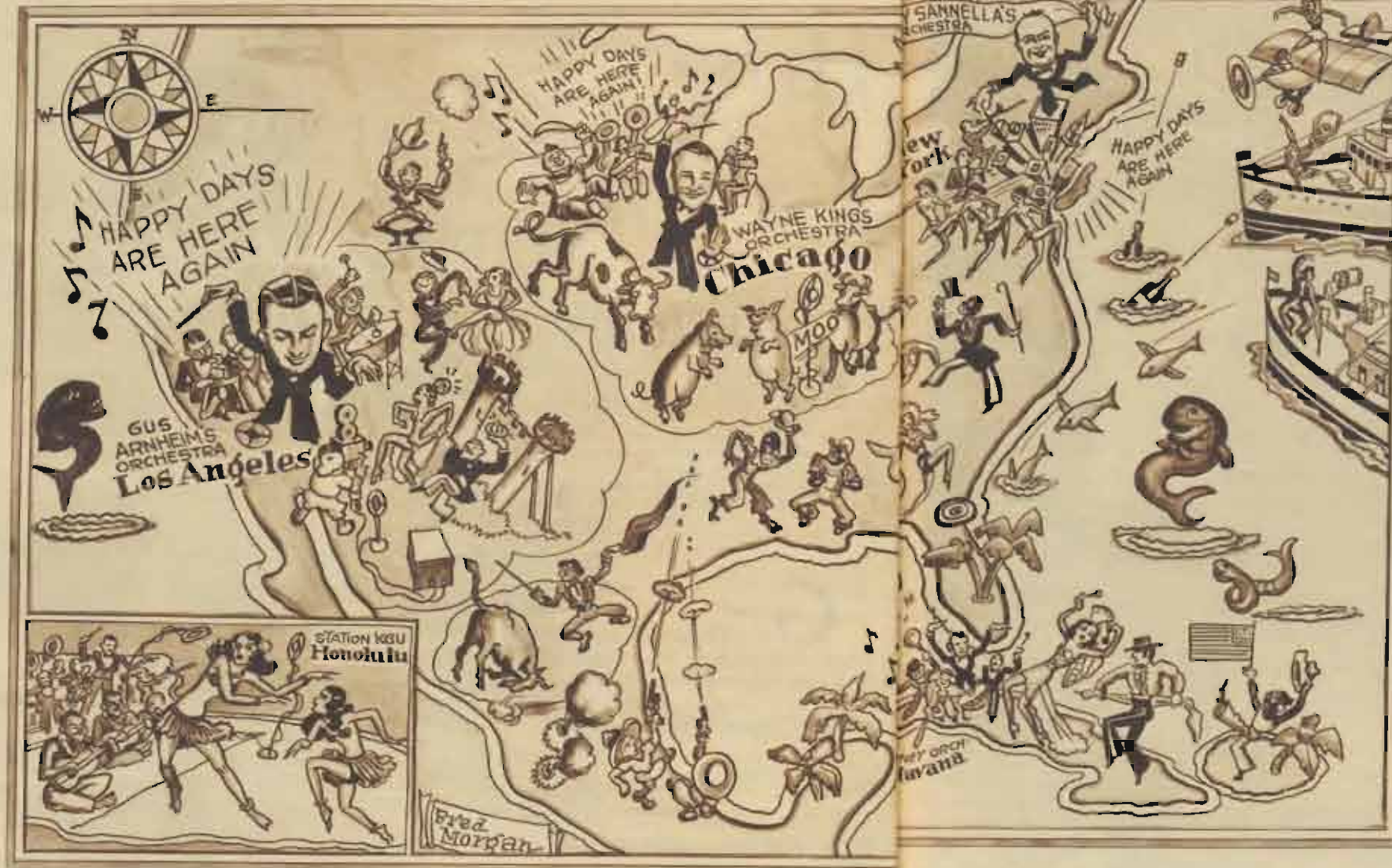
(Not a candidate. Not a candidate. Not a candidate)
Famous beauty of Thompkins Corners whose photograph (by Harold Stein) arrived too late to be entered.

FOLKS around Thompkins Corners think our Essie is just about the sweetest thing in petticoats. We held a meetin' at the store an' sent a committee over to Radio Village to get Harold Stein to come over and make a regular bang-up photrait of her. He had the blamedest time gettin' her to pose right. He said he was a photographer of souls and he wanted to get that spiritual effect in her face. She said she felt the most soulful when she was singin' Hearts and Flowers. So they got her the music. But all she did was to roll it up and start singin'. Mr. Stein danced around his camera and said things that shouldn't be repeated—but I don't know whether it was complimentary to Essie or not. He looked funny at the ostrich feathers in Essie's hat and said fine feathers don't make fine birds. An' Essie said she wasn't a bird anyway. An' Mr. Stein said you couldn't call an ostrich exactly a Bird of Paradise. Well just as she hit that high note he told her to hold the pose and keep on with that note. She was just about all out of gas when he got this snapshot. I'm afraid she held it so long that the picture will be getting to you too late to be entered in the contest. But I cal'late the sperit is there. Hoping you are well, I am, yours truly,

MATT THOMPKINS

When Harry Richman Cursed

HARRY RICHMAN was one of the many stars to pass before the WM-CA microphone at the Friars Carnival and Ball in Madison Square Garden last month. One of the pit musicians volunteered to accompany him, so Richman gave the volunteer his instructions, in what he thought was sotto voce. "We'll do 'You Try Somebody Else', said Harry and for C... ..'s sake be careful on the second chorus. I go about twelve different ways on it!" Imagine Richman's surprise when his voice came back at him from every corner. He quickly went into the song, but it was a much embarrassed Harry Richman that left the dais after only one number. Leo Ireland, 356 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.



Rolfe on Vacation

Dear Indi:

WELL I'm off to Hawaii, far, far away from the Lucky Days Are Here Again, which I have blazoned across the skies for these many weeks, months and on into years. It was time for a change. I'll be so happy to get away from all the fuss and worry and constant pressure. The tempo is too fast. One must relax. I look forward to the soothing freedom of the Hawaiian islands. Do you know, my great ambition is to compose oratorios. In fact I have a theme very definitely in mind. While I am away from your dizzy maddening whirl you can think of me at a piano with notebook and pencil feeling my way along through sublime harmonies with which to clothe the majestic words of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of Gettysburgh.

Tuesday.

Here I am on the boat and away at last. I have a piano in my cabin and am ready to begin the work that has been on my heart these many months. I have

It's many a long mile from Broadway via Havana, Chicago, Los Angeles and the Pacific to Honolulu. But above was the scene on the first night when Lucky Strips opened the Etherway almost half way round the world, and KGU, Honolulu, joined the NBC net.

not heard a radio for three days. What a relief! Still I can't help wondering how Andy is getting along with—no I am not even going to think about it. After all this is where I get away from it. By that I mean I get 6,000 miles away from the whole idea of broadcasting. Oh it's a great life.

Honolulu

Here at last. To think I have come all this way without hearing a radio program once. Not but I could have listened, I simply steered away from it. What's the use of turning your nose right into something you are trying to escape? Not that I have any desire to permanently detach myself from radio—far from it. But I'm taking a vacation. You can't imagine how it feels to be 6,000 miles away from Broadway—I wonder how Andy is getting along with—but I understand Wayne King has the spot in Chicago. What does he know about—Gus Arnheim has a wonderful orchestra I understand, peppier

than King's but not so seductive. Still he never would know how to put the right kind of vim into—say, what's the matter with me? Anyway no chance of me hearing it here. There's a crowd gathering down in the street in front of the hotel. Sounds like a movie-talkie. I'm going down and will finish this when I get back. Then off it goes by the first boat. Something funny about that talkie—

One Hour Later.

Whoever said Hawaii was 6,000 miles from Broadway must be crazy. I just heard a voice saying "this is Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter, bidding you all good night." I think Andy's—well, probably it was the atmospheric condition. So KGU, Honolulu, is now a part of the NBC net. Well, so am I. Wonder how about a little greeting from Honolulu. Oh Boy, I'm all pepped up over that idea. Whoopee! Lucky Days Are Here Again, and so's your uncle.
B. A. ROLFE

LOST—ONE THRILL

While listening to a dance program by Doc Peyton and his Hoosiers from WGY at Schenectady, N. Y., I heard—and now 'The Thrill Is Gone' from George White's Scandals which will be followed with 'That's Why Darkies Were Born' from the same show and with the kind permission of the copyright owners. I think that George White should have special names for his songs to be used when the songs are announced by radio. The first statement of this announcer could be considered libelous to George White.—Richard Sees, R. F. D., 1 Cohoes, N. Y.

MEANT TRUNKS, WHAT?

"Open your windows and throw your chests out" was the request sent several homes not long ago because the continuity of a morning health exercise had not been carefully checked. That remark ended the exercising in my house for that day. I had to stop to laugh and that made me mad because I needed that particular day's exercise very badly.—Mrs. L. Lischenstein, 829 71st Ave., New York, N. Y.

now. The Listerine song they tell me is taken from Peter Arno's show and is called "Hello My Lover, Goodbye." Phyllis Kortan, Jackson, Mich.



"It's going to be a long swivel round right end . . . I told you, I told you . . . and 'Oh if you could hear the words I see pouring out on little Joe for fumbling . . .'" This is Don Wilson, KFI sports announcer, using the new hinge and buckle binoculars invented for sports.

PRACTICALLY NONE

Here is a bit of dialogue heard over WGAR not long ago, that I think worthy of recording in the Quip Column.

"Tell them all you know, Pat," said Mike, "it won't take long."

"I'll tell them all we both know and it won't take any longer," replied Pat.—P. D. Kelsco, 2804 Sackett Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

WELL RATHER

NBC announcer of the McKesson Musical Magazine: "We turn the next page and find the McKesson soloist in 'Only a Rose.' Better than in a cabbage or even in the nude, n'est-ce pas?"—Mrs. V. D. Fergusson, 328 North 8th Street, Cambridge, Ohio.

Dear Indi: Isn't it a shame the way the advertisers are homing in on everything. They even have their own theme songs

Snatch-Proof Sports Binocle

Dear Indi:

OF COURSE in the glorious sunshine of California one really does not need much of anything to be able to see at great distances. Just a pair of God-given eyes will do the trick. But there comes a time when a pair of special high-powered cheaters comes in mighty handy. For example if you are a good lip reader and want to binocle a quarterback giving signals on the field while you are behind the mike in a press stand there is nothing to compare with the ones shown on my friend Don Wilson, football and sports announcer of KFI-KECA, Los Angeles.

See that happy smile! He is already telling the audience what the next play will be before the ball is passed. Every lash of the eye, every muscle twitch on the player's face is clearly visible to him from a distance as far as one goal is from another.

Notice the focusing knob resting on the tip of his nose. By a slight rotary movement of his nose he can quickly adjust the focus to any distance without the use of either hand. The head straps make it impossible for anyone to snatch or borrow these binocs. They also keep the hair from blowing away. They hold the goggles rock-steady and yet by a flick of the finger the wearer may hoist them to the top of his head.

It is expected that the use of this invention will become wide-spread for it may be put to many uses such as discovering the distant approach of a bill collector or a motorcycle cop. (Adv.) Johnny Lang-Beach, Los Angeles, Cal.



Ye Olde Timers

Dear Indi:

SEEN' that nobody else ever puts our picture in the paper I thought maybe you would so here it is. That's me with the pipe and the white duster. Guess I forgot to say we radio over the WTMJ station by a telephone from Newlife to Milwaukee where the operator joins us to the Milwaukee Journal. It's just wonderful the way folks hear us all around everywhere. Why I got a postal card from a feller I used to know who moved from here way over to the middle of Michigan who said he heard me on the radio and I ain't seen him for fifteen year. The broadcaster people call

YO-DE-O

The wind is in the yeast
Blow, blow, blow.
We're goin' to have er feast
Row, row, row.
Oh we'll sail the kitchen main
To the range and back again,
Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho!

WTMJ,
The Old Timers, taking time out in front of the General Store at Newlife, Wis. The horse belongs to somebody else.

us the Old Timers, but we ain't so old. Of course Hugh Marshall ain't so spry as he used to be. That's him with

the cane. Business is gettin' better every day. Wonder if you can guess who the other two people are? Ha! Ha! That's a secret. Hope you can find room for the picture. Yours truly,
CLINT BABBITT.

SMART SET

I had been replacing some worn-out tubes and still was having trouble to get my radio to work right. Wondering what next to do I made a test and the first words that popped out of the loudspeaker were, "Having trouble with your reception? Have you tried our so-and-so aerial eliminator and such-and-such tubes? This combination will increase your selectivity and reception." You couldn't beat that, could you?

M. H. Moore,
Muskogee, Okla.



THE KITCHEN MARINES

Yo-ho and a bottle of milk—Three Bread Bakers on a bread man's chest—Will Donaldson, (arranger) Jack Parker, Frank Luther and Darrel Woodyard. You hear them every Sunday at 7:30 p. m., E. S. T., over a nationwide NBC-WJZ network.

Biscuits on the fire,
Blow, blow, blow.
Flames are dashing higher,
Row, row, row.
We have ever' thing we need
And the only thing we knead
Dough-ho, Dough-ho, Dough-ho!

Broadway Cowboy

Dear Indi:

THESE Broadway bulls are pretty tough to handle so that's why they gave this job to me. I'm an old cow hand. And bulls are just the same to me. Note my technique. You take him by the horns and twist. Of course this was the hardest one in the herd but I am taking it easy. Note the strained expression about his eye-brows. That comes from his resistance. I didn't want to break his horns so I'm sort of holding back. Oh I know all about the ranchin' an' rodeo stuff. Bring on your bulls. I throw them all, bar none (-0). I have no use for the old Spanish custom of bull fighting. Once I knew a picador who picked the wrong door and now he's picking broom straws in Sing Sing, where the bulls rightfully put him. A bull has four hoofs (hooves to you) made of the same goods as his horns. He is sometimes known as a hooper (but never a hoover to you or anybody else) in vaudeville. Do not confuse hooper with heifer. They are not the same when speaking of bulls. I guess you will get a big surprise seeing me in this picture after seeing me as a kitchen sailor on the opposite page. But such is life. And that's no bull-oney. Yours till the cows come home.

FRANK LUTHER.



Frank Luther Throwing The Bull



Battling Ben Bernie

Dear Indi:

ONCE more the old Maestro begs the indulgence of the Indi-gestians to explain the significance of the accompanying photograph. As a matter of fact this picture is a logical sequel of the one published in Indi columns last month. The song, "I Am Just a Dancing Sweetheart" has nothing whatsoever to do with this picture. Ed "Strangler" Lewis is not waltzing with me. He is trying to throw me down, a task which obviously has turned out to be something more of an effort than he had bargained for. He saw my picture in fighting posture in the last Radio Digest and immediately challenged me to a wrestling match. It is plain to see he has had enough. He not only is trying to push away from my grizzly hug but he is looking pathetically to the referee for help. Both knees are already caving away and the smile of victory wreathes my cigar upon which the ash still remains unbroken. It was not my intention to hurt the man, and after it was all over he put the alibi on his new shoes which he said slipped on the canvas. He also blamed the tight fit of these shoes and gave no credit to my prowess with the toe-hold. Just a fiddling play-boy, they call me! Ah, well. Yours, BEN BERNIE.



ALES OF HOFFMAN on WOR is a corking good show. Plenty of ginger and bubbling mirth. The Hoffman Hour is also linked with several other Eastern stations I believe. Lois Bennett and Veronica Wiggins are particularly well known chain stars. The Barker-oil is more than popular with announcers, and I think this number will soon be heard in all the night clubs and better class cafes. Director Josef Pasternack says he plays it in three-quarter time. The percussionist produces a tinkling effect with hottles which sets the palate to beckoning for moisture low in the roof of the mouth. This may be considered one of the hit-and-runs of the month in Radio Village.

JOHN LONGEAR, Aircritic Radio Village News.

Radio Village News

LOWELL THOMAS has just about abandoned his farm to the hired help so he can set around and swap yarns with the bigwigs in Radio Village. Shrewd chap, this Thomas boy. After he got everybody to tell their best whoppers he collected them into a book and Funk & Wagnalls bookstore say they are selling like Old Man Child's batter cakes. More money in that than raising pigs and poultry, eh Lowell?

JOHAN PHILIP SOUSA, the well known March King, is wearing a new U. S. Navy uniform. Lots of folk never knew he really is a lieutenant-Commander in our Navy. In war days he organized a Navy band of One Thousand peaces at Great Lakes, Illn.

MYRON NIESLEY, resigned as a city manager out in Kansas to come to Radio Village where he is now tenoring at NBC. Welcome, Myron.

DEAN GLEASON L. ARCHER of Suffolk Law School, Boston, who boats down to Radio Village to broadcast a speech on Laws That Safeguard Society went up to Waterville, Maine, for his two weeks vacation. The boys at Colby College and the Waterville Kiwanis Club wouldn't take "NO!" for an answer so he had to make two speeches while there.

CAME DAWN as the new Little Stranger to the Budd Hulicks. Budd is one of the two prominent Gloomchasseurs. The other is our distinguished fellow citizen, Colonel Stoopnagle. "What?" exclaimed that irascible gentleman, "do you mean by giving the child such a name?" Budd is used to the old gentleman's ways. He simply said, "Lemuel, we are young. This is the morning of our life our first child. What would you expect the first thing in the morning as you look to the eastern sky? The sun? No, the dawn—and Dawn is a girl's name. There is time enough for the son, as time marches

on." But the Colonel was obdurate. He replied, "I still think you might have called her Colonella, or Lemuella."

ADELE VASA came into the CBS studios all of a flutter a few days ago waving a letter which she had received from the prominent composer Charles Wakefield Cadman. It seems the music scribe had heard her sing his "Bianca" for the first time it ever was broadcast. She was in our Radio Village and he was in California and it gave him a great kick. So he ups and writes her a fan letter. Congrats, Adele.

JOE SANTLY is doing pretty well these days with his song writing flair. Jesse Crawford, p.o.o., played his latest piece on the organ the other night. It is called "Call Me Darling, Call Me Sweetheart." As Ray Perkins says, "Sure Joe, anything to please, we'll call you Darling or Sweetheart or Duckwucky if you want us to." (Joke.) Leave it to young Perky.

Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

Dr. Archer Disagrees with Senator Fess, Praise Be

RADIO DIGEST has been outspoken in its frank disapproval of the proposed Fess bill, which it is believed will be re-introduced to Congress this year. Dr. Gleason L. Archer, dean of Suffolk Law School, Boston, who has been commuting to New York weekly for nearly two years to broadcast over a coast-to-coast network was asked by the Editors of Radio Digest for an article stating his opinion as to how education by radio best could be achieved. He also was asked to give his opinion of the Fess Bill, which would set aside by law fifteen per cent of the 96 available waves for the exclusive use of educators. His answer on both questions is published in this issue of Radio Digest. Dean Archer should be considered an authority for he not only is a teacher of high standing but he has built up a world-wide audience for his lectures on Laws That Safeguard Society. He is an authority on both sides of the question—education and broadcasting.

The editors of Radio Digest agree with Dean Archer that those whose names are being used to wedge a split in the broadcast spectrum are sincere but misguided. Senator Fess is a man of the highest personal integrity but he is not competent to deal summarily with American broadcasting. He is biased. The clique with selfish motives has worked upon the Senator's fatherly nature to save the ignorant masses from the things he thinks are vile and impure. He has been quoted as saying that he had little hope of immediate cure by public opinion of the "viciousness of polluting the air, not only on the line of commercial interest, but of the low taste that these interests show in their pandering to a distorted public opinion."

Isn't that one of the fundamental ideas perverting our public morals today? Are we not victims of too much paternalism at Washington? Must we have our radio served to us according to a code established by our Puritanical ancestors? Or have we not grown up to decide somewhat for ourselves what we want to hear, or do not want to hear?

It is only reasonable to expect, should the good Senator come to exert his will in the matter, that after fifteen per cent of the radio waves have been arbitrarily set aside for the political clique of educational leaders, the balance of the spectrum will be carefully censored to eliminate any and all things which an over zealous reformer at the head of a government bureau might consider "polluting."

Dean Archer has been broadcasting an educational program although he never called it that. He has "humanized" a very dry subject so that nine new stations were added to his WEAF list in November. Inquiries for copies of his talk have come from as far away as Australia and Japan, where the lectures were picked up by shortwave from the General Electric station in Schenectady. A sample of Dean Archer's type of educational broadcasting is published in this issue. Other lectures by him will be published in succeeding issues. We would vote to have Dean Archer on any kind of a national board of inquiry that might be appointed to decide what is to be done about "Education by Radio."

"Radio Can Kill War"

BACK in 1930 we outlined in an editorial our theories as to what could be done by radio to promote international peace and "kill war." Many others have since then expanded on our suggestions and we have since noticed, happily, the interest that has been manifested on both hemispheres. A few weeks ago the idea came prominently to the fore again with the trans-oceanic debate between societies representing Oxford and Harvard. James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, declared the international discussion, heard both by America and Europe, to be a "new instrument of peace."

The topic of debate was the question of War debt cancellation and its effect on the world depression. The question involved not only the orators on both sides of the Atlantic but allowed for opinions from the listeners everywhere. While legislation was not involved it afforded for the first time an opportunity for public expression on a subject that in other years might have caused great anxiety, fear and misunderstanding. The formal question was: "Resolved: That in the interests of world prosperity war debts should be cancelled." Mr. Gerard, who introduced the Harvard team, said that this debate stood out as an important milestone in the history of broadcasting, bringing understanding and peace.

"At a time when suspicion and narrow national views rule the world," he said, "it is a splendid thing to learn how close together science has bound the far corners of the earth."

The question is pertinent as to what might be the situation in Manchuria today could the people of Japan and China have been able to hear the questions involved discussed over the radio in their homes by representatives of both nations, so that all could have heard both sides. Would there have been any clash of arms if they could have been allowed to decide the matter by popular vote? Would the military elements of either country dare to flaunt marked public opinion in either direction?

World's Greatest Hook-up

ON DECEMBER 12, 1901, Guglielmo Marconi sat in Cabot Tower in St. John's, Newfoundland, and heard three faint clicks . . . the telegraphic code for the letter S, which had been ticked from a crudely built transmitter, according to present standards, located at Poldhu, South Cornwall, England. That was the first radio message to cross the Atlantic. On December 12, 1931, that same Guglielmo Marconi delivered an address over a world-wide hook-up arranged by the National Broadcasting Company to include Australia, Japan, Brazil, England, Argentina, France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Belgium, Holland, the Philippines, Hawaii, Canada, Hungary and the United States. This stands as the largest network of broadcasting stations ever brought together. The day was set aside by all broadcasting stations as Marconi Day. Few men have lived to see the expansion of their original ideas into the magnitude to which radio has grown in the last thirty years of Marconi's life. He has himself had much to do with the development of that first conception of radio.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

"Tell Me With a Love Song"

ARLEN and Koehler—names to conjure with. Arlen—fine voice and a very excellent vocalist, a young man whose excellent singing voice has impressed me over a period of 5 years; I have often wondered why he has not done something really big with that God-given talent. When he was with Arnold Johnson at Keith's Palace he stopped the show as far as I was concerned, and seemed to please the rest of the audience too. I forget the number he sang, but he sat alone at the piano, while the rest of the band remained silent.

The next thing I heard of him was in his present role of composer. Every now and then he steps out with a tune; like the country expression, "We don't come to town very often, but when we do, rowdy-dow!" Although none of his tunes has achieved sensational success, they are all mighty good. His "Get Happy" was one of the best tunes that Hannah Williams ever sang and with which she held an audience spellbound. His "I Love a Parade," which he wrote with Ted Koehler, is one of the finest things of its type that it has ever been my pleasure to direct or render.

Arlen has been called in to write for many shows, and his contributions have always been excellent.

Koehler, though originally of the popular Tin Pan Alley school, has shown unusual ability for writing in a made-to-order vein for various shows, especially the colored extravaganzas of the Cotton Club. It was for that show that "I Love a Parade" was written. Koehler and Arlen wrote a tune which swept the entire country in dance popularity, "Hittin' the Bottle," a tune which I never liked, but which gradually wended its way into my subconscious mind, and I eventually forgot my dislike of its odd tonality.

Koehler was the boy who, with Frank Magini, gave me one of the nicest tunes I sang in my early days, "Baby, Oh Where Can You Be?" And now the boys have combined once again to write "Tell Me with a Love Song" a waltz which is the kind the public sings, and given any stimulus from the bands which make such tunes ultimate hits, the tune should crash through.

It is a lovely thing, hauntingly reminiscent of three or four of past seasons' popular, "corny," mass-public waltz hits, such as "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and "I'll Always Be in Love With You," and even "Three O'Clock in the Morning" seems to have shown its influence on the writers. With all of these ingredients the tune should appeal from one phrase or another, and the firm of Ager, Yellen & Bornstein are looking for big things from it.



"Hiding in the Shadows of the Moon"

IHAVE always pleaded with writers and publishers to "give me tunes that impress quickly, tunes that do not require constant repetition and reiteration before they are dinned into the consciousness of the tired public that must be quickly impressed before the tune really becomes desirable from a standpoint of the purchase of it." That is one of the reasons why "Goodnight Sweetheart" fulfilled my predictions of it, and became popular. It's natural simplicity, with a certain unusual quality in its charm, brought it to the crest of the wave in no time.

Here is a tune with that same unusual quality, though one which is possibly just a little bit too beautiful, yet a tune which is a sheer delight, from our standpoint, in the rendition, a great dance tune, and one which makes excellent vocal material—"Hiding In the

Shadows of the Moon." With a certain unhappy thought, and a feeling of similarity to the old "Sweet and Low" of kindergarten and grammar school days in the middle part of the song, it is a lovely thing. The writers are three in number; one of them I know and like very much—Max Rich. The other two gentlemen are comparative strangers to me, although I have received wires of thanks from Mr. Kresa when I have played various of his tunes. Jack Scholl's name has appeared on many songs, and all three of the boys are dyed-in-the-wool writers, and they may certainly be congratulated on a very fine rhythmic and melodic job in this tune.

I can well imagine that my good friends, the Lombardos, do an excellent job on this tune, as it lends itself very much to their rhythmic and staccato style of ensemble work. We play it, taking about one minute to the chorus, thereby getting the best out of it. It is published by one of Tin Pan Alley's ace firms, Irving Berlin, Inc.

"Two Loves"

WITH all the "ravings" about this particular piece of material, it should be No. 1 on the best selling lists in a very short time, though I am not quite so sanguine as to its potentialities as a hit. My first hearing of it was Miss Bordon's rendition as she guest-starred on our Fleischmann Hour several weeks ago. She did a lovely job of it, singing it both in French and English, and it impressed the boys in the band very strongly. In fact, it is mainly because of the strong impression it made upon everybody else but yours truly that I am including it in the column today. It never haunted me again in the succeeding days after we played it with her, as did "Time On My Hands" after Marion Harris sang it, or "I Never Dreamt" after its rendition by Gladys Rice who guest-starred on the Thursday night hour with us.

This has always been my test for a hit song, or I might say that any song which has stuck in my mind and continually haunted me after our first rendition of it has usually clicked in a big way, but there has been so much ad-

miration expressed for the song, "Two Loves," by my manager, my secretary, the boys in the band, and even the elevator boy at the apartment house, that I feel I should play safe and list it in this month's listing before all the "I-Told-You-so's" begin snapping their fingers in my face.

It is one of these European things, with a distinctly continental aroma and flavor, with quite an odd type of story. The English translation of it was done by various American writers, the total number of writers being a staggering list of some six or seven people, looking more like the credits which precede the showing of a feature picture than anything else.

However, all this sarcasm is unwarranted, as the song really is an excellent one, and I believe the firm of Miller Music, who have undertaken to publish it in America, are looking for very big things from it.

"Blue Lady"

PEOPLE often wonder when I get a chance to listen to a song. Of course, the popular conception, at least along Tin Pan Alley, is that there must be a "demonstration;" that is, unless the artist who sings the song listens to the song being played by some pianist from the publishing house, who thumps it out, usually very poorly, while some individual who had a singing voice in the days when Rec-tor's was all the vogue, tries to sing it; unless such is the procedure, the artist is left with no conception of the real value of the song. My schedule at the present time leaves me with very little time to visit the publishing house and to closet myself in one of the cell-like rooms while the afore-said individuals tear through the "catalogue" of songs which the publishing house is offering to a public at that time.

Most of my songs are studied silently from the advance sheets which are sent me, and I try to imagine how they sound, though once in a while I find an afternoon free, and whenever it is possible I listen to the songs in the privacy of my own domain. Motion picture work is my chief hobby, and as I sit editing my films which I have taken, I listen to the embryonic hits, thus killing two birds with one stone.

My good friend, Will Rockwell of Harmis, whose judgment I admire greatly, and who enjoyed a business-vacation trip to the California coast with us when we went to make our picture, and saw to it that the right songs were placed in the picture, this same Will Rockwell brought to my attention not only "Yuba" and "As Time Goes By,"

but a very excellent song much on the order of one which he brought to me several years ago called "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame." This song is on the same order as "Madame," though twice



That startled expression on the face of Maurice Chevalier is one that always comes to the beginner when he sounds his first toot on a saxophone. Rudy understands and smiles.

as long and a bit more sombre; it is called "Blue Lady."

The nom de plume of its writer Rosamundo Safer would lead me to believe that she is seeking to keep her true identity a secret, though what's in a name? The song is a good one; many people seemed to like it on our last night's program, and I am going to program it long and often.

[In the interim between dictating and correcting this, I have received a letter written in girlish loughand, and signed Rosamund Safer. She tells me she is a very young girl, and that this is her first song. And perhaps the nicest thing in the letter is that she wrote the song specially for me. After such a kind letter I can only hope that it becomes a hit.]

It has a few extra measures at the end, what is known in this business as a "tag ending," which is a bit bewildering to the layman, and which possibly may or may not have been the reason for the failure of certain songs to click

with a public which is not able to understand why a song doesn't end where it normally should end. I think the "tag ending" was a little unnecessary in this case, but who am I to question a writer who conceived such a lovely thought, and wedded it to such a lovely melody?

Suffice to say the song is a good one, and we take about a minute and ten seconds to the chorus; Harmis, Inc. are very enthusiastic about it.

"Match Parade"

NOVELTY songs are always such a gamble. There were those who thought that the publishers of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" were crazy, but lived to rue their thought, as few songs achieved quite the sensational popularity that that piece of material enjoyed. The same English publisher who brought "Wooden Soldiers" to the attention of an American publisher has brought another tune of its type to America again.

Mr. Simon Van Lier, one of the most charming and delightful gentlemen in the music publishing profession, who is in charge of Keith Prowse in London, is very enthusiastic about the possibilities of "The Match Parade."

Keith Prowse in England is comparable to a mixture of the Landay Stores, McBride Ticket Agencies, and the Sears-Roebuck stores. They are the biggest thing of their kind in London, having 48 stores that do a terrific business in records, music, tickets and what have you. They have published many big American hits, including "The Stein Song" and "Betty Co-ed."

On his recent visit to America Mr. Van Lier placed several songs with various American publishers. The Santly Brothers, Lester, Henry and Joe, who have enjoyed a good degree of success since their entrance into the publishing business for themselves back in 1929, have taken the song under their wing. The three boys are all old timers in the profession, having been associated with the best firms over a period of many years. They finally decided to see what they could do on their own hook.

Theirs is the credit for having published "Miss You," "When the Organ Played at Twilight," "Beside An Open Fireplace," "My Fate Is In Your Hands," "You're the One I Care For," and several others. These three boys have shown an uncanny skill in the picking of hit songs.

Lester has just returned from a trip abroad where he has been scouring the
(Continued on page 95)

When is Marriage NOT A MARRIAGE?

*Famous Educator and Broadcast Lecturer Points out the
Law as it makes Bonds of Matrimony Binding*

By Gleason L. Archer, LL. D.

Dean of Suffolk Law School

Legal Aspects of Marriage

*Seventy-third Broadcast—NBC Chain
December 19, 1931*

GOOD Evening Everybody:
For the long period of seventy-three weeks I have been discussing with you the law of crimes. I have been endeavoring to show you how the laws defining and punishing crimes operate to protect men, women and children in the quiet enjoyment of life. For the past few months we have considered in detail the laws that protect the home itself. While there are many types of crime still to be considered, yet it seems to me that before leaving the topic of the home and the laws that safeguard it, we may well take an excursion into that great field of law that establishes and confirms the civil rights of human beings in the home.

In order that we may do this in a logical and orderly manner we would naturally consider first the great human and divine institution upon which the home is founded—the institution of marriage; the steps leading to it and the laws regulating its validity.

Second in order would naturally come the legal responsibilities of husband and wife to one another, and to any children that may be born of their union, or adopted by them. This topic would also include the liabilities of children to their parents.

A third subdivision might be the disposal of property, after the death of its lawful owner without leaving a will, as well as the laws that govern the disposal of property by means of a will. All of this leads to a great and fruitful field of legal research which will occupy our attention for many weeks.

Now marriage has its religious side as well as its legal aspects. The advent of Christianity and the action of the Catholic Church, later followed by all Protestant denominations, in treating marriage as a sacrament did much to redeem the world from the loose morals of the latter days of the Roman Empire. Conditions at that time were far worse than in our own day with our divorce mills, trial marriages and the like.

BUT it is not my purpose to discuss the religious aspects of

EVERY Saturday night at 7:15 E.S.T. Dean Archer broadcasts his talks on *Laws that Safeguard Society* over an NBC-WEAF network that includes the following stations: KECA, Los Angeles; KEX, Portland, Ore.; KFSD, San Diego, Calif.; KFYR, Bismarck, N. Dak.; KGA, Spokane, Wash.; KJR, Seattle, Wash.; KOA, Denver, Colo.; KOMO, Seattle, Wash.; KPO, San Francisco, Calif.; KPRC, Houston, Tex.; KTAR, Phoenix, Ariz.; KTHS, Hot Springs, Ark.; WAPI, Birmingham, Ala.; WBEN, Buffalo, N. Y.; WCAB, Pittsburgh, Pa.; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WDAY, Fargo, N. D.; WEAF, New York City; WEBC, Duluth, Minn.; WEEI, Boston, Mass.; WENR, Chicago, Ill.; WFI, Philadelphia, Pa.; WGY, Schenectady, N. Y.; WHO, Des Moines, Ia.; WJAR, Providence, R. I.; WJDX, Jackson, Miss.; WOC, Davenport, Ia.; WOW, Omaha, Nebr.; WSAI, Cincinnati, O.; WTAG, Worcester, Mass.; WTAM, Cleveland, O.; WTIC, Hartford, Conn. Refer to log on page 81 for frequency listing of the above stations.

marriage. I shall, therefore, confine myself to a consideration of the laws pertaining to marriage. Let us first consider the historical background of marriage.

If the cave man decided that he needed a wife he undoubtedly went forth with his war club and took her captive, despite the opposition of her relatives, or of any husband that she may have accumulated. Marriage by capture was quite widespread in early days, as witness the wholesale capture of the Sabine women by the early Romans, among whom there seems to have been a great scarcity of marriageable maidens.

It is quite probable that this custom of marriage by capture continued into comparatively modern times, especially among some of the less civilized nations. In fact the bride-to-be rather expected some such violent wooing. It is said by the Encyclopedia Americana that in the Steppes of Russia the custom was for the prospective bride, mounted on a swift horse and carrying her dowry with her, to ride furiously forth from her father's camp with the wooer, mounted on the best horse he could procure, in hot pursuit. The rules of the game required that he catch her before dark. Somehow or other he always managed to do it.

NOW it is obvious that such a transaction as capturing a wife did not make for equality between husband and wife. *She was a virtual slave owned by the man, much like any domestic animal.* But it was an early form of marriage and quite as binding in its time as present day marriages are in this Year of Our Lord, 1931.

LAWS THAT SAFEGUARD SOCIETY

The story of William the Conqueror is a striking illustration of the cave-man wooing. William had the misfortune to be the illegitimate son of the Duke of Normandy. William himself became Duke at an early age. Now he fell deeply in love with a beautiful princess named Matilda. But the lady was unfriendly because of his irregular parentage. A thousand and one obstacles came into the path of the impetuous young Duke.

AFTER many months of unsuccessful wooing, William, one day, met his lady love in the village street, arrayed in all her finery. He dismounted from his charger and gave the haughty maiden such a beating that it quite won her heart. Apparently she wanted a cave-man mate and William the Norman was all of that. But he proved to be a very devoted husband, even in days when nobles paid little heed to marriage ties.

Marriage by purchase in one form or another, has seemingly existed from the earliest records of mankind. In patriarchal times when the father of a numerous household had the power of life and death over his family and servants it was quite the custom to sell the daughters to the highest responsible bidders. Marriages were arranged without much regard to the wishes of the bride and oft times with little regard for the desires of the groom, particularly if two old patriarchs were arranging matters for their children.

The Bible gives us vivid pictures of the operation of this patriarchal system of society. Children were regarded as property that might be turned to advantage of the parent. Under certain circumstances they might prove very valuable. We are each theoretically familiar with the classic story in Genesis of Jacob and his wives but it may be well to refresh our recollection of the facts.

Jacob, you will remember, was sent by his father to the home of Laban to choose him a wife. Jacob fell in love with the younger daughter Rachel. But Laban was a shrewd business man. He informed Jacob that the only terms on which he could have Rachel were to work for her father for seven years. Well, Jacob had made up his mind that he must have Rachel at all costs; so he served for seven years, and then Laban gave him the older daughter Leah, and told him that he could have Rachel also by working seven more years. Luckily for Jacob, Laban had only the two daughters, so after fourteen years of bondage Jacob paid for his two wives.

The Romans apparently had three kinds of formal marriage. The first was a religious ceremony performed by the Pontifex Maximus in the presence

of ten witnesses and solemnized by a bread-offering to the gods. This was the form of ceremony favored by the Patricians in early days, but it fell into disfavor in the days of Roman decadence.

The second kind of Roman marriage was a type of purchase, or a mock sale by which the bridegroom acquired the bride, freed from obligations to her own family. This type of marriage was much in vogue among the Plebians.

Under each of these forms of marriage the wife became a virtual slave of the husband. But the third form of union was one entered into by simply living together as husband and wife. If the parties lived together uninterruptedly for one year they were then con-

SHE was engaged to a sea captain when suddenly he fell ill with an affected ear. An operation was necessary. She married him while he was convalescent. Later his malady turned into paresis and he died. Relatives of the man disputed her widow's rights on the grounds that she had married him while he was insane and therefore incompetent to enter into any kind of legal contract, marriage or otherwise. Dean Archer tells what happened and how the courts decided in his lecture reproduced on these pages. His radio-logs are characterized by many true-life stories derived from court records. See the February Radio Digest for more of these interesting talks by Dean Archer. The complete series will be published.

sidered to be married in as binding a manner as under either of the other forms. Until the year was up the husband did not become lord and master in the legal sense. The woman retained her right to manage her own property, being free to leave the house of her lover if he displeased her.

ROMAN women soon found that by absenting themselves from the common domicile for one day or more each year they were able to defeat the operation of the marriage law, and thus to retain their own property rights and their own freedom. The demoralizing effect of this type of irregular union spread to all classes. It no doubt hastened the downfall of Rome, for it struck a fatal blow at the home and at family life, which is the fundamental basis of national existence.

The common law regards marriage as a civil contract between a man and woman, to live together in the bonds of matrimony, such contract being formally entered into in a manner recognized by law. Since marriage works a

profound change in the property rights of the parties, the law insists that the marriage be entered into in a manner that would be deemed a notice to the world of the existence of such marriage.

The law insists as in all other contracts, that the contracting parties have mental capacity to enter into the contract, and that no legally recognized impediment exist to prevent their marital union. This leads us to inquire as to the age, condition, mentality and other qualifying attributes of the bride and groom.

At common law the age of consent, as it was called, was set at what seems to us a very immature age—twelve years for females and fourteen years for males. The laws relating to marriage are of course chiefly concerned with rendering legitimate the children of a mating pair. Much as it may shock our sensibilities at the idea of a twelve year old girl becoming married, yet nature herself by rendering it biologically possible, if not probable, for a twelve year old girl to become a mother thus fixed the age at which marriage might legally occur.

IT IS no solution of this great racial problem to say that the average girl does not become a potential mother at eleven or twelve years of age. The fact that some of them do become women at that age is the controlling consideration, and that fact accounts for the common law age of consent being fixed at twelve years. There is no thought of encouraging child marriages, but simply of rendering legitimate the offspring of precocious mothers.

Many of us have observed the sad results of such unwisely early mating. I once knew a family of grown men and women, all of whom, except the eldest, were fine specimens of manhood and womanhood, the parents having emigrated from England to one of our New England mill towns. The oldest was a pitiful specimen, dwarfed in body and imbecile of mind. He was fifty years old when I knew the family. All those years from babyhood his mother had cared for him as though he were a small child. She had to punish him just as she had done when he was five years old—in fact he was never more than five years old mentally. The only explanation that I ever heard of this imbecile, in a family of enterprising and worthwhile children, was that he was the eldest of all and born when his mother was only thirteen years of age. She herself at that time lacked maturity to give her first child a decent chance in life.

But as before indicated, the common law is concerned with that one factor of the possibility of girls being called
(Continued on page 86)

FLOYD'S SEEKING NEW ADVENTURES

AFTER reading the comments broadcast from The Editor's Chair in your October number, I have decided to write and express my opinion as to the type of radio programs I like. This is merely an opinion, for far be it from me to criticize any program, as they are all good or we would not hear them on the radio, but don't you agree with me when I say the orchestras and blues-singing programs are being overdone? I enjoy hearing a good orchestra occasionally, as well as anybody, but why can't the radio programs be more evenly divided? Why can't we hear more of Floyd Gibbons? His programs are always so intensely interesting and human. Of course I realize that there is only one Floyd Gibbons, but he doesn't come buzzing around to our house any more, and how he is missed! Then there is Frazier Hunt and Kaltenborn; so concise and instructive as to good English and facts. But so few and far between! And there is your own Nellie Revell. The only objection I have to Nellie is that she is heard only once each week and then for only fifteen minutes. Why doesn't she stretch it out to one-half hour at least? Those are my favorites and not one of them can come too often or stay too long to suit me.—A. B. C.

NELLIE SAYS, "THANKS"

I HAVE never written to any magazine before and I really don't know how to begin. I am a Vallee fan, and have missed Rudy only about a dozen times since he has been broadcasting. I had never heard of Radio Digest until I happened to hear Nellie Revell one Wednesday night on WRAF. I am a constant reader of your magazine now and enjoy all the radio programs, but I like Rudy Vallee best, and always will. I should like to have a picture of Julian Woodworth printed in Radio Digest, and also pictures of the studios when Rudy Vallee is broadcasting. I haven't missed any of Rudy's Tunesful Topics so far, and I am saving the Digest.—Christine Delaney, 211 Margaret Street, Richmond, S. I.

MR. PHOTOG., PLEASE HURRY!

JUST returned from a motor trip which explains why I have been so tardy in reading the current issue of Radio Digest. As usual I turned immediately to Tunesful Topics and received a thrill. I'm referring to the advance information concerning a photograph of Rudy Vallee in the October issue. I could stand right up and shout "Hallelujah!" for I've been asking for his picture right along. Many thanks, and don't worry about my copy as it is always reserved for me. Please have it on the news stands as soon as possible next month as it will be a suspense waiting for it. If you want to increase your circulation next month be sure and have Miss Nellie Revell announce to the waiting public that such a picture is to appear in the October issue. I never thought of getting a copy of your magazine until I heard her say that Rudy contributed the article Tunesful Topics. Never missed one since! There are probably a good many others waiting to be influenced the same way.—Greta Maynard Margate City. Please can't we have a picture of Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees and also a picture of each of them. I am sure that you would please many readers of your wonderful radio book by running this series. Please don't forget Mammy Lowey,

Voice of the

one of the Yankees who is not with the orchestra now on account of illness. Thank you for the articles about Rudy, and also for his own Tunesful Topics.—Edith Woods, 329 N. 4th St., Moberly, Mo.

DIXIE LIKES VALLEE YANKEES

IT IS useless for me to tell you how long I have been considering Radio Digest the best buy of its kind on the stands, or to inform you of the frantic search I am forced to make each month to keep up to date in my radio reading. But what is important is this: So many of Rudy Vallee's fans seem to want an article devoted to his orchestra each month, that I hope you will certainly give our request some serious thought and consideration. In giving us such a story please do not forget that Mammy Lowey is one of the original Connecticut Yankees and must be included if you wish to be perfect. I am a deep and dyed-in-the-wool Southerner, but I have found this bunch of Yankees so delightful and interesting that I hope to see more about them in your magazine. Surely you know that more articles about Rudy Vallee and his boys would more than double your sales?—Jane G. Dart, Brunswick, Georgia.

BIG GROUPS HARD TO SHOW

EXCEPT for one disappointment which meets me every time I buy Radio Digest, I have been very well satisfied. That disappointment is having pictures of orchestra leaders, but not their orchestras. For instance, when Ben Bernie's was published, I would lots rather have seen a picture of Pat Kennedy, his singer. I've seen the Old Maestro many times, but Pat would be a real novelty. Maybe there are more like me. Couldn't you give it a try?—Dorothy Harris, South Bend, Ind.

I ENJOY reading the Radio Digest very much and never miss an issue. But please let me say that I am with the readers all the way in regards to gossip. I dislike it intensely, too. It only makes one dislike the gossip instead of the one gossiped about, so where is the profit? Let's keep Radio Digest gossipless as it has been so interesting to date without it.—Janet R. G., St. Petersburg, Florida.

LIKES "DUKE'S MIXTURE"

WHAT listener practically bored to sleep by listening to so many of our dull and dumb orchestras hasn't quivered with joy upon hearing the weird harmonies of that dusky band playing from the Cotton Club in Harlem under the baton of Duke Ellington? No other band in the country can melt discords into a pulsating blazing Aurora Borealis, wail, groan, and sob, flooding the room with unshed tears from the saxophone, pour a molten brass section that blares a crotchet of white hot notes streaking through the black night with that inexpressible African abandon, the way this dusky interpreter from Harlem does. I think the overwhelming applause that has

been given this wonderful band whenever it appeared, should be reflected to a certain extent through the Radio Digest. Do not neglect the Prince of the Pied Pipers.—Roger Budrow, Fowler, Indiana.

FOGARTY A HERO

I HAVE noticed with interest your article regarding John L. Fogarty, the N.B.C. Irish tenor. May I state that you have not mentioned the full details about Mr. Fogarty? I myself served with him in the 163rd Infantry during the World War. He was known to have captured a machine gun nest single-handed in the great battle of the Argonne. He was cited by the British, French, and American governments at the age of 16. Although only a boy he was as brave as any man we had in the army. I am taking the liberty of telling you this because John is too good a soldier to talk of his own deeds.—F. H. Doble, Tascala, Utah.

BOUQUET FOR MAXWELL

I AM a regular Radio Digest fan and think your magazine is great. Good dance orchestras are a passion of mine and so too are articles about them. One of the best of these articles that I have read in months was the one about Coon Sanders' band by Phil Maxwell in your September issue. Let's have more and more of Mr. Maxwell. He told us just the kind of things we like to know about our favorites. I should like to see some articles with pictures of those superb maestros, Earl Burnett and Ted Weems. And my enthusiastic "O. K." goes on Rudy Vallee's Tunesful Topics.—Lillian M. Hansen, Bouton, Iowa.

WHAT, NOTHING ABOUT TEDDY?

FOR sometime I have had the highest regard for your magazine. Having read it for over a year I believe I am a fair judge of its merit. An orchestra which recently started broadcasting over the National network, makes me wonder whether you recognize good talent when you hear it. If you will look over your recent editions you will find that you have never mentioned the name of Teddy Black. At least you might tell us whether he is a Chinaman or not. We do not expect you to tell us how good his orchestra is, because we already know, that he has one of the best in New York.—Joan LaMarr, Detroit, Michigan.

SEE SUMMER R. D.

GLANCING over your radio magazine I have noticed many interesting radio write-ups. You have included several of my favorites in these articles. I would, however, be more than interested if you would give our favorite tenor singer, Frank Parker, a little write-up. We have started a club for Frank Parker and have hopes of making it a great success. I know that many of his other admirers would come to the fore with their ideas about Frank if they see that some one else is taking the first step.—Dorothy Wise, 28 Avenue B, Port Washington, N. Y.

Listener

LOMBARDOS FEATURED LAST FEBRUARY

I HAVE just read your September issue and am a little disappointed. I should like to see more pictures of some of my favorites. For instance, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. And some pictures of Julia Sanderson and Frank Crummit on NBC's network. Here's hoping to see some of these pictures in the very near future.—W. Z. Shaft, Pa.

MANY TIMES WE'VE BOOSTED HIM

I HARDLY agree with L. C. Braddock about Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Let's have more articles and pictures concerning these artists. There are many good orchestras, including Rudy Vallee's, but Guy Lombardo is unique. Come on and boost Lombardo before I lose my good opinion of Radio Digest.—Baltimore Admirer.

TUT! TUT! CHRISTINE

I HAVE received your notice of the expiration of my subscription to Radio Digest. I have no wish to renew it and pay for a magazine that is full of everlasting blab about Rudy Vallee. Who is this Vallee anyhow? When he some day appears in television I expect we will be able to see his organ grinder as well. You steadfastly refuse to give space to one who deserves it most of all. One who did not receive his great success through cheap publicity and silly women, but through a superior understanding of the public's likes. His vocalists are beyond compare, and his music sweet, hot, and direct, possessing an exquisite beauty, and celestial purity found only in the syncopation of the sweetest band this side of heaven. Yes, I speak of the King of the Air, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians orchestra.—Christine Hass, 7330 25th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.

HEY! HEY! KMCS?

WE ARE writing to thank you for those splendid articles and pictures of our Southern California artists which appeared in the September issue of Radio Digest. We want you to know how much we enjoyed reading your October issue also. In fact we think the magazine is always great and enjoy it even though we don't hear many of the artists whom you write about. Would appreciate it very much if you could arrange to have some pictures of the "Family Album Gang" at KMCS in Inglewood, California.—S. and A. Kovacevich, Inglewood, Cal.

BETTY UPS AND SAYS

IF SLANG of a mild type is permitted let me say that Jean Anderson "Hit it on the nose" with too mild a wallop in the November V.O.L. Months ago someone wrote about Guy Lombardo; still another wrote about some other stellar radio star, but,—well, I'll "ah-but." Ben Bernie fans got their little write-up of about 2,000 words.

HE'S OFF TO THE WARS

IN THE Voice of the Listener it seems that everyone is telling who is their radio favorite; so I'm going to tell who is my favorite. It is Floyd Gibbons. He adds life to the radio. Won't you please give us a story about him? Tell us about the things he likes and does. How tall is he? What's the color of his hair? What are his favorite sports and what does he like to eat? Give us some of all the interesting things that go to make up an interesting Radio Digest story. By the way, has Floyd Gibbons gone off the air? I never hear him any more. Now let me put in a word for Radio Digest. It's a wonderful magazine, but please please don't spoil it by adding gossip. I am not in the least interested in the scandal of the studios, and I don't think many folks are.—A. R., Hope Valley, R. I.

WHO CAN TELL HER?

MAYBE some of you Russ Columbo fans will help me out. Night after night I sit by the radio and listen to the gentleman. I have heard him called the greatest sensation ever to appear before the microphone, and other terms meant to describe this new artist. Yet I sit unimpressed by the whole thing. The only feeling I have ever experienced was a keen desire to stick a pin into him to see if he would sing a little faster than the eight-times-slower-than-normal method he uses. I have nothing against Russ Columbo or his voice, and I would be glad to be one of his fans if some one would take the trouble to tell me just what I should look for in his program.—Mildred Currow, 2698 Doris Ave., Detroit, Mich.

HER LUCKY DAY

I PURCHASED my copy of the Radio Digest on a Friday the 13th, but I think that from now on that is going to be my lucky date and day because I was certainly in luck to find such a fine magazine. My favorite radio stars are the organists. Lew White, Jesse Crawford and Ann Leaf are at the top of the pile as far as I am concerned. Read in your last issue where a Radio Fan wanted to start a contest to see who was the most popular:—Phil Cook or the Tastyest Jesters. My vote goes for the Jesters.—Organ Fan, Bowler's Grove, Ill.

TWO IN 58,642!

I'M ONE of those 58,642 admirers of Muriel Wilson, mentioned by Esther on the V. O. L. page for October. I heartily endorse her request for pictures and articles. I even stretch this request to include Fred Hufsmith, Ivy Scott, Harold Sanford and Henry M. Neely, the "Old Stager." Everyone of them has done such splendid work on the air that she is entitled to plenty of space between the covers of Radio Digest. Let me emphasize that point for the Old Stager. During the year that I have taken your magazine it has contained no material about Mr. Neely, save a scanty two-line reference. I can't understand this neglect, but I think it is shameful. Mr. Neely's genial personality has won him thousands of friends in the radio audience, although he'd be the last person to boast about it. I don't see why you haven't listed the Old Stager's memories of your Blue Ribbon Features. It's one of the treats of the week. I think I've had my say and I'd better sign off. I hope you get a response from the other 58,642. (Watch for Mr. Neely. We'll have something about him soon.)—Robert Carver, Jr., West Hartford, Conn.

MARCELLA, DO YOUR DUTY

SINCE I am now a regular reader of Radio Digest I have a request to make. In one of your future issues will you please try to include a picture of Edward Reese the CBS dramatic actor. He is the leading man in the Crime Club broadcasts every Monday and Wednesday, and I should like very much to see a picture of him.—Jack Yost, 80 Jackson Ave., Bellevue, Pa.

VOICE FROM HAWAII

ALOHA from Hawaii! Here is my contribution to the V. O. L. section of the Radio Digest. I have been reading your magazine for the past year, having bought my first copy in September 1930, and have enjoyed it very much, but I have one suggestion that I would like to make. Why not have more pictures and writeups of the Pacific Coast artists and especially those of KFI. I am quite a DX fan and would like to correspond with DXers who are interested in radio reception in the Hawaiian Islands. My record includes 130 stations (55 verified) ranging from 50 to 50,000 watts from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast, Canada, Mexico, Japan and New Zealand. Some of my best catches are: KFXM, KGFJ, WCAU, WRVA, KWJJ, WTIC, WUIT, WABC, KMMJ, WSB, CKMO, WGN, WEAJ, KPCB, WAAW, WHO, XED, and XER.—Goldie Charlock, P. O. Box 804, Hilo Hawaii.

LIKES PHIL COOK

THIS is in answer to your letter in V. O. L. column headed Votes Wanted. I must say I do not agree with the person who wrote it in the first part of her letter about Phil Cook vs. Tastyest Jesters. Of course I think that they are very good. So is Phil. If that Radio Fan would try it I think it would be a different story. I wonder what the radio fan thinks of Ed McConnell of WLW of Cincinnati, Ohio. I do agree with the Radio Fan on the last part of her letter about the Dramatic Sketches. Why are the best ones cut off? I notice all the Rudy's Corner Fans are women. Too bad girls—he's married.—A. B. Davidson, 1223 Cheny Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

WHERE, OH WHERE?

THE Radio Digest is the best magazine out and I can hardly wait until it is published each month. I sincerely wish you would start the Who's Who in Broadcasting again. Always enjoy the artists' pictures. Please put in the next issue of this popular magazine some of our Hawaiian artists and write a little description of each. Hawaiian music is my favorite. My favorite radio station is WENR. But where have all the old artists gone from there?—Mrs. R. L. McIntosh, 1830 Bailey Avenue, Jackson, Miss.

NOT DOWN ON DOWNEY

SO Emma Lloyd Gailey thinks Morton Downey is a plump man with a kid's voice. Has she no appreciation of music. Morton Downey is one of the most beautiful singers on the air and there are few who can best the really wonderful expression he puts into his songs. I am one of the countless Vallee fans who think Rudy can't be beat but that doesn't prevent me from enjoying other radio stars among whom Morton Downey rates highly.—Therese Meyer, Union City, N. J.

A FAMILY MESSAGE

JOE E. BROWN, famous stage and screen comedian, was the guest artist on the RKO program one Friday night. Generally on these programs the guest artist contributes a bit of his talent to the listeners. But Joe Brown is different. Instead of being humorous a la Eddie Cantor, he delivered a radio message to his children listening in. He told them to use the right tooth brushes, he told them when to go to bed, he told them where he would be the following week, and just when he would arrive home. He had only a few

All letters must be identified. Real names not disclosed if requested.

minutes to stay as he had to make a train. In closing he thanked the RKO persons for the use of their wires. It would cost something to make the long distance call from New York to California, and trust Joe E. Brown to kill two birds with one stone. The listeners-in were amused and as for his kiddies, I'll just bet they were delighted. A unique idea proves lucrative many times.—Gee Kaye, 75 Woodrow Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

VAUDEVILLE RADIO STARS

THE Sherman Family, Original Radio Cowboys and Girls, of which the writer is manager, have been regular readers of the Radio Digest since its inception, and in behalf of the family and at their request, I am writing to offer Radio Digest a bouquet in the form of a little applause and appreciation to which your magazine is entitled for the really worth while articles that appear so consistently. If I might offer a suggestion which certainly should not be construed as criticism, I think you should devote a portion of your magazine to those show people who play vaudeville dates as well as broadcast by radio, and who because of their "personal appearances" could undoubtedly recite some interesting experiences. Good luck and more power to Radio Digest. May it continue to grow.—Harry J. Styles, Youngs Homestead, R. F. D. 3, Oneonta, N. Y.

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS

AM so disgusted with the picture you printed in your magazine. Am sending you these—even though I hate to part with them—just to show you one can be taken showing just what Rudy does look like. Never saw such an awful picture of him. Of course it's just a newspaper snap. But you manage to get such good ones of other stars and such horrid ones of him. You owe it to his fans to print a real good true one, like you do of everyone else. Had I seen the picture before I purchased the magazine, would have gone without this month because I read his column and that's about all. Your pages are plastered with that he-soprano Downey—ye gods he's terrible. Where do you get all that "hah" you write about him? And how dare you write an article about that Brokenshire—You're hard up for filler-in. Now you'll think I'm just plain Rudy crazy but you're all wrong. I have any number of programs—just a few? Lanny Ross, Ripley, Smith Ballew, Hymn Fest, Niagara Hudson, Soconyland Sketch. The air has only three outstanding voices—Rudy, McNamee and John S. Young. Jean Paul King you rave so much about is just another smart-wise cracker. There's not much room for wise-crackers anywhere today and there's absolutely no place for them on the air. (Ann Onimous wrote this letter some time ago. Well, dear Ann Onimous, we had used the picture you sent months ago. Howja like the one with the boat?)

WHO CAN IT BE?

To My Favorite Announcer

IN my small world there ne'er was gloom While your voice lingered in the room. Its presence lightened all my care— I was so happy with you there!

How well I knew you'd slip away
With time, and leave my days all gray.

So, 'gainst that day of lonely pain
I kept your words to read again.

But now you're gone I cannot bear
To read those words I copied there
I'll never hear you more, I guess,
But oh, I'll never want you less!

Also my appreciation of your magazine, my favorite. I like its every feature. Radio Digest doubles the pleasure of my radio. Good luck to You!—Mabel Atkinson, 714 14th Street, Massillon, Ohio.

WHAT, NO WOMEN?

THAT the broadcasting field is not a field for women is the contention of Mrs. Jessie Jacobson, manager of station KFBB, Great Falls, Montana. Some months ago she attended the western regional convention of National Association of Broadcasters held at San Francisco and incidentally was the only woman delegate. "There is no opportunity for women in the broadcasting end of radio," she remarked. "The field is too limited, because there are only so many radio stations and no prospect of more being licensed." Federal Radio Commissioner Harold A. La Fount complimented and offered advice to Mrs. Jacobson who acts as manager of the largest radio station in Montana. Countless farmers scattered throughout the state and partly separated from activities of the outside world, rely upon Mrs. Jacobson and her splendid broadcasting to entertain them.—John Aragni, Jr., 66 Cumberland Street, San Francisco, Cal.

HELP! HELP!

EARLY this summer I heard a most clever man who was broadcasting an advertising program over a small station in Denver (KFEL) using the name, "The Loose Nut," or Al Howard. He had the most original and painless method of delivering ads I have ever heard and I am sure some larger station has taken this artist and given him the chance he certainly deserved. But the point is—which one? KFEL doesn't seem to know. I will appreciate any information as I'd like to hear his clever comedy again.—Mrs. B. King, Averill Apartments, Lapage, Mich.

BYE-BYE, 'LIZ'BETH!

IASK you on behalf of many others who like myself are not interested in jazz bands and crooners, to give a little space to some of the other radio attractions. In your current issue you feature nothing but news of the jazz bands and their leaders. There are thousands of us who are not at all interested in such; and do you not know that unless you change your policy so that you feature some of the dramatic features we shall stop buying your magazine because there is nothing in it for us. Take for instance the Radio Guild. Why have you never written an article about them? Or if you do not care to take them as a unit, take one actor each month give us a story about him, and print the picture of the player. Then there are the Stebbins Boys, Myrt and Marge, the personnel of the very interesting Eno Crime Club, Sherlock Holmes, and others of like interest. In these hard times I should not think, that you would be able to ignore constructive criticism, yet this is the second time in six months that I have written you with absolutely no result. In the November issue you feature cooking, cosmetics, and

(Continued on page 96)



The feminine partner of the "Singing Red-heads" on WBT of the Dixie Network—lovely Dorothy Aggas.

Station Parade

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

WCAU to Erect 8-Story Building

STATION WCAU, Philadelphia, owned and operated by the Universal Broadcasting Company and a member of the Columbia Broadcasting network, will soon be located at 1618-20-22 Chestnut Street, according to an announcement made recently by Dr. Leon Levy, president of the Universal Broadcasting Company. Previous plans called for the erection of a three-story penthouse structure on the top of the Franklin Trust building, but with the taking over of the bank by the State Banking Department, it was decided by the broadcasting company to locate at 1618-20-22 Chestnut Street, which will be improved with an eight-story building representing an investment of \$1,500,000. The four upper floors will be used for broadcasting purposes.

Dr. Levy states there will be seven studios, in addition to special rehearsal and audition

rooms embodying the latest ideas and improvements in broadcasting design. The new building will also permit larger quarters for the administrative offices.

One of the most important features in connection with the new studios will be the construction of a special workshop for Dr. Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Dr. Stokowski has become intensely interested in radio broadcasting from the reception viewpoint and many experiments, some of which may prove revolutionary in broadcasting later on,

will be carried on in his special workshop in the WCAU Building.

Television also is receiving serious consideration in the design of the new building and plans are being so prepared that with the popular use of television by broadcasting stations, WCAU will have facilities for the installation of such apparatus.

It is anticipated that the new building will be ready for occupancy by August 1, 1932.

A Case of "Radio Preferred"

LIKE so many others, Miss Dorothy Robinson, dramatic star at WTAG, in Worcester, abandoned the stage for the microphone. It was a case of the greater audience exerting the greatest appeal. Formerly a well known leading woman, she entered radio two years ago and has gained a wide-spread following. Plays staged under her direction have commanded fine comments. To women's programs



The Smiling Quartet broadcasting "Smile, Darn You, Smile" from Eastern State Penitentiary over WIP-WFAN, Philadelphia. The Quartet is made up of C-3633, C-4882, C-6389 and C-6390.



Kolin Hager, who has proved himself superlatively capable and competent as Station Manager for WGY, Schenectady.

she brings an intimacy and easy familiarity that this type of microphone work so demands.

Miss Robinson was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and has traveled extensively. She has toured the country several times. Asked if she ever intends to resume her stage work, she replied:

"Although at first it is hard to accustom yourself to the lack of an audible response, this feature becomes of less importance as you find yourself building up an audience bigger than you had ever dreamed of. No, I am sure I will always prefer microphone work. There is a greater thrill receiving a letter, than hearing a thousand hands clapping. In many instances audible applause in a theater is mechanical. The spectator is swayed by his neighbor, but when a person sits down and takes time to write his or her suggestion, you can be assured that this listener is sincere."

Miss "Lochinvar" Comes Out of West

SHE'S one of those delightful persons who will never grow up—this capable and ambitious young publicity director at Station WLWL, New York. She signs her checks "Maybelle Austin" but her real name, according to those who know her best is "Happiness Plus."

But writing news stories is only one of her many accomplishments. She is possessed of an exceptionally pleasing radio voice, can romp over the ivories like a feminine Paderewski and can—and does—stage programs that would do credit to any radio organization.

Maybelle came to New York from Cleveland only a few short months ago

and she has already begun to find her name writ large across the front page of metropolitan radiodom.

Hager Returns to WGY

KOLIN HAGER, for more than seven years manager of WGY, one of the pioneer broadcasting stations of the country, has returned to the Schenectady station as manager after an absence of two years, during which time he was vice-president in charge of programs for the four stations of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation. A. O. Coggeshall, who has been acting-manager of WGY for two years, continues in an executive capacity.

Until a short time ago WGY was more a great transmitter and broadcasting laboratory than a commercial broadcasting station. Under the ownership of the General Electric Company it



This smiling lad is Jack Frost, knee deep in one day's fan mail sent him by WNBR listeners.

was utilized by the engineers in practically applying developments which were later to be adopted by other stations. While the engineers were engaged in their experiments with equipment Mr. Hager kept step with them in experimenting with program material and during his association with the station many outstanding and distinctive programs were offered.

In February, 1922, Mr. Hager was selected to assist in the preparation of the inaugural program. His knowledge of music, coupled with a good singing and speaking voice, gave him the background which made him the natural selection for the job. Overnight his voice became known to many people.

Letters poured into the station and it was immediately apparent that his air personality had registered with the listeners. His selection as studio manager followed. Under the guidance of Martin P. Rice, who was manager of broadcasting for the General Electric,

Mr. Hager set out in this field in which there were no guide posts, no traditions and no precedents. In his pioneering activities he was among the first to foresee the possibility of promoting a type of drama that would hold listeners through the medium of sound alone. Mr. Hager organized the first group of radio players to be heard at regularly scheduled periods weekly. It was under his management also, that WGY, in association with Dr. E. F. W. Alexander, produced for the first time anywhere a radio television drama, the picture signals being transmitted on one wavelength while the voice was carried on a different wavelength. Another departure was the engagement of guest artists, outstanding stars of stage, to appear with the WGY Players. Among those heard from WGY were Fritz Leiber, Nance O'Neil and Lionel Atwill.

Showmanship, covering a wide range of entertainment, has been a prominent feature of the program output directed by Mr. Hager. For example, the radio travelogue originated with WGY, as did agricultural broadcasts and the radio minstrel show. Within a week after WGY went on the air with its inaugural studio program the first outside or remote control job was successfully broadcast. This was an address by Gov. Nathan L. Miller from the Union College gymnasium. Mr. Hager early saw the importance of developing outside sources for broadcasting. Within a few months wires were leased to Albany and later feature events were carried to Schenectady from



Maybelle Austin is not only Publicity Director for WLWL, New York, but she is also a capable performer and has a head for preparing clever and original programs.

New York and Washington. This was followed by an up-state chain with WGY as the key station. Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo were brought into this network and on one or two occasions Cleveland was included.

On the Trail of Static!

THIRTY members of the Radio Listeners' Club of Central New England, in collaboration with a committee headed by Professor Charles G. Alvord, are conducting a study of signal strength, static and fading.

This study is being made in Worcester and surrounding towns. The observations are taken at 9:30 each evening and the whole broadcast band covered. At the conclusion of the month curves will be plotted to show the results of the observations. The purpose of the experiment is to determine how each of the three conditions affects different localities.

The Radio Listeners' Club was organized last winter to promote and extend interest in radio. One of the features of the organization is a DX broadcast conducted over WTAG every Sunday morning at 1 o'clock. This program has reached many distant parts of the country.

The officers of the club are Charles Dix, President, Roy Sanders, Vice President, John O'Neill, Treasurer, and Frederick L. Rushton, Secretary. Mr. Rushton is radio editor of the Telegram and Evening Gazette.



This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is Tremlette Tully, who writes continually and directs dramatic productions at WCKY in the Blue Grass country!

Here's Real Team Play!

Dear R...., D....:

"GETTING friendlier and friendlier! Although I realize that it will be time for ice skating when you get the item which I am about to give you into your justly famed publication, it, nonetheless, is interesting to note that WNBR recently gave Memphis folk what might be termed a double-header in football. This station was scheduled to broadcast the Princeton-Washington Lee football game because of the number of southern men who are interested in both of these colleges, and another station was scheduled and had received considerable advance publicity on its intention of broadcasting the Vanderbilt-Tennessee football game through a chain hookup.



A "behind the scenes" shot of Russ Morgan and his Girl Friends during a recent broadcast over WXYZ, Detroit.

"Something went haywire and the chain station missed out on the situation, thereby disappointing many thousands who were looking forward to the broadcast of the Vanderbilt-Tennessee game. As soon as WNBR concluded its broadcast of the Princeton-Washington Lee game, which, by the way, started an hour ahead of the southern gridiron tilt, that station swung right into the Vanderbilt-Tennessee game and was able to present to the listeners of the mid-south the story of the football prowess of the fair sons of the Vanderbilt Commodores and the Tennessee Volunteers.

"Hurrah for our side! So, there's a double-header for you in football. Numerous annoying telephone calls attested to the fact that this unusual bit of work was well appreciated."

An instance of genuine cooperation! That fellows who show such spirit cannot fail to reach the top is an indisputable truth, and the same thing goes for Radio Stations. More power to you, WNBR! Write us again, please.



Worcesterites drop everything to listen to Dorothy Robinson's dramatic broadcasts from WTAG, and they don't mind writing letters to tell her of their admiration, either!

Who Says There's No Retribution?

FAN mail brings many surprises, but it isn't often that a radio artist learns that she is directly and personally responsible for an event that might have ended in a tragedy. But that is what happened to Ramona, vivacious little "blues" singer, who is a regular feature at WLW, Cincinnati. Construction crew members are playful fellows, but a rickety 750 feet up in the air, bound hand and foot to a steel girder, is an experience that many would just as soon forego.

The whole story came out in a letter sent to Ramona by Roy Thackery of Marion, Ohio, a member of the steel gang responsible for staging this unique piece of hazing.

Here is the letter:

"I want to tell how you caused a cook to get a ride on a crane 750 feet in the air. This all happened recently in Canada while I was working there with a steel gang made up of 20 men and a cook.

"We had a radio in the cook's shack and as you were the sweetheart of the whole bunch we didn't want to miss any of your broadcasts. The cook was instructed to blow the feed call whenever you were on the air so all of us could come down and hear you. The plan worked fine for a time until one day the rivet boy came up on top and told us the cook (who was a great crab) was listening to you without calling us.

"All of us rushed down, pulled the cook out of his shack, tied a rope around him, hooked him on the high crane, pulled him up as high as it would go and then swung him around in a circle 750 feet above the ground until his tongue hung out. After that you

may be certain we never missed a single one of your broadcasts.

"We are going to South America next month and hope to hear you there over WLW."

Say It In English

DESPITE the fact that most of us talk volubly, many have yet to learn that it's *how* we talk that really makes conversation!

Effie Marine Harvey, director of Women's Activities for WAAF, Chicago, has opened a three-a-week program on "Conversational English," Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:15. Mrs. Harvey was formerly instructor of English at an exclusive Eastern Boarding School and was a local judge in the recent competition to pick the middle west's best announcer, from the standpoint of diction and use of the English language.

Congratulations, WAAF! It's a great idea, others could follow!

WHO In New Studio

THE new home of Radio Station WHO, owned and operated by the Central Broadcasting Company, is located in the Stoner Music Company Building on Walnut Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Due to the increased number of programs which this station is presenting, and also to the necessity for making provision for its proposed increase of power, the Board of Directors voted to remove the studios from their original location in the Bankers Life Building, where the station has been housed ever since it was started. The transfer of the studios was made during the latter part of December, but the transmitter and towers will remain at the insurance company building.

The station's new home comprises a full suite of offices, audition rooms, large studios, and auditorium, control rooms and a musicians' lounge.

Page "Believe-It-Or-Not" Ripley!

A WDAG artist has wings—and that's no joke!

If you don't believe it, just drop in at the Amarillo, Texas, studio some day

and ask to be introduced to Mickey.

He's a yellow-feathered Hartz mountain songster with a glorious voice and just enough temperament to place him definitely in the artistic class. He has one weakness, and that is a passion for noise—loud noise. The louder the better, for he will sing louder in order to drown it.

"Mickey doesn't have to hear records played out loud to begin singing," Mr. Bennett said. "He seems to sense the melody from the needle noise. Then he will twist his head from side to side until he gets the pitch. Mickey never makes a discord," the announcer added proudly.

The diminutive bird glories in excitement. When he is in a studio program,



KNX's Arizona Wranglers ride the ether waves nightly from Hollywood, but this new steed's not so danged easy to rope, take it from the boys!

he insists upon shrilling at the top of his voice and has often added to programs which he was trying to cover up.

New Production Chief at KFJB, Marshalltown, Iowa

Dear R.... D....:

"**T**HERE has been a slight change in the personnel of our big little station, inasmuch as a new production manager has been secured.

"The gentleman we speak of is Neil Searles, formerly with WDGY, in Minneapolis, and WISN, in Milwaukee. Mr. Searles is comparatively young but has had enough experience so that we feel perfectly confident in his abilities.

"He has already inaugurated a series of broadcasts in the early morning called the "Sunny Side Up" program

and intends to produce many new features, among which are an old fashioned amateur night, and an announcers school.

"We would be pleased if you would make some mention of this fact in your 'Station Parade.'"

Sincerely yours,

J. Black.

Thank you, Mr. Black, for this fine bit of news. When can we have some more?

KGJF, Arkansas, is Rechristened KARK

Dear R.... D....:

"**W**E have been granted permission by the United States Department of Commerce to change the call letters of KGJF to K-A-R-K. This has been done to avoid confusion, as the Station is now under new management.

"KARK we think, gives us more state-wide recognition, as it is symbolic of the state itself, Arkansas. We might add that we are contemplating moving into new studios within thirty days."

Very truly yours,

Ed Hannan.

You're right about those new call letters, Ed. How about sending in some facts on the new home? Any new artists?

A Song Hit from the West

WDAF, Kansas City, Missouri, is proud to have as one of its staff artists a man who has just given the music loving public one of the prettiest tunes in years, *Faded Summer Love*, written by Phil Baxter. Phil has written many hits, but here's hoping *Faded Summer Love* reaches a million copies.

"Music Appreciation" Period Popular On KFKU

PROF. Charles Sanford Skilton, organist and composer, member of the School of Fine Arts Faculty at the University of Kansas since 1903, conducts each week over Station KFKU, Lawrence, Kansas, a music appreciation hour. In this presentation, Professor Skilton is assisted by members of the School of Fine Arts faculty and stu-

dents. Often he illustrates his lectures by playing either the organ or piano himself.

Professor Skilton received his Bachelor's degree from Yale, and has studied in New York and Berlin. He is widely known as a composer of Indian music. His opera, "The Sun Bride," has the distinction of being the first opera to receive its premier by radio. The musical appreciation lectures which Professor Skilton has given are among the most popular features offered by Station KFKU.

Out Where the West Begins

Dear R.... D....:

THERE are big doings at KGBZ at York, Nebraska, located as we are out on the lone prairie. We have a great time communing with the wolves and coyotes, but just the same we are giving the listeners a big run for their money in the way of staff entertainment.

"In a very short time I will mail you a story with photographs and specimen programs and you can judge for yourself whether or not a 'farmer station' is making it interesting for the public."

Yours very truly,

Gus P. Swanson.

Thanks for your letter. Talk about wolves and coyotes! I'd like to trade you some of the two-legged beasts of the same type we have around here. I'll be looking forward to the story and pictures you mentioned. Let's have 'em!



KFYR, Bismarck, N. D., sent us this cartoon of its own Fitzsimons as he looks before the "mike," but what we want to know is, are those things around the base of the microphone really firecrackers?

2 New Links in NBC Chain

ON Saturday, November 28th, a gala nationwide broadcast was staged over the National Broadcasting Company networks to welcome two new links in the NBC chain—Station KGHL of Billings, Montana, and Station KGIR of Butte. With the addition of these stations, the NBC programs broadcast from coast to coast are now made available to the residents of the great copper and silver mining state.

John L. Fogarty, popular radio star and a native of Montana, coming from Great Falls, sang "In the Hills of Old Montana." He served overseas in the Second Montana Infantry, and is known throughout the state. He is a nephew of the late State Representative Charles Murphy of Anaconda.

From Chicago, Lee Sims, Paul Whiteman, The Three Doctors and Mildred Bailey all were heard over the new hook-up. At the end of the ceremonies, from 12:15 to 12:30 A. M., E. S. T., a special program from San Francisco was broadcast to Montana, although this program was not relayed through to the east coast.

KIDO Gets New Frequency

THE application made by KIDO, Boise, Idaho, to the Federal Radio Commission two years ago for a change of frequency has finally been approved by the Commission, and on November 6th, this Station went on the air on a frequency of 1350 kilocycles instead of 1250 kilocycles.

On 1350 kilocycles KIDO has virtually a clear channel. Only three other stations in the United States use it—one in St. Louis and two in New York. It will mean clearer reception at greater distance, without interference from other coast stations.

Native Mexican Music Over KQW

KQW at San Jose, California, has a unique feature in its seven piece Mexican orchestra. Every member of the group received his musical training in Mexico, and four of them were trained in the Conservatory of Music in Mexico City.

The orchestra, already famous in



Chief barker of "Old Man Sunshine's Club" at WLW, Cincinnati, is "Bozo," the organization's mascot and a charter member.

spite of the fact that it is but three months old, calls itself "Los Caballeros."

The responsibility for its formation rests upon the shoulders of Mr. W. L. Gleason—familiarly known as "Bill"—who is himself a great lover of the haunting melodies and irregular rhythms which characterize Mexican music. Having heard several American musical units make unsuccessful attempts to reproduce these delightful tone-poems, he called upon a Spanish friend to assist him in organizing a group of native Mexican musicians in order that the American public might hear, over the radio, the correct rendition of the folk songs and native airs of our southern neighbor.

Now Los Caballeros is a regular feature at KQW and is daily becoming more and more popular with West Coast radio fans.

Who Can Beat This Record

MART DAUGHERTY, of the KFOX, Long Beach, staff holds an endurance record for continuous broadcasting, having been kept on the air four hours, recently.

Here's how it all happened. Mart came on at 9:00 A. M. for his regular program with the Three Vagabonds, which is followed by a trio. Five minutes after going on the air, the trio's pianist fainted so Mart slipped into her place before the Steinway and finished out the half hour.

At 10 A. M. Mart does a program with Harry Morton as "The Cheerio Boys" which lasts for half an hour. At the conclusion there is a remote control broadcast, and at the last moment it was discovered that there was trouble on the telephone line, so Mart, beginning to weaken from the elbows down, took up his position before the Steinway and

proceeded to do another half hour of piano solos.

The Town Hall Revelers usually follow the organ at 11 A. M. and Fate would decide this particular morning to keep two members of the revelers home sick. One of these was the pianist and in order to fill out the group, a piano was necessary. Mart, smiling, but weak, took up his post.

He got a brief rest at 11:30 while the news report was broadcast. Following this another "remote" was due, but the line was still out of order, and Mart valiantly played through another fifteen minutes.

At 12:00 o'clock the Air Raiders, the KFOX orchestra, does a half hour turn, and Mart was again in demand. Following that half hour, he began to show the strain, but the trio was due to play again and, their pianist still being absent, Mart "played on."

At the conclusion of this four-hour pianathon, he had to be helped out of the studio and his aching fingers bathed in hot and cold water. He was good while he lasted—but he hasn't been quite the same since!

A Musical Breakfast Chat from Burbank, Calif.

KELW fans are liable to hear strains of music floating out of the station some of these days with every appearance of being tunes by the famous Coconut Grove orchestra led by Jimmy

Grier, just now very popular here.

Of course, it won't actually be Jimmy Grier and his musical crew. But probably it will be the "next best."

Over the breakfast table, Jimmy and his sister Margaret, who is staff pianist at KELW, swap yarns about music and musicians, programs and hot shots of broadcast. So, if Margaret uses any of the little quirks that stamp Jimmy's music as outstanding, she won't be doing it intentionally. But, even so, maybe some of the KELW programs will faintly remind you of the Coconut Grove's entertainers.

The "Wranglers" Go A-Rambling

THEY threw a crowded courtroom into confusion, while a trial was in progress.

They broke up a public carnival at Alturas.

They disrupted the attendance of a large circus.

They broke all house records wherever they appeared—these larrupin', rip roarin' cowpunchers who are KNX's "Arizona Wranglers" at Hollywood.

Singing and playing their way into the hearts of the people who had learned to love them over the radio, the famous cow-boy artists were received with wild enthusiasm wherever they went. Great banners were hung across the main streets of the towns, welcoming them like conquering heroes.

Made because of popular demand by radio listeners, this personal tour has

served better, perhaps, than anything else to establish the genuine bond of affection with which the great listening public regards these singing lads of the plains.

Managers of the theatres in which the Wranglers appeared were forced to admit that the public had made life miserable for them until they had promised to book the radio artists for a personal appearance.

Illustrating the popularity of the KNX feature is the incident which occurred at Klamath Falls, when a large circus came to town on the second day of the Wranglers' appearance. The circus was forced to play to a mere handful of people. The "cash customers" were all clamoring outside the Pelican Theatre, where hundreds were turned away.

Except for the fact that Sheriff Loyal Underwood was nearly gored by a crazy steer, Slicker was knocked down by an automobile, and Uncle Irontail was always missing at train time, the Wranglers had a royal time, and are eager for more.

Hawaiian Station Has Naval Base Hook Up

STATION KGMB at Honolulu, Hawaii, where the U. S. Government maintains the largest military and naval bases in America, has a privilege which works to the interest of the 23,000 at-

(Continued on page 85)



Peggie Rollins, whose voice is heard from the San Francisco studios of NBC's Pacific Division has more than a fascinating voice—as radio listeners will learn when television arrives.

RADIOGRAPHS

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

Tom Brennie

By R. A. Wilkinson

IF "The Laughter" of *The Laugh Club*, His Honor Tom Brennie, ever takes another vacation, it will be interesting to conjecture what may happen.

In 1923, while a student at the Columbia University school of music, he conceived a vaudeville act while enjoying a summer vacation and went on the stage, never to return to college.

In 1924, after finishing forty-eight solid weeks of bookings in vaudeville, he went to California for a vacation, became a Hollywood radio star and never returned to the vaudeville stage.

In 1931, while visiting his mother in Waynesboro, Pa., he became interested in the potentialities of broadcasting in New York—and the National Broadcasting Company officials became interested in him.

But now, inasmuch as his one-man show is booked over an NBC network, it would be difficult to conjecture what may transpire in the event of another vacation.

It is far easier to treat it humorously. Maybe some flight of fancy or fate would lead him to a vacated royal throne, and "The Laughter" would relish the regal position, if only to burlesque the pomp and glamour of his predecessor.

Brennie is an impersonator of Italian and Dutch immigrants and the colorful American negro, to say nothing of his vocal abilities. He has probably done as many quaint characterizations as any star in radio, and has the additional distinction of being among the few men who can successfully simulate a female voice. Many radio artists have tried the latter; few have made it sound realistic.

When Brennie gave an audition for Royal, in charge of NBC programs, he chose to parade a few of his characters, and they are being featured in his broadcasts. There is Senator Ezra Simpkins, a rustic politician; Tom and Wash, a colored duo, and several Radio Periscope personalities. His fifteen minutes is more or less equally divided between the Senator, the negro characters, and the Periscope personalities.

As for his voice, singing was once his sole artistic accomplishment. He sang his way throughout the United



Tom Brennie

States during the vaudeville months. He sang his way into radio in Hollywood, later abandoning a purely musical career in favor of doing characterizations.

In short, he is one of the most versatile of radio artists. Ask him how many individual voices he has simulated. The reply may seem a bit evasive, for he'll point out that he can speak in so many tones, can imitate individual characteristics of any person he has ever known in any of those respective tones. Evasive or not, you'll marvel at his ability.

BRENNIE broadcast for six years over Pacific Coast stations, at one time being director of Hal Roach studios, and is known for the number of program ideas he originated and presented. One Los Angeles radio editor named him as a candidate for the mythical Nobel prize for originality in radio programs.

In addition to the characterizations he is now presenting on the NBC-WJZ

network Brennie has presented Ike and Ezra, Herr Snicklefritsch, Tom Lincoln Cottonham, Miss Somaphine, Corporal Sam, Tom and his Mule, and others. Miss Somaphine, a mythical colored gal, is soon to be incorporated in his Tom and Wash act. When Brennie left the Pacific Coast he was heard on more coast programs than any other artist.

Tom Brennie was nicknamed "The Laughter" in that ridiculously extravagant insincere Hollywood. But in giving him the sobriquet the gagsters of movie town neglected to be satirical. The name is more than appropriate. It is symbolic of Brennie's disposition, his attitude toward life, his very being.

Furthermore it is appropriate that Brennie was first called "The Laughter" while appearing in an impromptu radio program in the Hal Roach studios in Hollywood. He went on the air and retold some of the ancient gags of the movie lots, decrying the fact that men were actually paid for them. A bit of satirical sarcasm. That was the genesis of "The Laugh Club."

TOM was born in Waynesboro, Pa., thirty years ago, but he has none of the naïveté of a Main Street personality. From early childhood he projected himself outside the Main Street environment, reading the classics assiduously and taking a keen interest in the drama. When fifteen years of age he produced an amateur theatrical in Waynesboro. And it was financially successful. He wouldn't, at this time, vouch for its artistry.

Brennie, nevertheless, resided in Waynesboro until he was seventeen years old. The World War, strangely enough, was as a balm to him. He enlisted in the motor corps against the wishes of his father, prevaricating about his age, and was stationed in New York. It gave him more or less intimate contact with Broadway life, of which he had read much, and stimulated his imagination.

Brennie himself considers this was a milestone in his life. After the Armistice he persuaded his parents to permit him to go to the Columbia school of music, from which he invaded the vaudeville stage. This was without parental knowledge. Whether or not it was a

(Continued on page 90)

TELEVISION

By CHARLES R. TIGHE

Word Picture Sketches Scene in Visual Broadcasting Receiver as Living Faces are Flashed through Space

MR. TIGHE, associate editor of *Radio Digest*, presents a television program every Thursday night over the Columbia Broadcasting System television station, W2XAB. The object of this program is to experiment with new ideas adaptable to the present limitations of this new radio art. In this way *Radio Digest* is endeavoring to keep its readers authentically informed.

H. P. B.

THE room is dark. You lean forward in your chair and concentrate on the pale spot of light coming from the cabinet at the front of the room in which you are seated much as you would do in a moving picture theatre. There are about a dozen people seated in the rows of chairs and they, too, are intent on that square of light. Except for the shifting about of restless individuals or the occasional scraping of feet there is no sound. You wait and wonder what is going to happen next.

The announcer is concluding his introductory talk: "—in a program of tap dancing and singing—" and then there is a sudden hush.

SOMETHING happens in the little square of light. There is movement and you wonder what it is. Piano music floods the room and there is a curious tapping that keeps perfect time with the music. Ah, there it is! The image comes through clearly and is plainly visible across the room . . . the twinkling feet of a tap dancer—from the knees down. The dance ends and the tapping feet are replaced in the lens of the television set by a somewhat distorted image of a girl. She is visible from the chest to the top of the head. Ah, that's better. Someone in the dark broadcast-

ing studio probably has moved the girl closer to the scanner and the microphone. As she comes into better focus the range of the scanner decreases and the spotlight catches only the neck and head. The girl sings in a clear soprano, smiles, gestures and turns her head this

way and that. The profile is excellent . . . the property men at the studio know their jobs and are careful to place the correct colored screen in back of the artist. If the girl is blond the screen is black or perhaps brown. If the girl is a brunette the screen is of some lighter shade so that the background permits an outline in sharp relief of the face and figure of the artist.



Gay Sisters who dance and smile before television eye at W2XAB, New York.

INCIDENTALLY there are many problems involved in producing clean-cut images. A dark haired girl wearing a white dress, for example, presents a pretty puzzle. If the brunet face and hair are to be brought out in the best possible detail the screen would have to be of light color. But if this screen is used the dress simply merges with the back drop. So into the picture of television broadcasting enters an entirely new set of problems. Now, if there were some base from which the broadcasters could start, the whole matter would be tremendously simplified. But, there is absolutely nothing. The conditions surrounding a stage presentation have no bearing whatever on television technic. Moving picture production comes closer but not near enough to be of any great value.

That is why Bill Schudt, director of television at W2XAB, is experimenting along every possible line. They will try anything at Columbia in order to record the result. From this constant experimentation with real programs being televised a wealth of practical information has been obtained.

To get back to the evening's entertainment: The soprano is just finishing and there is a brief
(Continued on page 89)

BEAUTY *and the* Beast

By
Maybelle Austen

PETER GRIMM once wrote a fascinating tale about a beautiful princess who was kidnapped by a horrible beast, and kept imprisoned in a lonely castle-tower until he, through some story-book miracle, shed his unlovely appearance and became a very handsome and desirable prince. Then in true fairytale fashion, they loved, married, and lived happily ever after.

Radio, the magic carpet, the Aladdin's lamp, the miracle-maker, the greatest genie of all times, brings Grimm's "Beauty and the Beast" up-to-date, with Station WLWL as its medium. The beautiful princess is Mimi Shelton, who fits the descriptive qualifications in a very satisfactory manner; and Harry Tighe, a jovial and genial giant, is the beast, although he belies the delineation created in the mind's eye by generations of folklore exponents.

The entertainment that this unique team will provide via the ether, is different and diverting. Years of experience on the stage and screen have given them an insight into the amusement demands of an intelligent and over-satiated public. They will bring to the airwaves a new idea, an unusually fine type of versatility, with just enough of the human touch, that it will appeal to one and all of the tremendous radio audience this country affords, who by one flip of the dial can make a performer's fortune, or cast him into an infinite abyss of oblivion.

THESE two people have had very interesting and active lives, but their careers have been as opposite to one another as the appearances of Beauty and the Beast must have been. While the one had terrible and constant struggle with unforeseen and heartbreaking circumstances, the other one rode always on to higher and instantaneous successes. It remained for the eighth wonder of the world, that gigantic robot, Radio, to reach out with electrical fingers and bring them together on a common ground, where they joined forces preparatory to attacking a new field of action.

A resumé of the experiences of Mimi

Harry Tighe
and Mimi
Shelton new
act WLWL,
N. Y.



and Harry, presented in truly modern style, would read like this:

Mimi was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Harry was born in New Haven, Connecticut.

Mimi is a grandniece of the great diva, Lilli Lehmann.

Harry's family were American pioneers, of Irish origin.

Mimi sang solo parts as a six-year-old with a choir of eighty-six.

Harry learned piano technique under duress.

Mimi taught German to other children to help along the family exchequer.

Harry played Varsity football at Yale. Mimi meanwhile became a cripple through a faulty operation.

Harry was discharged from college for some youthful escapade.

Mimi attended Chicago University, graduated, received the degree M.A.

Harry entered Wall Street, left, and took a job playing piano.

Mimi, at nineteen, through stretching exercises and medical attention, pronounced normal.

Harry's first stage engagement was with Virginia Earle, musical star. Mimi while studying dramatic art at McLean College, was discovered by LeGalliene.

Harry was pronounced a find by Weber and Fields, and joined

their famous comedy act.

Mimi appeared first in "Three Sisters" and then in "Twelfth Night."

Harry proved a sensation at the La Salle Theatre in Chicago.

Mimi came to Broadway with "Cradle Song," "The Miracle," and "Saturday Night."

Harry was starred by an enthusiastic Belasco.

MIMI went with a show called "Remote Control."

Harry joined Ziegfeld in "Smiles" and then went with "Follow Thru."

Mimi was and is supporting a brother through Purdue University.

Harry was in pictures, both as a director and as an actor.

Mimi was brought to Harry's attention by Irvin Berlin.

Lo! a new team is born and named "Beauty and the Beast."

The act started rehearsals for radio work, and reports of their activities were brought to the attention of the director of Radio Digest television broadcasts, who in turn brought them to the attention of WLWL, where they received an audition.

Result: They're simply great! They're on! Listen in for them everybody!

MARCELLA

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

TODDLES, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, and your own Marcella were discussing, as two females are likely to do of an *artrnoon*, our ideal man. So as not to commit myself and show any favoritism in radio circles, I determined to go beyond the Province of the Microphone and throw my Eugenie Chapeau, as my lot, into Statecraft, and I told Toddles that Gandhi was my ideal. Imagine what a joy it would be for Mrs. Gandhi—not to have to do up any shirts or collars, not to have to worry about getting ties for Xmas or birthday gifts. It was just a bit shocking to Toddles, who is a product of the Mid-Victorian era and who believes that a pair



Ted Pearson

of pyjamaas would be a little more modest, if not becoming, to the Mahatma. Although she herself would make no commitments about her Ideal, she admitted that she was a little inclined to Ted Pearson whose unusual voice has beguiled her and most of the others of the feminine persuasion among radio listeners. He announces many of the leading programs on the air including *Yeastfoamers*, *Keeping Up With Daughter*, *Halsey Stuart*, *Civic Concert Service* and *Paul White-man's Paintmen*. He acquired his early musical training at Arlington and at the McPhail School of Music in Minneapolis, where he studied piano, pipe organ, theory and composition. From Minneapolis he went to Chicago which he hoped would be a temporary stopping place before he got to New York and Europe. But in Chicago the howling of the wolf became a familiar sound and he could find no job for his services. But finally he was offered a position with a small radio station at Gary, Indiana, to act as announcer, booking agent, production man and manager. NBC soon after that added him to its staff in the Chicago studios. The best work that he has ever done, probably, was that in which his name was not



Marcella, Shields, Murray

mentioned. His part of narrator in the *Seven Last Words of Christ* presented by the Armour Company won for the program such a tremendous response that it has been planned to repeat this feature next Easter.

HELENE HANDIN'S announcing on the Lucky Strike Hour just before B. A. Rolfe left for Europe, won for her the reputation as the best girl announcer. Her side-splitting act, *Mazie the Manicurist*, in search of a sponsor, and if put on a chain, would transform any dull fifteen minutes into a period of jollity.

Meanwhile Marcella Shields, the other Trouper, is sandwiched in on the Dutch Masters program between Walter Scanlon and Billy Murray. Some people say that Marcella has much too much to give and that this program does not permit her to use her vast array of talents. But one can never tell with sponsors. Marcella Shields is married to one McNamee (not Graham, of course). She has played in nearly every vaudeville house in the country and made her stage debut when she was five years old. Played with DeWolf Hopper, Gallagher and Shean, Fay Bainter and other theatrical luminaries. Walter Scanlon was discovered by Billy Murray some twenty years ago while playing in a minstrel show in Brooklyn. Made the rounds on the old Keith circuit and appeared in many Hammerstein productions. Billy Murray began his career from the very bottom as a property boy in the old Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver, and the stage fever started when Fred and Ed Stone and he used to do acrobatic tricks in the sawdust of an old icehouse. His recordings of George Cohan numbers

caused a great rise in his popularity thermometer.

WHEN the Silver Mask was lifted off the face of Joe White, all of the mystery surrounding this astonishing tenor melted away and the story can now be told. Ever since he uttered his first baby cry on Oliver Street in Manhattan where he was born, there was talk in the family about his being a singer. Everything that had an ear he sang to and he made no distinction between people and his pet goat or cat. He started to take music lessons when he was six and sang soprano parts in a choir until his voice changed. Then his parents decided to place him in some business and he worked for a wholesale lace concern. But as lace didn't agree with him he went to work in a garage and planned a career as an automotive expert. When the War came along he enlisted in an engineering outfit. Incidentally while in the army he met Judson House, who was to be one of NBC's best tenors.



Joe White

Nothing in the world can persuade Joe White to sing *The Rosary*, for whenever the first words are on his lips, there seems to be an automatic attraction for the elements of war. On the transport bound for France, during an impromptu concert White was just ready to sing this composition when a submarine attacked the vessel. Fortunately it escaped. A few days later another concert was given. White again opened his lips to sing *The Rosary*, and just as he started a submarine appeared. One more time did Joe White try the song—at a concert back of the lines in France, but the solo was interrupted by a German bomb. Since then he has made no other attempt to deliver himself of this popular and well-loved melody. Joe White is married to a girl whose maiden name Maureen Mavourneen—sounds Irish doesn't it? And they have three children.



Eddie

THIS is about Eddie, the Gold Medal Organist. His full name is taboo. Of course Toddlers and I know it, but then we have to hold out something from our readers once in a while, don't we,

Toddlers, old deal. This much we can say—that Eddie is married, has a very attractive wife, a son of eight, and a daughter a year and a half. Is a football fan and follows the University of Minnesota team to all of its games. Mr. Gammons, Vice President of Northwestern Broadcasting, Inc., tells me he just discovered the other day that Eddie organized an amateur football team of fellow musicians and all of them have impromptu workouts every morning. Eddie is one of the best known pipe organists in the world and made his debut at the age of twelve as pianist in a motion picture theatre in Edwardsville, Ill. It is to Eddie's personality and great artistry that have made the Gold Medal Fast Freight feature what it is today and each succeeding program brings with it a greater audience. Anything else about Paul you'd like to know, Olive Sherman?

HORACE HEIDT on tour of theatres and has not yet carried out his promise to send me the latest picture of his band. He and his Californians appeared several weeks ago at the Capitol Theatre in New York.

EARL SPICER, soloist on the Fuller Brush Man program, started as a choir singer in a little country church near his father's farm in the Acadian Valley, Nova Scotia. It is to one of the professors at Acadia College, that Mr. Spicer owes the early recognition of his talents. He has studied under some of the greatest masters in Europe and early gained fame in all of the principal cities of the continent. In March, 1926, he made his American debut at Aeolian Hall and met with instant success. He can be heard every Tuesday evening at 9:30 p. m. E.S.T. over the National Broadcasting Company.



Earl Spicer

MISCELLANEOUS:

Lanny Ross, my dear Margaret, broadcasts on the Maxwell House program. Franklyn Bauer is in New York but not doing any radio work. Adele Ronson is not a regular member of the True Story cast, but does appear on the program once in a while. William Daly

at present is only on the Firestone program. John Fogarty is on the Sweetheart program, and Adelina Thomason plays the parts of both Mrs. Pennyfeather on KUKU and Mrs. Penny-packer on the Swift program.

GEORGE ROESLER, commercial manager and announcer at KOIL, is 29 and married. He's a good business man, and a good artist. In 1924 George and four others built station WOKT at Rochester, N. Y., and sold it after a year had passed by. Then to WMAK, Buffalo, and WFBL, Syracuse. Started a radio advertising agency in Rochester, his home town, but sold that and turned again to announcing and writing continuities at WBAL.



George Roesler

FROM medicine to melodies—that's the leap Julian Woodworth, handsome maestro at the Hotel Governor Clinton in New York City. Comes from Cleveland where he worked a while on the *Cleveland Free Press*. Has composed sixteen songs, the latest hit of which is *When You Press Your Lips to Mine*. Answers all fan mail personally and there's a fan mail club number some eight thousand correspondents. Whenever New Yorkers see someone following hurriedly after a fire engine they know it's Julian Woodworth and one of the greatest restraints in this young maestro's life is to bear the clanging of fire engines while he is broadcasting—by the way the station is WOR, and he has a daily program. He seldom smokes, music is his hobby and he hates holes in his socks.



Julian Woodworth

EUGENE ORMANDY was born in Budapest, Hungary, the son of a dentist. At the age of seven he gave his



Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Ormandy

first public recital and was immediately besieged with concert offers throughout Europe but upon the advice of his teacher, the famous violinist Karl Hubay, he rejected them so that he could pursue his studies. At the age of seventeen he received a Professorship of Music. Was concertmaster and soloist with the Bluetner Orchestra in Berlin and in 1921 came to America. He was also concertmaster and soloist of the Capitol Theatre Orchestra in New York and at the same time was a member of the original Roxy Gang. Eugene Ormandy is married to Steffie Goldner, solo harpist of the Capitol Theatre and well known for her work all over Europe and America.

HERE'S another radio singer who started his career as a choir singer. He's Arthur Jarrett. Art is the son of theatrical parents. His father played juvenile leads with William Faversham, Chauncey Olcott and Florence Read. Attended grade school in Brooklyn. Was boy soprano soloist in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Can play the guitar and banjo. With ambitions to be a lawyer he entered Fordham University but four months of that and he was convinced he wanted to be a radio announcer, but upon the advice of Keith McCloud who interviewed him for the job, he decided to be a professional musician. Became member of Ted Weems' Orchestra at Reading, Pa., in 1927. Received \$200 a week but gave up the job to sing over the radio for \$50 per. It was WBBM. Has made about a hundred and fifty records. Likes all kinds of sports, is single and has bachelor apartment in Chicago.



Art Jarrett



Gordon Hittenmark

HAROLD HOUGH, Radio Supervisor of WBAP, sends along this consoling message about Gordon Hittenmark, announcer at that station. He was born in Pomeroy, Iowa, 23 years ago. Ever since he can remember, he has been interested in music and the show business. He attended the Drake University in Des Moines, was a member of the S. A. E. Fraternity. In 1923 he had an orchestra which entertained radio listeners at WOW, Omaha and WHO, Des Moines. Was interested and took parts in the Little Theatre at Omaha and was also with the Elitch Gardens in Denver. From there he went to Kansas City and was connected with the Orpheum Theatre. From there to Tulsa, Okla., where he tried out for announcer and told them he could sing.



Harold Fair

But as he really couldn't sing, they compromised and gave him the job as Chief Announcer and head of the Publicity Department. Has been at WBAP for year and a half.

* * *

HAROLD FAIR, Director of WBEN, Buffalo, was drafted from the position of studio manager at WBBM. He is well known as a production expert and is now in charge of producing WBEN's local programs. Mr. Fair was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Is a graduate of Northwestern University and is a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. Has had an extensive musical education and at one time had his heart set on becoming a concert pianist. Was guest conductor of the Omaha Philharmonic Society and had his own dance orchestra. Started his radio career with Station KOIL. Is married, collects rare books and antiques and sails his own boat in those rare moments of recreation.

* * *

JERRY KILGORE, NBC announcer has been a civil engineer in Mexico, an actor, singer and manager in New York, an advertising man in Los Angeles, a soldier overseas in France and tops this all with the halo of radio announcing. He was born in Toronto, where he was educated and earned his degree. Toured most of the large cities in North America as an actor and played with Nazimova in *Bella Donna*.



J. Kilgore

Spent four long years overseas, thirteen months of which he was in a hospital recovering from wounds. Entered motion pictures in Hollywood and that's where radio found him. Married to a pretty, dark-eyed Hollywood girl, known formerly as Helen Altamari. Jerry's hobbies are bridge, books and cross-word puzzles.

* * *

RADIO Digest's program over WGBS Television Station has brought to the screen such celebs as Emery Deutsch, Helene Handin, Edward Gibbons (brother to Floyd) and Tom Curtin, author of that dramatic feature, *Thrillers*, et al. Mr. Ferguson, veteran newspaper man, has been placed in charge of publicity, and already WGBS is rounding out into a first class local station.

* * *

GREGOIRE FRANZELL, is one of the first acquisitions to WGBS in its

plans to get the best in musicians and artists, and he has one of the finest ensembles that Toddles and your Marcella have heard in a long time. Gregoire was born in Bucharest, Roumania, and has inherited more than his share of the musical temperament of that country. After his first concert in Paris he was immediately booked for thirty recitals by the manager of Sarah Bern-



Gregoire Franzell

hardt—Paul Boquel. Visited three hundred cities throughout Europe, but that was nothing to him as he began traveling at the age of three. He plays every Sunday evening at the Sutton Club known as the most fashionable organization of the elite, you know, the Vanderbilts, and Bakers and so on. Is married to a charming young woman who used to take piano lessons from him. As Music Director of WGBS, some very good programs from that station can be expected.

* * *

PICK and Pat are WOR Minstrels. Pick Malone was born in Dallas, Texas, but was reared in Oklahoma. He joined the J. Dong Margan Stock Company at seventeen and worked there until he joined the army. Came to New York City after traveling with his own show through the Middle West. He met Pat



Pick and Pat

Padgette and they've been partners ever since. Pat was born in Bogard, Ga., Dec. 29, 1903. Until the age of 17 he worked on a farm, then went to Birmingham to live with his sister. Joined the show business and soon after teamed up with Pick.

* * *

IF ROBERT MONSEN were a little taller and wore a little mustache he'd be a double for Paul Whiteman. We're talking now of Robert Monsen of KJR, Seattle. Bob is five feet seven, and weighs around two hundred pounds. Despite his globularity he is a keen sportsman, enjoying football, swimming, tennis and motor boating.

* * *

ANN LEAF whose picture has appeared in Radio Digest pages many times, is about twenty-four, and stands four feet-eleven. She was born in Omaha, Neb., in 1906 and began to show her interest in music at the age of five. At eleven she made a solo piano appearance with a concert orchestra playing a Mozart concerto. Finished high school in Omaha and attended the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art in New York. Got her first job as organist in a Los Angeles movie house. Because she is so diminutive, she is known as *Little Organ Annie*, *Sweet and Low Down*, *Little by Little* and *Mitey*.

* * *

CARL STEVENS, CBS announcer since September, I believe, is 24, unmarried and writes plays as a hobby. And his disposition is just as jovial as his picture shows him to be.

* * *

AND speaking of Paul Whiteman, this is what Paul has to say for himself. "I was born in Denver, March 28, 1890, and first showed my musical taste during one of my first rides in a baby carriage. The carriage which not only conveyed me, also contained a violin and a watermelon. When it overturned, I grabbed the melon. At 17 I tried my hand at cab driving, but the valves in the engine were too musical. Then my jobs in Frisco—and then the War. Weighed 303 pounds and wanted to be an aviator but the blimps weren't popular then. Applied as truck driver in the Signal Corps. Finally got in the Navy. Organized forty piece sailor jazz band. After the war met Rudy Secker and asked me if I wanted a job at the Fairmount. Started to form my first

(Continued on page 88)



Robert Monsen



Carlyle Stevens

Silhouettes

By CRAIG B. CRAIG

Louis Dean

ANNOUNCER, hates women that wear men's knickers. But those that don't—that's different.

Louis Edmond Dean, they christened him. That was thirty years ago. Down in the little town of Valley Head, Alabama, with a population of 675 at the foot of Lookout Mountain. Almost the entire town turned out for the occasion.

He's a big fellow—five feet eleven and one-half. Tips 'em at 160. Blue eyes with a sort of whimsical smile. Dark brown hair. Ruddy complexion.

Started his professional career back in 1924, when after a few hit-or-miss jobs he landed with Brunswick, satisfying an ambition to get into the music business. Introduced to radio when microphones replaced "horns" in recording. First broadcast over WIBX up in Utica, N. Y.—Perfectly calm and at ease. He's just the kind of fellow that would be.

Perhaps it was the year and one-half he spent in the Navy or maybe his school days at Washington and Lee University that made him such a kidder. He never carries it far enough to make you sore. You like it.

What fan mail he gets. Among other things, he has received invitations to spend vacations all over the world, from short wave listeners. Once received an anonymous Christmas gift of six-swell shirts with his initials embroidered on them—BUT two sizes too large. They fit the studio manager. He wears them now—There is one listener in Buffalo who never fails to remember him on his birthday and all holidays, although he has never seen her. He strongly suspects her of being over forty, short and fat. He says he seldom receives letters from eligible co-eds—Damn it!

Likes Buster Keaton, Ann Harding and George Arliss in the movies. His favorite radio stars include The Revelers, Boswell Sisters, Howard Barlow, The "Colonel" and Budd, Adele Vasa and Ann Leaf. He believes that radio

THE author of this series which *Radio Digest* has christened "Silhouettes" has been closely identified with the growth of radio broadcasting for a number of years. Mr. Craig's acquaintance with radio notables has been more than casual. He gives you an intimate profile of each one, as one friend sees another. We are looking forward to a book on the romance of the growth of radio which Mr. Craig has written and which soon will be issued from the press. Craig B. Craig is known in the financial district as managing editor of the *Financial Digest*.



Louis Dean, WABC announcer, began life in a little Alabama town . . . but he had big ideas, and has made good on the Big Chain

will eventually be directed to supplying electrical energy as well as entertain-

ment—The future home entertainment lies in the development of television. But this will not be for five years at least.

High strung. Not temperamental, but gets annoyed if things don't go right. Lightning makes him uneasy if it's near. Thunder'll make him jump. Yet he'll sleep right through the worst storm. Dusk has a tendency to make him contemplative.

Chicken—his favorite dish. Drinks loads of buttermilk, also brandy and soda, but not loads—Has a special recipe for that late snack. Here it is. Cover a slightly fried egg (one side) with strips of bacon and cheese. A dash of Worcestershire—paprika. Put the works on a slice of bread and toast in the oven till brown.

He calls dancing a sport. Maybe he's right. Anyway it's his favorite diversion, with golf next and then bridge. From others I've heard that his Rumba dance is just *too bad*—Reads lots. Fiction, biography and music. Prefers Hergesheimer, Emil Ludwig and Mark Twain.

Likes people who have attained success and still retain their human qualities. Names Bruce Barton as a typical example—According to him, women's greatest charm is their ability to choose and wear correctly the proper apparel. A man to be okeh must have a big heart. This covers a multitude of shortcomings.

Doesn't claim to be descended from any famous personages. But understands that one of his ancestors was a noted horse-thief in England, back in the 16th century.

Not superstitious. But always places the mike on his right side, due to a slight obstruction in his left nostril.

Has a pet aversion to café pests who are just drunk enough to be chummy. Those who always horn in on your party. Has another pet peeve—motorcycles.

His hobby—Women—interesting women. (To blazes with the men). He's single but all for married life. Thinks it would be great provided all things were equal. Would like to have less night work before seriously considering

(Continued on page 96)

Sporting Mothers

*Summed up, They Are Good-natured, Sacrificing
Self-controlled, Tactful and Uncomplaining*

By Mrs. John S. Reilly

IN THE season when everybody is being an addict of a particular sport, mothers are turning their thoughts and efforts to what might be called "sporting mothers."

I'm not by way of meaning when I speak of sporting mothers that they're necessarily the kind that wield a knowing niblick or smite a tennis ball on the rise, or even swim the Hudson River. I've collected some reflections and conclusions about the sporting qualities of mothers I've observed—and I'm happy to tell you now all my thoughts along these lines.

I maintain that every mother should have a plenty of sporting blood in her. She needs it, because she's constantly finding herself in situations where, if she were not a good sport, she'd certainly make a fizzle of things. Just as one example of what I mean, you take the interruption in a mother's day. Can she ever sit down to work or sew or read quietly for a few minutes? I should say not! One interruption after another—children tumbling in to ask breathless questions: "Can I do this, c'n I do that? Mummy where's this. Ma where's that?" Children wanting endless attention—a baby crying when he ought to be asleep—a cut finger or a scraped knee—a ripped trouser or a bottle of ink spilled—a pair of rubbers to pull on or pants to be buttoned—for a mother's life is just one blinking interruption after another!

SHE can't even cook or wash or clean in peace except when the children are asleep or at school—their every waking moment at home is overflowing with interruptions. Well, where does her sporting blood come in? Just in the way she accepts these interruptions. If, instead of becoming irritated and cross when her work and her leisure are constantly cut in upon, she remains unruffled, good-natured and serene, that mother is a good sport. She realizes that as a mother her time naturally belongs to her children, and she ac-

cepts her obligation cheerfully. It's all part of the game. She acknowledges it and plays the game according to the rules, without complaint, in the true sporting spirit.

Here's another instance of my idea of a sporting mother.

Jackie, aged seven, had lately learned the fearful joy of climbing trees. He loved breath-taking heights. He was enchanted with dangerous perches, he

MRS. REILLY has been broadcasting advice to mothers over the Columbia Broadcasting System and local stations for many months. Here is no theoretical knowledge. Her advice is practicable for she has followed it in bringing up seven growing children. In this article Mrs. Reilly dwells upon the qualities that go to making up the Sporting Mother. The term applied to those sitting around from one tea party to another and seeking incessant amusement is no longer warranted.

chose the slimmest and most insecure branches to swing upon—or at least so it seemed to his distracted mother. Her heart was in her mouth a hundred times a day as she watched him without letting him know he was observed. She was really miserable about him, but did she show her fear or at any time stop his rightful enjoyment?

The rules of the game say, implicitly at least, that we must never show our yellow streaks—we must always wear a gay and dauntless countenance, come what may. No matter how weak and scared we are interiorly, to the observer we must appear unperturbed. The most precious thing in her life was exposing him, there before her very

eyes, to danger, but this mother knew that upon her attitude would depend some of his most important reactions later on. She knew that if she shrieked at him or nagged at him or showed her own great nervousness, she might easily turn him from a fine courageous boy into a timorous, fearful mouse of a child—and what would be the result upon his manhood? She knew that if she put a stop to his initiative, placed herself in the way of his manly progress now, he might one day lack the will and resourcefulness and persistence which are necessary for a successful man. She didn't want her son to grow up weak and cowardly and spineless, so she set him an example of fearlessness and self-control now when lifelong impressions are being made upon his sensitive soul. And I'd call her a grand sport!

Of course even our most intrepid tree-climbing sons may profit by a little prudent advice—a little training in the selection of limbs which will safely bear their weight—but it's the way you do it, my dear mother, that counts. "Jackie, don't you dare climb that tree. Come down this minute. You'll fall and break your neck." True, doubtless, and natural—but not a very tactful way to call upon your son's instant obedience. It won't make him any more cautious, because you've interfered with some of the best fun he's ever had. You've been a spoil-sport. You've ruined the game. He'll do it again when you're not looking. But here's the really clever mother. "What Jackie—climbing trees? Mercy but you're getting grown-up. We must tell Dad. He was no mean tree climber when he was a boy—used to be the champion of the block. But he always said that real tree climbers were the fellows who knew a good strong branch when they saw it. If you ever fell you could never be champion again. Let's see if you know how to pick the sturdy branches. That one? No sir—that would scarcely hold a bird, let alone a boy! That's a better one—the kind of branch a champion would climb on."

(Continued on page 93)

Etiquette and Her Moods

By Ida Bailey Allen

THE author of this article invites Readers of *Radio Digest* to send in questions on etiquette. These will be answered in Mrs. Allen's weekly radio talks over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Send your request to Woman's Feature Editor, *Radio Digest*, 420 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

IT ISN'T my purpose to attempt any scholarly account of the growth of manners. But as President of the National Radio Home Makers Club, I have received innumerable letters asking me all sorts of questions concerning the proper way to do almost everything; and I'm going to try to answer a few of them.

First, it might be interesting to review some of the customs of our ancestors in order to compare them with our own. The old Anglo-Saxons, far from being boors, had a very carefully worked out set of strict customs which they followed religiously. Eating, for instance, was quite as much a ceremony with them as it is with the modern epicure.

The first thing they had brought to the table was the salt-cellar, which symbolized hospitality; above it was the place of honor, and no one could determine his own seat until the salt-cellar indicated the most desirable spot. Next were brought in the silver dishes and small loaves of cross-marked bread—but no eating utensils of any sort; the guests provided their own.

Banquetters in those days nonchalantly tossed all refuse on the floor where it was quickly gobbled up by a whole army of dogs and cats and was kept there for just this purpose. There were but two cardinal crimes in the *Book of Courtesy*: stroking a dog or cat while at table, and picking one's teeth with a knife!

A clean tablecloth denoted social dis-

tinction. It functioned both as table cover and as napkin, for the guests freely wiped their hands on it. People ate from trenchers, a single trough serving from two to four persons. Yet even under these conditions, a lady could be dainty. Chaucer's Prioress never let a morsel fall to her breast, never wet her fingers too deep in the sauce, and left no grease in her cup.

In the 18th Century, an entire banquet might consist of nothing but sweetmeats. The host laid the table according to a neatly ordered diagram: in the center, he placed a large pineapple, rented for the occasion. If some impetuous soul was inconsiderate enough to ask for a slice of the rare delicacy, the butler would tactfully reply, "The flavor of the peach is choice." Whereupon the guest received a peach for his pains.

QUEEN Elizabeth was quite the grandest diner of all. To spread her tablecloth, she required two gentlemen, one bearing a rod and the other the cloth. They would majestically enter the banquet hall, kneel thrice, lay down the cloth and wait while two more gorgeously appressed gentlemen, one brandishing another rod and the second holding aloft the salt-cellar, the plates, and the bread, marched in to kneel three times before the table as their predecessors had done. After the table was set, an unmarried duchess entered clad in white and displaying the tasting knife: accompanying her was a married woman, and both prostrated themselves before the table. Next they rubbed the



Even the wee view of this table reveals the simple note emphasized in modern table settings—and Mrs. Allen knows.

plates and bread with salt.

Only a company of Yeomen of the Guard sufficed to carry the actual food into the room—twenty-four dishes for one queen! Because of Elizabeth's excessive dread of being poisoned, every soldier was compelled to take a mouthful of whatever he had brought in.

ALL this time, the blare of twelve trumpets and two kettledrums was being heard, and to the tune of this music a swarm of young unmarried ladies now began to transport the food from the original table to the Queen's private chamber. What Elizabeth failed to eat had to be consumed by this cortege—just in order to relieve the Queen's mind about that poisoning.

Presiding over this lavish and complicated ceremony was the Officer of the Mouth, whose cardinal instructions were to "set never on fish, flesh, beast, or fowl more than two fingers and a thumb." This was the prime rule of table etiquette, but Elizabeth, being above the law, could and did pick up many a drum stick in her fist and gnaw it! Of course she had forks—three of them, but it was easier to eat as our children often are scolded for doing.

A few years later, when the Italians introduced forks as regular tableware

(Continued on page 89)

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific Eastern Central Mountain Pacific Eastern Central Mountain Pacific Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas—(Daily except Sun.)

REIS AND DUNN—(Mon. and Wed. 7:30 Sat.)

SWIFT PROGRAM—The Stebbins Boys—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Peppercorn—(Daily except Sun.)

MYRT AND MARGE—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

1945 p.m. on following stations:

BING CROSBY—(Daily except Sun.)

TASTYEST JESTERS—(Daily except Sun.)

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man—(Daily except Sun.)

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—(Tues. and Thurs.)

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

ESSO PROGRAM—(Wed. and Fri.)

THE GOLDBERGS—(Daily except Sun.)

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—(Tues.)

CREMO PROGRAM—(Daily ex. Sun.)

GOODYEAR PROGRAM—(Tues. and Sat.)

LA PALINA PRESENTS KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC—(Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.)

7:30 p.m. on following stations:

RUSS COLUMBO AND HIS ORCHES-TRA—(Tues., Wed. and Sat.)

LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHES-TRA—(Tues., Thurs., Sat.)

PARIS NIGHT LIFE—(Tues. and Thurs.)

CLARA, LU AND 'EM—(Daily except Sun. and Mon.)

SLUMBER MUSIC—(Daily except Sun.)

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Peppercorn—(Daily except Sun.)

CREMO PROGRAM—(Daily ex. Sun.)

STREET SINGER—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas—(Daily except Sun.)

GEORGE OLSEN AND HIS ORCHES-TRA—(Daily except Sun.)

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—(Thurs. and Sat.)

MORNING MUSICALS—(Daily except Sun.)

LAND O' MAKE BELIEVE—(Daily except Sun.)

N. B. C.'S CHILDREN'S HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

10:00 a.m. on following stations:

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—(Daily except Sun.)

SOUTHLAND SKETCHES—(Daily except Sun.)

TROIKA BELLS—(Daily except Sun.)

COMMUNITY CENTER MUSIC RECITAL—(Daily except Sun.)

JULIA MAHONEY AND CHARLES CARLISLE—(Daily except Sun.)

RUSSIAN SINGERS—(Daily except Sun.)

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—(Daily except Sun.)

VOICE OF ST. LOUIS—(Daily except Sun.)

SPARKLETS—(Daily except Sun.)

OLD FASHIONED HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—(Daily except Sun.)

CAFE BUDAPESTH—(Daily except Sun.)

CATHEDRAL HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

SENTINELS OF THE REPUBLIC—(Daily except Sun.)

N. B. C. SYMPHONIC HOUR—Walter Damrosch

OLD COMPANY'S PROGRAM—(Daily except Sun.)

SONS OF ELI—(Daily except Sun.)

SUNDAY BRIGHT SPOT—(Daily except Sun.)

CARELESS LOVE—(Daily except Sun.)

YEAH FOAMERS—(Daily except Sun.)

MOONSHINE AND HONEYUCKLE—(Daily except Sun.)

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—(Daily except Sun.)

Sunday

Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list of stations has been corrected from the latest authentic sources. However, station managers are invited to report any inaccuracies.—EDITOR

K

- KABC.....San Antonio, Tex.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KABK.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—136.9 m.
- KAPB.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KATM.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KCBK.....Enid, Okla.
100 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KCHJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.—193.5 m.
- KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—225.0 m.
- KDFN.....Carper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—990 kc.—148.5 m.
- KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
1000 w.—1290 kc.—193.5 m.
- KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—208.5 m.
- KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
300 w.—790 kc.—118.5 m.
- KEK.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—1410 kc.—206.5 m.
- KFAD.....Lincoln, Nebr.
2500 w.—770 kc.—115.5 m.
- KFBH.....Great Falls, Mont.
2500 w.—1280 kc.—192.0 m.
- KFBI.....Milford, Kans.
500 w.—1030 kc.—154.5 m.
- KFRK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—196.5 m.
- KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
50 w.—1370 kc.—205.5 m.
- KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas
1000 w.—550 kc.—82.5 m.
- KFDY.....Bendigo, S. D.
500 w.—550 kc.—82.5 m.
- KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—620 kc.—93.0 m.
- KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—680 kc.—102.0 m.
- KFGD.....Boone, Iowa
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KFHN.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—195.0 m.
- KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
50,000 w.—680 kc.—102.0 m.
- KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1220 kc.—183.0 m.
- KFJU.....Juneau, Alaska
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KFJZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
100 w.—1120 kc.—167.0 m.
- KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa
500 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—196.5 m.
- KFKA.....Greeter, Colo.
500 w.—890 kc.—133.5 m.
- KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
500 w.—1220 kc.—183.0 m.
- KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—153.0 m.
- KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.—211.5 m.
- KFLX.....Galveston, Texas
100 w.—1270 kc.—191.0 m.
- KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—187.5 m.
- KFNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—890 kc.—133.5 m.
- KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—187.5 m.
- KFEI.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—196.5 m.
- KFFM.....Greenville, Texas
15 w.—1310 kc.—196.5 m.
- KFFW.....Fort Smith, Ark.
50 w.—1340 kc.—201.0 m.
- KFFY.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1340 kc.—201.0 m.
- KFGD.....Anchorage, Alaska
100 w.—1230 kc.—184.5 m.
- KFGU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KFHC.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—410 kc.—61.5 m.
- KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—620 kc.—93.0 m.
- KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
1000 w.—600 kc.—89.0 m.
- KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—167.0 m.
- KFTL.....Galveston, Texas
500 w.—1290 kc.—193.5 m.
- KFTU.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—530 kc.—79.5 m.
- KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KFVU.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.—150.0 m.
- KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KFWR.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—142.5 m.
- KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1290 kc.—193.5 m.
- KFWI.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—139.5 m.
- KFXD.....Nampa, Idaho
20 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KFXF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—620 kc.—93.0 m.
- KFXJ.....Grand Junction, Colo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KFXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KFZR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1310 kc.—196.5 m.
- KFYX.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KFYV.....Arlene, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
1000 w.—530 kc.—79.5 m.
- KGAA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—214.5 m.
- KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
100 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KGH.....San Diego, Calif.
500 w.—1330 kc.—199.5 m.
- KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—135.0 m.
- KGDX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—196.5 m.
- KGEB.....Yuk, Nebr.
500 w.—900 kc.—135.0 m.
- KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
50 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1240 kc.—186.0 m.
- KGCC.....Wolf Point, Mont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—200.5 m.
- KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
100 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—165.0 m.
- KGDY.....Huron, S. C.
100 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KGEP.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—195.0 m.
- KGEE.....Yuma, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KGEE.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1260 kc.—190.5 m.
- KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KGEE.....Kallispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—196.5 m.
- KGFF.....Shawnee, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KGFG.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—201.0 m.
- KGFI.....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—225.0 m.
- KGFL.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KGFK.....Moorhead, Minn.
50 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KGFL.....Rahm, N. M.
50 w.—1370 kc.—200.5 m.
- KGFW.....Revere, Nebr.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—500 kc.—75.0 m.
- KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KGGP.....South Coffeyville, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—151.5 m.
- KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
250 w.—1230 kc.—184.5 m.
- KGHP.....Pueblo, Colo.
250 w.—1220 kc.—183.0 m.
- KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
1000 w.—910 kc.—136.5 m.
- KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
500 w.—1500 kc.—225.0 m.
- KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KGIZ.....Grant City, Mo.
100 w.—1500 kc.—225.0 m.
- KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—225.0 m.
- KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
250 w.—710 kc.—106.5 m.
- KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—225.0 m.
- KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—198.0 m.
- KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KGNF.....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KGOW.....San Francisco, Calif.
2500 w.—790 kc.—118.5 m.
- KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—208.5 m.
- KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—138.0 m.
- KGVO.....Missoula, Mont.
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—93.0 m.
- KGWY.....Lacey, Wash.
10 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—135.0 m.
- KHO.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—900 kc.—135.0 m.
- KHJ.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KHJ.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1220 kc.—183.0 m.
- KHJ.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1230 kc.—184.5 m.
- KHJ.....Yakima, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—200.5 m.
- KHJ.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—160.5 m.
- KHJ.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—970 kc.—145.5 m.
- KHJ.....Blytheville, Ark.
50 w.—1290 kc.—193.5 m.
- KHJ.....Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.—210.0 m.
- KHJ.....Minto, N. D.
100 w.—1240 kc.—186.0 m.
- KHJ.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—195.0 m.
- KHJ.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—216.0 m.
- KHJ.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—132.0 m.
- KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—500 kc.—75.0 m.
- KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
500 w.—930 kc.—139.5 m.
- KMAC.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—201.0 m.
- KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—142.5 m.
- KMCS.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—167.0 m.
- KMED.....Medford, Oregon
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KMLB.....Monroe, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—109.0 m.
- KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—660 kc.—99.0 m.
- KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
50,000 w.—1000 kc.—150.0 m.
- KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
100 w.—710 kc.—106.5 m.
- KMTE.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—85.5 m.
- KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
50,000 w.—1050 kc.—157.5 m.
- KOA.....Denver, Colo.
50,000 w.—830 kc.—124.5 m.
- KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—110 kc.—16.5 m.
- KOH.....State College, N. M.
50,000 w.—1180 kc.—177.0 m.
- KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
250 w.—1400 kc.—210.0 m.
- KOH.....Reno, Nev.
500 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KOH.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—189.0 m.
- KOH.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—138.0 m.
- KOH.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—138.0 m.
- KONO.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KOV.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KPCR.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—430 kc.—64.5 m.
- KPFM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1300 kc.—195.0 m.
- KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
10,000 w.—680 kc.—102.0 m.
- KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—132.0 m.
- KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
50 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KPO.....Wenatchee, Wash.
50 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KPRC.....Houston, Texas
1000 w.—820 kc.—123.0 m.
- KOV.....Fittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—207.0 m.
- KOW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—151.5 m.
- KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—225.0 m.
- KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—189.0 m.
- KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—156.0 m.
- KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
50 w.—1310 kc.—196.5 m.
- KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
100 w.—520 kc.—78.0 m.
- KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
50 w.—120 kc.—18.0 m.
- KNAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
500 w.—580 kc.—87.0 m.
- KNSJ.....Sioux City, Iowa
1000 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—82.5 m.
- KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—500 kc.—75.0 m.
- KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
50,000 w.—1130 kc.—169.5 m.
- KSMH.....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1280 kc.—192.0 m.
- KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2500 w.—1110 kc.—166.5 m.
- KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
15,000 w.—1460 kc.—219.0 m.
- KTAB.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—550 kc.—82.5 m.
- KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—620 kc.—93.0 m.
- KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—186.0 m.
- KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—195.0 m.
- KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1400 kc.—210.0 m.
- KTPA.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1220 kc.—183.0 m.
- KTBS.....Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—156.0 m.
- KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—700 kc.—105.0 m.
- KTN.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—175.5 m.
- KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—167.0 m.
- KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
1000 w.—1290 kc.—193.5 m.
- KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—196.5 m.
- KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—183.0 m.
- KUJ.....Walla Walla, Wash.
100 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KUDA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—202.5 m.
- KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
500 w.—890 kc.—133.5 m.
- KUT.....Austin, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—225.0 m.
- KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—780 kc.—117.0 m.
- KVI.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KVGA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—189.0 m.
- KVGO.....Tulsa, Okla.
25,000 w.—1140 kc.—171.0 m.
- KVOR.....Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—196.5 m.
- KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—181.5 m.
- KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—180.0 m.
- KWJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1000 kc.—150.0 m.
- KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—202.5 m.
- KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KWHD.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—127.5 m.
- KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—190.5 m.
- KWSC.....Pulaski, Wash.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—183.0 m.
- KWWG.....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—189.0 m.
- KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—770 kc.—115.5 m.
- KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—225.0 m.
- KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash.
100 w.—1310 kc.—196.5 m.
- KXYZ.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—213.0 m.
- KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—184.5 m.
- KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—153.0 m.

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Occupation _____ Age _____

W

WAAB.....Boston, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill. 50 w.—1070 kc.—230.2 m.	WEPS.....Worcester, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHDL.....Tupper Lake, N. Y. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.3 m.	WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala. 100 w.—1210 kc.—228.9 m.
WAAP.....Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—920 kc.—225.9 m.	WCBA.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	WEVD.....New York City 500 w.—1390 kc.—230.8 m.	WHEC-WABO Rochester, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.1 m.	WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—240 m. 2000 w. until local sunset.	WCBD.....Zion, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.	WEW.....St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.	WHFC.....Cicero, Ill. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—217.3 m.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J. 300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WCBM.....Baltimore, Md. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m. 250 w. until local sunset.	WEXL.....Royal Oak, Mich. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WHHS.....Blueneth, W. Va. 250 w.—1400 kc.—212.8 m.	WKBI.....Chicago, Ill. 150 w.—1420 kc.—211.3 m.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr. 500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.	WCBS.....Springfield, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WFAA.....Dallas, Texas 59,000 w.—500 kc.—374.8 m.	WHN.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.	WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio 500 w.—370 kc.—326 m.
WABC.....New York City 50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.	WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn. 10,000 w.—810 kc.—376.2 m.	WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.	WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WABL.....Bangor, Me. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WCDA.....New York City 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WFBN.....Knoxville, Tenn. 59 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHIP.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	WKBV.....Connersville, Ind. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WCFL.....Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—920 kc.—309.1 m.	WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WIAT.....Ottumwa, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y. 500 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
WACO.....Waco, Texas 1000 w.—1340 kc.—241.8 m.	WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WFBG.....Altoona, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—229 m.	WIAS.....Madison, Wis. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.4 m.	WKBZ.....Ludington, Mich. 50 w.—1560 kc.—199.9 m.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio 1000 w.—1330 kc.—227.1 m.	WCHI.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.	WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.	WIBR.....Elkins Park, Pa. 25 w.—930 kc.—332.4 m.	WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WAGM.....Presque Isle, Me. 100 w.—1430 kc.—211.3 m.	WCKY.....Covington, Ky. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.3 m.	WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.	WIBM.....Jackson, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio 1000 w.—550 kc.—345.1 m.
WAHU.....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—440 kc.—468.5 m.	WCLO.....Janesville, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WFRR.....Baltimore, Md. 500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.	WIBO.....Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.—560 kc.—315.4 m.	WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 1000 w.—500 kc.—333.1 m.
WALK.....Zanesville, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WCLS.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WFDF.....Flint, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WIBU.....Poyndette, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WKZO.....Berrien Springs, Mich. 1000 w.—590 kc.—308.2 m.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala. 25,000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.	WCMA.....Culver, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas 1000 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.	WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.	WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla. 500 w.—1340 kc.—237.7 m.	WFDW.....Anniston, Ala. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WIBX.....Utica, N. Y. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WLAP.....Louisville, Ky. 100 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
WAWZ.....Zarensath, N. J. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WCOC.....Meridian, Miss. 500 w.—890 kc.—349.7 m.	WFEA.....Manchester, N. H. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.8 m.	WIBZ.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WLBC.....Muncie, Ind. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBAW.....W. Lafayette, Ind. 500 w.—1460 kc.—214.2 m.	WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WFGH.....Altoona, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	WLBF.....Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.	WCOH.....Yorkers, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WLBG.....Petersburg, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md. 10,000 w.—1060 kc.—382.8 m.	WCRW.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	250 w. until local sunset.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas 50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.	WCSC.....Charlestown, S. C. 500 w.—1360 kc.—230.6 m.	WFLA-WFSUN, Clearwater, Fla. 1000 w.—630 kc.—481.6 m.	WILL.....Urbana, Ill. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.	250 w. until local sunset.
WBAX.....Wilkes Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WCSH.....Portland, Me. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WFOX.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WILH.....Stevens Point, Wis. 2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WDAE.....Tampa, Fla. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—245.8 m.	WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WILM.....Wilmington, Del. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WBRL.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.	WGAR.....Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—250.6 m.
WBBM-WJBT.....Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.	WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas 1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	WDAH.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WIBC.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WIS.....Columbia, S. C. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WDAY.....Fargo, N. D. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WIBF.....Evansville, Ind. 500 w.—630 kc.—473.9 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va. 250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.	WIBL.....Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—890 kc.—349.7 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBN.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.	WDBO.....Orlando, Fla. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	WIBS.....New York City 500 w.—1180 kc.—254.2 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr. 1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WBEO.....Marquette, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WDEL.....Wilmington, Dela. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	WIGM.....Gulfport, Miss. 500 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJAK.....Elkhart, Ind. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WDFW.....Glens Falls, N. Y. 50 w.—1270 kc.—218.7 m.	WDEV.....Waterbury, Vt. 50 w.—1420 kc.—211.3 m.	WIGP.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJAR.....Providence, R. I. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WDRB.....Greensboro, N. C. 1000 w.—1440 kc.—206.3 m.	WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.	WIGO.....York, Pa. 1000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	400 w. until local sunset.
WBRS.....Quincy, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.3 m.	WDIX.....Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WIGS.....Chicago 500 w.—1360 kc.—233.4 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJAT.....Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	WDOG.....Chattanooga, Tenn. 1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WIGL.....Newport News, Va. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WBND.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WDRC.....Hartford, Conn. 500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.	WIGT.....Fort Wayne, Ind. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WBQ.....New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.	WDSD.....New Orleans, La. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WIGN.....Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—418.4 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJBC.....La Salle, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.	WIGR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.	WFAF.....New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.	WIGST.....Atlanta, Ga. 250 w.—890 kc.—349.7 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJBK.....Highland Park, Mich. 50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBRE.....Wilkes Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WFAI.....Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—218.7 m.	WIGY.....Scheneady, N. Y. 50,000 w.—790 kc.—373.5 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJBL.....Decatur, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBSS.....Needham, Mass. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.	WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.	WIA.....Madison, Wis. 750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJBO.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WRT.....Charlotte, N. C. 23,000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.	WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.	WIAD.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJBT-WBBM.....Glenview, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WBTM.....Danville, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	WFAO.....Columbus, Ohio 750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	WIAM.....Rochester, N. Y. 50,000 w.—1180 kc.—267.7 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBZ.....Boston, Mass. 25,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.	WFCB.....Superior, Wis. 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.	WIAP.....New York City 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.8 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJBW.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBZA.....Springfield, Mass. 1000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.	WBDJ.....Harrisburg, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WIAS.....Louisville, Ky. 25,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.—492.7 m.	WBEK.....Buffalo, N. Y. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WIAT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJDX.....Jackson, Miss. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y. 500 w.—1230 kc.—245.8 m.	WBEW.....Buffalo, N. Y. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WIHA.....Troy, N. Y. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.8 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJFD.....Moonheart, Ill. 20,000 w.—1130 kc.—285.1 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—245.8 m.	WBEH.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WIH.....Kansas City, Mo. 500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJFS.....Gary, Ind. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	WBEI.....Erie, Pa. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WIHC.....Canton, Ohio 10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	1250 w. until local sunset.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr. 500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.	WBEK.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.	WIBD.....Bellevue, Ohio 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJR.....Detroit, Mich. 10,000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WBEU.....Reading, Pa. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.	WIBF.....Rock Island, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJSV.....Mt. Vernon Hills, Va. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J. 500 w.—1230 kc.—245.8 m.	WBEW.....Reading, Pa. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.	WIBL.....Sheboygan, Wis. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJTL.....Oglethorpe University, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.—219 m.
WCAN.....Canton, N. Y. 500 w.—1230 kc.—245.8 m.	WBEW.....Reading, Pa. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.	WIBO.....Memphis, Tenn. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WBEW.....Reading, Pa. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.	WIBU.....Anderson, Ind. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WJZ.....New York City 30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WBEW.....Reading, Pa. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.	WIBY.....Green Bay, Wis. 100 w.—1300 kc.—249.9 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa. 50,000 w.—1170 kc.—356.1 m.	WBEW.....Reading, Pa. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.	WIBD.....Calumet, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.	500 w. until local sunset.	WKB.....E. Lansing, Mich. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—268.3 m.

WMPC...Lanser, Mich.
100 w-1500 kc-199.9 m.
WMHJ...Jamaica, N. Y.
100 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
WMSG...New York, N. Y.
250 w-1350 kc-222.1 m.
WMT...Waterloo, Iowa
500 w-600 kc-499.7 m.
WNAZ...Boston, Mass.
1000 w-1230 kc-243.8 m.
WNSD...Norman, Okla.
500 w-1010 kc-236.8 m.
WNAZ...Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w-570 kc-320 m.
WBBF...Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w-1200 kc-199.9 m.
WBBH...New Bedford, Mass.
100 w-1310 kc-229.9 m.
WNDO...Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w-1200 kc-249.9 m.
WNBK...Memphis, Tenn.
500 w-1430 kc-207.7 m.
WNBW...Carbondale, Pa.
10 w-1200 kc-249.9 m.
WNBX...Springfield, Va.
10 w-1200 kc-249.9 m.
WNBZ...Sarasota Lake, N. Y.
50 w-1200 kc-242.6 m.
WNJ...Newark, N. J.
250 w-1450 kc-236.8 m.
WNOX...Knoxville, Tenn.
1000 w-560 kc-335.4 m.
2000 w-until local sunset.
WNYC...New York, N. Y.
500 w-810 kc-340 m.
WOAI...San Antonio, Tex.
50,000 w-1150 kc-252 m.
WOAX...Tranton, N. J.
500 w-2200 kc-254.2 m.
WOBW...Charleston, W. Va.
210 w-840 kc-316.9 m.
500 w-until local sunset.
WOC...Davenport, Iowa
5000 w-1000 kc-299.5 m.
WOCL...Jamestown, N. Y.
50 w-1210 kc-247.6 m.
WODA...Paterson, N. J.
1000 w-1230 kc-239.9 m.
WODX...Mobile, Ala.
500 w-1410 kc-212.6 m.
WOL...Ames, Iowa
5000 w-640 kc-405.5 m.
WOKO...Albany, N. Y.
500 w-1440 kc-208.3 m.
WOL...Washington, D. C.
100 w-1310 kc-329.9 m.
WOMT...Mariontown, Wis.
100 w-1210 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.
WOO...Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w-1300 kc-230.6 m.
WOR...Newark, N. J.
50,000 w-710 kc-422.3 m.
WORC...Worcester, Mass.
100 w-1200 kc-243.8 m.
WOS...Jefferson City, Mo.
500 w-630 kc-423.9 m.
WOW...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-1150 kc-258.5 m.
WPAD...Paducah, Ky.
100 w-1430 kc-211.1 m.
WPAP...New York, N. Y.
250 w-1010 kc-297 m.
WPAW...Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
WPCC...Chicago, Ill.
500 w-560 kc-335.4 m.
WPCB...New York City
500 w-810 kc-340 m.
WPHN...Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w-1500 kc-199.9 m.
250 w-until local sunset.
WPI...Atlantic City, N. J.
5000 w-1100 kc-272.6 m.
WPOE...Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w-1370 kc-218.7 m.
WPR...Norfolk, Va.
500 w-780 kc-384.4 m.
WPRO...Providence, R. I.
100 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
WPSC...State College, Pa.
300 w-1230 kc-243.8 m.
WPTF...Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w-660 kc-440.9 m.
WQAM...Miami, Fla.
1000 w-560 kc-335.4 m.
WQAN...Scranton, Pa.
250 w-800 kc-340.7 m.
WQAO...New York, N. Y.
250 w-1010 kc-297 m.
WQBC...Vicksburg, Miss.
500 w-1360 kc-238.4 m.
WQDM...St. Albans, Va.
100 w-1370 kc-218.7 m.
WQDX...Thomasville, Ga.
100 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
WRAC...Williamsport, Pa.
100 w-1370 kc-218.7 m.
WRAM...Wilmington, N. C.
100 w-1370 kc-218.7 m.

WRAX...Philadelphia, Pa.
230 w-1020 kc-203.9 m.
WRAW...Reading, Pa.
100 w-1310 kc-229.9 m.
WRBJ...Hattiesburg, Miss.
10 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
WRBO...Greenville, Miss.
100 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
250 w-until local sunset.
WRBX...Roanoke, Va.
250 w-1410 kc-212.6 m.
WRC...Washington, D. C.
300 w-930 kc-315.6 m.
WRDO...Augusta, Maine
100 w-1370 kc-218.7 m.
WRDW...Augusta, Ga.
100 w-1500 kc-199.9 m.
WREC...Memphis, Tenn.
500 w-600 kc-499.7 m.
1000 w-until local sunset.
WREN...Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w-1230 kc-243.8 m.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w-1210 kc-240 m.
WRIN...Racine, Wis.
100 w-1370 kc-218.7 m.
WRNY...New York City
250 w-1010 kc-296.8 m.
WROL...Knoxville, Tenn.
100 w-1310 kc-329.9 m.
WRR...Dallas, Texas
500 w-1280 kc-234.2 m.
WRUP...Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w-830 kc-341.2 m.
WRVA...Richmond, Va.
5000 w-1170 kc-270.1 m.
WSAL...Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w-1330 kc-225.8 m.
1000 w-until local sunset.
WSAJ...Greenville, Pa.
100 w-1310 kc-228.9 m.
WSAN...Albion, Pa.
210 w-1440 kc-208.3 m.
WSAR...Fall River, Mass.
250 w-1430 kc-208.3 m.
WSAZ...Huntington, W. Va.
210 w-840 kc-316.9 m.
WSB...Atlanta, Ga.
50,000 w-740 kc-405.2 m.
WSBC...Chicago, Ill.
100 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
WSBT...South Bend, Ind.
500 w-1230 kc-243.8 m.
WSEN...Columbus, Ohio
100 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
WSFA...Montgomery, Ala.
500 w-1410 kc-212.6 m.
WSIX...Springfield, Tenn.
100 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
WSJL...Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w-1210 kc-228.9 m.
WSM...Nashville, Tenn.
50,000 w-630 kc-401.3 m.
WSMB...New Orleans, La.
500 w-1320 kc-227.1 m.
WSMK...Dayton, Ohio
200 w-1300 kc-217.3 m.
WSOC...Gastonia, N. C.
100 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
WSPA...Spartanburg, S. C.
100 w-1420 kc-211.1 m.
250 w-until local sunset.
WSPD...Toledo, Ohio
1000 w-1340 kc-223.7 m.
WSUL...Iowa City, Iowa
500 w-880 kc-340.7 m.
WSUN-WFLA...Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w-620 kc-413.6 m.
2500 w-until local sunset.
WSSS...Buffalo, N. Y.
50 w-1370 kc-218.7 m.
WSYB...Rutland, Vt.
100 w-1300 kc-199.9 m.
WSYR...Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w-570 kc-376 m.
WTAD...Quincy, Ill.
500 w-1440 kc-208.3 m.
WTAG...Worcester, Mass.
250 w-580 kc-376.9 m.
WTAM...Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w-1070 kc-280.2 m.
WTAQ...East Clark, Wis.
1000 w-1330 kc-225.4 m.
WTAR...Norfolk, Va.
500 w-780 kc-384.4 m.
WTAW...College Station, Tex.
500 w-1150 kc-258.5 m.
WTAX...Springfield, Ill.
100 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
WTBO...Cumberland, Md.
100 w-1420 kc-211.1 m.
250 w-until local sunset.
WTEL...Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w-1310 kc-229.9 m.
WTFE...Toledo, Ga.
500 w-1450 kc-208.3 m.
WTFIC...Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w-1050 kc-282.8 m.
WTJS...Jackson, Tenn.
100 w-1210 kc-225 m.
250 w-until local sunset.
WTMJ...Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w-620 kc-413.6 m.
2300 w-until local sunset.

WTOC...Savannah, Ga.
300 w-1260 kc-238 m.
WTSI...Laurel, Miss.
100 w-1310 kc-229.9 m.
WVAE...Hammond, Ind.
100 w-1210 kc-240 m.
WVJ...Detroit, Mich.
1000 w-920 kc-325.3 m.
WVW...New Orleans, La.
5000 w-830 kc-341.2 m.
WVWC...Asheville, N. C.
1000 w-570 kc-320 m.
WVWL...Woodbine, N. Y.
100 w-1500 kc-199.9 m.
WVSW...Pittsburgh, Pa.
100 w-1500 kc-199.9 m.
WVVA...Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w-1160 kc-250.3 m.
WVYZ...Detroit, Mich.
1000 w-1240 kc-241.3 m.

CKGW-CPRV...Ontario, Ont.
5000 w-840 kc-357.9 m.
CKLC-CHCT-CNRO...Red Deer, Alberta
1000 w-840 kc-357 m.
CKMC...Cohasset, Ont.
707 w-1210 kc-240 m.
CKSO...Vancouver, B. C.
50 w-730 kc-411 m.
CKNC...Toronto, Ont.
500 w-960 kc-312.3 m.
CKOC...Hamilton, Ont.
1000 w-630 kc-415.9 m.
CKPC...Fredericton, Ont.
50 w-880 kc-340.7 m.
CKPR...Midland, Ont.
50 w-1120 kc-267.7 m.
CKUA...Edmonton, Alta.
500 w-580 kc-517 m.
CKWX...Vancouver, B. C.
100 w-730 kc-411 m.
CKX...Brandon, Manitoba
500 w-540 kc-355.6 m.
CKV-CNRW...Winnipeg, Man.
3000 w-730 kc-411 m.
CKRA...Moncton, N. B.
1000 w-630 kc-415.9 m.
CKRO...Ottawa
500 w-600 kc-300 m.
CKRV...Vancouver, B. C.
500 w-1030 kc-291 m.

CBMP...Havana
15 w-1500 kc-300 m.
CBMO...Mariano
50 w-1000 kc-199.9 m.
CBMR...Havana
15 w-1300 kc-200 m.
CBMS...Havana
150 w-700 kc-300 m.
CBMT...Havana
150 w-1070 kc-200 m.
CBMW...Mariano
150 w-1010 kc-297 m.
CBMX...Havana
30 w-1405 kc-213 m.
CBMY...Havana
100 w-1220 kc-245.8 m.
CBMZ...Havana
150 w-1010 kc-297 m.
CBNC...Havana
500 w-840 kc-357 m.
CBNA...Havana
150 w-1225 kc-245 m.
CBNB...Mariano
250 w-1010 kc-297 m.
CBNC...Havana
250 w-550 kc-545 m.
CBNE...Camaguey
20 w-856 kc-350 m.
CBNF...Santiago de Cuba
150 w-1034 kc-290 m.
CBNG...Camaguey
15 w-1321 kc-227 m.
CBNH...Havana
250 w-1356 kc-360 m.
CBNI...Havana
1400 w-300 kc-300 m.
CBNJ...Havana
500 w-560 kc-335 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC...Calgary, Alta.
500 w-690 kc-415 m.
CFBO...St. John, N. B.
500 w-880 kc-357 m.
CFCA-CNRT...Toronto, Ont.
500 w-1120 kc-267.7 m.
CFCL...Montreal, P. Q.
500 w-1030 kc-291 m.
CFCH...North Bay, Ont.
50 w-530 kc-322 m.
CFCL-CKCL-CKNC...Toronto, Ont.
500 w-580 kc-517 m.
CFCN...Calgary, Alta.
10,000 w-985 kc-433 m.
CFOD...Ottawa, Ont.
100 w-890 kc-337 m.
CKCR...Waterloo, Ont.
50 w-645 kc-468.5 m.
CFCT...Victoria, B. C.
50 w-630 kc-476 m.
CFEY...Charlottetown, P. E. I.
500 w-580 kc-516.9 m.
CFJC...Kamloops, B. C.
15 w-1120 kc-268 m.
CFLC...Prescott, Ont.
50 w-1010 kc-297 m.
CFNL...Fredericton, N. B.
500 w-1210 kc-247.8 m.
CFPC-CNRS...Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w-910 kc-341 m.
CFRB-CNRX...King York Co., Ont.
4000 w-560 kc-335.4 m.
CFRC...Kingston, Ont.
500 w-630 kc-322 m.
CFSC...Charlottetown, P. E. I.
100 w-960 kc-312.3 m.
CFSC...Hamilton, Ont.
500 w-630 kc-475.9 m.
CFST...Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w-1120 kc-268 m.
CFMA...Edmonton, Alta.
210 w-590 kc-517 m.
CFML...Hamilton, Ont.
50 w-960 kc-312.3 m.
CFNS-CNRH...Halifax, N. S.
500 w-910 kc-341 m.
CFNR...Quebec, P. Q.
100 w-880 kc-341 m.
CFNW...Regina, Sask.
500 w-960 kc-312.3 m.
CFOW...Chilliwack, B. C.
100 w-660 kc-454.3 m.
CFVC...Montreal
500 w-730 kc-411 m.
CFVA...Edmonton, Alta.
500 w-930 kc-323 m.
CFWB...Sydney, N. S.
50 w-880 kc-341 m.
CFY...Calgary, Alta.
500 w-690 kc-415 m.
CFZC-CNRL...London, Ont.
5000 w-910 kc-340 m.
CFGX...Yorkton, Sask.
500 w-630 kc-476 m.
CFJC...Lethbridge, Alta.
100 w-1320 kc-288 m.
CFJM...Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w-600 kc-500 m.
CFJW...Fleming, Sask.
500 w-600 kc-500 m.
CKAC-CHVC-CNRM...Montreal, Quebec
5000 w-730 kc-411 m.
CKCD-CHLS...Vancouver, B. C.
50 w-730 kc-411 m.
CKCI...Quebec, P. Q.
100 w-600 kc-341 m.
CKCK-CJBE-CNRR...Regina, Sask.
500 w-600 kc-500 m.
CKCL...Toronto, Ont.
500 w-960 kc-312.3 m.
CKCO...Ottawa, Ont.
100 w-890 kc-337 m.
CKCR...Waterloo, Ont.
50 w-645 kc-468.5 m.
CKCV-CNRO...Quebec, P. Q.
50 w-850 kc-341 m.
CKPC...Vancouver, B. C.
50 w-730 kc-411 m.
CKIC...Wolfeville, N. S.
50 w-1010 kc-297 m.

Cuba

CMC...Havana
500 w-640 kc-357 m.
CMDC...Havana
150 w-955 kc-314 m.
CMRE...Havana
30 w-1800 kc-200 m.
CMCD...Havana
14 w-1345 kc-223 m.
CMCF...Havana
210 w-890 kc-337 m.
CMCG...Guanabacoa
30 w-1286 kc-233 m.
CMCH...Havana
15 w-1296 kc-233 m.
CMCM...Havana
100 w-1500 kc-300 m.
CMCO...Mariano
225 w-600 kc-455 m.
CMCQ...Havana
690 w-1150 kc-251 m.
CMCB...Havana
21 w-1286 kc-233 m.
CMCU...Havana
25 w-1345 kc-223 m.
CMGA...Colon
100 w-834 kc-360 m.
CMGC...Matanzas
30 w-1375 kc-218 m.
CMGH...Matanzas
60 w-1230 kc-240 m.
CMGE...Cardenas
30 w-1875 kc-218 m.
CMHA...Cienfuegos
200 w-1154 kc-260 m.
CMHB...Sagua la Grande
50 w-1500 kc-300 m.
CMHC...Tununa
300 w-790 kc-329 m.
CMHD...Cabaiges
250 w-920 kc-325 m.
CMHE...Santa Clara
20 w-1429 kc-210 m.
CMHI...Santa Clara
15 w-1110 kc-270 m.
CMJE...Ciego de Avila
20 w-1276 kc-225 m.
CMK...Havana
3000 w-730 kc-411 m.
CMKA...Santiago de Cuba
20 w-1450 kc-207 m.
CMKB...Santiago de Cuba
15 w-1200 kc-250 m.
CMKD...Santiago de Cuba
40 w-1100 kc-272 m.
CMKE...Santiago de Cuba
250 w-1249 kc-240 m.
CMKG...Santiago de Cuba
30 w-1176 kc-253 m.
CMMA...Gunnair
20 w-1090 kc-275 m.
CMAB...Pinar del Rio
20 w-1240 kc-240 m.
CMBA...Havana
50 w-1176 kc-253 m.
CMDC...Havana
180 w-955 kc-314 m.
CMDD...Havana
150 w-965 kc-312 m.
CMDE...Havana
710 w-1345 kc-223 m.
CMDF...Mariano
150 w-1070 kc-200 m.
CMDI...Havana
30 w-1405 kc-213 m.
CMDJ...Havana
15 w-1285 kc-233 m.
CMDK...Mariano
15 w-1405 kc-213 m.
CMDL...Havana
15 w-1500 kc-300 m.
CMDM...Havana
15 w-1285 kc-233 m.
CMDN...Havana
30 w-1405 kc-213 m.

XEA...Guadalupe, Jal.
100 w-1000 kc-300 m.
XEB...Mexico City
1000 w-1000 kc-300 m.
XEC...Toluca
50 w-1000 kc-300 m.
XED...Reynosa, Tamps
10,000 w-977 kc-307 m.
XEE...Linares, N. L.
10 w-1000 kc-300 m.
XEF...Oaxaca, Oax.
100 w-1000 kc-300 m.
XEFA...Mexico City
250 w-1250 kc-240 m.
XEFE...Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
1000 w-1000 kc-300 m.
XEH...Monterrey
1000 w-964 kc.
XEI...Morelia
100 w-1000 kc-300 m.
XEJ...C. Juarez, Chih.
101 w-857 kc-300 m.
XEK...Mexico City
100 w-1000 kc-300 m.
XEL...Sofila, Coah.
10 w-1090 kc-275 m.
XEM...Tampico, Tamps
500 w-730 kc-411 m.
XEN...Mexico City
1000 w-711 kc-422 m.
XEO...Mexico City
1000 w-940 kc-319 m.
XEP...Tamaulipas
200 w-1500 kc-200 m.
XEQ...Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000 w-1040 kc-300 m.
XER...Mexico City
100 w-650 kc-461 m.
XES...Villa Ahona
75,000 w-725 kc-410.7 m.
XET...Tampico, Tamps
500 w-890 kc-337 m.
XEU...Monterrey, N. L.
1500 w-630 kc-476 m.
XETA...Mexico City
500 w-1140 kc-263 m.
XETP...Veracruz
500 w-680 kc-441 m.
XEU...Veracruz, Ver.
100 w-1000 kc-300 m.
XEV...Puebla, Pue.
100 w-1000 kc-300 m.
XEW...Mexico City
1000 w-780 kc-385 m.
XEX...Mexico City
500 w-890 kc-337 m.
XEY...Merida, Yucatan
101 w-847 kc-351 m.
XEZ...Mexico City
500 w-580 kc-428 m.
XETA...Mexico City
500 w-1140 kc-263 m.
XFA...Mexico City
50 w-7143 kc-42 m.
XFC...Aguascalientes
250 w-885 kc-373 m.
XED...Mexico City
50 w-11411 kc-27 m.
XEF...Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w-915 kc-328 m.
XFG...Mexico City
2000 w-630 kc-470 m.
XFI...Mexico City
1000 w-818 kc-367 m.
XFX...Mexico City
500 w-880 kc-340 m.

Mexico

Sousa at 77

(Continued from page 23)

business are Harry Askin, a gray haired gentleman, like Sousa in many of his tastes, and Miss Lillian Finegan, both of whom have been with the noted band leader for fifteen years. Their office is just a block from Times Square, one of the busiest corners in the world, and yet they frequently forget the passage of time as they chat with newspapermen and old friends.

The association of Sousa and Askin and Finegan—they all feel like they are members of the firm of "Sousa and Company"—began with the triumphal tour of Sousa in 1916 and 1917. At that time Askin was manager of the huge New York Hippodrome, and Miss Finegan also was connected with the staff of that playhouse. When it was decided that Sousa would go on tour with "Hip Hip Hooray," carrying not only his band but a company of seventy-five men as well, nothing would do but that Askin and Miss Finegan join the troupe and join they did. Askin became Mr. Sousa's manager and Miss Finegan his secretary. They were still present this year when he signed, along with Arthur Pryor, the Goodyear radio contract. And they remain, with Sousa, to form a delightful company of Broadwayites who have traveled into most of the states of the Union and are able to give out,—just a block from Broadway's busy corner—the mellowness of people who know.

What do they do with their time?

"A telegram for Mr. Sousa." "Will Mr. Sousa be present at Washington, D. C., and lead the Marine Band at dedication of a memorial to aviators, on Armistice Day?" The request is from Mr. Frank B. Noyes, chairman of the Memorial Committee.

"Will Mr. Sousa participate in a birthday party in his honor?"

The request is from a group of noted band and orchestra leaders, headed by Walter Damrosch and Sousa's associate on the Goodyear time, Arthur Pryor.

A CALL for Mr. Sousa!

"The president of the Circumnavigators' Club speaking. Will Mr. Sousa attend a banquet of the Circumnavigators' Club and consent to the occasion being known as 'Sousa Night'?"

There are countless other requests—will Sousa come to Washington to the Gridiron Banquet, will he lead a band for charity, will he allow his name to be used in connection with the unemployment drive? And for these latter requests Sousa has a ready answer. In fact Askin frequently gives a consent without even speaking to the band leader about it. "Whenever it is physically possible," Askin said recently, "Mr.

Sousa has given us orders to refuse no invitations to participate in philanthropic or similar affairs. We need have no hesitancy in accepting such invitations."

It was in honor of his "Circumnavigators' Club" that Sousa composed the march, "The Circumnavigators." This unique organization, which had its annual meeting and called it "Sousa Night" on Dec. 10, is composed only of men who have girdled the globe. Sousa's new march was played for the first time on this occasion. Later in the month, with General George Richards and Colonel A. J. Reisinger, both of the U. S. Marines, as his guests, Sousa attended the Gridiron Banquet in Washington.

Several times in the last few months he has toyed with the idea of a ride in a Goodyear blimp, or perhaps in the great Navy Dirigible, U. S. S. Akron. The trip failed to materialize because Sousa was so well dated up in New York—what with radio and banquets and the like—that he was unable to get away long enough from his chief scene of activity. But those who are in the know declare that such a jaunt in the air is one of the leading items on the Sousa calendar for 1932.

Two Men in a Tub

(Continued from page 25)

We saw marvelous engineering, too—passages and rooms cut right out of the rock, we saw the 75 millimeter gun firing higher up than a gun of that size has ever fired before or since. Artillery has never sounded to me as it did up there in the Alps. Each gun made five, ten, twenty crashing reports as the echoes reverberated from crag to crag. I could never be sure from what direction the firing was coming because of the rolling thunder made by the echoes.

The afternoon, at the end of which we were to leave, became grayer and grayer until a mountain blizzard turned all the air white, blotting out the gorges and the surrounding peaks.

Hale and I had each gone his own way that afternoon but we came together again shortly after four o'clock for a final cup of coffee with the Commanding Officer in his cave. They were all cave men up there.

It was dark when we made our way to the take-off platform to get into the basket. The C. O. had invited us to stay until the storm would be over. But as it seemed to have set in for a long spell, and tomorrow night was Christmas Eve, and Hale and I decided to get away before we were snowed in.

I didn't like the rhythm, or rather the lack of it, of the gasoline engine when we started out but I tried to tell myself that it just needed warming up. It was

a weird sensation casting off into that dizzy white whirl with the flakes so thick and the early winter evening so dark that I couldn't see my—well, I could hardly see Hale's foot in front of my face.

AWAY from the mountain wall we could hear nothing but the howling of the storm wind away up there among the frozen crags of the summits of the Alps. We were now on our way and there was nothing to do but muffle our faces against the stinging flakes. I lost track of time and space and distances when there was a queer sudden jerk. Up to now the movement had been smooth.

"What's the matter? Have we hit something or have we stopped?" came the voice of Hale.

I wasn't sure. But I had a horrible feeling. If the wind weren't roaring and howling so, I could hear whether or not the pulley wheels were turning. If the sky were not a blinding whirl of cutting snowflakes I could have caught enough shadow glimpses of the crags to know whether we were moving or had stopped.

After enough minutes had gone by we knew that we had stopped all right. The fact that he hadn't arrived at the next landing platform was sufficient proof of that. Mmm—and the snow was piling in on us. I started to clear it away with my hands.

"Don't do that," Smiler Jack cautioned. "If they don't get that engine to working for some time the snow will be warmer next to us than the wind."

"We've got to wiggle our arms and legs though," I protested. "I don't dare stay perfectly still, I don't want to freeze."

"Well wiggle your fingers and toes the way I'm doing and let that snow stay on us," said the man from Australia to the man from New England. "They ought to be able to get that thing started pretty soon."

"How far do you think we came before we stopped?" I asked seriously.

"What difference does it make?"

"It may make a lot, Jack," I answered. "Do you remember that long flat ledge we saw about thirty feet under us when we were coming up?"

"Yes, what are you going to do with it?"

"Do you figure that it is under us now or that we've passed beyond it?" I asked.

"Keep calm, boy," came from Jack. "For heavens sakes, don't get wild and panicky and commit suicide."

"Staying in this basket may be committing suicide, Jack."

He didn't answer. But somehow I felt sorry and ashamed that I had brought the possibility of death into my conversation. In my chumming with

Hale I had learned that it was his custom never to admit that anything could ever happen to him—not out loud, anyhow. But I also had good reason to know that a bold decision can sometimes mean the difference between life and death. I had made the biggest kind of a discovery in that respect early in the afternoon.

It was Jack who spoke first. "Forget that ledge, boy," he said in a tone of authority. "I've been figuring the thing out and we're way past it. There's about three thousand feet of pure air under this basket right now, and the Italians forgot to supply this craft with parachutes. So, let's take it easy. They'll get that toy engine running again pretty soon."

"But suppose they don't?" I asked. "What are you going to do then?"

"I'm going to stay right here until they do, and so are you."

When he said no more I was certain that he hadn't heard the story that I'd heard. So I thought I might as well tell it to him so that we'd have all the facts in common to base a decision on.

"Remember this afternoon, Jack," I asked, "while you stayed talking to the Colonel and I went to take a look at the hospital ward that they'd dug right out of the rock?"

"Why talk about hospitals?" came from Jack.

"I MET a lieutenant in that hospital who has a very interesting story," I went on. "I'm going to tell you about him. He and another lieutenant were coming up in one of these baskets last week when the engine broke down. It was cold; the Italians told me it was the coldest night of the winter so far. It was after dusk they started up from the third platform and they'd reached—about here—when the basket stopped moving. The two men waited hour after hour. Under them they could make out the shadowy form of the ledge. Finally one lieutenant, the one I saw in the hospital, made up his mind that he'd rather take a chance and drop to the ledge than stay up there until he froze to death. You see, he lives in these mountains, Jack, and *he knows*."

I paused for Hale to say something but he didn't, so I went on with the story.

"The lieutenant put the proposition up to his comrade, 'I think we'd better jump,' he said. But the comrade argued the other way. 'Let us wait a little longer, the engine will soon be running again.' So they waited almost up to the danger point, the point where they would begin to grow numb; where the brain would begin to grow numb as well as the body. The point where they wouldn't feel so cold any more; the point where there wouldn't be the

strength left to make a decision or the energy left to carry it out.

"But it wasn't snowing," said Hale. They could see the ledge under them, couldn't they?"

"Yes, and I think its under us right now," I answered. "Anyway, the lieutenant finally acted on his hunch and dropped over the side. He didn't land quite right and he broke his leg, but he crawled and kept on crawling until he reached the road where he was picked up and brought in. He looked pretty well to me this afternoon and when his leg mends he'll be all right again. But the other fellow couldn't make up his mind to jump. He kept waiting and waiting for the engine to start until the next day and when they finally hauled him up they found him frozen to death. I'm not sure that I'll have the nerve to jump myself, Jack; but if we decided later on, before we get numb I mean, that—"

Snap! Jerk! A sudden jerk that made me clutch at the precious sides of the basket. The thing,—yes, we must be moving. A minute of hardly daring to hope, and then a light stabbed out of the dark and whirled ahead. A harbor light on a mountain crag! It marked the platform where we'd dock. And then there'd be the engine house and the basket on the other side of the platform for the second stage of the journey down.

BELIEVE me, we spent time in the engine room warming our blood before tackling the next basket. Jack hadn't said a word, not even when we had begun to move. His face was blue and white from exposure and it must have been half an hour before he gave the signal that he was ready to start out again.

He crawled into the snowy wet bottom under the tackle and once more I perched outside between his knees. But he tapped me on the shoulder just before we swung out into space. It was a meaningful sort of tap, and I turned to be sure to catch his words.

"Curtin," he began significantly, "if you know any more little basket stories, would you mind saving them until we get down out of these mountains."

Station Parade

(Continued from page 62)

taches of the government and the advertising public.

The Government installed a wired local broadcast system with up-to-date studios in the reserves, and is on the air locally day and night giving service to its various departments, their halls, recreation places and residences. The principal reservation is 30 miles from

the business portion of Honolulu and this distance was overcome by the Honolulu Broadcasting Company leasing a phantom circuit from the Telephone Company, which operates long lines. Thus from 10 a. m. to midnight the two systems are in joint operation—The Government system also gives KGMB much entertainment, such as band concerts, golf and boxing events.

Another advantage which such a connection offers to KGMB audiences is that the very finest talent is always available among the personnel of the staffs for special musicals or addresses.

The studios of KGMB are located near the Aloha Tower, the principal place of entry on the harbor in Honolulu and the listening audience often has the privilege of hearing over KGMB from 50 to 300 air planes circling over the bay, doing honor to some incoming ship with notables on board—a very common thing in Honolulu as all ships to and from America and the Orient stop at Honolulu for a day in transit.

Stokowski

(Continued from page 12)

said that he was always several steps ahead of the times and his audiences.

"Of course, I am," replied Stokowski. "I must be, I am a leader and that is what leaders are for, to lead."

This year in the series of seven broadcasts presented by the Philadelphia Orchestra more symphonic radio history is being made. Mr. Stokowski has planned these concerts to present a tonal panorama of the development of music from the placid classic period down to our own extremely high-pitched, nervously attuned days.

On the sixteenth of January radio audiences will be allowed to judge the merits of Schoenberg's "Gurrelieder," and in the remaining programs (whose numbers have not yet been announced but are simply labeled "Modern Russian" and "Modern American") they will hear modern music most hectic.

It is to be hoped that radio-listeners will not send in written hisses of disapproval of Mr. Stokowski's progressiveness in presenting the music of today no matter how dissonant it may seem, and that they will be more broadminded than audiences at the Academy have been at times when some have hissed like untractable snakes and others have left the Academy to smoke their "Classical cigarettes" (to quote Mr. Stokowski) undisturbed by modern music.

Whatever the result, it is pretty certain that Mr. Stokowski, the Colossus of conductors, will remain in the manner of the Colossus of Rhodes with one foot firmly planted in the classics and the other poised upon the atonal pages of the moderns.

When Is Marriage Legal?

(Continued from page 53)

upon, because of their own folly or otherwise, to bear children at an extremely youthful age. In such a contingency the law extends the mantle of charity to cover the unfortunate mother and the equally unfortunate child of a precocious mating.

The reason for setting the age of marriage at fourteen for males is also a recognition of biologic truth. Girls, on the average, develop characteristics of the adult at least two years earlier than do boys. Fourteen was therefore set by the common law as the minimum marriage age of boys.

Eligibility to Marry In Case of Insanity

Seventy-Fourth Broadcast—NBC Chain
December 26, 1931

MY TALKS, as you know, are centered on the home and the great problems of the home. We are just now beginning an intensive discussion of the legal aspects of that great human and divine institution, marriage, from which homes and home firesides derive their sweetness and light and by means of which the children of the nation are born into the world.

Last week we considered the age at which marriage may lawfully be contracted by youths and maidens. We then found that at common law the astonishingly youthful age of twelve years for females and fourteen years for males was the fixed rule. We also discussed the great biological truths that dictated the age limits thus set. But before leaving that topic it is needful to point out that the legislature of any state has the right to change the law of consent, so that it may conform to the wishes of the people from generation to generation. If, for instance, in a desire to discourage child marriages, the legislature of a given state should make it unlawful for children under certain ages to marry there is usually a provision inserted in the law giving the courts a right, in special cases, to waive the age limit.

According to the World Almanac there are many states in the Union that, by statute, set the age of marriage at 21 years for males and 18 years for females, while others establish the limits at 18 and 16 respectively and so on ranging down the line to the common law regulations.

MARRIAGE of minors may, and usually does, involve serious legal problems for the parent of such domestically entangled minors.

Under the law, as we shall see in a later broadcast, parents are legally responsible for necessities furnished to their minor children. Suppose such children marry and have a number of children born to them during their own minority, would the parents of the groom be liable for necessities furnished to the grandchildren; or does marriage itself cancel the obligation of support of the minor bridegroom? I merely throw this question out to you to indicate the practical nature of some of the problems that lie ahead of us. Tonight we are considering merely the preliminary investigations that should precede a lawful marriage.

In the eyes of the law a marriage is in certain aspects a civil contract. So far as the parties themselves are concerned marriage is subject to the ordinary rules of contracts, especially with reference to the formation thereof. Since a contract arises from an offer made by one party and accepted by the other, it is absolutely essential that both offer and acceptance proceed from minds that are capable of understanding the nature and effect of the agreement into which they are entering. For this reason, an insane person is incapable of making a binding contract. Let us see how this rule affects the validity of a marriage in which one of the parties is of unsound mind.

Marriage by an Insane Person— Common Law Rule

LET us suppose a young woman falls deeply in love with a man who is generally considered "queer." Even during the courtship days he has spells which alarm her greatly, but believing that all persons who are in love are more or less crazy, she marries the man, hoping that when in a home of their own the "queer spells" will vanish. She soon discovers to her horror that she has married a mad-man. What remedy would she have had at common law? Bear in mind that statutes vary so greatly in various states that, with benefit to this world-wide audience, we cannot discuss more than the common law provisions as to insanity. What I now tell you may not be the statutory law of your own jurisdiction.

By the common law, a marriage with a person who is insane at the time of marriage is absolutely void, which means that the girl in the case stated is as free as though no marriage had occurred at all. But it is, of course, necessary to have the fact of insanity established by a court of justice. *It should be remembered also that in order to justify the legal annulment of such a marriage, it must be proven that the insanity actually existed at the time of the marriage.*

For Example: Hagenson was captain of a steamer that operated on the Great Lakes from April to November of each year. For years prior to the alleged marriage he had been engaged to Louise Henderson; but for one reason or another they had delayed their marriage. In May, 1911, Hagenson was seized with an attack of carache, violent pains in the head and a high fever. He was taken to a hospital where he became delirious, suffered great pain and ran a dangerously high temperature. The attending surgeon finally decided that he had an abscess of the brain. An operation was performed. A portion of the skull was removed. The patient improved and a month later left the hospital. The wound continued to trouble him. It became difficult for him to hear or to talk. Miss Henderson had become acquainted with the doctors at the hospital and in August took Hagenson to them for examination. The surgeon declared that the patient was not getting the proper care or treatment and that further hospital treatment would be necessary. The girl declared that, if the surgeon thought it wise, she would marry the sick man immediately, get a nurse's uniform and care for him while he was in the hospital, thus learning the proper method of care. The plan was approved. Miss Henderson secured a marriage license and made all arrangements for the wedding at the home of her aunt.

Hagenson was brought to the house by his landlord. He appeared to be in a happy mood and he talked and acted like the ordinary bridegroom. The ceremony was performed in the usual manner. After a wedding supper the bridegroom was taken to his lodgings and the bride remained at the home of her aunt. The plan was for Hagenson to be taken to the hospital next day. Upon his arrival at the institution the surgeon observed symptoms of paresis, or softening of the brain, which is a form of insanity. Upon examination of his blood, syphilitic microbes were discovered. The further fact was disclosed that, twenty years previously, Hagenson had been treated for that evil malady.

THE bride cared for him at the hospital for about a week when he suddenly died from a stroke of apoplexy. He left a small estate. In the wrangle over this property his relatives sought to have the marriage annulled on the ground of insanity.

While it was evident that the man was suffering from paresis on the day following the ceremony, yet the fact that he looked and acted normal at the time was treated by the court as rendering the marriage valid and binding. The case was *Hagenson v. Hagenson*, 258 Ill. 197; 101 N. E. 606.

*Effect of Knowingly
Marrying an
Insane Person*

IF A PERSON has officially been declared insane, to the knowledge of the other party, no legal marriage can occur. The same is true if proceedings are pending to have a person declared insane and the other, with knowledge of the facts, persists in marrying the lunatic. Under certain circumstances, however, especially if common law marriages are recognized in the jurisdiction, the law may consider that living together as man and wife for many years after a marriage void for insanity will amount to a valid marriage.

Example One: Wiley when 71 years of age was suspected of insanity. Proceedings were pending to have him adjudged insane. The defendant was a young woman whose evil manner of life had resulted in pregnancy. She already had an illegitimate child three years old. With fraudulent intent to secure Wiley's property she contrived to meet him on April 15, 1911 and to pretend infatuation.

The gullible lunatic at once proposed marriage and on April 17th, two days after his first meeting with the woman, they went to the clerk of courts for a marriage license. He refused to issue it on the ground that insanity proceedings were pending.

Two days later the couple were married in another jurisdiction. They lived together as husband and wife for about three weeks when an official decree of insanity was entered against Wiley.

He was at once seized and committed to an insane asylum. After the birth of the child the woman still claimed to be the wife of the lunatic. He died in January, 1916.

Action was at once brought by an assignee of one of Wiley's heirs-at-law to have the marriage declared void. The court held that this marriage was invalid and that the woman would not be entitled to the property of the deceased. The case was Wiley v. Wiley, 123 N. E. 252.

EXAMPLE TWO: John Blackburn was declared insane by a proper court in August, 1840 and a guardian was thereupon appointed. Notwithstanding this fact, in November, 1843, John Blackburn and Esther Conrad went through a ceremony of marriage. The guardian was not discharged until three years after the marriage. John and Esther lived together as husband and wife until the death of the man thirty-three years after the alleged marriage.

After the death of the wife, a sister and other relatives of Blackburn endeavored to recover certain real estate that had been conveyed by John and Esther. If the marriage were legal

then the conveyance would stand and the plaintiffs could not recover.

If, however, the marriage were void then the property conveyed would be subject to the claims of the heirs of John Blackburn. The court declared that while the original marriage was void because of insanity, yet in the state of Indiana so-called "common law" marriages were recognized. By common law marriage is meant the living together for more than a year of a man and woman ostensibly as husband and wife.

Blackburn and Esther Conrad had so lived for thirty-three years. They had been received by society as husband and wife. They had transacted business affairs as such. There was clearly a valid common law marriage in this case. See *Castor v. Davis*, 120 Ind. 231, 22 N. E. 110.

Certain types of mental derangement, usually classified as insanity, will not be sufficient to render a marriage void even though the aggrieved party seeks annulment of the union. Neither will such causes be considered sufficient grounds for annulment. *The insanity must be of an aggravated or dangerous nature in order to be an effective barrier to matrimony.* It must affect the marriage contract itself by rendering the party incapable of understanding the nature of the undertaking, or of fulfilling its obligations.

For Example: Lewis brought an action for annulment of his marriage to the defendant, on the ground that at the time of and prior to the marriage she had been a confirmed kleptomaniac. This of course meant that she had a mental disease that caused her to steal for no other reason than the joy of stealing. Knowledge of this fact was kept from him until he discovered it after the marriage. This defect of the wife caused him great humiliation and distress of mind. Her insane impulse in this regard seems to have been beyond control or cure, but she was sane in all other respects. The court held that this was not a common law, nor under the statute, a cause for annulment, since it did not affect her mental capacity to enter into the contract of marriage. The case was *Lewis v. Lewis*, 46 N. W. 323.

MARRIAGE and the law concerns every human being. From the moment of betrothal there is a statute for every mile on through the journey of wedded life until the children gather about to settle the estate. Dean Archer will follow through with this interesting and instructive series. It will be available in printed form only in *Radio Digest*. Arrange to keep your record complete.

Why waste time on old fashioned methods

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DON'T let the thought of long years of tiresome practice and an expensive teacher scare you away from learning to play! For you can easily teach yourself—right in your own home.

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Name.....

Address.....

Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

group of entries appears in the first nine pages of this issue in the rotogravure section. Check the names listed under Zone Two on this page with the pictures and then VOTE.

There are more than thirty entries of beautiful girls and this represents several hundred stations.

In order to simplify the selection of the Beauty Queen of American Radio, the country has been divided into three zones: First, the eastern seaboard; second, from a point approximately the western end of Pennsylvania to the Mississippi; third, from the Mississippi to the west coast. This month the entries from the second zone appear in the first nine pages of the rotogravure section. The names of all the entries, listed alphabetically according to the zone under which they appear, are given on page 32. Their names also appear under their pictures.

The entries from the third zone will appear in the rotogravure section in February Radio Digest.

You may cast a vote each month for your selection as the Beauty Queen of American Radio. That is you have three votes. There is only one restriction and that is the coupon on this page must be used by voters. This is to prevent unfairness in the voting.

In March we will count the votes cast for each entry and the artist receiving the most votes in each of the three zones will be selected as the most beautiful in that zone. Then in April come the finals.

The three girls who receive the most votes, that is, the girl from each of the three zones receiving the greatest number of votes will be entered in the final and every reader of Radio Digest will have the privilege of making the final selection from the zone winners.

The final votes will then be counted and the artist receiving the greatest number will be declared the Beauty Queen of American Radio. Her picture will be painted by a famous portrait painter and she will adorn the cover of Radio Digest. Then the Beauty Queen will be presented by Radio Digest with

the original painting. In the event of a tie, between two or more of the entries, each one will in turn appear as the Radio Digest cover girl and will be presented with the original painting of her portrait.

As has been mentioned there are absolutely no restrictions on voting with the exception that the special coupon provided for the purpose in the December, January, February and April issues of Radio Digest must be used for that purpose. You may vote for any one of the contestants, whether or not you reside in the zone from which the artist was entered. You may hold your votes until the end of February or you may send them in each month. You may send a letter outlining your reasons for your selection or not, just as you prefer. The coupon is the only vote that counts. There will be no bonus votes of any kind in the election of the queen.

But, and this is important: The preliminary votes—that is the votes on which the three winners in the three zones will be decided—must be mailed so that they arrive at the offices of Radio Digest in New York not later than March 3rd.

When voting in the finals the ballots must be in the New York offices of Radio Digest not later than May 3rd. Be sure to comply with these few simple rules and you will be certain that your votes will count in the selection of the Beauty Queen of American Radio.

The complete list of entries appears in this issue. It is not necessary for the picture to appear to enable you to cast your vote. You may know the artist or perhaps you have seen her picture and are familiar with her features. In that event, don't wait for the picture. Cast your ballot without delay and do your part to make the girl of your choice Beauty Queen of American Radio.

Marcella

(Continued from page 68)

band. Found Henry Busse in the first saloon. He bought the first two drinks

so it was a cinch for him to get a job with me. Rainbow Lane was a great success. Art and I were then competitors but still pals. Just as everything was running smoothly, my health broke down. Held all records for losing weight as I went from 307 pounds to 184 in four months. Rudy sent me to an easier job in the Hotel Belvedere in Santa Barbara, Cal. Great break for me as John Hernan was the manager—an old pal from Denver. Met C. G. K. Billings, who used to come in to dance and he personally introduced me to the most famous horse of that day—Uhlan. Hernan, transferred to Los Angeles, took me with him to the Alexandria Hotel. What a thrill. Couldn't wait to go to work but got to the hotel two hours early each evening." Those interested in reading rest of Paul Whiteman's press autobiography, please write in and we'll continue.

T WAS the 19th of January, in the year 1900, when Paul Small started his earthly existence on a little farm out at Adair, Iowa. When he was six the Adair public school awarded him a gold ring for singing, and singing he's been ever since. Their husky farmhand used to carry the Small, though not small, piano on his back from village to village when Paul made a tour of the movie theatres. In 1914 he toured with Gus Edwards, Georgie Price and Lila Lee but moved to St. Louis a year or two later where he worked with music publishers in demonstrating their songs in department stores. And here comes the prize of all partnerships that ever were formed. Paul Small and little Jack Little. This Lilliputian organization toured the entire country and during the same time sang over the various radio stations. Paul is five feet seven, weighs 163 pounds, has chestnut hair and greenish-brown eyes. Sorry I have no picture to bear me out.

SORRY, Constant Reader, but whereabouts of Ben Cutler and Jules de Vorzon are unknown. And Mannie Lowy,

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

Ballot No. 2

RADIO DIGEST,

420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

My choice for the Beauty Queen of American Radio is

Name of artist..... Station.....

Voters Name

Street City, State

member of Rudy Vallee's band is ill. Wayne King plays at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago, Claudine. No doubt you saw the feature article about him in December R. D. For picture of Wayne and Guy Lombardo, see R. D.'s special offer, pages 6 and 7. By this time Eleanor Anderson has read about Lew Conrad in the November issue. Rudy's saxophone is an E. Flat Alto Buescher, Mr. Huggins.

* * *

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

Van Camp's Nightcaps

(Continued from page 17)

"To think that we treat our animals and the very earth beneath our feet with greater intelligence than we treat ourselves! No wonder we are living to learn about how to eat."

While the foregoing may sound as though the Van Camp Nightcaps is largely talk, such is not the case. There are interspersions when Henry Thies' orchestra bubbles over with some brilliant selection. The outstanding feature identified with the Thies-Van Camp's orchestra is the crooning and poetry of Charlie Dameron. Dameron is an experienced actor. His specialty is reading poetry to music—all of which fits in and rounds out the Van Camp Nightcaps, making it one of the outstanding programs of all American broadcasting. There is only the briefest sort of advertising announcement at the very end of the program. The rest of the half hour period is pure entertainment.

Etiquette and Moods

(Continued from page 71)

for everybody, English preachers railed against the shameful folly of setting a fork upon the table. The change from such old customs as I have described has been gradual and difficult—as all social change is. Common sense dictates every phase of modern home-making, and this is particularly true of dining services. Simplicity is the keynote of the stylish table today. No longer is the dining room a background for a lavish silver display. Only the silver necessary up to the salad course is placed on the table—and it is arranged in accordance with the courses. After the salad, the necessary silver is brought in with the course. No longer is it smart to wrap up rolls in the napkins, for too many absent-minded male guests throw them on the floor as they pick up their napkins. Similarly, the law banishing butter plates has been rescinded in the

interest of common sense, and they are now quite proper at even the most formal of functions.

This spirit of simplicity is characteristic of our modern attitude as compared to days gone by. We find it in our architecture, in our art, and in our whole social code.

But, although modern society has discarded the ornate trappings of more formal ages, it has not lost sight of the fundamentals of good manners. The style alone has changed: instead of processional dinners bedecked with all the gorgeous raiment at a Queen's command, we substitute the beauty of a simply laid table. The underlying principles of etiquette are unchanging, but their outward manifestations undergo constant modification. The change in mode gives rise to countless complications, and it is these complications which I am going to try to straighten out for any of my readers who wish help.

Television

(Continued from page 64)

silence, broken by the invisible announcer. Someone in the studio is holding before the spot a card on which is printed the call letters of the station.

"And tonight," says the announcer, "we have a surprise for you. Kid Bozo and Terror Tommy, the two contenders for the middle weight championship, have consented to put on an exhibition bout for you. Here they are."

A grinning face appears and then another. The announcer is giving a blow by blow description of the sham battle. The images of the two fighters are somewhat faint but still one can see their flailing arms. The detail is not so good. You are a trifle disappointed. The fight comes to an end, the lights flash on. The show is over and station W2XAB is off the air for the night.

There you have a picture of television of today. Some of it is excellent. Some of it is merely good and the rest is far from satisfactory. But there is this much about television—improvement in broadcasting technic, and that is just as important as development of better equipment, are constantly being made. Television today is better than it was a few months ago and no man can predict what the next six months may bring forth. It is reasonable to suppose that even if there are no startling new developments there will be a substantial improvement.

Then, too, the sound part of the programs are interesting and entertaining. At Columbia most of the popular broadcast artists and announcers have appeared before the television spot. Their

sound programs are just as good, it is needless to say, as if they were doing a straight broadcast from one of the other studios in the building.

That Gibbons Kid

(Continued from page 30)

for Chicago on the Century, met Floyd Gibbons' brother, Edward, on the same train. He showed him the telegram, and admitted that at the time he suggested Floyd's going to Timbuctoo, he did not even know that such a place was on the globe. It evidently sounded like a faraway place, and remote enough from the editorial offices to appease the editor's righteous wrath.

These skeletons in the Gibbons' closet are authentic for they come from the lips of Floyd's brother, Edward. And Edward is no negligible narrator either. There seems to be a family gift for

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spinning yarns, and Edward just has a bagful of them. Over in Floyd's hotel apartment, your interviewer got quite a peak into this adventurer-writer's life.

The last time I visited these quarters was two years ago just after Christmas. Floyd Gibbons had mentioned in his broadcast that on Christmas Eve while all families were assembled for the Holiday enjoying the companionship of their loved ones, he would be alone, a solitary figure in his room. I remember having had to wedge myself between baskets of cookies, cakes and fruits which were piled high in his study. These were sent to him by listeners all over the country who were touched by his loneliness. And hundreds of letters poured in inviting him to their homes.

The apartment the other evening during the interview with Edward Gibbons was conspicuous for the absence of cookies and fruits. Even two years seemed to be a remarkably short time to consume such a quantity of pastry.

Edward Gibbons looks very much like his brother, and makes up for Floyd's velocity of speech by speaking with a long drawl. He gives his words plenty of time to live and a beginner in shorthand could immortalize his sentences in that puzzling and weird-looking medium of stenography.

EDWARD has been closer to Floyd than the rest of his family, for he too had a leaning toward journalism in his earlier years. He joined his brother shortly after the war, on the Chicago Tribune as his secretary and both went to Europe. On the Continent Edward's career took a turn in the direction of advertising. He traveled extensively and is using to good advantage his experiences abroad. As tourist consultant he plans and arranges interesting trips for friends and others who want to see Europe.

No city dweller is Edward Gibbons. He is not cloistered up in one of the millions of offices in our metropolitan cliffs. From his rustic Lodge, "The Monastery," he conducts all of his business operation. It's a singular office for a busy executive—some fifty miles away from the city, but Ed Gibbons is what the world calls a success.

In Lake Mohegan where his Lodge stands there are men and women who "hain't never saw New York"—just an hour's ride away, but no doubt Mr. Gibbons in true narrative style gives them a page once in a while of Manhattan's biography. Here in Mohegan far away from the dinning of newspaper presses and radio studios Floyd Gibbons often steals for a quiet retreat—quiet—unless Brother Ed has a houseful of boys and girls—and then the Monastery is not quite so "full of retreat" as a lodge in the hills can be.

Unaccustomed as I Am

(Continued from page 30)

And another gentleman whom I have never heard from the other end of the broadcast, but whose cheery voice has always resounded within the studio. A scientific gentleman who knows whereof he speaks, and whose message is always encouraging—Dr. R. E. Lee, Fleischmann's Health Research Director.

And now a word of what I believe is the psychology of a program such as ours. It has always been my contention that a simple melody played well would intrigue a listener much more than a very pretentious work played equally well, or played badly. I find the human heart and the human mind extremely simple, and it is a trite observation that simple things get to the heart quickly and surely; yet so many artists and directors fail to take this into account when planning their programs and presenting music and song. In an effort to please themselves or other musicians, or even the sponsors of the program, they have failed to take into account the taste of the public itself. Although the radio public may enjoy an unusual and complicated composition or program once in a blue moon, on the whole the mass public is simple in its preference.

JUST as many Hollywood stars resent being classified as suited only to a particular role, in the same way does it irk me when individuals tell me not to sing a 6/8 type of number. I have sometimes wished that I had the makings of a fine trio within the Connecticut Yankees, so that we might vary the program with a trio of our own. But I have always felt that for our radio listeners it must be the finest or nothing, and since we have had at no time a trio equal to the quality of the George Olson trio, I have waited until we have had such guest artists as The Men About Town and the Cavaliers and have been happy to utilize them in the singing of some of the more inspiring type of numbers on our program. Of course I have been unable to listen to our programs from start to finish, thereby missing the effect of the program as a whole.

However, I have tried always to have the ingredients of our program so varied that no matter what your taste might be something in the program should appeal to you. The philosophy of the phrase, "You can't please everybody" has always been very firm in my mind. *I am afraid if one listens too keenly to individual opinions and the extremists it is a quick path to insanity.* Perhaps the only consolation a person in such a spot may have after reading or hearing a particularly destructive or damning criticism, is that the opinion is only one

of about 125 million opinions, so why worry?

My creed, which my boys have been happy to accept and follow with me, is "Play the game fairly and squarely; work hard and give your best. Believing that we have something endowed by kind nature, something must happen." And in these days of big business, tremendous corporations, cold-hearted fickleness, and ever-changing loyalties, I am sure you can appreciate the satisfaction that is ours as we drink deeply of this toast to our second anniversary of broadcasting on one regular program.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 63)

milestone, it is reasonable to presume that Brennie, inquisitive and intelligent, naturally adventuresome, would soon have left Waynesboro. It wasn't so very far to Broadway.

In Hollywood Brennie first was engaged by the Warner studios as a vocalist. His voice defies classification. He has been listed as a "confidential baritone." But his stay at those studios was short-lived. Let him tell the story:

"I was standing in a studio one night just prior to a broadcast when I became conscious that someone was staring at me. A lighted cigarette was in my mouth. I turned and saw a well-dressed man, his eyes set on me. It wasn't hard to ascertain that he was in an angry mood.

"'Can you read,' he said."

"'Surely,' I said."

"'Read that sign,' he said, at the same time pointing to a 'No Smoking' board."

"'I have, many times,' I retorted."

"'Do you know who I am,' the stranger asked."

"'Do you know who I am?'" I snapped.

THE outcome was this. My inquisitor was no other than Jack Warner. The next day, without reporting to the Warner studios, I went over to the Hal Roach studios and got a job. I later found, however, that Jack Warner, amused by the incident, eventually built a smoking room for the artists.

Senator Ezra Simpkins, Tom and Wash and other of his brain children were conceived there. It also is of interest to note that the first burlesque pictures on movies in the making were produced by the Hal Roach studios, and the success of them led Brennie to burlesque programs.

Tom Brennie made thirty-five dollars a week when he entered radio in Hollywood. Today he is "in the money." And he intends to gain a national popularity equivalent to his California popularity. He isn't taking any immediate vacation.

Beautiful Thoughts

(Continued from page 26)

who make it up. Eugene Paul Arnold was born at Newton, Ill., where his father was county superintendent of schools for more than a quarter of a century.

His musical education began at the hands of his mother at the old reed organ in the parlor of that home in southern Illinois. Incidentally Gene still has that organ in his home, now transformed into a beautiful walnut spinet desk.

When he finished school, his parents sent him to Chicago where he studied voice at the Chicago Musical college and after one year won the diamond medal in Competition with 25 other students.

The medal he pawned in order to further his studies and unfortunately it was never redeemed. Shortly after this he left school and joined Montgomery and Stone, comedians, and was on the stage with them for five years. Following this he was with Henry W. Savage, the original Red Mill company, the original Merry Widow company, the original Algeria company, and the original Adele company as stage director and performer.

BUT he was never won from his first love and soon returned to give others the benefit of his experiences as a teacher. Radio beckoned and again his ability as a singer, his experience as an actor and his knowledge of showmanship made him valuable in a new field. His radio career has already been briefly sketched.

Chuck Haynes, the heavyweight member of the trio, made his voice known at an early age in the neighborhood of his father's farm near New Winchester, Ohio. At the age of eight, he was the marvel boy soprano of the countryside and an evangelist, whose choir he graced at that age, asked his parents to allow him to finance his musical education and take him on tour.

But his parents decided they wanted him at home, and for another eight years he remained on the farm. Then he began rambling in an interesting career, which saw him in many positions, from a singing clown in the Hess One Ring Circus to a locomotive fireman, the trail that eventually crossed with Ray Ferris, with whom he was teamed when Arnold came along.

Perhaps no greater proof of Chuck's ability as an entertainer can be found than the story of his years as a brakeman on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. After the meals in the caboose, Chuck would unlimber his old guitar and sing for them. Finally they approached him with the proposition that if he would do the cooking and sing for

them, they would assume his duties as a brakeman. The arrangement lasted for several years.

Ray came from a musical family and from the time he was five years old could sing in harmony. He used to astonish visitors at the Methodist church at 60th and Normal avenue in Chicago because, before he could read the words of the hymns, he could sing tenor.

Like Chuck and Gene, Ray sang in the "barbershop quartets" whenever the opportunity arose. No matter where he was, if there was someone to sing the lead, Ray would join in with his tenor. And if there was already a tenor, he would come in with a baritone.

During the World War he sang baritone with the Aviation Four, which toured the country during the last Liberty Loan drive. He served two years over seas in a naval aviation detachment and even yet follows aviation as a hobby and holds a private pilot's license.

His meeting with Chuck came one warm summer evening in the court of a Chicago apartment house when Haynes was strumming his guitar and doing a little impromptu entertaining. Unable to resist joining a tenor, Ray came out to do his bit for the free show.

The blend pleased them both and before long they were auditioned and put on the air from WCFL. Then they made the rounds of almost all of the Chicago stations and were at WOK when Gene came along.

IRMA GLEN, fourth of the Beautiful Thoughts cast, is known not only as a radio organist but in Europe and South America as a concert pianist and conductor of a girls' orchestra which made a successful tour of the countries.

When Montgomery Ward and Company presented its contest to the radio listeners of the nation over an NBC network, they chose four types of entertainment. First on the schedule was a concert orchestra. Then in line came an old time minstrel show, followed by a dramatic show of American family life. And fourth of the types was the old favorite, Voices of Twilight, under the new name of Beautiful Thoughts.

After the votes were counted, Beautiful Thoughts emerged the victor with a substantial majority.

It was not until after the program Voices at Twilight went on the air that Arnold began writing hymns, but since that time, he has turned out four such numbers. Although not intended as a sacred program, an attempt to withdraw the sacred number from the show re-

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Gene Arnold of the Beautiful Thoughts ensemble who has performed distinctive work in various programs in Chicago

sulted in a wave of protest from the listeners, proof, says Gene, that America is not entirely jazz minded.

But the program is drawing to a close, and we hear Gene Arnold in a number composed by himself, My Prayer for Today:

"Dear Lord, I pray, just for today
Give me the kindness that comes from
above,
Help me to bring, one tender thing,
Breathing the perfume of love.
This is my prayer, help me to share
Somebody's sorrow, somebody's care,
Where e'er I stray, Dear Lord I pray,
Let me help someone, just for today."

Letters to the Artist

(Continued from page 27)

nature of the business of the Postal Telegraph Co. and the Brooklyn Daily Eagle I did not think it necessary to ask permission to publish their letters. But all the other writers gave consent readily and gladly. With best wishes, I am, cordially yours, Jessica Dragonette.

My Dear Miss Dragonette:

I find almost any and all adjectives inadequate to tell the wonderful quality of your voice: clear as a bell, wide range, without a tremble—no matter what note you strike. It is really a treat to tune in Friday afternoons to hear you. May your voice continue for many years to be a delight to your many

admirers, and I know this means to you a real pleasure to so entertain.

After owning a radio for many years this is my first letter to anyone broadcasting. Sincerely, Elisha Brown Bird.

My Dear Miss Dragonette:

Here is the idea which I have had photographed from my large design, (photo enclosed) signifying Song Going Out into the World, with Music the inspirational theme in the cloud effects. I don't want you to feel in the slightest obligated: I designed it because I saw in my mind, the idea as portrayed in your letter.

Sincerely,
Elisha Brown Bird.

Dear Jessica:

Today you sang a Hungarian song in our native language, on the radio, for us. It was heart-breakingly beautiful . . . so beautiful that I think you must have visualized these pictures. Berta and I were in Washington, sitting there with listening heart and joyful tears in our eyes. In Ventuor Father and Mother and Roland enjoying your lovely tribute to my poor country in the very same way.

You were a little wizard for on the wings of your songs you took us back to our beloved country . . . We all thank you for your delicate thought and ever lovely performance.

With affectionate and warm regards, yours, Elena and Berta de Hillenbranth.

Dear Miss Dragonette:

I feel that I want to tell you how much real pleasure your singing has given me. It is seldom that one hears a voice as fine as yours—to me it seems one of the loveliest I have ever heard, and your skill in using it, and your perfect enunciation are added delight. With very genuine admiration for your rarely beautiful voice and your fine artistry, sincerely yours, Beatrice Fenton.

Telegram

Jessica Dragonette:

POSTAL TELEGRAPH ELECTS
YOU AS ITS VALENTINE MAY
WE HAVE SOME LOVE SONGS
TONIGHT STOP MANY THANKS.
POSTAL-TELEGRAPH CABLE CO.

Dear Miss Dragonette:

Since all the achievements in radio have not yet yielded the chance to send back one faint bravo through the night, please accept these written salvos.

It would not be fair to go to bed tonight without telling you that we seemed to have done nothing to deserve the "None But the Lonely Heart" and Victor Herbert's "Eileen" which drifted like music of bells out of the nowhere into our living room tonight. May we say "thank you?" Margaret M. Lukes.

Dear Miss Jessica:

We missed you so much Friday night but realized you were on your vacation, and I truly hope you are having a glorious time. My aunt, "Miss Peggy Whiffen" visited us for a week and when she left she wanted to take me to her home in Virginia, but on account of business could not take me along. However, we all hope to go down next summer for a month or so. Perhaps you have heard of my grandmother, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, our oldest actress? I am sending directions to our place we would love so very much to have you visit us. My school opens September 8th so try and come before that. Much love, Lucile McNally.

My Dear Miss Dragonette:

After receiving permission to visit the studio during one of your broadcasts, and meeting you there, I returned to my hotel, and the following lines were inspired by your voice, your vivid personality, your beauty, grace, and the fact that you wore living gardenias:

Gardenias

O love, dear love, that came at last,
Unto my longing heart;
Awakening all my dreams of hope,
To crown life's lonely part.

I dream I hold you to my heart,
And tell you how I care;
Then wake to send you love's own flower—
Until, dearheart, I dare.

For, O, my love will find you,
While moonbeams round you lie—
In a lingering kiss of passion—
From the flower of star and sky.

Like sight of perfect love, dear,
The night brings to the dew—
Gardenias bring my soul, dear—
In one long kiss to you!

I hope long to be able to listen and hear your heavenly voice come to me over the evening air, and that you will have continued health, happiness and your heart's desire. Very sincerely,
Flora Warren Brown.

Dear Miss Individuality:

I hope you will pardon the liberty I am taking in sending you the enclosed. Keep up the good work! The Old Stager and I know how very scarce real talent is. Good luck! Very sincerely,
Maurice E. McLoughlin,
The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

ANOTHER Letters to the Artist feature will appear in the February Radio Digest. If you would like to see this feature repeated each month a letter to Radio Digest would help the editors to decide whether to make further inquiries of other artists.

Big Time Gab

(Continued from page 31)

Nellie: "What do you mean, the freight elevator?"

Paul: "Well, you don't expect us to believe that the three of you got into one passenger elevator together. * * I'll bet there wasn't room left even for an argument."

Nellie: "But we weren't looking for an argument."

Paul: "All right, then, let's not have one. * * Say, what's that you have in your hand? * * Some more letters for me to answer, I suppose."

Nellie: "Paul, if I could guess as wrong as you do, I'd never play the horses. * * These happen to be letters for me to answer. * * All you have to do is pick out the easy ones, read them off nice and slow, and watch the result. * * Comprenez-vous?"

(Knocking on the door.)

Everybody: "Sh . . . sh . . ."

Daly: "Who comes there . . . friend or enemy?"

(In crash Ralph Dumke and Eddie East.)

Both speak at once . . . "Is this the unemployment office?"

Nellie: "Well, what kind of unemployment are you looking for?"

Ralph: "We want a job to go to work at 12 . . . and quit at one."

Eddie: "And have an hour off for dinner."

Ralph: "And a six month's vacation twice a year."

Nellie: "And, I suppose, a bonus. * * you must be fond of work."

Eddie: "Oh, we are. * * Why, Ralph is so fond of work that he can lay right down alongside of it and go to sleep."

Nellie: "What kind of work do you loaf best on?"

Ralph: "Why, we're comedians."

Nellie: "Oh, is that so? * * Well, make me laugh. * * So you were actors."

Eddie: "We're still actors."

Nellie: "All right, stay still. * * I don't recall your names."

Ralph: "Nevertheless, we're the Sisters of the Skillet."

Nellie: "You don't look like sisters. * * You don't even look like skillets . . . much. * * Except maybe when you've got your lids off . . . and then more like dead pans. * * You really look more like something they put in skillets."

Eddie: "Ralph, I wonder if she thinks you're an egg."

Ralph: "No, I think maybe she thinks you're an onion . . . maybe a fish. * * Let's see what else do they put in skillets?"

Nellie: "You know, they put sausages in skillets."

Paul: "Hot dog!"

Nellie: "Are you sisters?"

Both: "No."

Nellie: "Are you skillets?"

Both: "No."

Nellie: "Have you got a sister?"

Both: "No."

Nellie: "Have you got a skillet?"

Both: "No."

Nellie: "I get it . . . you're a couple of yes-men on a vacation. * * Well, how do I know you're the Sisters of the Skillet?"

Eddie: "Well, we can prove it . . . we can give you a specimen of our ability as entertainers. * * We can play and sing."

Nellie: "Well, I knew a tea kettle sang but I didn't know a skillet could. * * It's all right with me, thought. * * I'll stand for it . . . but you'll have to convince that radio audience out there that you're the real thing."

Ralph: "All right, can we use your piano?"

Nellie: "You ought to know whether you can use a piano or not."

Eddie: "Well, help us move it over here by the mike."

Nellie: "I should help you move the piano yet."

Ralph: "Well, then, please get down off it so we can move it. * * Who do you think you are, Helen Morgan?"

Nellie: "No, because no man can make me cry . . . and I don't think you're Harry Richman either. * * Paul, will you warn the audience about what's coming?"

Paul: "Lad'es and gentlemen . . . Miss Revell's invitation to meet all comers on this program has brought into our studio tonight a couple of young fellows trying to get along. * * They say they're Eddie East and Ralph Dumke. * * I'm sure you are familiar with the work of the Sisters of the Skillet. * * You meet them on the Proctor and Gamble program every week . . . and I know if they are the real thing you will recognize them."

Ralph: "Did you hear what that Nellie Revell said about us?"

Eddie: "Did I hear it? * * Here's one skillet that's burning up."

Ralph: "What a great District Attorney she'd make. * * Talking about our weight."

Eddie: "A little road work wouldn't hurt her, either."

Ralph: "I thought I'd die the other night when I was in . . . home for dinner and I saw a picture of Nellie and written across it was . . . 'Reading from left to right . . . Nellie Revell.'"

Eddie: "You know, she was the inspiration for that old gag about the fellow who tried to hug his girl and he couldn't get his arms around her so he put them around as far as he could reach . . . left a chalk mark there . . . and then went around and hugged the other side of her."

Ralph: "Say, it's as easy to jump over her as it is to go around her."

Nellie: "Oh, you're both darlings."

Paul: "You know, Nellie's rather prejudiced in your favor because you came from Indiana."

Daly: "A lot of smart people come from Indiana."

Ralph: "Yes, and as George Ade says, the smarter they are, the quicker they come."

Nellie: "Yes, but you notice that George Ade still stays there."

Sporting Mothers

(Continued from page 70)

Not all of us are blessed with the heaven sent good fortune to live in the country and have tree climbing sons to worry about, but tree climbing may be used as a symbol of the hundred fearsome things our children must do in the course of their development, things which terrify us and paralyze us with fright but which we must permit and accept and encourage wisely. It begins with the baby's first step and never ends until his last. With our hearts in our mouths we must watch them, climbing on chairs, and up and down stairs, and all over the place—skating, swimming, sailing, riding, learning to drive a car and even flying. The rules of the game are—teach them *how* and don't let them see that you're afraid.

And now let's sum up this sporting mother I've been describing to you. She's good-natured always no matter what the provocation to be cross, she sacrifices her own inclinations in order to serve or to amuse or to educate her children, she plays the game fairly and squarely, she keeps her own tears and emotions strictly under control; uses tact always in her dealings with her children; silently gives up many things she longs for and makes the best of what she has. And finally she wastes no time whining and complaining about her lot as a mother. Just goes ahead and makes a job of it as well as she can, thanks heaven for her blessings and keeps smiling.

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Wonder Hour Brings Out New Tenor

THE successful chain debut of Charles Sears, youthful tenor, over the Wonder Hour (NBC-WEAF Network) is the latest achievement of the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company in introducing new artists and compositions to the American radio audience. This sensational singer was unknown to the musical world less than 18 months ago.



Engaged at that time as a professional window trimmer, Mr. Sears was doing a little church singing on Sundays. A friend, noting the small return on his income tax for singing, referred him to Louise Gilbert, program director of the Dyer-Enzinger Company, who has likewise been in charge of the musical programs sponsored by this Minneapolis company. After 18 months of intensive study and local radio work, Mr. Sears recently made his national debut with instant success.

Similarly, on the Wonder Hour program Roy Shield, recently appointed musical director of NBC, was introduced over the chain networks as director of the Wonder Hour specially selected symphony orchestra.

In commenting on this interesting fact of introducing new artists, Miss Gilbert said: "Mr. C. B. Sweatt, vice president of the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, is personally vitally interested in aiding new musical talent to receive proper attention and recognition. Due to this feeling, he has been particularly anxious since the introduction of this company into radio advertising to accomplish these aims in cases where the artists or compositions warranted special recognition. This has led me to make a special study of new talent entitled to greater opportunities." Last fall, over the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra programs sponsored by this advertiser, Ruth Lyon, outstanding Chicago radio soprano, was selected as the one guest soloist with this orchestra. Her interpretation of the difficult "Depuis le Jour," from Charpentier's opera "Louise" won her immediate nationwide recognition.

Similarly, Mischa Elzon, European violinist, was first introduced to the American radio audience in a violin solo of one of Saint Saens' Concertos which Mr. Elzon had previously played for the composer himself.

On the same series of programs a new composition, "The Dance of Jenny," a ballad written by Herbert Elwell, was first heard on the air and played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. This number from "The Happy Hypocrite" had previously been well received by European music lovers. This selection was not made without serious thought, as Miss Gilbert has one of the most complete musical libraries in the entire country.

These examples serve as interesting side-lights on the selection of radio talent as determined by Miss Louise Gilbert for the Minneapolis-Honeywell broadcasts. In what better way can promising and deserving musicians receive nationwide recognition than over one of the chain networks?

"Plays It by Ear"

HERMAN HUPFELD has done it again!

First he wrote "When Yuba Plays the Rumba on His Tuba."

And increased the mutations in the average jazz ball room one thousand



Herman Hupfeld

percent. The dignified professors in college towns heard the jazz bands playing "hoop-hoop-a-doopa" music and froze with terror. Fat ladies who go in for reducing "hoop-hoop-a-dooped" in

countless ball rooms. From Denmark, where they translated the funny words into Danish, to Greenwich Village, New York, where they got out a Russian version—of course leaving in the words "yuba" and "rumba" and "tuba"—the mythical "Yuba" of "Cuba" was glorified. The tuba itself came out in a brilliant new light. Tuba players, forced to make strange new arrangements for solo pieces, cursed and praised Hupfeld. And his song sold in the hundreds of thousands of copies.

So now he's gone and done it all over, this time, glorifying the piano.

The Fourth Baker

(Continued from page 21)

"However, with the passing of years, the Three Bakers prosper in the Far East. As Act V opens, Sir Richard Baker, fifth Earl of Bridgeport has just been promoted. He is now the Sixth Earl of Bridgeport. Tom, the fun loving Baker, has a dukedom and a native wife and three little dough nuts (crumbs off the old loafer, you know) each running around in his own private kiddie car. Sam has a baronetcy, a harem and a magnificent fleet of a thousand pie wagons.

"As the curtain rises, the Three Bakers meet again on the corner of the road to Mandalay and Tin Pan Alley . . . three rugged sons of Old England, still pals, still muddling through thick and thin, still jolly no end. Arm in arm they stride . . . down the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play . . . for east is east and west is west no matter what the street signs say. And as they walk, hand in hand, into the gloom, lo, the dawn comes up with a rolling boom like thunder out of China on the far side of the bay."

And as the curtain descends on the last scene we hear a gentle splash of oars while the voices of the Three Bakers fade into the distance.

"Oh east is east and west is west
A rolling pin aimed at the steward's
crest
Came to rest at the pit of his vest
Yo-ho and a bottle of milk
Three Bread Bakers on a Bread man's
chest."

All is well.

WELL, the Old Topper has put aside his snowy white crown as the Fourth Baker. At this writing we are informed Brad Browne, formerly Chief Wit of the CBS Nitwits, has assumed his new dignities as Perkins' successor. Well here's hail and farewell to the old and the new with dough on the floor from a mixing bowl that's never empty!

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 51)

continent for prospective hits, only to have Mr. Van Lier arrive in America with several tunes which he has offered them to publish.

I am afraid "The Match Parade" will never be another "Wooden Soldiers," but instrumentally it will make excellent radio material for the bands who desire to pep up their programs in various spots, and if sung by a good quartette or trio the children should enjoy hearing it because it is the type of number that children usually like.

Perhaps these paragraphs should really be dedicated to a song the Santly's have, which they also brought from Europe, and which has really developed into a sensational hit for them, "Call Me Darling." By this time its melody and lyrics are very well-known to my readers, and I hardly need describe the song. It is a lovely song, and the American version is written by the wife of one of the Santly's executives who seems to have an aptitude for English versions, and whose lyrics, in this case, swing along with the melody most excellently.

The "Match Parade" should be played as a peppy fox trot. It is exceedingly difficult to sing, and requires a deep breathing apparatus in the vocalist, otherwise he will be left far behind if he stops long enough to breathe. Listen for it on radio programs of the future.

"I Wonder Who's Under the Moon With You Tonight"

MESSRS. DAVIS AND COOTS, both clever showmen as well as composers, are now free-lancing. At one time they were writing exclusively for their own firm of Davis, Coots & Engle beginning their own personal hit-writing career with the songs from "Sons O' Guns." In the past two years there has been little sensational material from their pens, which is rather surprising as the boys are among the most capable of song-writers in Tin Pan Alley. In my book I held up Benny Davis as the writer of the longest list of hits to his credit; as I became acquainted with more and more song-writers and their best successes I realized that that might have been a bit exaggerated, but I still believe that Benny is one of the cleverest of clever writers. And how he sells one of his own songs! When nearing the end of his act, which boasts of some 20 people, he decides to "put over" one of his new songs, which he precludes with snatches from his best successes. Benny and J. Fred Coots—

Coots being best-known for his "Precious Little Thing Called Love,"—are collaborating on many new songs; among them is one that the firm of Berlin is all "het up" about.

It is a "moon" song, but an odd type of "moon" song: an unhappy, sad thought in a most beautiful melodic vein, one that will make excellent moonlight waltz dancing. I am very optimistic about the outcome of the song, as its opening phrases have a quality that is hit quality. I am hoping for the boys that the song proves popular.

"Who's Your Little Whozis?"

THE old Maestro, out there in Chicago, none other than Ben Bernie himself, has authored and sponsored a cute type of thing which, even if it never becomes a hit, will be a welcome relief on any dance program. Although the gentleman responsible for the melody was probably unconsciously influenced by "S Wonderful," the musical comedy hit from "Funny Face," and the middle part of the song veers dangerously close to the middle part of "If I Had a Girl Like You," the thought of the song, and Ben's very typical rendition of it make it a welcome contrast on the dance radio programs of today.

It should be played brightly and sprightly. If I had my way I would have every vocalist talk it in the deep, throaty nonchalance of Ben himself.

It is published by Famous Music, Inc., and I believe we take about 35 seconds to the chorus.

"All of Me"

UP IN Detroit is a young, quiet orchestra leader-pianist, with shell-rimmed glasses, which give him a resemblance not unlike that of Harold Lloyd,—Gerald Marks. Gerald has suddenly decided to write a lot, and he has followed his first tune, "With You On My Mind I Find I Can't Write the Words" with several others. "All of Me" is perhaps a bit more outstanding, especially in its poignant qualities, than "I Can't Write the Words."

When an artist like Belle Baker becomes very enthused about such a song, it certainly must have something. She wanted very much to do it when she guest-starred with us recently on the Fleischmann Hour, but the sponsors felt that "Now That You're Gone" had evoked such wide-spread comment when she did it some time ago, that they preferred to play safe with a number which had definitely shown a fine reaction. However, she has since had her way, and a radio presentation of "All of Me" has caused the firm of Irving Berlin to "concentrate," as they call it, on this particular song. They are going after it in a big way.

For his collaborator, Mr. Marks searched in no out-of-town places; rather did he feel he should keep such things at home, and Seymour Simons, another Detroit, has done the lyrical work on the song. Seymour Simons is best-known for his "Honey," "Tie A Little String Around Your Finger," "The One I Love Just Can't Be Bothered With Me," "Sweetheart Of My Student Days," and a score of others. In fact, Mr. Marks is almost a novice beside his friend Seymour. Together the boys are hoping to do big things, and I hope that this is the first of many successes.

"Song of the Lonesome Guitar"

I BRING this song into our columns not so much for the song itself as for its composer, Ray Perkins, "Prince of Pineapples." I have such a high estimate for the cheery gentleman that it is a pleasure to talk about his song. It borders more on the classical than it does on the "corny" popular; in fact, when I examined the song almost a year ago it made me think of the "Song Without A Name" in its ballad-like qualities.

I have often wished that the Fleishmann's Yeast Hour could have as its permanent guest artist the afore-said Ray Perkins; we have had many and varied guest artists of all types, nationalities, and performances, but none of them have ever been quite so delightfully relaxing and refreshing as Mr. Perkins. He gives the impression of effervescence, spontaneity, and buoyancy in his work that attracts and holds the listener throughout his entire performance.

As a direct contrast to my own serious announcements, and my type of vocal rendition, the Perkins style is a contrast which I believe is just what our program needs in every quarter, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to know he is going to be with us as guest artist.

Like all radio performers, especially since he plays piano so excellently, Ray has turned composer. I know that he has many songs, but this seems to be his pet, and I am happy to see that at last he has had it published.

The firm of Mills, Inc., headed by Jack and Irving Mills, have undertaken to bring it to the attention of the public, and it will be a pleasure for us to play it. The song itself is embodied in its title; it is the plaintive soul of music, seeking expression through a guitar; a lovely thought and a very good song.

Whether we will play it as a ballad or as a fox trot I have not yet decided. I wish I could hear Ray do it first, so that he could show me how he wants it played. Maybe I will.

Ray has received lyric assistance from Mitchell Parish, who has been with

Mills Music for many years, and who is the greatest lyric doctor I have ever met. Unquestionably there were spots in Ray's original composition which needed touching up, and Parish has lent that finishing touch. The song is really a serenade, the type of thing that glee clubs do so well, a song that one might really sing under the stars, to the fair one as she comes out on the balcony to listen.

"Lies"

SHAPIRO-BERNSTEIN, who have moved their professional offices from the old building in which they kept them so many years, to beautiful new ones in the Capitol Theatre Bldg., are beginning their new tenancy with a series of new songs. One, at least, should step out in a big way.

Harry Barris, who gave that firm "Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams," is Bing Crosby's pianist and pal over a period of years of association with Crosby, when, together with Al Rinker, they constituted the three Rhythm Boys. This same Barris, who has been writing steadily since "I Surrender Dear," and "At Your Command," is certainly turning them out fast and furiously; more than that, he is really writing clever songs.

"Lies" he has written with a collaborator by the name of Springer; I believe the song was written on the Pacific Coast where Barris has been for the past year and a half.

While the song is very hauntingly reminiscent of the "Sheik," and has the same general construction as "Bye Bye Blues" in the fact that it consists mainly of whole notes, half notes and quarter notes, thus making it possible for the hands that usually murder songs by playing them too fast to play this song as fast as they desire, it is practically fool-proof and that, to my way of thinking, was the reason for the success of "Bye Bye Blues." Owing to its construction it is impossible to injure it by playing it too fast.

On the other hand, there are those orchestra conductors who seem to have a perverse desire to play this type of tune as slowly as possible, likewise killing the tune. I realize that there is no absolute criterion or standard for setting the tempo of any particular song, as it is, after all, merely a matter of taste, but one would certainly not play "The Stars and Stripes Forever" very slowly; neither would one play "The Funeral March" swiftly. Yet there is no iron-bound rule which says that it must not be done; the compositions themselves please most people by a certain rendition of them.

Likewise a tune whose construction is mainly whole notes, half notes, and quarter notes will invariably sound better when played brightly, and a tune

with a lot of dotted eighth and sixteenth notes invariably sounds better when played in a staccato and leisurely fashion.

In these days it is rather difficult to prophecy unless the song is a natural hit, but I believe that "Lies" is going to enjoy a great radio popularity due to the aforesaid tempo theory, and, if it does, something should happen.

We take 36 seconds for the chorus. Its "Sheik-like" qualities will not do it any harm either, as the "Sheik" was one of the biggest hits of the day.

Voice of the Listener

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bringing up children, none of which items have any place in a radio magazine as far as I can see. Of course if you are running Radio Digest from the point of view of people who rave over crooners, Rudy Vallee, Abe Lyman, and others of their ilk, then of course it is quite all right. But if you are not, then you will have to do something about it if you wish to keep us.—Elizabeth Whiting, 65 Watchung Avenue, Chatham, N. J.

KIND WORDS, KIND DEED

SOME few weeks ago I purchased the September issue of your Radio Digest. After reading pages 11, 92 and 94, which Phil Maxwell contributed to that issue regarding America's greatest dance orchestra, let me assure you that that article alone was worth many times the price I paid for the magazine. During the past month of September the fortunate public of this city was blessed with the appearance of those wonderful personalities, Messrs. Coon-Sanders, themselves and their band. They were in New Orleans for three weeks to fill an engagement at one of the leading night clubs in the city. What an impression they made; but it is not within my powers to tell you of that, nor can I tell you how firmly they established themselves in the hearts of the music lovers here. I hear them regularly over WEAJ from the New Yorker Hotel. I also enjoyed the article about Morton Downey and his better three-quarters, the beautiful Barbara Bennett. Give us more of such interesting literature as it is sure to increase your circulation. As proof of this I am enclosing my check for one year's subscription to Radio Digest.—Ann VanHoven, 6137 Magazine Street, New Orleans, La.

THEY'RE IN YOUR HANDS NOW

I HAVE just joined the many readers of your wonderful radio magazine and oh what a radio fan I am! While I can say that I enjoy practically all of the artists I hear on the air, my favorites are among the announcers. Please publish some stories about them and show us their pictures. I think that a series of stories telling of each of the foremost announcers would be very interesting.—Sally Evans, Little Rock, Ark.

WATCH STATION PARADE

I HAVE read Radio Digest for over a year and think that it is the best radio magazine published. But I do have one fault to find and this is it: I would like to see pictures of the radio entertainers

in the mid-west instead of those on the West coast. I hope I am not asking too much but I should like to see in your pages the faces of people whom I have heard and whom I know better than those I have never heard. Give three cheers for Kate Smith, Smith Ballew, and Rudy Vallee, my three favorite songbirds.—Fanny Robinson, Tekamah, Nebraska.

FIRST ONE WHO WANTS GOSSIP

I HOPE that I am addressing this letter to the right person. First of all I think the stars should reveal whether or not they are married. Secondly I wish to put my stamp of approval on the question of whether or not we are to have gossip in the Digest. I am for it one hundred per cent and believe that such a feature would be of wide spread interest.—Madeline Qualtrough, Williamsburgh, Pa.

I WISH that you could include more pictures of our favorites in Radio Digest. I know that it is impossible to print all of them but it seems that you could put more pictures with the articles. Would enjoy seeing pictures of Clara Lu, and Em, also a picture of Amos and Andy, now and then, would be a great treat—Ethel Cooper, Mansville, Ill.

Silhouettes

(Continued from page 69)

embarking—He's smart.

He's one of the guys that make those "Electrical transcriptions" you hear. Also does a news-reel a week. (Kinograms).

Says that he has other talents, such as rubbing his head and patting his stomach at the same time—and vice versa.

Has little oddities. Sprinkles salt and pepper on his cantaloupe—Loves to milk cows—Terribly ticklish and has been known to sock people who grab him around the knees.

Traveled quite a lot. Likes Lima, Peru best. Does not ask "have you been there"—Doesn't like cops because he can't understand what they say.

Impeccable in his pronunciation. Will not go on the air in doubt as to the pronunciation of the simplest word. Changes uncomfortable phrases—Made a "bull" once. The first local he did for NBC after coming from Buffalo. He said "this is station WJZ Buffalo."

Wears mostly blue and grey. Always looks well. Puts on the first sock he happens to grab. Makes no difference—right or left. Smokes about a pack of cigarettes a day. Never tried to give them up.

Goes to bed about three or four in the morning. Up about noon or one o'clock. Likes New York night life. Gets a big kick out of taking out-of-towners around to see the sights.

Sleeps in pajamas. That is, in the winter. Summer, only the pants. Snore like a fog horn when on his back.

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