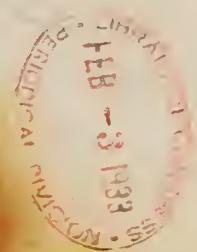


Radio Digest

February

15 Cents



Jean Fay

Charles Sheehey

Lydia Summers Takes a Prize

Al Jolson



Jeannie Lang



George Hall

The National Barn Dance

Adds Another Sponsor



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The Keystone Steel and Wire Company of Peoria, Illinois, makers of Red Brand Fence and Silver Brand Steel Posts, join the National Barn Dance folks to bring WLS listeners another half-hour of this popular radio feature.

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makers of

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WLS

BURRIDGE D. BUTLER
President

GLENN SNYDER
Manager

CHICAGO

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Nellie Revell

NBC-WEAF AND NETWORK

Every

WEDNESDAY

11 P. M. EST

Chats with NBC stars

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

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TWISTS and TURNS

With Radio People and Programs

BY HAROLD P. BROWN

BY THE time this reaches you the results of that great popularity contest promoted by an Eastern set manufacturer will be known. If the list of winners that we have seen previous to the public announcement is final there is no serious reason to complain about the selections. Our theory is, however, that the winners might just as well have been so named in the first place without all the farce of the contest. The manufacturers aver that they received a total of 10,500,000 votes. Perhaps they did. They may even ask you to step up and count 'em. And if you can count that far you may find that there are 10,500,000 ballots. But that will never prove to you how many people actually voted. If each ballot represented a vote by a different person it would mean that approximately two out of every three set owners in the United States participated in the contest. It would mean that approximately every other voter who cast his ballot for Roosevelt in the last Presidential campaign also voted in this radio popularity contest. We would not question the personal integrity of any one of the winners. We would not question the honest intent of the sponsors of the contest. In fact we are rather sympathetic toward both of these elements. But we do feel that somewhere along the line someone committed a serious error in judgment so that it became possible for unknown but ambitious candidates to acquire limitless quantities of ballots. The sponsors in their eagerness to produce logical winners took measures, we suspect, to see that sufficient ballots were available to make those obviously most popular contestants win.

TIMES SQUARE studio of the NBC never was so popular as it has been this Winter. Rudy Vallee with his Thursday evening Fleischmann Hour is high on the crest of the wave again. His show has been put in his own hands. He has stepped over to Broadway and brought in any number of shining names from the marquee of the Great White Way. Dramatists, singers, comedians, have all helped to make his program highly entertaining; and Rudy himself with his inimitable radio voice gives the flavor to the cake. There never was any question about his popularity among the majority of the fairer half of the listeners. The sterner half in many instances has not been so kind, although

So Ben Bernie takes Maurice Chevalier's hat and Maurice lights a Bernie cigar, and says Ben: "Tres beans." To which Maurice replies: "Yow-sieur."



opinions have changed when meeting Vallee man to man. He has generally kept his head level under conditions that could easily have warped many a male with more brute bulk and sinew. Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees, without personal effort on his part could very well win a national contest.

LAST YEAR a New York newspaper radio editor took a poll among radio editors of the country and found that Jessica Dragonette stood so far in the lead of her nearest competitor that the total number of her votes was almost double. She is a modest, wholesome little lady with a soft clear voice that radiates the personality of a clean mind and a sweet disposition. Miss Dragonette is in reality that kind of a young woman. She does not try to promote herself. Her friendships are sincere. To suspect that she may unintentionally have caused another pain is to bring suffering on herself. Some months ago she was asked by RADIO DIGEST if she would allow some of her fan letters to be published in our series "Letters to the Artist." She was asked for "outstanding" letters. She went into her treasure chest of her fan mail and brought out some "outstanding" letters as requested. Then she obtained permission from the writers of the letters to use them, and they were published in RADIO DIGEST. After that one of those male fault-finders wrote to her complaining that she had forgotten to use any of the letters from her more humble admirers, chiding her about it. She felt quite hurt until she was told that this particular person's name was well known as a fanatical complainer along those lines to all radio columns. He was one of those fellows who always was sad and neglected. But the incident is cited only as an example of the really sincere and tender feeling Miss Dragonette has toward her listeners. It would not be at all surprising if she should win any popularity test wherein her name might be entered as a candidate.

RICHARD GORDON in the character of "Sherlock Holmes" also carried top honors in this newspaper contest. He is one of the best-liked men among his fellow artists. He is a veteran of the stage, belongs to the theatrical clubs, has friends everywhere in all parts of the country. But he does not live in a flamboyant manner. He and his devoted wife, who also is a famous stage star, live quietly and modestly in their comfortably furnished home at Stamford, Conn. Richard Gordon really pioneered the way for radio drama. From coast to coast his keen, analytical voice has taken the country by storm. When "Sherlock Holmes" is due to step out of the console into the living room all other sounds cease. His popularity was amply demonstrated a year ago and he is no less popular today. It would be hard to name any dramatic actor in radio today who could surpass Richard Gordon in national popularity.

THERE seems to be a general air of indecision about announcers this year. Graham McNamee and Ted Husling have been panned in the columns so much during the past year because of alleged inaccuracies in sports broadcasting it is possible they do not hold all the esteem that was theirs in former days. "Jimmy" Wallington has since had considerable build-up on the Cantor program. Howard Clancy has been much sought after by sponsors because of his pleasant manner of delivery. Louis Dean and David Ross have been in the spotlight a great deal during the past year. Kelvin Keech and John S. Young have become better known. Milton Cross always tones his programs with gilt-edge. Who really is the most popular announcer? That is a question it would be hard to answer other than by a simple untampered vote by the listeners. Perhaps some of the readers of RADIO DIGEST would like to express an opinion on the subject. Such opinions are respectfully solicited by the editors.

COMEDIANS certainly have had the spot during the past year. Ed Wynn leaped to the top at one bound. Baron Munchausen also made a quick climb, then Eddie Cantor came rushing back to New York from Hollywood to reclaim the very popular place he had made for himself before deserting the mike for pictures last Spring. There have been other comedians but none that could really compare with the popularity achieved by these three.

ARE contests really beneficial? If they are unquestionably genuine how does the good achieved compare with the wide-spread pain and disappointment of those who lost and the suspicion on the part of those who backed the closers? And if the contest bears a cloud of doubt as to its genuine merit what is gained by anybody?



What, No Script!

RADIO'S first ad-lib comedy is the refreshing foolishness brought to the Columbia microphones these days by Tom Howard, the wise boob, and his partner, George Shelton. The pair works entirely without a prepared script, giving the production and control room men the jitters, but adding the spontaneity of delivery vital to their form of nonsense.

Howard and Shelton depend primarily upon ridiculous characterization and outlandish situations, far removed from the straight gag type common to the funnymen today. They are turned loose among the microphones without even so much as a dress rehearsal and, with the uncanny sixth sense of the veteran trouper, and their turns "on the nose."

How this is accomplished seems all the more remarkable in the face of their confused colloquys heard every Tuesday and Friday evenings. Howard is the lank, lean partner with the droll delivery which seems to go on, and on, and on such subjects as how high is up while the agitated Shelton seeks to put him straight. It's an old trick to both, however, since they met up on the movie lots two years ago and blended their stage talents of a life time. The team, given a central idea, would go before the cameras with the script thrown to the four winds.

Much the same formula is followed between their broadcasts today. A situation is selected and Mr. Howard, in his home on the banks of the Shrewsbury River, cogitates on just what he would do in such a fix. Mr. Shelton does the same between pinochle decks at the Friars Club. Then they go off in a corner at the Columbia studios, feeding each other lines while Rush Jermon, their manager, times the business by his watch and suggests deletions. Their opening and closing cues are then

noted for Conductor Leonard Hayton and Announcer Norman Brokenshire who haven't the slightest idea of just what their guests will do that evening.



Hill is Sponsored

EDWIN C. HILL, who was chosen to reveal "The Inside Story" of a series of great personalities currently in the news, is living evidence of the theory that Hoosier soil supplies the peculiar sort of vitamin for the growth of authors, poets and newspapermen.

In the new series of Friday broadcasts over Columbia, which opened January 27 when "Babe" Ruth was up to bat at the mike with the veteran reporter in the box, Edwin C. Hill finds himself in a perfect vehicle; for he built up his reputation through the years as an expert discoverer and writer of human interest material.

He was born in Aurora (population 4,000), Indiana. It looked from the very beginning as if young Edwin was destined to become a school-teacher to follow family tradition. His father was a county superintendent of schools and his mother taught. But it was at college, the University of Indiana, that Hill first fostered the idea of becoming a writer. Here is how it happened. His professor in English used to use the editorial page of a well-known New York daily for purposes of illustration. Hill determined after but a few classes that someday he would be contributing to that same newspaper—and he did.

After short tours of duty with papers in Fort Wayne and Cincinnati, Hill came to New York. He had no letters of introduction and knew no one. He presented himself at the city desk of the great metropolitan newspaper. The editor liked the appearance of the persistent young Hoosier who insisted on getting a job.

To make a long story short, he was given an assignment and made good. Within four months he had broken a long-standing record. Never before in the history of New York journalism had a cub reporter succeeded in being paid by space in less than eight months, and Hill made it in half that time.

In more than twenty years Hill has met and interviewed practically every distinguished visitor who has come to our shores. In addition he has been on intimate terms with Presidents, athletes, actors, authors, soldiers, statesmen and adventurers.

One of the things that has undoubtedly aided him in getting to so many personalities is his appearance. He is distinguished looking with his hair greying at the temples. In dress he is always immaculate and his favorite costume is that of a short black coat with striped trousers. This is topped off with a pair of pince-nez.

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Send me your big Free Book; details of your Free Employment Service; and tell me all about your special offer of allowing me to pay for training on easy monthly terms after graduation.

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Bing Crosby and Eddie Lang

THIS is considered by many as the very finest photograph ever taken of Bing Crosby. It shows him at the ecstatic moment when he sings “—blue of the night.” And that’s Eddie Lang with the guitar, just as you may have seen them together in the movie, “The Bi(n)g Broadcast.” If Eddie didn’t look so blamed mundane you would probably call the picture spiritual or somethin’.

Bing's Node

Insured for \$100,000

By KNUTE K. HANSEN

FOR years Bing Crosby struggled for recognition as a singer. Then Mack Sennett, veteran Hollywood comedy impresario, decided that Bing was a natural comedian—whereupon Bing immediately attained fame as a singer—and as a comedian as well, of course.

After organizing an orchestra while he was a student at Gonzaga University, in Spokane, Washington, his home town, to finance an automobile accident—the accident had already happened—Bing gravitated into vaudeville. Then, with Harry Barris and Al Rinker, he went with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra as Whiteman's original Rhythm Boys. In Hollywood for the filming of Whiteman's picture, "The King of Jazz," they decided that they liked California, left Whiteman, and went to work with Gus Arnheim's orchestra in the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

There Mack Sennett observed Crosby's antics while he was singing, his ad-libbing at the microphone and generally pleasing insouciance, and signed him up for a series of two reel comedies. Simultaneously with their release, the eastern networks heard of the individual hit Crosby was making at the Cocoanut Grove and over the air in Los Angeles, and did battle for his services. The rest is history.

Established as a leading star of the air, Crosby was lured to Hollywood for another film engagement, this time in Paramount's "The Big Broadcast," in which he was starred. Now, with the picture released, he is back on the air for Chesterfield, twice weekly, and his future career promises to be marked by a struggle between films and the air for his continued services, so great has his success been in each medium. In fact, Paramount now wants him back in Hollywood for their "College Humor," on which

they would like to begin production in April.

That, to the casual observer, is the success story of Crosby, Bing to you. But behind it is another story, a story of how the hard work and the

IF ANYTHING ever happens whereby Bing Crosby loses the corn on his epitelium he'll lose his node and Lloyd's of London will lose \$100,000 for which Bing's node is insured. His return to the CBS waves with songs that satisfy has been counted a new triumph for the perfect glissando. But read on, read on and maybe you'll discover things about this rhythmic baritone you never knew before.

struggle Bing went through to attain his present eminence had its effect on his present fame in more ways than one.

As one of the Rhythm Boys, Crosby did four and five shows daily, and, if you remember the Rhythm Boys, you'll recall that plenty of enthusiasm and energy went into those performances. Then, in addition, there were often dance engagements following the rigorous theatre schedule, and broadcasts too. In the mornings, there were recordings, for Bing, first as one of the Rhythm trio and then as a solo artist, was a big name and a heavy seller on phonograph records even before he attained radio prominence. In fact, it was his record of "I Surrender, Dear," which William Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, heard played in an adjoining stateroom while he was on his way to Europe, which eventually led to his first Columbia contract.

For each public appearance and for each recording, there had to be a rehearsal, at least one and sometimes many, so Crosby's schedule was completely filled from early morning

until, very often, way past midnight, with almost incessant singing. Add to this the fact that Crosby has an extremely sensitive throat, and you have an idea of the constant strain to which he subjected his voice.

It will be remembered that Crosby's debut on the Columbia system two years ago was delayed by a severe attack of laryngitis, which necessitated the postponement of his first broadcast for a week. That throat of Bing's has required more attention and care than a fabulously valuable Stradivarius violin; often his doctor goes to the studios with him, with Bing barely able to speak huskily, and gives him a quick treatment just before he goes on the air.

AS A result of Bing's strenuous singing, Nature stepped in and gave him a helping hand. Anyone who has read Clarence Buddington Kelland's novel "The Great Crooner" will see a parallel between the case of Kelland's crooner and Bing Crosby. Not from the standpoint of crooning—Crosby is not a crooner, but a singer, as anyone who has ever heard him will agree. But both of them are endowed with trick vocal cords which impart a timbre to their voices which makes men and women alike gather round the radio when they're on the air, and a glissando which makes musicians marvel, other singers envious and Ring Lardner, the old purist, furious.

Kelland couldn't have had Crosby in mind, however, except for the matter of that glissando, for at that time only Crosby and his doctor knew the full details of Bing's case. Kelland's crooner sang as he did because of a slip a country doctor made in operating on his throat for quinsy. Bing Crosby's million dollar voice is the direct result of his years of hard work.

(Continued on page 48)

RADIO CITY

YOU don't have to die to go to Paradise, nor do you have to rub Aladdin's Lamp or ride the Magic Carpet to be let down into a palace so wonderful and beautiful it seems not of this earth but a Land of Dreams or a childhood's fancy. Nothing like this. The next time you come to New York just ask the taxi man to let you out at Sixth avenue and Fiftieth street where the dirty old elevated structure has turned into a silvery spangle of steel.

There you will see signs indicating the entrance to Radio City. You walk into a shimmering maze of crystal and red Italian marble, put two bucks into a little window, take your pasteboards and walk up the slight incline to the doors where St. Peter, or maybe it's St. Joe or Mike, takes the tickets and wafts you to glory.

This is Radio City—the RKO Music Hall—and as you pass those golden doors purge your mind of any preconceived prejudices. Park your cynical spirit outside and walk in to be thrilled and you will be. Your toes are on air as they sink into a cloud-carpet, and before you rises a cascade of cloud-flecked walls shot through with golden mirrors reaching into dim heights above the third floor level. Painted mists float in and out of the background as a great stairway wends gracefully upward in easy slopes. A great elliptical well with radiant light descending from massive clusters of glass suspended from the sky—so it seems.

And this is only the foyer which comfortably accommodates 2,000 people. While you pause in dumb admiration expecting one of the angels to come fluttering down from somewhere a small imp in a black velvet tam directs you to one of the doors to your right and then you find yourself in the main auditorium. Mortal beings just like yourself are streaming in from all directions and before you know it that vast acre of 6,200 seats is filled with humanity. Organs are playing. Music sifts down to you from some indefinable source. It is the grand opening!

Now you become conscious through the dim twilight of a dawn at sea. Sunlight seeps out of a gilded sky. There's a strain from the Star Spangled Banner, then an interlude snatched from

you parked your dry husk of sophistication outside the door before you entered.

Now comes the show. The Jap acrobats, the aerialists—sure, you've seen them before, but not in Radio City. And here are the radio funsters, Eddie and Ralph, just like you hear them on the air, except that you really see them, and they have a chorus with quaint scenery on their little stage of the moment. It's a burlesque on the Barber of Seville, only they call it the Dentist of Seville. If that whimpering ghost of your cynical self still clings to your coat tails you won't be so amused, but let's hope it's gone.



Grand stairway from foyer with lower part of gold mirror that rises three stories. Chandelier weighs two tons, half of weight is glass.

the heart of war, cannon's roar, rockets flash, the scene comes to life and over the ramparts you see that our flag "is still there." It's Ferde Grofe's arrangement of the Star Spangled Banner. You see it and feel it as Francis Scott Key felt it in 1814 when as a prisoner of war on a British frigate he wrote the immortal song.

Yes, it's all true, not a dream—if

AH, you were looking for the angels. Here they come flitting down to the stage from the right and the left with silver in their wings. No Raphael ever visioned a more heavenly sight. Softly like snowflakes they float down from the side walls and flurry about in fantastic eddies.

Somewhere in those dark shadows beyond the soft play of coloring lights sits a man who sees all, hears all, but is himself unseen. He is the pin-point of radium around which all these things move. His heart is pounding. It is the supreme moment of his great creative life. He has combed the world for the things that give you this hour. Now he flashes back to you Life—the scintillating panorama of your existence, part in symbol, part in vivid actuality. This man with Destiny on a string for your amusement is Roxy.

So, whether you like it or not there is the show. The weird, ghostly Angel of Fate descends a stairway, a Death Mask in his hand. In a greenish light you behold yourself in the typical folly of a body-wrecking orgy. It is called the King's Feast. In one form or another this dissipation comes to every man. But the Angel of Fate is present, joins the party and in the midst of it all claps the Mask over one and Life collects the toll.

(Continued on page 48)



Mary Eastman

RECENTLY joined the CBS-WABC as a regular member of the artist staff. Her young coloratura voice is adaptable to all the requirements of a versatile radio career. She has sung in joint recitals with Mme. Schumann-Heink and Richard Crooks. She won the New York state Atwater Kent audition contest, and she has been singing recently with Singin' Sam.



Fig. I. Above you see Rudy Vallee in the act of singing. Note the balance solidly on his left foot while his right is poised on toe ready to shove off for a high note.



Fig. II. Moran of Moran and Mack, "The Two Black Crows" spreads his feet out firmly and takes a slightly crouching position. He feels belligerent. Dares such discussions as the early bird and the worm.

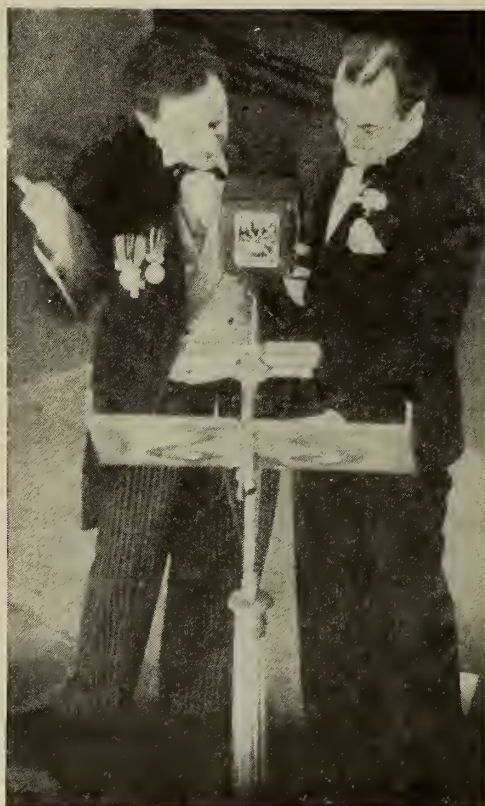


Fig. III. Jack Pearl, the Baron of Munchausen, leans on his left, a la Vallee, in order to get the proper balance for his right thumb as he asks, "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" "Sharlie" stands firmly heel and toe on both feet.



Fig. IV. This is Mack with his lazy feet dragged up to the mike while he drawls, "Who caahs about a worm?"

FOOTNOTES ON THE SOUNDS OF TIME

GATHER around, folks; get a little closer, please. Here we have the first lesson in microphone technique. A great deal depends on how you handle your feet. It's in the "stance," as they say on the links, for chain broadcasting. We have here a collection of illustrations taken from real life in the Times Square studio of the National Broadcasting Company. As ye stand so shall ye also think, and as ye think so shall ye sound to the radio audience. You see how it works out?

The MIKE Stance

*Lessons in
That so-called
Technique*



Fig. V. Cantor carefully works his feet around at right angles to his mike as shown in the above picture. This gives him that sense of animation, a feeling that if Rubinoff or Jimmy start for him for any foolery he can leap forward and off the stage without upsetting the microphone. Rubinoff has been known to splinter his baton on a fiddler's head and Eddie takes no chance. Microphoners with a fear complex would do well to take the Cantor stance to avoid that feeling of anxiety. Also note Rubinoff's so-called "hairpin" stance, his back to the audience.

You never hear Rubinoff say a word in reply to Cantor's jibes. It's because Eddie talks behind his back, and Eddie's voice is only little more than a whisper when poised before the mike.



Fig. VI. Musicians at rising tempo, some of them unable to stand. The fiddler nearest the mike, however, keeps his left boot in tapping position to keep time in case the baton slips a half-beat or two.



Fig. VII. Ethel Shutta takes the toe stance before the microphone in order to get a rhythmic sway to her knees as she sings. She finds this gets over the mike very effectively.

LYDIA SUMMERS

Wins a Prize

Girl from Apple Blossom Land
Takes \$5,000 Trophy in the
A. Atwater Kent Auditions

By NORVELLE W. SHARPE, JR.

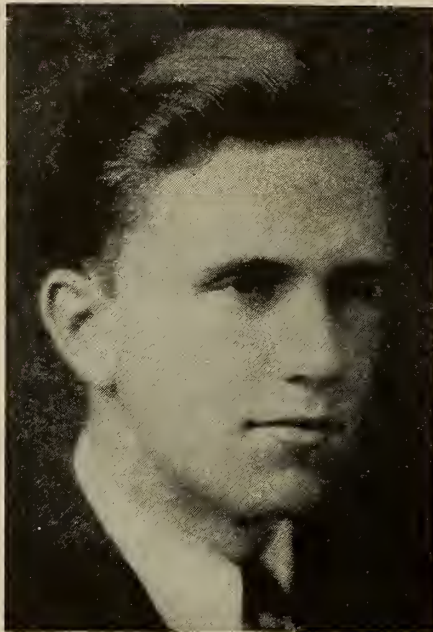
SOON it will be Blossom Time in Michigan. Take a Sunday in May and drive around the bend of the lake from Chicago and you will find the broad concrete highway glittering with an endless caravan of shining motor cars bound for the orchard country on the eastern shore. In the very heart of this glorious and aromatic kingdom you come to the capital of Apple Blossom Land, a couplet of towns named St. Joe and Benton Harbor.

Oceans of flowering trees spread out before your eyes as you top a hill or spin along the side of a sandy bluff, a poet's paradise; a place for a queen of song to grow up amid the glorious dreams of childhood. And here was born and reared the charming Miss Lydia Summers who sang her way to the top of 50,000 contestants and took the Atwater Kent \$5,000 audition prize a few weeks ago.

When Lydia was a little girl her name was Lydia Summerfelt. That was the name her people brought over to America from Munich, Germany. And her brother is none other than the famous Milton Summerfelt, captain of the Army's steam-roller gridiron team.

Lydia was born with a love to sing. Her parents both were good singers. But they were not wealthy people and Lydia had dreams of far-away places, of fame and glory. Sometimes she put the feeling of her dreams into her voice as she sang. One day a well-to-do neighbor was so charmed at the quality of voice with which Lydia sang "Holy Night, Silent Night," he decided to do something about it besides paying her nice compliments. Whereupon she began her musical training and joined the Congregational church choir as a member of a girl's quartet.

She felt the urge to try her wings over broader fields and one day when she was twenty, she stepped aboard one



Wilson Angel, who won the \$5,000 award for male singers. He lost once and tried again finally to achieve success.

of those inviting excursion steamers which brought such crowds of interesting people from the Big City. She had sometimes wondered what lay beyond her vision of the horizon along the blue waters of the lake. In Chicago she studied music by day and languages by night. Between times she clerked a little and played the pipe organ. And then she found an opportunity as secretary to a New York music teacher. Arriving in the East she soon received an invitation to substitute in a church choir.

THEN she became a regular member of the choir of the Calvary Methodist church in New York City. And there she still may be found every Sunday.

Last year Lydia felt inspired to try

her wings again for new heights and began to prepare for the annual competition of the Atwater Kent Foundation. To win such a prize? Well, it would do no harm at least to try. She considered that her voice was contralto and the sopranos, so far as she could see, always seemed to get the best breaks in affairs of this sort. But she would try. To her surprise she captured the state prize without much trouble. Now she was possessed of new courage and those girlhood dreams when the heavens above were clouds of sweet-scented apple blossoms came back again. She would win, she would, even though she did not sing the Bell Song or some other extravaganza with dizzy top notes!

Suppose there were 50,000 entrants in this A. Atwater Kent Foundation contest! Well, weeks passed and soon all were eliminated but five young women, and five young men. And Lydia Summers was of this group!

On December 9th she found herself in company with them at the home of the President of the United States in Washington. What a thrill! They were welcomed and honored in all the high places of state. Then they were on the deluxe "The Congressional" whirling away to New York. For some it would be the first visit to the nation's metropolis, for Lydia it was her adopted home. Together they were all ushered to the Roosevelt Hotel, which is only a few blocks from the studios of the National Broadcasting Company where soon they would know their fate. The next day they went over to the NBC studios to practice. In the evening they attended the Yale Glee Club concert at Carnegie Hall. Then, afterward, the Eight Sons of Eli, joined them for a merry sing together in the little ballroom at the hotel.

Sunday dawned in time for the final-
(Continued on page 46)



DREAMS came true when Lydia Summers stood before a microphone and received a check for \$5,000 from A. Atwater Kent, the prize for the 1932 audition which had enlisted 50,000 aspirants. Her reward will of course be used to further her musical education. She is contralto.

Lydia Summers



Buck Rogers

SO FAR as the authors of the Buck Rogers radioplay can foresee romance will continue to be an important factor in human lives 500 years from now the same as it is today. So here stands Buck struck dumb by the beauty of 2432 just as he had been on occasion back in the year 1932. It's a bewildering story of adventure that takes place a long, long time to come.

Engineers Work Months

“BUCK

By YVONNE

LONG before the submarine was invented Jules Verne wrote a most fascinating story about it in his “Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.” Other imaginative authors have described new devices for the use of mankind far in advance of the actual achievement in the realm of science and invention.

Back in Civil War times some imaginative person described the day when the people of the eastern part of the American continent would talk through space to the people on the Pacific slope. And it was predicted that this would be accomplished without wires. The item was printed in the Chicago Tribune during the Sixties and gave a very clear picture of radio as it exists today.

And now we have “Buck Rogers in the year 2432” with all the unheard of scientific devices of that day of the future. Strange implements of war. New vehicles for travel.

You probably know how it started as a cartoon strip syndicated through the newspapers. The Kellogg Company of Battle Creek thought the idea could be worked out as broadcast. Sound effect engineers were put to work to study ways and means to convey concussions of various sorts that would create pictures in the minds of the listener as the story was dramatized over the air. An imaginative listener in this way sometimes gets even a better conception of the idea than he would through the moving picture screen or on the stage.

BUT the problem from the start was staggering. A click, a swish, a crackle of electric sparks and lo, before Buck Rogers appears the beautiful girl from “Atlantis.”

If radio had existed when Columbus set out to discover America, and if it had then attempted to create for its audience a picture of our present day civilization, it would have been faced with much the same problem that confronted it in producing this new feature, “Buck Rogers in the Year 2432.”

Imagine the difficulties of anyone in the Fifteenth Century trying to foresee

—and trying to figure out how to picture by sound alone—our roaring submarines, the building of one of our giant skyscrapers, or the passing overhead of a squadron of huge bombing planes. Then imagine trying to picture for the present day audience—again by sound alone—a Twenty-fifty Century world in which space ships travel from the earth to Mars at 90,000 miles an hour, disintegrator rays crumble whole mountains into dust, and New York has been rebuilt as a city of a thousand super-scientific marvels.

In creating the sound effects for the program which carries Buck Rogers through thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes in the world of the future, every resource of imagination and skill had to be brought into play.

Visions of the world of the future have held an enthralling interest from time immemorial. They have formed the subject matter of literature, stage productions and motion pictures. This program, however, marks the first time that an attempt has been made to picture such a world for the radio audience.



Scene in the studio

to Perfect Devices for

ROGERS"

VICTORE

It marks, also, a special development in radio technique and the solution of problems that originally seemed insolvable.

The chief problem lay in creating for the audience the atmosphere of a future civilization by sound alone; without the aid of the settings that the stage and screen call upon to help create their illusions. Further, the atmosphere had to be created by sounds of weird devices which themselves existed only in the imagination—atom disintegrators, rocket ships, guns that fire a stream of annihilating protons instead of ordinary bullets.

Those responsible for the sound effects were first faced with the necessity of determining what sounds would best convey to a listener's mind the picture of a proton gun being fired or a rocket ship making a landing. They then had to discover how to create their sounds.

The experimental work lasted six months, but at the end of that time a whole series of new sound machines had been developed, many of them highly complicated and for the most

part electrically operated. The turn of a dial produces the crash of a great rocket plane wiped out of existence by an atom disintegrator, the hiss of proton bullets, or the clanking movements of a regiment of robot soldiers.

ALL of these and scores of other sounds help to bring vividly before the mind of the listener the picture of the world when rocket power will provide incredibly swift transportation, when dwellers on earth will visit the great cities on the stars, and when the destruction of the atom will furnish the power required by the mechanized civilization the scientists foresee.

Through a thousand thrilling adventures in this strange world this program carries its hero, Buck Rogers; a young man of our own time, buried in a mine near Pittsburgh in 1919, and miraculously emerging from a state of suspended animation lasting five centuries. John F. Dille, Philip Nowlan and Richard W. Calkins collaborate in presenting the future to the radio audience.



Atlantis Maiden



showing apparatus used to create sounds of strange machines of 2432.

BEAUTIFUL Atlantis maiden—a dream girl with the same power over a hero of the future as girls do today. Feminine listeners will be especially interested in the style of garment the girl of 2432 is expected to wear. At least the kind of goods, whatever goods they may be, are not celophane, which is sort of a first cousin of the rayon of today.

"Buck Rogers in the Year 2432" has introduced something new to radio with presentation of many strange new devices for travel and adventure. New ideas that come through invention often originate as fictional stories. Who can tell but some of the mysterious machines conceived by the authors of "Buck Rogers" may some day become realities.

That Irresistible

J E A N

F A Y

By Hal Tillotson

JEAN FAY, diminutive red-head from Louisville who is heard over an NBC network from the Coconut Grove of the Park Central Hotel, New York, where she is appearing with Russ Columbo and his orchestra, convinced her parents that she was too young to go on to college when she finished high school at fifteen, then took a job singing and dancing in a Chicago night club.

Her logic was somewhat confusing to her family, but since her mother couldn't go to college and classes with her but could accompany her to Chicago and keep a guardian eye on her all the time there, she won the argument.

Jean, whose real name is Eugenia, had escaped the usual public appearances as a child which seem to have been frequent in the lives of most artists, but she took dancing lessons, and was finally persuaded to dance at a church entertainment in Louisville, when she was thirteen. Her dance turned out to be a song and dance, and when the choir director heard her sing he insisted on having her join the choir of the church, Christ Church Cathedral.

One thing led to another, and before Jean had finished high school she was singing with an orchestra in one of Louisville's leading hotels. Then she suffered the biggest disappointment of her life. Lack of patronage forced the hotel to close its cabaret, and she lost her first job.

Her individual success had been such, however, that when she had finished high school, and received an offer of a job in a Chicago night club, she was determined to accept it. So Jean and her mother went to Chicago, and from Chicago to Milwaukee and Cincinnati.

Jean had already made her debut on the air, over WHAS at Louisville, and in Cincinnati she seized an opportunity to sing over WLW with Henry Thies and his band. That opened another chapter in Jean's life.

ACINCINNATI friend of Tommy Rockwell, the same manager who represents Ruth Etting, the Mills Brothers and Don Redman and his orchestra, heard Jean with Thies' orchestra, and wired Rockwell in New York asking him to listen to her next broadcast. In New York, Rockwell twirled the dials to WLW one midnight, heard her, and immediately made for a telegraph office. One week later Jean was in New York and had three quarter-hour broadcasts scheduled weekly over WJZ and an NBC network. This was followed by her current engagement with Russ Columbo.

Since Jean Fay works with Russ Columbo, one would naturally expect her favorite radio artist, for publicity purposes at least, to be Bing Crosby, but Bing isn't. She prefers Will Rogers. And unlike Bing, who never listens to the radio because he fears



Jean Fay, the redheaded mocking bird from Louisville.

that he might unconsciously adapt someone's style or mannerisms, Jean listens to the radio regularly.

Listening to the radio, reading, seeing shows and swimming are her favorite diversions. She isn't sure whether seeing shows or swimming gets top ranking, but she's sure that shows are her chief extravagance. She is an accomplished swimmer, and once saved a chum's life. While in school she played basketball, but has given that up now in favor of tennis.

Although she is only eighteen now, romance plays no part in Jean's life—yet. She isn't going to be bothered with a husband until she's ready to retire. If anyone does persuade her to change her mind, though, he will be a brunette; like most red-heads, she doesn't trust blondes. But it's one thing at a time with Jean; first she's going to make her mark in radio, and then she's going to retire, marry and raise a family. In the meantime, she's saving her money; she still has her first week's salary from her first job, saved in the bank she's had since she was two years old. Her salary had to be changed into quarters to get it into the bank, and it's so tightly filled now that it won't even rattle.

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Tibbett Crooks and Daly

*Firestone Demands Quality
Programs and Gets Them*

By Robert A. Wilkinson

THE NEW Voice of Firestone Program, following the tradition it established last year, again is presenting the three American artists who, as much as any other trio, have taken leading roles in a long fight against native musical snobs who frown on any native music unless it has received the stamp of European approval.

The two vocalists of the program, Lawrence Tibbett, baritone, and Richard Crooks, tenor, both of the Metropolitan Opera Company, often have included native songs unapproved by Europe in their radio programs, and William Daly, the orchestra leader, is considered the foremost interpreter of George Gershwin's serious works, which are typically American, by no less an authority than Gershwin himself.

Furthermore, each of the three artists gained fame without any



Richard Crooks.

European study, a thing which was considered essential for a successful musical career before the Twentieth Century. Neither Mr. Tibbett or Mr. Daly have ever studied or performed in Europe while Mr. Crooks appeared in Vienna, Berlin and Munich grand operas only after he had won fame in America.

Each of these artists hails from a different section of the United States—Mr. Tibbett whose career was published in a recent issue of *RADIO DIGEST*, is from California, Mr. Crooks from New Jersey, and Mr. Daly from culture-bitten Boston—, but Daly and Crooks long have known each other. Their acquaintanceship dates back nearly twenty years but they never before appeared together on a musical program, radio or otherwise.

By a whimsical stroke of fate, both



Lawrence Tibbett.

of them dreamed of some day appearing in the Metropolitan Opera House, and they met at a grand opera production in that musical palace in the 1914-15 season. Daly, who long had been a student of classical music, principally Wagner's, was wont to pay most attention to the instrumental music, and Crooks, then a boy soloist in a New York Church, was wont to study the voices of the grand opera stars, including Caruso's.

It is now eighteen years since and, strangely enough, William Daly has just made his debut in the Metropolitan Opera House while his friend Crooks is due to make his initial appearance in the latter part of January. It was Daly who conducted the Unemployed Musicians' Symphony Orchestra of 200 pieces in the old musical palace last November, and Mr. Crooks' role will be in some grand opera not selected at present.

The Dalys are a famous American theatrical family. William's father, Captain Bill Daly, two uncles, Dan and Bob Daly, and two aunts, Lucille and Margaret Daly, were of the stage. Dan was one of America's most beloved comedians during the Nineties and Margaret and Lucille married Harry Vokes and Hap Ward, respectively, who were the "Weber and Fields" variety team of those days.

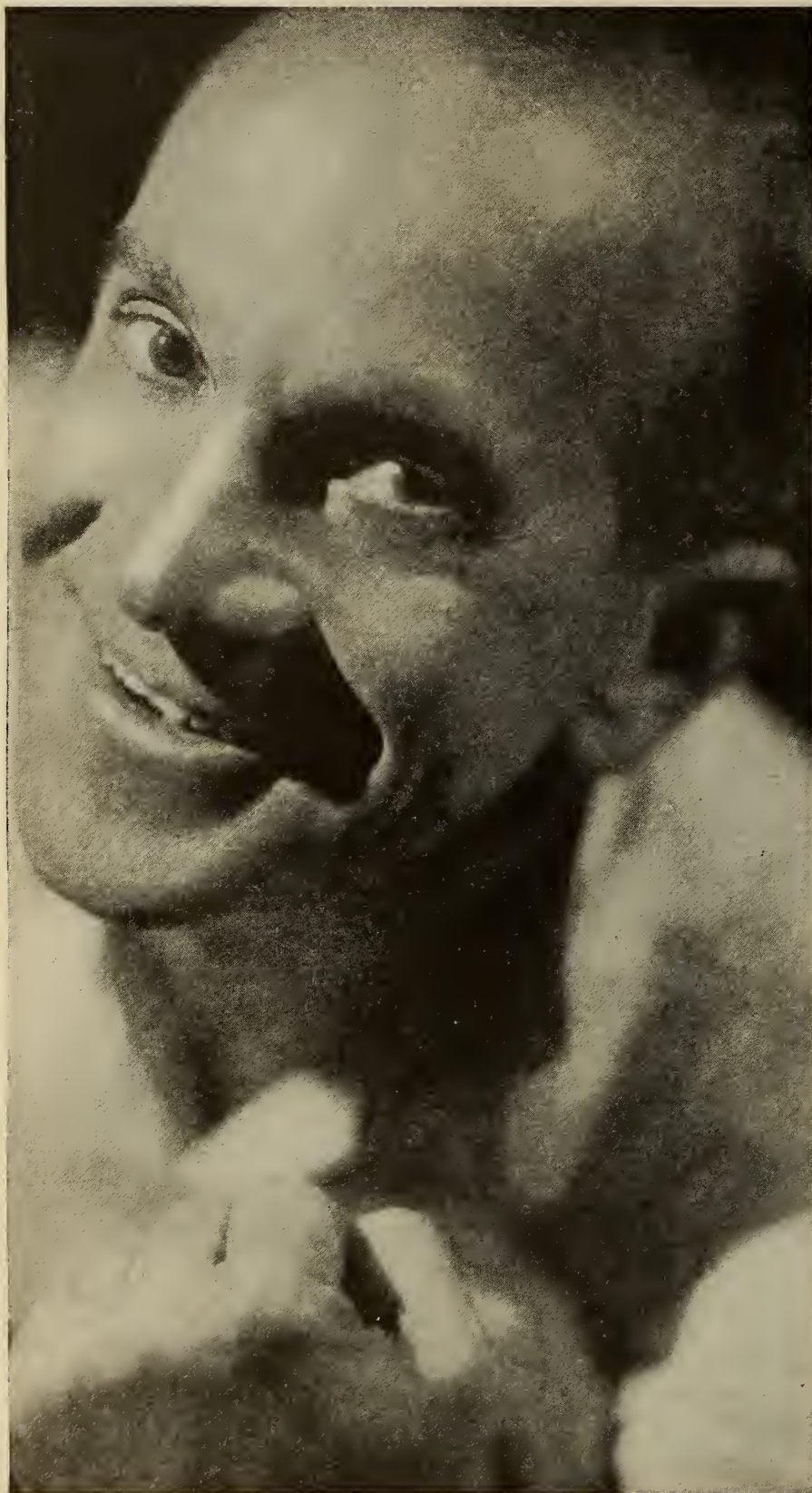
Young William Daly was six when he began his musical career. For six years he studied piano, harmony, counter-point and composition under several teachers, including Rheinhold and Carl Faelton, the latter a former head of the New England Conservatory of Music. At twelve, on the advice of his father, he abandoned his musical studies to prepare for

(Continued on page 46)



William Daly.

Mammy's Boy



Al Jolson

AL JOLSON has a new Mammy now—a young Mammy, beautiful, ubiquitous, Mammy Radio. She is taking him by the hand and leading him into the realms of the air, a wonderland very strange and new to him. He still is a little shy, doesn't know just where to put his hands or whether he should stand, sit down or get on his knees.

Those two cubical heads on pipestem necks that lead to the floor frighten him. It's hard for him to think of them as a pair of ears for a million listeners. They're black but they don't look anything like the black mammys he's spent his life singing about on the stage and in moving pictures.

However, Mammy's Boy has plenty of spirit, and he has taught many of the radio stars all they know about the style of singing and talking that has made his performances so distinctly Jolson. He shakes a brawny fist at "Ol' Debbil Microphone" and swears he will master it yet.

AL JOLSON, the singer of mammy songs, that artist who is at once so well known and at the same time so completely unknown, who is he, where did he come from? All radio listeners are interested in such information. A Russian, born in what was then St. Petersburg, he arrived in the United States as a mere infant. His father, grandfather, great grandfather, etc., for six generations were all Hebrew contors, and Al, too, was expected to be one. Apparently life in this country worked out a different destiny for him although the art of singing played a most important part in his career. His early life consisted of many ups and downs beginning with running away from home to join a circus. He did all the fantastic things that adventurous youth pictures itself doing and the climb to fame was not an easy one for him and his set-backs were many. He was always blessed with a tremendous enthusiasm and ambition that was not to be denied and a sense of humor that made all seeming failures much easier to take. When at last he appeared on the stage of the Winter Garden on Broadway, he was a happy man indeed but he did not rest on his oars at this point. He went on and on each

(Continued on page 48)



By Steve
Trumbull

KITCHEN PARTY

*Myrt and Marge Like Nothing
Better Than a Good Waffle Spree*

WEBSTER may have another definition for it, but Myrtle Vail will tell you that environment is just a lot of stewed up apples.

And the author and lead of the WBBM-Columbia network's "Myrt and Marge" series speaks with some degree of authority. Since her fifteenth birthday her environment has been the stage, hotel rooms, and pullmans. Today, in the midst of a schedule that calls for thirteen working hours out of each twenty-four, Myrt's happiest moments are spent in her kitchen concocting appetizing dishes for her friends, and those friends will tell you she's the best cook in or out of radio.

If the crowd is too large for Myrt's own kitchen she'll take them over to the apartment of daughter Donna ("Marge" on the air) where the kitchen is about the size of an ordinary living room. There Myrt is in her glory. She prefers to do her own shopping, and Heaven help the butcher who tries to sell her the wrong cut! Vegetables, too, are hand selected.

Once the groceries are piled on the kitchen table the rest of the party is banished from that room. Myrt slips on an apron, rolls up the sleeves, and lights the gas. Nor will she reappear

before the rest of the party until it's time for the Army cry: "Come and get it!" And those who have been there before never need be urged.

The roast—or maybe it's a lamb chop—will be done just right. There will be fluffy biscuits, hot from the oven. There'll be a salad, with Myrt's own special dressing. It's never an elaborate dinner, none of those seven and nine course affairs, but how it strikes home with the fellow radio actors and actresses accustomed to breakfast, lunch and dinner in hotels and restaurants.

Marge's apartment is within a five-minute cab ride of the Wrigley building,

the sky-scraper housing Columbia's Chicago studios. There's a "Myrt and Marge" broadcast for the East at 7 p. m. EST (6 p. m. Chicago time). The broadcast for the West is presented at 9:45 p. m. Chicago time. Many of those three hour and forty-five minute intervals finds the cast—Director Bobby Brown and all the rest—rushing to Marge's, for a dinner *A la Myrt*.

Sometimes it's a combination of business and pleasure. If that first show failed to go over just right Director Brown rehearses the cast all over again, with Myrt shouting her lines from the kitchen, above the clatter of pots and pans.

Sometimes the fiesta is postponed until after that last show. Then it's usually waffles and sausages—and those waffles are *differnt*. At left is Myrt's recipe for a corn meal variety.

Nor are the feasts confined to the apartment. Let Myrt enter the studio carrying a package and she is at once pounced on by the others in the cast. That package is almost sure to contain almond slices, or chocolate nut loaf.

Myrt could fill page after page with recipes for these unusual delicacies. She has a kitchen cabinet full of them. She even has a recipe for life—"Work, and lots of it."

Waffles

2 cups white flour	¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup yellow corn meal	2 eggs
3 teaspoons baking powder	2 cups milk
1 teaspoon sugar	2 teaspoons melted butter

Mix the dry ingredients first; beat the whites and the yolks of the eggs separately. Put the two cups of milk in with the dry ingredients, mixing it in thoroughly; then put in the yolks of the eggs, beaten thoroughly, and next stir in the whites. Last add the two teaspoonfuls of melted butter. Will serve four people.

AN ETCHOGRAPH of Helen Board

SCARCELY a day passes in which Helen Board, 24-year old soprano, does not appear on some CBS-WABC network program.

This young singer, former Louisville, Ky., school musical instructor, airs her charming soprano voice with Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra and with Fred Allen's Bath Club Revue on Sunday nights; with Concert Miniatures each Wednesday afternoon and on a variety of sustaining programs as "Presenting Helen Board."

A former NBC star of Hits and Bits, Gems of Melody, Twilight Hour, Classic Gems and The Recitalists, this blue grass country maiden is a thoroughbred in her singing.

When in Louisville she attended schools, matriculated at the University of Louisville, majored in public school music, art and singing, felt a yen for Manhattan bright lights, entrained and took Gotham in her stride. She engaged Senor Solon Alberti as her tutor, worked in deadly earnest to develop her lyric soprano voice. Confidentially she hopes to become an opera star.

Visited NBC out of curiosity, easily won recognition in an audition, went on the Twilight Hour program. Followed a five months trip abroad for continental instruction. Returning to NBC officials signed her on four programs. Helen went to work at twenty to twenty-four hours a week.

CBS heard her, whispered "You mus' come ovah" and Helen signed on the WABC system where she has been ever since.

In personality she is engaging. Adores horseback riding, swimming. Can cook and loves it. Salads are a specialty. Shuns housework and matrimony. Likes men and their ways. But a musical career comes first.

And as for exercise does Helen Board walk! Often walks a hundred city blocks a day to take off a couple of excess pounds. Now tips the scales at only ten pounds extra for her height—five feet nine inches. Prefers sport

Helen
Board
CBS-
WABC
Soprano



styles to any other dress. Drives her own car with a vengeance. Never had a parking ticket. Enthusiastic over opera and always sits in the dress circle at the "Met." Thinks Lauri Volpi, Rethberg, Bori and Johnson surpass all others.

HER favorite composer is Mozart. Gounod ranks next. Favorite song is "O Quand je Dors" by Liszt. Looks stunning in black and white. Is careful about having manicured finger nails. Loves soft clinging undies. Hates to be up high and won't go near the Empire State tower. Tries to always sing without rattling music sheets. Prefers hanging mikes to standing ones. Has no favorite announcer.

Always does her own hair. Eats a very light breakfast. Thinks the "Mourning Victory" by Daniel Chester French in the Metropolitan Art Museum the best piece of sculpture there. Likes to take a steaming hot bath, hop into bed and read contemporary novels. Has

hosts of girl friends who admit they love her.

Fears advertising agency efficiency atmospheres. Has never ridden in a Central Park horse drawn cab but wants to eventually. Would like to land a big commercial on the air. Always entrains for Louisville when she has a brief vacation but hates to leave home folks to return to New York. Thrills on riding through the Holland Tunnel. Wants another trip abroad on the very latest ocean greyhound. Wonders when television will arrive. When dining out usually orders a planked steak. Does not knit. Thinks flashy jewelry bad taste. Chokes on cigarettes and does not smoke. Likes men whose shoes are well polished.

Seldom hums tunes to herself but whistles them, softly. A blazing hearth fire makes her romantic. Has a flair for roasting wild turkey. Reads condensed news magazines instead of Sunday papers. Is particularly neat about her apartment. "Cocktails?" "Oh not so hot." And that's Helen Board.

CLEAN FUN

*Gus Van Has Sung 30,000 Songs
And Not One to Cause a Blush*

By Paula Gould

AMONG the more recent arrivals over the ether ocean is a gentleman from Brooklyn by the name of Gus Van. Yes sir, ma'am—the same as was with the fellow Schenck who passed on not long ago. You remember the team, Van and Schenck in vaudeville? Sure, that's the one. On the records, yes.

Well, now that Van is left to carry on alone he is making it in radio. Judging from what they all say, he's quite a knockout. And talk about talk! Say Gus Van speaks the language of every tongue in the world. Why you put him down in Timbucktoo at 8 a. m. and by noon he'd have the Timbucktalk down so fine he'd be kidding the king's daughter about her sweetie as though he'd known her all his life, and had never known any other language. I'm not Munchausen you either.

Of course Gus has been on the air before, but he never made a regular business of it until now. He plays every kind of character, sings every kind of song. When he does an Irish bit you'll swear he's right from the Emerald Isle with the ould sod still clingin' to his shoes. And when he spikka de Ital his jaw ees all boun' roun' wid a string a spaget. But say it in Cockney English, w'y the bloomin' bloody chap was head ballyhoo for the tattooed monkey in Pickadilly Circus. Then when it comes to Yiddish, I'm telling you.

GUS has been doing this sort of thing for twenty years, sometimes in pictures but more often on the stage. Yes, ever since he lost his job as a motorman on a B. M. T. trolley line in Brooklyn. But his first job was that of a longshoreman. Later, he became a motorman. Joe Schenck was the conductor. They relieved the monotony of riding up and down the same Brooklyn streets each day by harmonizing. They lost their jobs, but secured a stage contract at a music hall in Coney Island, where they received a salary of thirty-five dollars a week—for both.

They played burlesque, were spied by

vaudeville scouts, and formed the harmony team of Van and Schenck. Success came quickly. Ziegfeld signed them for five consecutive years in the Follies, they appeared in musical comedies, cabarets; they made hundreds of Victrola records. Gus Van's Victrola records alone are famous in thirty-two countries. Is it any wonder then, that



Gus Van—NBC-WJZ
Every Saturday, 9 p. m., EST.

he had an audience of millions waiting to hear him on the air?

Together with his late partner, Van played in practically every English speaking city in the world. He estimates that in his career he has sung more than 30,000 songs and even now makes it a point to change his material several times a week.

One of the most spectacular successes scored by any vaudeville team was the triumph of Van and Schenck in England, where they played a forty-two week engagement at the famous Kit Kat Club in London. Subsequently, they appeared in leading cities all over Europe.

Van believes that clean fun pays just as great dividends upon the stage and radio as it does in sports. He attributes much of his success to his practice of never singing a song which he would not want his own family to hear. He receives hundreds of letters a day from children, who find his songs in dialect particularly entertaining.

And children have much the same influence as the radio program to be heard as they do in the selection of Sunday newspaper with the comic section. If it's Gus Van they want, it's Gus Van they get; and once he is introduced the daddys who smoke cigars become interested, and the purpose of Gus and his program is fully served. He also is heard on the Oldsmobile program with George Olsen and Ethel Shutta every Saturday night at 9:30 over the NBC Red network.

He has a twenty-six week contract with the El Toro Cigar company and appears as master of ceremonies over WJZ for this program.

During this first period of twenty-six weeks it is claimed Gus Van will have been heard by more people than during all the years he has appeared on the stage in various parts of the world. He thinks broadcasting is a welcome change from the constant moving from town to town. Now he can settle down and have a home to live in. Sometimes he stands on a corner and watches trolley cars clang by. "Joe," he may say to himself, "it's been a long trip to here."



Jeannie Lang

THIS is tiny Jeannie, the squeakie little Lang gal who entrances you with her funny little giggle on the Pontiac program with Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd. She has made a sensational success as a sprite of the air since her arrival in New York from the West Coast last September. Did you ever hear her sing "With a Feather in Your Cap"? She has the stage all to herself while she sings it at the magnificent new RKO Music Hall in Radio City. Jack Denny introduced her to America over NBC.

JEANNIE LANG *the*

Air Sprite

By HILDA COLE

THERE'S a familiar word in the American lexicon that just suits Jeannie Lang—it is “cute”—and they define it as “having bright and taking ways.” She's a little bit of a thing, with a pert face, dark eyes, and short, wavy black hair. Her voice is as contagious as the measles and she punctuates every statement with what she herself describes as a “squeak”—and is actually an expansive giggle. A giggle that sounds like a soprano launching off into an operatic aria, and is apt to stop within a minute or so. She talks a bit like the traditional debutante and is thrilled to death about everything. Her conversation, no matter what the substance, is likely to run something like this—“and you know hon' I was just in a FRENZY over the whole thing, I just got a big BANG out of it, my dear I didn't know how I'd go THROUGH with it—”

I guess everybody assembled for the opening night of the Pontiac broadcast in the sedate Chamber Hall of Carnegie Hall will remember diminutive Jeannie standing next to the vast William O'Neal—a six footer—making her small grimaces and gestures at the microphone as she sang in her own exciting style all about how she was Fit As a Fiddle.

Little Jeannie first got a “big bang” out of life when she made her bow to the world in St. Louis, December 17, 1911. She was little enough then, but no one suspected she'd go through life being called “half-pint,” and “peanuts” or “spark plug.”

Her earliest dreams—her earliest ambitions were centered around one thing, says Jeannie “I ALWAYS wanted to squeak!” and adds that though her family was not musical or theatrical, she suspects that she was stage struck because it was one of her mother's suppressed ambitions. At any rate, it was an existing condition of which the parents both strongly disapproved.

Jeannie had four brothers to teach her a thing or two, and wallop any flighty ideas out of her. She never

liked to play with girls, or to own dolls. She tagged along with the brothers.

After begging and pleading to be given some training for the stage, Jeannie decided to do something about it. The thing that cinched her determination was a leading role in the school musical comedy production. What she did after graduation was to take herself to the manager of a St. Louis theatre, and introduce herself to him. He was a friend of her parents, but she had of course come without their permission. The manager was quite unaware of the Lang's disapproval, and gave Jeannie a small part or so. The parents became resigned, and Jeannie decided to go to it in a big way.

THE next step was the engagement of Brooke Johns at the theatre. Little Jeannie marched herself to him and asked if he wouldn't like her to work with him. Brooke Johns happened to be six feet four and three quarters tall, and he thought Jeannie might be a convulsing contrast. He was right, only the show did not go on as they had expected. Waiting backstage to go on, Jeannie trembled, grew cold, and suffered agonies of fear. The last thing she remembered was being scared to death. She must have fainted, for when she came to her senses she found herself on the stage—in Brooke Johns arms—and he was singing to her. If all had gone well, she would have sung the first song to him—but she had collapsed, and he picked her up and carried her on. That was her “big time” debut. That was two and a half years ago.

The Langs all went to California for a visit. They had friends at the Universal Studios, and were consequently “shown around”. Jeannie was “just a frazzle” of excitement. Paul Whiteman was in the process of making the King of Jazz. He asked her—“off-hand”, as Jeannie puts it—if she could sing. Jeannie admitted that she could

“squeak”. P. S. She got a job, and did two numbers in the picture. By this time she was nearly ANNIHILATED with EXCITEMENT. They told her how to sing into a microphone, and with surprising composure she did so. For this, she was rewarded with some 75,000 letters, many from Europe.

“And that was the beginning of my professional career”, announced Jeannie—“if you can call it that.”

Mr. Hammerstein sent for her to come to New York to work in “Ballyhoo”—a collegiate affair for which Jeannie was particularly well-suited. After its rather too sudden conclusion, Jeannie returned to the Coast and continued her “career”—doing Warner “shorts” and singing over KFI.

Seven months ago, she got a telegram from Jack Denny. It came late at night. The maestro had heard her sing, and without much hesitation, wired for her to join him. Seizing it as a major opportunity, she did so.

Now between Pontiac broadcasts over WABC-Columbia, and working with Jack Denny, and headlining at the Radio City Music Hall, she gets little sleep but a great deal of wide-eyed excitement. She gets, as we said before “a big bang out of it.”

And this is the gospel truth—what I am about to tell you. She goes to church every Sunday, and neither drinks nor smokes. She says that she may be a “sissy,” but it doesn't phase her.

She likes horseback riding and collegiate men. She thinks they're darling—the tall ones—smoothies—dark—handsome. She likes sport clothes in the day time (red whenever possible) and fluffy ones in the evening (pink, nine times out of ten). And she gets a “big bang” out of fan mail. That's about all there is to know, at present—and if Jeannie were here, I know just what she'd say, with an impish flash from her very dark eyes—

“Good-bye hon'.”

GOOD LOOKIN'!

George Flag Hall Retains Good Looks in Spite of Auto Mangling

By John Rock

TALL, dark and handsome; courteous, magnetic, a regular fellow without conscious effort at being one, the living answer to the maiden's prayer—that's George Hall, the good lookin' CBS-WABC orchestra leader who reigns in that hilarious spot of Midtown Broadway known as the Taft Grill.

He has more friends among the scribblers than any other radio artist in New York. And when a couple of months or so ago news flashed to the city desks of the newspapers that George Hall was smashed to a pulp in a terrific automobile crash in the upper section of Manhattan Island there were gasps and sighs all over the place. George Hall, of all men, and why did it have to be him!

But lucky George, so long as he had to have an accident he picked out a perfect location. It was right in front of the famous New York Medical Center and although he was pretty much ground up in the tangled mass of motor metal he had an iron constitution and was hard to kill. They rushed him into the operating room before the overturned carwheels had stopped spinning and had him on a table. The finest medical skill in the world was bending over him, checking up every little thing, every splintered bone, every torn ligament, every muscle, every laceration.

They commenced putting him together again like a jigsaw puzzle, they pulled his upper arm bone out of the split socket of his shoulder. They manipulated the swelling tissues to their proper locations, and then waited for the strong heart and the healthy blood to perform the miracle of making George Hall a man with all his parts again. It took seven weeks of just patient mending before he got out of the hospital. And today the doctors at Medical Center look at him with pride, a marvelous specimen of the *genus homo* because of their skill. The only visible souvenir of his catastrophe is the little finger of his left hand which remains partially disabled because a tiny section of a tendon got lost somewhere between the wreck and the operating table.

George Hall is a man you hear more of than you do about. He rides the WABC wave along with a string of affiliated stations eleven times a week—more than any other orchestra from Columbia. Picture him at the Taft

Grill, a flight down from the Gay White Way with its millions of bright lights and its millions of hurrying, shuffling, idling feet. It's a long low-ceilinged room, not too bright, a waxed rectangle in the center and George with his men at the far end of the rectangle with a couple of microphones at his elbow. Yes, he sways the baton in the same old way, although he has to take daily exercises with his fiddle just to get his shoulder limbered up.

HIS middle name is Flag. He was born on Flag Day so his parents called him George Flag Hall, (long may he wave!), and Brooklyn was his home. He still thinks he would like to be a locomotive engineer. His father was first cellist in Victor Herbert's orchestra, and George at age of 14 was allowed to sit beside his father and play the fiddle in the same orchestra. He always had been playing at some instrument. When he was only six he played tunes by ear on the piano. He conducted for Fritzie Scheff; was also at Ambassador Hotel, New York; then at the Savoy in London. One of his choicest memories of Herbert occurred when Fay Bainter was starring in "Dream Girl." Herbert stood in the back of the theatre criticizing when a woman overheard him say, "That number must come out. I don't like it." The woman turned to Herbert, unaware of his identity, and said: "If you could write pretty music like that, Mister, you wouldn't be standing there and criticizing it."

Five years ago George decided to see America next, and started out on a tour that was very gratifying. Altogether he played engagements in 150 cities a year. At Denver he tarried longer than usual because he especially liked Denver and Denver liked him. It was only last June that he stepped into the Taft and inaugurated one of the most popular and dependable radio dance bands in the country. It was by no means a new experience because he also played for radio while at the Ambassador nine years ago. He introduced tango and rumba then.



George Hall

merry- —gO— —rOund!



Jean Sargent

RADIO has its own Sunday afternoon variety show in Manhattan Merry-go-Round which features Jean Sargent, the Philadelphia society girl who made good in a big way on Broadway, and Gene Rodemich's orchestra over an NBC-WJZ network weekly at 3:30 p. m., E. S. T. Scrapy Lambert and Frank Luther, popular radio vocalists, and David Percy complete the cast.

Manhattan Merry-go-round unfolds a sparkling, fast moving thirty minutes of entertainment consisting of latest humor and melody from Broadway stages and Hollywood movie lots. The musical melange ranges from the torch songs of Miss Sargent to Frank Luther's hillbilly ballads. The show is directed by Rodemich, veteran orchestra maestro noted recently for his synchronizations of music to animated cartoons.

The program presents the orchestra and singers in solos, duets and ensemble numbers interspersed with novelties and special orchestra arrangements. All members of the cast, with the exception of Miss Sargent, who is being featured in the Broadway musical production "Flying Colors," are veteran microphone performers. Although she is a comparative newcomer to the air, Miss Sargent has developed rapidly into a favorite radio personality.

Born in New York City, Jean Scull spent most of her life in Philadelphia

By Wm. Thomas

and attended schools there. She studied voice, specializing in classical music until one day she participated in a radio program and sang "St. Louis Blues." She started writing a radio column in a Philadelphia paper and in addition sang over local radio stations and appeared in stage productions of a club known as Plays and Players. She was heard by Tom Kilpatrick who sent her to Sam Harris. He signed her to sing the torch songs in "Face the Music," using the stage name Jean Sargent. She since has alternated between the stage and the broadcasting studios.

Lambert and Luther are the tenors of the musical cast. The former made his debut following his graduation from Rutgers University and has been making personal appearances, recordings and a radio reputation ever since.

Luther, effervescent studio personality, has been with the National Broadcasting Company nearly six years. In radio he reached the culmination of a varied and colorful career. Born on a Kansas ranch, Luther was in turn an evangelist, rancher, stock breeder and musical comedy singer. He attained some reputation as an amateur pugilist and goes in for many sports.

In London a few years ago he made appearances at clubs and restaurants. He attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales who invited him with other American artists to Buckingham Palace for a performance.

Through the medium of Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, the radio audience is enabled to keep an ear to Broadway amusements and hear up-to-the-minute tunes and melodies.



Frank Luther



Sue Read who sings "Songs for Children" over WOR every Sunday. Below is her letter to Nan.

A LETTER ABOUT THE ARTISTS FROM SUE to NAN

Dearest Nan:

IT'S PERFECTLY thrilling to be here in New York! I've been so anxious to tell you everything so settle yourself now for a nice long epistle. First, I finally found the teacher I wanted to study singing with. Of course you know how I have always just lived for Jessica Dragonette's broadcasts—so when seeking a teacher I simply inquired with whom she studied and when I found out, I went to Estelle Liebling as fast as I could get there.

Suppose you think I had a great deal of nerve to think she would consider me as a pupil. Well, maybe I did but I was so thrilled to enter the studio where Jessica Dragonette had learned to sing that I completely forgot myself. The little waiting room was filled with people when I arrived. In a few moments the woman with "the magic personality" opened the studio door and a little girl about 4 ft. 9 threw her arms around Miss Liebling and kissed her. Who do you think it was? Do you remember Roxy introducing "his gang" over the air and saying, "Here's little Dottie

Miller whose daddy plays the oboe in the West Point Band?" Well, this was Dottie. She is exactly like you would expect—so vivacious and cute. No one would think of calling her anything but "Dottie."

Just as Dottie Miller entered the studio a charming young woman came out and I heard Miss Liebling say "Good bye Rosalie," and then the secretary called from the office, "Oh, Miss Wolfe, before you go the NBC is on the wire!" So I said to myself, "Ah, ha! That must be Rosalie Wolfe," and sure enough, it was. You and I often heard her in leading roles of the NBC operas and her own fifteen-minute programs over their network. Also as soloist on such programs as R. C. A. Victor, A. T. & T. etc. etc.

By this time I was wondering who the others around me could be. "If only one were Jessica Dragonette," I sighed, but that seemed too good to be true. The secretary had asked me to wait to see Miss Liebling and I was hoping it would be hours and hours so I could discover more celebrities and study them at close range.

Back in the corner I noticed a

pretty little girl who seemed quite demure and unassuming and had stacks and stacks of music under her arm. At last she got up and spoke to the Secretary: "Would you ask Miss Liebling if she could possibly take me next for I have a rehearsal for the Black and Gold Room program and after that another for the Young Artists' Light Opera and I want to go over these numbers with her first." I thought it might be Celia Branz as I knew she was on these two programs but just then some one spoke to her about a high F she had sung and I knew immediately it was Amy Goldsmith. You know her coloratura is so unusually beautiful that the Brooklyn Free Musical Society awarded her a gold medal and she has also won a prize in an Atwater Kent Contest. Last year she and Dottie Miller sang duets on the Roxy tour. They must have been very cute together.

And I was destined to see Celia Branz too for just then the door opened and a very tiny girl entered. Yes, it was Celia Branz. She had come to go to rehearsal with Amy. You know Celia was soloist on the old Palmolive Hour and McKesson and Robbins and many others. You just couldn't imagine that rich contralto voice coming from any one so tiny.

As I waited the phone kept ringing almost constantly and I confess that I did some eavesdropping, trying to hear a conversation with the much sought Jessica. I didn't, of course, but I did hear the secretary talking to Aileen Clarke. I should love to see her for her pictures are so lovely—they say she can hold a high note simply forever and ever. There was also a call from Viola Philo. Isn't her singing gorgeous!

I REALLY had never known before that all the big radio artists were studying here. But after all, why not, since Jessica, the famous, said: "In radio one needs a tremendous personality," and I think if we could we would be truly magnetic.

The door opened again and a stunning looking girl entered. "Could this be Jessica!" but I heard someone say, "Oh, Miss Jackson, your singing was lovely last night." Here was Mabel Jackson of various programs greeted by Beatrice Belkin. Surely you know Beatrice Belkin. She was with the Metropolitan Opera Company last year. Just imagine being in the same room with her!

(Continued on page 46)

Unknown Hands

Mystery Thriller Will Add Interest to Study of Geography

IT SEEMS as though radio advertisers just won't let the public's nervous systems alone. Here's another gripping, blood-tingling mystery drama which from its debut on the air on December 19th has had Western audiences hanging breathless from their radio sets.

The Beech-Nut Packing Company, sponsors of "Unknown Hands," have taken a hint from the success of their Chandu. They have discovered in their past broadcasting that a fast-moving adventure story with a dash of romance constitutes a radio dish which few can resist—and if ever a radio program meets all requirements in this regard, "Unknown Hands" is it.

Listeners won't care to have their fun spoiled by knowing what this drama is all about, but let it be said that the story begins in the South Sea Islands. From night to night and week to week the plot unfolds, pitting hero and heroine against one of fiction's most clever and persistent villains. Naturally swift changes of scene take place. Tonight it is Tahiti, tomorrow Singapore—now on ship-board bound for Africa, soon crossing a simoon-swept desert of Arabia.

Many of the most remote and fascinating corners of the world are visited, a fact which raises "Unknown Hands" from the realm of pure entertainment and gives it a distinct educational value. Both children and adults find it instructive as well as a perpetual delight.

When Will Rogers recently travelled through the Central and South Americas, a New England school teacher had her class follow his journey from day to day, picking out on a map each new city and country from which he wrote his usual daily article in the newspapers. "Unknown Hands" presents a splendid opportunity for mothers and fathers, or teachers, to do the same thing.

Fortunately, "Unknown Hands" has the capable direction of that well-known musical comedy favorite, Walter Craig. Mr. Craig, in fact, not only is responsible for the cast and the presentation of each episode in the story, he is the author as well.

His superb sense of what is and what is not good showmanship has never been observed to better effect than in the sensational program which follows the fascinating Chandu.

Chiefly through Mr. Craig's influence such sterling performers as Donald Woods, Eunice Howard, Roberta Beatty and Pedro de Cordoba were engaged for the leading roles. Mr. Woods will be remembered for his work in that stirring melodrama of the legitimate stage, "Dracula." Eunice Howard's career has encompassed the stage, the movies and radio. She is one of radio's most notable performers, possessed with a lovely voice and charming personality

—witness her work in the "Collier's", "Sherlock Holmes" and "Lucky Strike" broadcasts.

Roberta Beatty played opposite William Gillette in the original stage play "Sherlock Holmes" and has since appeared before New York theater audiences in more than twenty stage hits. Little introduction is needed to Pedro de Cordoba. He is one of the best known leading men of the American stage. He appeared with the late Mrs. Fiske in the all-star cast of "The Rivals" and "Much Ado About Nothing." He was featured in moving pictures opposite Elsie Ferguson, Marion Davies and others. "Unknown Hands" will not lack for talent.



This is what happens when you hear her scream.

Typeline Portraits

By NELLIE REVELL

BETTY BARTHELL, vivacious Southern songstress, began the New Year right by a sudden leap to stardom on CBS and is pinching herself to see if it's true. Betty, just 22, was reared in the sheltered life of Nashville drawing rooms and Ward-Belmont College with nary a thought of a theatrical career.



Betty Barthell.

Then, at those famous "open house" parties of the South, she began picking out by ear tinkling tunes on the piano and soon was singing the lyrics to the amazement of one guest who happened to be a Nashville radio official. He coaxed her into an audition, immediately gained a Southern sponsor, and paved the way to her Columbia debut in New York.

As Betty was hurrying to catch a train for Christmas holidays home, she was suddenly shunted into a big-time audition and, without as much as removing her hat, won the choice spot as personality songstress with Leonard Hayton's Orchestra and the comedians, Howard and Shelton.

Betty is as lively as her songs—a pretty brunette with saucy eyes who loves life and lives in Greenwich Village with two Southern chums. She spends her week-ends on Long Island, playing tennis, hockey, or swimming.

JUNE PURSELL. It was "out where where the West begins" that June Pursell began her radio career. When visiting a Hollywood night club, she accepted an impromptu dare to sing.



June Pursell.

Unbeknownst to Miss Pursell, the entertainment at the Club was being broadcast over KNX. Her singing and ukulele playing registered strongly with the ether audience. They liked her style (on the order of the late Nora Bayes), even

though she had never had a vocal lesson.

This platinum blonde, blue-eyed young daughter of Mrs. Della Pursell was born in Indianapolis, but has spent most of her time on the Pacific Coast, where she has been engaged in motion picture work, and also toured with the Keith-Orpheum vaudeville circuit.

In 1930 Miss Pursell won a Pacific Coast radio popularity contest and went to Hawaii as prize winner.

Miss Pursell is now heard on the Golden Blossom Revue program, Sunday, 1:30 p. m., E. S. T., NBC-WJZ.

THOUGH Harry Reser admits that that he has "cold feet in bed," his career certainly hasn't shown a single evidence of "cold feet."

Harry was born in Piqua, Ohio, on Jan. 12, 1896.



Harry Reser.

His physical growth ceased at the height of 5 ft. 8, and 148 pounds, but his artistic progress has been continuous. It was at Steele High School in Dayton that Reser first led an orchestra. Later, an answer to a newspaper ad brought him a job as a pianist at a summer resort in Rhea Springs, Tenn. And though the new environment brought new friends, it was his grammar school sweetheart who became Mrs. Reser, and who today is his most devoted fan, despite the claims of Betty Jane and Gertrude Mae, his daughters of 12 and 8.

The banjo has been Reser's instrument to success. He became an expert banjoist and later joined Paul Whiteman's orchestra as a banjo virtuoso, and toured Europe for six months.

Harry made his first broadcast in 1921 from the Statue of Liberty, over a United States Army transmitter. Later he was engaged for programs over Station WEAJ. For the past seven years he has been identified with the Cliquot Club Eskimo program on NBC.

When not broadcasting, he can be sure to be found most anywhere on land and sea, for when he is not working in the garden of his Merrick, Long Island, home, he is cruising around on his yacht, or speeding through the country in a high-powered motor car.

JULIA SANDERSON. Charles Frohman once remarked that he wished "there were two Julia Sandersons."

Julia, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sackett, was born in Springfield, Mass. At 15, Miss Sanderson came to New York to engage in chorus work. Her first show was "Winsome Winnie," and Julia was winsome enough to win a contract from Schubert. Her big opportunity, however, came later when Charles Frohman heard her sing and decided to star her. "Sunshine Girl" (appropriately named for the petite golden-haired girl with the bewitching smile) was her first hit. This was followed by "Girl from Utah," "Sybil," "Rambler Rose," "The Canary," and others.



Julia Sanderson.

The sinking of the Lusitania brought tragedy to Julia Sanderson's career, for it robbed her of her friend, Charles Frohman. It was not until 1922 that she resumed her stage career. At the first rehearsal of "Tangerine" she met Frank Crumit and from then on they were leading man and lady in such successes as "No, No Nanette," "Queen High," etc. "Oh Kay" was their last legitimate show together, and the commencing of Miss Sanderson's career as Mrs. Frank Crumit.

ALICE JOY. According to radio fans, there's one girl on radio who certainly lives up to her name—Joy. Alice, whose ballads and folk songs entertain thousands of people, hails from Streator, Ill. Her real name is Frances Holcomb.

Though it was Miss Joy's early ambition to become a singer, Fate guided her to some theatrical friends who persuaded her to join their group, making a piano quintet. She toured the United States as a (Continued on



Alice Joy.

page 35)

JUST A "GAG"-OLO

JACK DENNY thinks the growth of Nudist colonies is due to the determination of the people to dress according to their means.

Al: "Have you noticed women's clothes have fewer buttons on them this year?"

Pete: "No, but I have observed that women's buttons have fewer clothes on them."

"Tain't no use talkin', it's hope what makes life worth livin'. Jes' one little nibble'll keep a feller afishin' all day."
—Al Jolson.

May Singhi Breen, N.B.C.'s ukulele queen, thinks the Sunday traffic problem could be solved if the installment people united in a movement to take back their cars.

The Pullman company is trying to popularize upper berths. Morton Downey thinks in time they'll solve the problem of berth control.

Muriel Pollock, NBC pianist, and her young niece were held up by traffic at the corner of Fifth avenue and 55th street. "Come, let's cross now, auntie," suddenly exclaimed the youngster, "here comes a nice, empty space."

It was a Pullman porter, according to Slim of Slim, Bon Bon and Bob, NBC's Three Keys, who, when the dentist asked him which tooth to extract, promptly replied "Lower six."

Al Cameron: "You gotta be careful what you say to a woman."

Pete Bontsema: "Oh, yeah?"

Cameron: "Sure. Before I married her I told my wife I'd be her slave for life—and darned if I ain't."

"The so-called typical Broadwayite is a human parenthesis—something you can get along with, or without."
—Rudy Vallee.

George Olsen, NBC conductor, claims to come from a musical family. He says his father was a piano mover.

"How do you spell the word matrimony?" asked little Muriel Harbater, the Jane of NBC's Jolly Bill and Jane. "Matrimony, my dear Jane," answered Bill Steinke, "isn't a word—it's a sentence."

"Getting down to cases, let's consider the modern girl. She doesn't think her life complete until she's had a vanity case, a cigarette case and a divorce case."
—Abe Lyman.

"The first real cosmeticians in America were the Indians," declared Madame Sylvia, the beauty expert. "And they were pretty good, too," commented Merrill Fugit, the "Red" of Marie and Red, "in removing superfluous hair."

Jack Benny, NBC master of ceremonies, thinks the expression "politics makes strange bedfellows" originated from the fact that they lie in the same bunk.

A favorite Scotch story of Groucho Marx has to do with Sandy and his girl friend, Sadie. "Are ye fond of moving pictures, Sadie?" asked Sandy. "Aye, Sandy," answered Sadie. "Then, lass, ye ken help me get a dozen doon out o' the attic," was the surprising suggestion.

"Bridge has taught women two things—concentration and self control," said Ely Culbertson. "And also how to pick

up a complete meal quick at a delicatessen store," added Peter de Rose.

Paul Whiteman defines a diplomat as a man who can give his wife a \$60 washing machine and make her forget it was a \$600 fur coat she wanted.

Singin' Sam has discovered why the trained fleas in that 42nd street museum are so proficient. He says their owner raised them from pups.

Ben Bernie, NBC's old maestro, has found the reason for so many marriages among divorced couples in Hollywood. He says it's because the film stars are used to re-takes.

Gus Van, NBC entertainer, announces that he is unalterably opposed to the thirteen-month year. Van has learned that the proposed change in the calendar will give thirteen Fridays the 13th.

Eddie Cantor in one of his bizarre costumes, was telling Jimmy Wallington how he once wooed a girl in loud clothes. "How did it come out?" asked Jimmy. "Oh, she turned a deaf ear to my suit," replied the coffee salesman.

Gracie Allen says she met an extra girl who thinks a fluent speaker is a man with the flu.

"I can remember way back when girls used to make ash receivers of cigar bands," says Charles Winninger, the Captain Henry of the Maxwell House Show Boat company. "Now they make them out of parlor rugs."

"It's all in the upbringing," says Jack Pearl. "Take Mussolini, for instance. He handles the tangled affairs of Italy because he was raised on spaghetti."

"Single men are more truthful than married ones," declared a psychologist on NBC. "Naturally," commented Ken Murray, "they're not asked so many embarrassing questions at home."

A Synthetic Kiss

By Nellie Revell

AFTER much experimentation the sound effect experts of NBC have come to a happy conclusion.

It is, that a synthetic kiss on the air is nowhere near as good as the real, genuine article.

To reproduce a sound that gives listeners the illusion of a kiss, the technicians have many ingenious devices. A cork and a piece of glass covered with rosin is one way. A rusty hinge, squeaking as it is turned, is another.

Still a better synthetic kiss is produced when a cow pulls a gooey hoof out of a mud puddle. Most stations have conscientious objections to cows, and none like their studios converted into pastures, so this method is not in favor.

Of the dozen or more ways of conveying through the loud speaker the act of osculation, none is entirely satisfactory. Always there is a peculiar smack at the end that aggravates the sensitive ears of production managers, if not the less acutely attuned organs of the radio public.

Suddenly the sound simulators have become ardent realists. They insist there is no way to put a kiss on the air except by performing the actual operation.

One sound man, actuated, of course by zeal for his profession, offers personally to reproduce all kisses required for broadcasting purposes. He makes one condition, and that is, that he be permitted to select as co-worker any of the NBC hostesses, a group famous for their pulchritude. A man of such discernment is bound to succeed as a broadcaster. He should be in love with his work.

The Editor's Chair

HAVE you noticed the frequent use of the expression "a couple of laughs" during the past few months? It is Broadway born. It is the answer to the empty pocket and the run-down heel. Somebody says, "let's listen to the radio and get a couple of laughs." No dime for a cup of coffee and roll, but there's always a chance to stop in somewhere and get a couple of laughs from the radio.

Perhaps that is the reason for the success of comedy on the air during the past year. It is one way to put worries by for a quarter-hour, half-hour or an hour. Who can estimate the good provided by Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor, Baron Munchausen, Burns and Allen? The same goes for all those other humorous souls who find in radio a way to purvey a couple of laughs to a world so harassed it knows not which way to turn! If it is a good laugh with encores you may even hear it called "terrific." Of course we can't be too particular when the demand has been so heavy. Even the laugh market has its limitations. If they will just give us a couple of new laughs now and then, we'll try to laugh at the old ones as they come. What a mercy that we find radio so conveniently at hand! It is available for rich and poor like a glass of refreshing water. There may be music, feasting, bedlam, wise-cracking—then a lone voice singing, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" But you can tune out if you "can't take it" and need more laughs for your daily tonic.

EVEN those who are "in the money" know the bitterness of anguish and defeat. Consider Roxy whose meteoric rise as the master showman lies at this writing in a hospital prostrate and unable to defend himself or carry on at the very apex of his prodigious climb. We watched him rehearsing that show which seemed to irk his critics so outrageously. A tired man, at his nerve's end, struggling to hold himself together for the grand opening. He sat before a microphone in the center of the great auditorium issuing orders to technicians as to the lights, "Try No. 19, now give it 51, Fade it. Okay!" The vari-colored lights changed at a shouted number. He called to his people on the stage, "Now, Jimmy don't be that way. Put your arm around Dorothy, go ahead. Dorothy, put your arm around his neck. Remember, you are having a good time in this scene!" It was Dorothy Field's stage debut. She blushed when she put her arm around Jimmy's neck. And both of them seemed to feel rather shy. Roxy went up on the stage and took the young lady joyously around the waist and skipped merrily away with her. "Do-it like that," he said to Jimmy. But Jimmy simply couldn't.

The "super" guests sat around at their tables in the night club scene like weary chickens gone to roost for the night. Roxy lectured them and went over the scene again and again to pep them up. Finally he lost all patience and threw his megaphone across the stage, as well he might. At the end of the scene he talked to them like a father, asked them if they would give him their very best support. They shouted in chorus that they would. He asked about a loose set that wiggled when it shouldn't. The carpenter promised it would be fixed, but it wasn't.

Then came the stupendous opening of the Music Hall. The greatest assembly of notables that had ever been

brought under a New York roof at one time. And the show—it was inadequate to the occasion. Two days later came the theatre opening. Roxy was introduced by Mr. Aylesworth, president of NBC and RKO. He said a few words and disappeared. The next day he was in the hospital.

Then the critics had their say. They were merciless.

No, you have not heard Roxy at the broadcasting by his Gang. He's a sick man. He has had plenty of trouble. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, and Roxy, king of the show palaces who was first to introduce the variety show to radio, will doubtless be willing to stick to Radio in the future. We hope so.

WILL another year find the two great chain systems as firmly entrenched across the continent as they are today? Or have they seen their best days under the present set-up? For the best interests of the listener and the better programs we see nothing ahead that offers anything more desirable. And yet the smaller regional chains are becoming more numerous. True, the most of them are affiliated with one or the other of the leading chains; but the line for cleavage remains. If resources are dissipated among a great many small competitors will it not mean cheaper programs, and less restraint on the dangerous advertising plug?

Postal Telegraph is now getting a look-in on chain broadcasting with one system in the Northeast and another in the Southwest. If it continues along this line it still has plenty of wire strung around the country for more chains.

But another reason to hope for the continued success of the big chains is the compact strength engendered to protect radio from its enemies. Working through closely knit organization coherent and effective power may be applied when and where it is needed. Whereas if many small units had to be consulted with their petty rivalries to be considered nothing would be done, radio probably would be at the mercy of the wolves who would like to seize its power or throttle it as a dangerous competitor.

EVER since he cut loose from old WDAF at Kansas City Leo Fitzpatrick has been a growing power in radio. He has usually kept one ear out on the lead-in from the antenna to be the first to get what was coming along over the waves. Now he has taken the bull by the horns and turned it wrong side out by broadcasting from his Detroit station, WJR, the truth about radio in the competitive field of advertising. This has been a subject very much taboo among most of the leading broadcasting lords and dukes. To mention a controversy was to have a chorus of sh-hh-hes hurled at you. But Mr. Fitzpatrick looks at the dirty digs in some of the country newspapers and rises to remark. He has set aside a regular Sunday evening period to converse with his customers about the radio business.

In answer to the question of "too much advertising on the air" he made this comparison: "The average member of the radio audience listens to radio one hour and forty-five minutes a day . . . out of that hour and forty-five minutes he receives one hour and thirty-eight minutes of entertainment, and only seven minutes of advertising. . . . A newspaper to be successful must have at least seventy per cent advertising." He also made comparison to the movie film with its preliminary announcements and ballyhoo for pictures to come.

Each Sunday night Mr. Fitzpatrick discusses some of the charges that are made against radio in the propaganda that is syndicated by those who have only their own selfish interests to serve.

RAY BILL.



Peggy Healy and Al Dary

PEOPLE often wonder how Paul Whiteman makes his wonderful discoveries of talent. It would not seem so strange if one could see the great numbers of auditions he gives. When he does find an exceptional voice he knows it, and never has his judgement yet proved mistaken. Here are a couple of his latest discoveries. Miss Healy's sprightly manner and vivacity took her to a Broadway theatre engagement in very short order. Al Dary is predicted as a great comer. You hear them over NBC.

TUNEFUL TOPICS

By Rudy Vallée

I'M PLAYING WITH FIRE. Irving Berlin sat down at his old composing piano to play for me his latest brain-child. The piano is worthy of passing mention. It is an upright affair, one that cost him several thousand dollars—an unusual price for what is apparently an old, cheap upright piano, but it has an arrangement of levers and exceedingly ingenious key shifting devices so that Irving, who usually plays on what are commonly called the "black keys," can play in several keys by merely shifting the levers. It is on this piano that he has composed every important tune, even his first and immortal "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

There is something about Irving Berlin, in spite of his slinness and apparent timidity that fills one with a sense of awe and respect. When you go over the list of tunes that have come from his exceedingly musical mind, this awe and respect are easily accounted for.

It was on this piano that Irving played "Say It Isn't So" and "How Deep Is The Ocean" shortly after they were written. He played them for me, I believe, before the ink was dry on the first copies, and likewise it was my privilege to carry away with me the first copy off the press of *I'M PLAYING WITH FIRE*.

As one studies the lyrics, especially if one is to present them on the air, there is a feeling of doubt as to the propriety of these lyrics. Irving resorts to the typical Tin Pan Alley jargon of "I'm gonna get burned;" then too, in the chorus he speaks of "But I go for my ride," as though it were an acceptance of the fact that the gangster phraseology has become commonplace and part of our daily life, as it really has. The verse, however, is even more beautiful in melody and thought, to my humble way of thinking, than the chorus. The whole composition does, as Irving said on the copy which he gave me, require several days, perhaps even weeks before its full portent of beauty becomes apparent.

We play it quite slowly, about 55 seconds to the chorus, and I would say that the Berlin firm is starting off on the right foot for the New Year.

A BOY & A GIRL WERE DANCING. Again I am a little late in pointing out a very lovely minor waltz by Mack Gordon and Harry

Revel, who wrote the comedy songs for George Olsen's band. Their "Listen To the German Band" was one of the best things that George and Ethel Shutta have presented in a long time. Mack Gordon and Harry Revel are under contract to George to furnish him comedy songs, but evidently this does not prevent them from writing for DeSylva, Brown and Henderson a beautiful waltz of this character.

The composition being in a minor vein makes it even more entrancing. Unquestionably they were influenced by Al Dubin's and Joe Burke's "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes," because the song is in much the same vein. Its sheer loveliness will almost have departed ere this copy reaches your eyes, although we were one of the first to be privileged to play it for you. I would suggest that as a waltz it be played not too slowly.

I'M SURE OF EVERYTHING BUT YOU. With a roster of names like Charles O'Flynn, Pete Wendling and George Meyer, something must happen! O'Flynn and Wendling were responsible for "Swinging In a Hammock," a song which they brought over to Brooklyn to play for me before it was placed with the firm of Irving Berlin. George Meyer is one of the old timers in the business, a sort of studious, scholarly type of gentleman, rather quiet and austere, who, for years, has been working with others producing the songs we have learned to love.

Since Joe Keit allied himself with Harry Engel and formed the firm of Keit-Engel, they have been very successful. As I have often pointed out, Keit was responsible for many of the outstanding songs published by Remick, Inc., with whom he has been associated some 25 years, and it seems he is repeating his careful selection with this firm. Following close on the heels of "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye" is this most refreshing type of fox trot. The fact that everyone likes it, and one hears it everywhere is proof that it has real merit.

We take it quite slowly, as there are a lot of words and many notes. In fact, a singer finds difficulty breathing in the correct place in the singing of *I'M SURE OF EVERYTHING BUT YOU*.

A JUG OF WINE, A LOAF OF BREAD AND THOU. Those who might have listened to our Fleischmann's Yeast Broadcast of last evening, when we followed the appearance of Shaw and Lee with an extremely Oriental type of introduction, might have wondered just when we were about to play. It was Elliott Jacoby's idea of a sympathetic introduction to *A JUG OF WINE, A LOAF OF BREAD AND THOU!* Of course the song was more or less suggested by the Rubayait of Omar Khayyam. In fact, the verse mentions that the singer of the song was influenced by the thought of "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou." Therefore Jacoby saw fit to give me an introduction to our arrangement which, as one listens, brings a mental picture of camels, deserts, oases, etc. The chorus, however, is one of the most *lilting* type of melodies I have listened to in a long time.

Among the writers is Vincent Rose, the very likeable, diminutive songwriter whom all Tin Pan Alley has come to know and admire for years. Vincent, who wrote "Whispering," "Linger Awhile," and "Avalon," is still turning out fine melodies, and this is one of his best. Al Lewis and Jack Meskill are the other writers.

We were privileged to make a record of this song, and I think it will be extremely interesting to hear, as the tune is a mighty good one, and the thought an unusual one. We play it quite brightly, about 50 seconds to the chorus.

WILLOW WEEP FOR ME. Irene Taylor, of Paul Whiteman and Co., sang this song for me up in the Berlin office on the same day that Joe Young bellowed "My River Home," "Lucky Little Accident," and several other of his compositions. At the time Miss Taylor sang it, I was not deeply impressed with the song, through no fault of the rendition, however! It was just one of those songs that takes time to impress, very similar to "I'm Playing With Fire." But the song has grown and grown by leaps and bounds.

Ann Ronell will be remembered for her "Baby's Birthday Party" and "Rain on the Roof." She is one of the few girls who seems to come forward with something really worth while, and Irene Taylor can feel very happy to see *WILLOW WEEP FOR ME* become so popular due to her introduction and rendition of it, so much so that the air being filled with it, various advertising sponsors have insisted that their bands do not play it due to the fact that it is one of those "over-played" songs.

The songs must be played slowly in order to get in all the melody and lyrics.

ECHO IN THE VALLEY. As I said on last night's program, there has been considerable discussion and

considerable resentment on the part of various members of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers concerning the arrangement between an American publisher and English publishers. Jack Robbins and Campbell-Connelly have seen fit to exchange writers and writings. Harry Woods and Matt Malneck have been taken to London by Jack Robbins, or have made the trip alone to write in London with Campbell and Connelly fifteen and sometimes twenty songs, which are subsequently published in England and then brought to American, or vice versa.

ECHO IN THE VALLEY was written in London by the trio, Woods, Campbell and Connelly. I do not believe it was written with Bing Crosby in mind, but it has become his signature, and was sung by him for the first time on Wednesday last, January 4th. I did not catch Bing's first rendition of it, but did the closing part of his exceptionally fine Chesterfield program, and I thought he was in excellent voice and did more than full justice to every song he sang.

There have been others of us who would have liked to play **ECHO IN THE VALLEY** before, but we have all been sensible enough to appreciate the fact that it is his signature, and certainly the privilege of introducing it should be his, but I am gratified that this Thursday we will be able to play the song on our Fleischmann's Yeast program.

Of course the fact that a certain song is preferred by a radio artist to all others, either as a signature or as a theme song, makes it possibly all the more desirable in the eyes of those who are not able to do it as a result of the restrictions placed upon it. But this is really an excellent song, with an atmosphere of the countryside, a quarry, a cave, or some phenomenon of nature where an echo is possible. Harry Woods unquestionably saw that the song was permeated with the idea which he wished to convey in the song. Naturally, like most songs, it becomes more pleasant by repetition.

By the time this copy reaches your eye, those of you who have been fortunate enough to catch Mr. Crosby on the Chesterfield Hour, have not only heard the song, but have probably become captivated by it. It must be played slowly.

LINGER A LITTLE LONGER. This song is worthy of mention at this point, as it is not only similar in type to **ECHO IN THE VALLEY** but was written by the same trio at the same time in London, and is published by the same firm, Robbins Music Corp.

It has occurred to me that it would make an excellent signature for any band, especially a band from a hotel,

Rudy Vallée



for their final number, because the correct substitution of the name of the hotel, such as "Linger a little longer in the Astor with me," and the word "dance" substituted in certain places, would make it an excellent farewell signature.

THE GIRL IN THE GREEN HAT. If I said in the last issue of **RADIO DIGEST** that I deplored the fact that songwriters seemed to have gone dry and exhausted their potentialities, I am happy now to say that it looks as though some of them were still able to dig out something really unusually different.

The combination of Max Rich, Bradford Browne, and Jack Scholl have written an unusually good type of song. The story, in the chorus, is really in two parts, the first lyrics of the chorus leaving the hero of the song leaving his girl in the arms of a captain of sailors, and in the second chorus the play is resolved with a happy ending and the girl once more in the arms of her lover.

Like "I'm Sure Of Everything But You," it is a song which must be done slowly, as there are many notes and many words, and if it was difficult to breathe right in the first song, it is even more difficult to "phrase correctly" in the singing of **THE GIRL IN THE GREEN HAT**. In the middle, too, it goes into a different key, which change, if not rehearsed carefully in advance, is liable to leave the singer high and dry, as it almost did yours truly on last evening's program; I usually forget that certain choruses have a direct key change in the middle. In fact, I think that most interesting numbers do have, as the contract of keys cannot help but make the tune more intriguing.

Bibo-Lang are the publishers of the song, and I am happy that they are being heard from in a big way for the first time in many months.

BEDTIME STORY. My good friend Will Rockwell brought Herman Hupfeld up to play some tunes several nights ago, but nearly all of them were show tunes, and I was frank in telling Herman that that was my opinion.

Will had several English records with him, among them a very fine record by Ray Noble, who originated the idea of "Goodnight Sweetheart" in London, and who now has his own very fine English band. The majority of recordings made abroad are in many ways superior to those made in America. For one thing, they take more pains with them, and their instrumentalists have not only learned to imitate American ideas, but are going them one better.

Among the records was a very fine one of **IT WAS JUST A BEDTIME STORY** written by Leo Towers, Harry Rean and Horatio Nichols. "Horatio Nichols" is the nom de plume of Lawrence Wright, one of England's greatest publishers, and the rivals of the Campbell-Connelly aggregation. When I was playing in London in 1924-25, Lawrence Wright was the king of the English writers, and was turning out hit after hit; today he is unquestionably a multimillionaire. He does big things in the way of entertaining American bands and making it very pleasant for orchestras in general in London. "Bouquet," a cute little song which I have sung from time to time in the past four or five years is only one of perhaps hundreds from his prolific pen; "Among My Souvenirs" was another, and now it seems he has written a song worthy of publication in America.

"**BEDTIME STORY**" is in the vein of the sentimental type of things, going back to mother's knee. We recorded it last week, along with "A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread and Thou," "Linger a Little Longer," and "I'm Playing With Fire," and I hope the record is going to be a good one. The song is published by Harms, and should be done slowly.

Marcella

NOT since Spring has Toddles been on her bicycle, which was the reason for the shock at her entrance, thus, into our office. But, said she, there being a touch of Spring in the air today, she decided to have it shined up and oiled, and away she has gone, with a bundle of inquiries in her little wicker basket, to finish her chores, promising faithfully to return before this column went to press, which means she has to hurry. However, before leaving, she left with me an item of interest for many of our readers, but especially for Jean DeVaux, and the Four Detroit Girls, whom, she believes, will be mighty surprised, and she hopes, satisfied. Here 'tis:

GENE AUSTIN, American tenor, and one of the most popular Victor recording artists of all times, through which medium he rode to fame, is the pride of Gainesville, Texas, yes indeed, his home town. His boyish tenor was heard at every local entertainment, as well as the church choir. At eighteen he enlisted and, after a few months training, was sent to France where he served until the end of the World War. He welcomed that event, nevertheless, as an opportunity to break away from the too quiet, small town. "Memories of France," which, no doubt, you all remember, was the fruit of his recollection of those months over seas. When he returned to America, after the Armistice, determined to find other means of livelihood than his voice, he enrolled in a law school in Baltimore. He had been in college little more than a year when he met an old friend, who, knowing of his singing abilities, persuaded him to enter the show business. As Austin & Berger, they toured the East with some success. Then Gene found the right outlet for his talents—making records. Although it is not generally known, his first recordings were along the hill-billy line. The Victor Company hailed him as a sensational discovery—his test record being a ballad number. He continued his vaudeville act for some time, but gained his popularity as a recording artist—30,000,000 of his records being sold within a period of four years. (A nice little figure, is it not?) His best sellers? They included "Romona," "My Blue Heaven," "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame," "Carolina Moon" and "Melancholy Baby." In 1930, on a trip around the world, Gene made

personal appearances in England, France and on the Continent. On his return, he again went into vaudeville, alone. And, shortly after, entered into the radio field, broadcasting from the Chicago NBC studios. Mr. Austin is also a composer of note. We know you'll recognize his compositions when we remind you that they include "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street," "How Come You Do Me Like You Do?" "Lonesome Road," "Disappointed" and "Chant of Loneliness." The last, but not least interesting, line of this little story of a very, very popular artist, tells you that Gene Austin married a young lady from Chicago last August, or thereabouts. Of course, you saw his picture in the October DIGEST.

ALICE REMSEN, about whom Ray High was inquiring, was born in England, and at the age of fourteen ran away from her London home to go on the stage. She answered an advertisement which resulted in her becoming assistant to a magician and making her debut with him in Paris on the stage of the Folies Bergeres, which involved a disappearing act in which she vanished from sight when he waved his wand and uttered the customary phrases.

Later she crossed the ocean to pursue the major part of her career in the United States. Her theatrical career has been many sided, having been straight woman, character woman, soubrette, and even comedienne, with red nose, false wig and similar comedy trappings.

She has contributed sound effects for Mickey Mouse "squeakies" and bird imitations for Aesop's Fables. She has also followed a journalistic path, as columnist on the Morning Telegraph here with Roy McCardell; as vaudeville news columnist with Walter Winchell; as radio editor of the New York Star; and as radio news editor of Radio World.

Besides those jobs, she has been song-writer, poetess, radio continuity writer, librarian and notary public. Miss Remsen has been in radio since 1927, and has sung on programs over all of the major stations in and around Greater New York, winning the title of "the Creative Contralto."

She is small, brown-haired, and vivacious, always brimming over with good spirits. In fact, is too busy to be anything but cheerful. Alice likes best to sing comedy songs, but thinks

"Hears
All
Tells
All"

she is better at sob-ballads. And, her picture you have probably seen in the January R. D.

EL THOMPSON, actor, with more than fifteen years of stage and musical comedy experience, author, and singer, is featured on several weekly programs over WDEL and WILM, Wilmington, Delaware. E. Thompson Walls (which is his real name) made his first "public appearance" on October 26th, 1899, in Cape Charles, Virginia. Within a few hours of that date, he made the discovery that he could get results by using his voice, and has been doing it ever since with a great degree of success.

Went to public school, by the way, with Estelle Taylor, the movie actress. Had his first real stage part at the age of twelve, when he gasped through his lines in the old favorite, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," produced by a stock company in Wilmington. Two years later, deciding he was a veteran trouper, he snipped the mooring strings of Mother's proverbial apron, and set sail for New York, where he obtained a small part in a play, with Lowell Sherman and Edna Hibberd as the stars.

Quite an early age to start pounding at Broadway's Golden Gates! But his grin suggests possibly the best reason why he was able to jump over to Broadway two years later with a part in "The Wolf." Then two seasons of vaudeville, and the big jump—musical comedy under the Schuberts, playing various parts in all the Schubert shows until "Music in May," and between shows managing to squeeze in instructions from private vocal and dancing teachers, as well as a course in the Peabody School of Music in Baltimore.

During that time he and his brother wrote a musical comedy which they called "Two Little Captain Kidds." In collaboration with Andrew Jay Seraphin, of Philadelphia, El has recently written another musical comedy, "Please Madam," which the authors hope to present at the World Fair in Chicago.

At the present time, he is busy putting the finishing touches to a novel with the intriguing title, "Three Times Seven," which, he explains, is about youth rising to manhood. And, Mr. Thompson and Victor Caille, WDEL organist, recently wrote two songs which they have included on joint programs.

Being adept in so many ways, El has even hung by his teeth, gyrated around a swinging bar, and done various other things while with a circus.

He is six feet all, blond, and looks at you with a pair of blue, crinkly eyes, and is single (and glad of it

"The Songbird of the South," having returned from Hollywood, where she has just finished her work on "Hello, Everybody!" for Paramount, smilingly says: "Thanks for the buggy-ride."



So her "chauffeur" answers with a smile. Many of her Pacific Coast admirers heard her for the first time while she was there, and will no doubt miss her special broadcasts for them on KNX.

right now). Likes golf, horses, mountains, and either blondes or brunettes. (Watch out, El! The goblins will get you yet). Reads heavy books and scratches his ear while singing before the microphone. Now turn to page 36, and there you see this person about whom we have written so much. Thus ends the story sent us by J. Gorman Walsh, of WDEL, in response to inquiries from the many admirers of Mr. El.

IN ANSWER to requests from Mrs. P. Neilson, Minnie Byers, and others: "Pie Plant Pete," better known to his parents as Claude W. Moye, was born in Southern Illinois. Never heard a lullaby, going to sleep when he was a baby to the strains of "The Wreck of the 97" sung by his Mother. When he was eighteen, which was seven years ago, to be exact, a radio went into the Moye home in the hills. Hill billy songs were featured over WLS, Chicago, and to its wave length the dial was set.

"Paw said, 'Shucks, you're better than those fellows,'" states Pie Plant Pete, adding, "I wanted to go to Chicago, but Maw and Paw didn't want me to leave the farm." However, four years ago his Paw sent him up to Marshall, Illinois, "to help me uncle make an invoice." It was then Claude sneaked over to Chicago with his guitar and harmonica and went to WLS. Glenn Rowell, who was musical director of the station, and the Glenn of Gene and Glenn, listened to the hill billy songs.

Thirty minutes later young Moye was "Pie Plant Pete," and an employe of WLS; and last May Gene and Glenn took him to Cleveland. His

songs are the type that originated in the hill country of Scotland when the traveler's tales were set to music and told in ballad form. Many of them came to America and are still sung in the cabins of the south. Others more commonly heard by the present generation came into being because of mere happenings, such as the train disaster between Monroe and Center, which story went through the hills as a ballad telling the grief of the wife of the engineer who was "found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle."

Pie Plant Pete comes naturally by his talent for getting the drawl of the mountanfolks into his songs, the whisper of pine trees into the strings of a guitar, and the "barn dance feeling" from the tune of a harmonica.

GOOD work! Here she is now, with a few general replies: Phil Cook, Mrs. Kenyon, recently signed with the NBC Artist Bureau, but is not yet scheduled. . . . Ted Lewis is no longer with NBC, Mrs. Willard Biery. . . . The Landt Trio and White, Marion Freedman, are now on tour; Vinton Haworth plays "Jack Arnold" with "Myrt and Marge," and no doubt plays on other programs, though we cannot list them; will let you know later about Warren Munson. . . . Picture and story of "The Baron" appeared on pages 6 and 7 of the January Digest, Mrs. Bruce Gemmill. . . . And, speaking of "The Baron," Mrs. Arthur Mason, his "Charlie" is not Graham McNamee, but Cliff Hall, who played in a show with Jack Pearl (The Baron), the director of which had difficulty remembering his name, so called him

"Charlie," the name he had in the show, and which has permanently become attached to him. . . . Sorry, Edytha Burnett, we are at work on Frank Knight and George Hartrick. . . . George Hall, you will find on page 24, Kay W. and Joyce F. Saulsbury, and Bing Crosby is now with the Chesterfield program. . . . Mrs. A. H. Scott would like a full page picture of Graham McNamee! A reputable substitute appears on page 37. . . . Maurie Sherman has been so busy. Ruth Froste, that he has asked Toddles to call again, and that is on her memo pad. . . . Story and picture of Mildred Bailey appeared on page 22 of the December Digest, Evelyn.

Typeline Portraits

(Continued from page 28)

pianist. During the War she sang in soldier camps throughout the country. An engagement later took her to Toronto, Canada, where she met and married Captain E. Robert Burns, a holder of England's Distinguished Flying Cross.

In 1929 Alice took part in an RKO Theatre of the Air broadcast and sang "The Last Rose of Summer." Her lovely voice and sincerity brought many requests for repeat performances. At an informal gathering later, the radio director of a large advertising agency heard Miss Joy sing and afterwards engaged her for a commercial.

Alice's youthful dream of becoming a great singer is materializing quickly due to her hard work. Not only does this artist please the ear, but her dark brown hair and eyes and glowing cheeks present a pretty picture for the eye as well. Alice Joy is on NBC three times a week.

CHINA READS R. D.

TAKING the opportunity to enter the enclosed order from one of our regular customers, Mr. Chung Koo-Cheung, who is deeply interested in reading **RADIO DIGEST**, we are herewith sending remittance of two dollars, which we think will be sufficient to cover the one-year period of the magazine. If your magazine is as good as suggested by the subscriber, certainly we will place you an order for retail purpose; meantime we solicit subscription business from prospective buyers. But first of all, you may be able to send us one copy of **RADIO DIGEST** as specimen purpose, otherwise our salesmen can only have the empty talk. . . . The International Book Company—Stanley Young, General Manager—269 North Wing Hon Road, Canton, China.

SCRAPBOOK CLIPS

I HAVE been reading the **RADIO DIGEST** for over three years, and think it is a wonderful book. Can get almost any station I want over my radio. Have a radio scrap book and have lots of the stars' and announcers' pictures in it.

I was so glad to see Billie White's picture in the November issue—he and Morton Downey are great!

I have never written to, or asked **RADIO DIGEST** for a favor before. But, will you please have Myrt's, Marge's, Clarence's and Jack Arnold's pictures in real soon? (See page 19. *The whole cast, so far as we can learn, has never had a picture made.*)

And give us, please, a good writeup on our own good station, WHAS, Louisville. Would like to see a little on Don Bestor's Orchestra—he and his boys are wonderful! (*Did you not see the December issue—page 18?*) Lots of luck to all the stars and announcers.—Eva Russell, 203 E. Madison Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.

JUST "SNIP-SNIP"!

I NOTICED in last month's magazine, a reader objected to your pictures of Rudy and his grin, so I thought, inasmuch as he has no other fault to find, perhaps he would like to know how to rid himself of that annoyance so that the **DIGEST** would be perfect for him. Take a scissors—suppose you know what a scissors is—and snip-snip, out comes *Tuneful Topics*—and Rudy and his grin. If perchance there is something on the opposite page which you want to keep, take library paste and smear over the pages, and press together. Simple, eh?

I cannot imagine anyone being annoyed at a picture in a magazine. I cannot tolerate Paul Whiteman, Ted Weems, Jack Denny, Lopez, George Olson, Kate Smith, Amos 'n' Andy, and others, but do they bother me? Not much—it is too easy to turn pages and twist dials.

So, I think if Mr. Moore would follow my directions, the kitchen mechanics could enjoy their "hams," and he could find happiness in his magazines, and poisoned prunes. We all have our favorites—I enjoy every Fleischman hour, never miss one. Ray Perkins is my favorite wit; good old Jones and Hare; Wayne King, the finest in the land; Ward Wilson; Jessica Dragonette; Major Bowes, and on and on. But, has that anything to do with what the other fellow enjoys? I should say not.

Voice of the

The **DIGEST** could print a picture of Winchell and even that would not make me angry. I would buy it just the same—two each month if they were published. I read it from "kiver" to "kiver."—Vera Reynolds, Margate City, New Jersey.

SHE NO LIKE!

I HAVE been reading **RADIO DIGEST** for the past few years and like it very much. I am also a Rudy Vallee fan and like to see nice letters about him in the **DIGEST**. However, of late, I have seen few. What is the matter with the R.V. fans? Are they not writing?

A little more about Rudy, or rather about his new type of program! For some people this new type of program may seem great, but for dyed-in-the-wool R.V. fans they are sometimes difficult. All we hear now are guest artists. If Rudy does not soon get back where he belongs, he will be ruined. A recent radio poll showed Rudy still to be very popular.

The Fleischman program was one of the best programs on the air; now it is really one of the worst. Its dramatic scenes are terrible; its comedians are worse; and, as for Rudy—well, it must be very difficult for him to have to introduce such guest artists.

I heard Rudy and his Yankees from the Hotel Carter in Cleveland, Friday night, December 16, and they were fine! Such a relief from guest artists.

Here's hoping to read **RADIO DIGEST** for a great many more years and also hoping to listen to Rudy Vallee's programs for a

long time.—Mary E. Hanlon, 417 Kingsboro Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

HERE 'TIS, ADELA

MY FAVORITE program is Gene and Glenn. The reason may be, of course, because they are right here in Cleveland and we have more opportunity to see and hear them as they have a daily local feature each evening, besides their morning program. I have also seen them many times as they make personal appearances in theatres in this vicinity, and appear at many benefit performances.

If any of your readers would like to write me for information concerning them, I am sure I could answer most questions, as I have a large scrap book of material on them, and love to write letters. (I hope I see this in **VOL**, as I have written before and never found my letters).—Miss Adela Dusek, 3259 West Fifty-second Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

LOOKS LIKE EL BELOW

I QUITE agree with our Northern "Listener," P.H., from Everett, Massachusetts. I have heard El Thompson from station WDEL and consider him a "radio find."

Perhaps the **DIGEST** can find space for Mr. Thompson's photograph sometime in the near future. (Yes, indeed. See Marcella's column, page 35).—V.M.H., Norfolk, Virginia.

EL OF WDEL

I MAGINE my surprise when reading your December issue from cover to cover, as I always do, to see a letter from one of your readers asking about a WDEL artist, El Thompson.

P.H. was right! El Thompson is a real radio artist, with personality plus, yes, we will even use your term P.H.—he is a "find." For those of your readers who might be interested, I'll tell you something about this singer.

El Thompson happened into our studios one day, as most "finds" do, and wanted to try his voice over the air. After an audition, which proved quite satisfactory to the program director of our station, he was scheduled once a week. And then the fun started! The listening public heard him and how! The writer was besieged with telephone calls and letters asking who this stranger was. His debut was such a success that we backed him up with organ accompaniment, and put him on the air three times a week and there he is still, using a voice and style that commands attention from men as well as women listeners.

This chap has had quite a bit of experience in the art of entertainment, having played in various musical shows, including "Student Prince," "Music in May," and many others. He has written and published many stories and songs, and has just re-



El Thompson, featured singer over WDEL and WILM, Wilmington

Listener

cently completed a "wow" of a number with the aid of one of our accompanists, Vic Caille, and they have titled it "Fooling—We Were Just Fooling." Yes, sir, this boy has the "stuff" that makes the public cry for more, and he is worthy of every "break" he gets.

I hope this answers your question, P.H., and if it does not, let us hear some more from you.—H. A. Hickman, General Manager, Station WDEL, Wilmington, Delaware.

(Marcella also became interested in the young man, and she too has something about him in her column. See page 35, P.H.)

From Now On!

I DO so love this radio magazine, I keep each and every copy and often reread and refer to them to refresh my memory. Wish we could expect our copy on the first day of each month—It seems so long between copies.

I would so love to know the whereabouts of George Beuchles, Edwin Cullen and William Brenton—wonderful announcers.—S.G.E., Little Rock, Arkansas.

"LISTEN, GRAHAM!"

HERE is a letter from another radio fan who would very much like to have a full-page picture of that splendid announcer, Graham McNamee. Would also like to have a little story about him to accompany it. I met Mr. McNamee at the New York NBC studios last Summer, and I want to say he is just as pleasant and spontaneous in person as he is on the air.

I am also a fan who is indeed willing to thank sponsors for bringing such fine talent to radio. I do not object to commercial announcements in the least, especially as these announcements are shorter now and a great many are put over in an interesting manner. Quite often I find myself using a radio-advertised product, which I would not have purchased on purpose had it been advertised in other ways. I have heard of some people who "kick" at commercial programs, but, I just bet they would "kick" more if their favorite performer no longer appeared on the air for the reason that sponsored programs were not allowed. I doubt if famous artists could be obtained without the salaries the sponsors are willing to pay.

Would also like to see a picture of James Wallington in your magazine. Am only a beginner as a radio fan, so have read only about five of your publications, but I have not yet seen a picture of Mr. Wallington that does him justice. I also met him at NBC which explains my interest. Please remember the picture of Graham, and try to add the one of Jimmy.—Miss N. F. Comer, Savannah, Georgia.

SAYS BARBARA

IT SEEMS that many VOLERS are complaining of the drop in size, with the

drop in price of the RADIO DIGEST. But, if you turn out future copies as good as the November issue, no one will have any grounds for complaint. It was full of interesting articles and I surely got twenty-five cents' worth out of that fifteen-cent issue. Of special interest was the Colored Supplement, but why such a short bit about Cab Calloway? I think he is one of the best orchestra leaders in the country. The only exceptions I make are Guy Lombardo and Leo Reisman.

It was a great pleasure for once for me to read Rudy Vallee's "Tuneful Topics" without turning the air blue and shocking my respectable neighbors. I refer to the December issue, and "Underneath the Harlem Moon" (read Rudy's tuneful criticism, folks!) Says Barbara—We thank you, Rudy dear, for your gracious recognition of another band leader.

I was surprised at the mighty Rudy conceding a better man than himself for the playing of certain types of jazz. I recognize the fact that many other people consider Rudy the supreme ruler of the O. B. L. (Order of Band Leaders), but for Rudy, the high and mighty, to concede himself that there are better men than himself made me feel like singing the "Star Spangled Banner" and shouting HIP! HIP! HOORAY!!

Why not an article on Cab Calloway, with full page pictures—he deserves it if anyone does. And here's hoping that with the fatherly help of Rudy Vallee and the support of the Calloway fans, we will get a big article in a forthcoming R.D.



Graham McNamee, Ed Wynn's perpetually popular artiste

And, returning to that fine November issue, I find that out of seventeen articles there were eleven that I enjoyed. (And Tuneful Topics was not one of them—once look and I gave up in despair.) The paper and printing had returned to their former qualities and the contents had not suffered by the drop in price (insofar as per cent of interesting articles was concerned). Everything will be okeh, if you continue to publish such fine issues.

May I again repeat: Publish a BIG article about that wonderful dance maestro—Cab Calloway—Miss Barbara Toan, 117 Bagley Road, Berea, Ohio.

"QUEEN OF THE AIR"

THERE is a young artist whose name is rarely mentioned within the portals of this column—an artist who is equally as beautiful as the lovely voice which she possesses—Jessica Dragonette!! (Full page picture appeared in the November issue. "Everybody's Sweetheart" in the April, 1931 issue).

There is something of that "little girl" quality about Jessica—a certain wistful sort of charm; an elusive "something" with which few are endowed. The dramatic quality of her speaking voice and her poise create a mental picture. One visualizes her as ethereal, dainty, shy, feminine. Yet, one is aware that there is "much more to her" than meets the ear and eye. Her clear, soft, easy flowing singing voice weaves a magic spell, lifting one out of a world of mundane happenings, into a realm of beauty and romance! There is a gentleness about her voice—a glamour of moonlight and lost fairy-tales.

"Lovely, lyrical Jessica" richly deserves the tribute—"radio's most outstanding feminine personality!"—Mary E. Lauber, 119 West Abbottsford Avenue, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

MUY BIEN, GRACIAS!

I WOULD like to say how pleased I was to find the page devoted to that splendid artist, Tito Guizar in a recent issue of your magazine. It was very nice. There is an artist who deserves some good "breaks" and I hope he gets them. Such a perfectly gorgeous voice cannot help winning many, many admirers, but, besides the voice of exquisite liquid gold, he has a personality that is simply irresistible, and by far the most fascinating foreign accent I have ever heard. If you do not care for tenor voices, tune in just to hear him talk—you will be well repaid. I tune in for both, and I am a regular listener. Thanks to you, Tito, for many, many pleasures—especially your "Aye, Aye, Aye," and "In a Little Spanish Town."

And, I always have a "rave" for those incomparable Royal Canadians. Remember, Mr. Editor, that we Lombardo Fans are searching every issue of R. D. for a word about them, or a new picture. I cannot seem to coax a group of the entire orchestra from you. How about a big picture of the four Lombardo brothers? My scrap book is waiting for just that, and a "swell" individual photograph of Carmen. (Guy, your "How Deep Is The Ocean" and "Goodnight, My Lady Love" are too lovely for words.)

I don't know what I would do without RADIO DIGEST—it is a friend indeed. Best wishes.—Hazel Rhoades, 1749 N. Winchester Avenue, Chicago.



Gypsy Markoff

*W*ILD strains of gypsy music thrill listeners of WMCA and WPCH, New York, when this raven tressed beauty offers international selections on the accordion. Miss Markoff recently returned from a successful tour of Europe. She was acclaimed by audiences in London, Paris and Madrid.

Ranny Weeks Just Had to Sing

*Star of the Yankee Network
Deserted Executive Career for Song*

RANNY WEEKS couldn't escape his destiny. Though he could whistle a tune before he could toddle, his first ambitions were for a public career. Also, the fact that his father was Mayor of Everett, Mass., was responsible in a way for his interest in law and politics. This ambition lasted until he was defeated for the first office he ran for in high school.

As time went on he leaned more to the musical side of the family. So he dropped it all and started singing at various social functions. He soon received offers to appear at leading hotels and society parties. With the advent of radio Ranny took more and more to music. His next move in this direction was when he became radio advisor for an advertising agency. The executive duties this entailed caused him to forget his vocal ambitions for the moment. However, no matter how busy he became he always managed to continue his vocal studies, but listed them under the heading of diversions instead of ambitions.

FINALLY he decided that he was fed up with executive duties and from then on he would become Ranny Weeks, baritone, with the words "he man" placed before baritone by his radio sponsors.

Ranny's flair for doing the unusual was demonstrated forcibly at the Metropolitan Theater in Boston. He holds the distinction of establishing a record at that theater which no other featured artist has ever approached. Last winter Ranny appeared at the Metropolitan for a period of seventeen weeks, having gone in there in the beginning for a one week's engagement.

For one of the few times in the history of the theater, in which the most famous stars of the stage, screen, and radio have appeared, Ranny's performance stopped the show cold. The applause continued for six minutes into the talkie feature of the program. Finally the lights were put on and Ranny was forced to come back for bows. Though this happened nearly a year ago, this feat stands unequalled to the present time.

Following his debut into the talking picture field last summer, Ranny joined his present radio program—

The Pacquin Program which is heard every Sunday afternoon at 5:00 o'clock over Station WNAC and WOR in New York and the Yankee Network.

The completion of his picture, "It Happened in Paris," was the realization of a life-long ambition for him. Ever since he has been before the public he has wanted to appear on the screen. And in that time he has received several flattering offers. One of them was from Lilyan Tashman, who wanted him to come to Hollywood and appear with her in pictures. Betty Balfour, noted British actress, and Sophie Tucker have both been very complimentary in their praises of Weeks.

"It Happened in Paris" is a full length feature picture based on the stage play "The Two Orphans," for which Nathaniel Shilkret composed an original score and conducted during the filming.

For the benefit of those who often have heard but never have seen Mr. Weeks, he is six feet even in height, brunette, handsome, laughs easily, is modest and is best described by the term "regular."

Randall Webster Weeks is his full name. The Webster is in honor of the great Daniel Webster, for whom his father always had the greatest admiration. Ranny Weeks is strictly a man's singer, and a regular out-door man.



Ranny Weeks, heard over the Yankee Network as well as WNAC and WOR, New York

"Checkers" Goes on the Air

WAAM—Newark, N. J.

EVERY Wednesday Station WAAM of Newark, New Jersey, presents an original radio program innovation in the adoption of a series of scientific talks on checkers.

This feature is conducted by Milard F. Hopper, State champion checker expert and author of the recent book, "How To Win At Checkers."

Anyone who doubts the scientific aspects of this game should listen in to some of the startling tricks he details in his afternoon talks.

Who ever guessed that one checker could draw against four in certain positions? Who would believe that there existed trick plays in checkers wherein as many as nine men can be jumped at one time? Well, if you're like the chap from "Missouri" just set your dial at 1250 kilocycles next Wednesday afternoon at 2 p. m. and learn all about it.

Checkers has its ardent fans and followers just as much as bridge and backgammon but like the game itself its popularity has been voiced in the silent appreciation of its devotees.

It is only on occasions of Interstate matches and national tourneys that checkers finds its way into the press columns although every city and town has its checker team.

The large amount of fan mail coming in from these programs is evidence of the growing interest in this feature.

Mr. Hopper who at one time operated the wax chess and checker playing figure at the Eden Musee details a simple system of numbering the squares of the board which enables the listeners to acquire the trick moves of the game without any great effort.

His checker career started when at the age of 16, he represented New York City at an International Match in which Christy Mathewson, the old

Giant pitcher, was referee. Later he appeared for several seasons at Luna Park, Coney Island and then turned his attentions to giving professional exhibitions on the game at various clubs and Y.M.C.A.'s.

In one of these exhibitions he played as many as forty men at one time without the loss of a game.



KFAB—Omaha

THE experience unique to radio artists of having an audience literally walk out on him, mad, came to Lee Bennett, KFAB crooner and announcer last month. It was during a broadcast from the stage of one of the Omaha theaters. The entire personnel of KFAB was performing, with the grand finale as a selection by Bennett. The audience waited patiently for Bennett, and applauded vigorously when he finally announced his song. At the conclusion they gave him a prolonged applause, demanding an encore. But the allotted time for the presentation was up, and Bennett had to make the closing remarks and station announcement. Then it was that the audience walked out on him, even though there was an orchestration scheduled to follow. They had come to hear Bennett, and if he wouldn't sing, they wouldn't stay. But it was excused after due explanation. Bennett's voice is of the Crosby-Columbo type, and new listeners are continually bothering the station telephone girl, asking which one of the two national stars it is. Lee has one pet peeve; to be called a "crooner," but that's what he is, and an unusually popular one. In addition to his daily singing program, Bennett is called upon to announce from the Omaha studios as well as direct programs and take a role in some of the skits, which is quite an assignment for a youngster just twenty-one.



KFRC—San Francisco

HOW Fleishhacker Zoo helps to round out the programs at KFRC—no, the animals don't come to the studio—has been revealed by Bob Bence, connoisseur in sound effects and rated by his associates as the "Pacific Coast's greatest animal impersonator." Those "inimitable" imitations that have delighted KFRC listeners on the Blue Monday Jamboree and other major programs, are the result of hours of study at San Francisco's animal park, by the versatile radio entertainer. If a hyena hits a new "high" in hilarity or a lion reorganizes his roar, Bence is quick to note the variation and pass it on to his radio audience at the first opportunity. Needless to say, the animals show no professional jealousy.



LARRY GREUTER

Radio's ace accordionist, heard daily over WLW, Cincinnati, with Don Becker, ukulele virtuoso, one of the most popular morning features. As the original "Squeeze Box Man," Larry made his debut before the microphones of WLW five years ago. He is equally at home both in the realm of modern dance rhythm and in the field of classical composition.

WLW, Cincinnati

TO PAUL WHITEMAN goes the credit for the discovery of WLW's latest harmony sensation, the Randall Sisters. But a few weeks ago these charming maids from Bogue Chitto, Mississippi, were "just another act" in vaudeville. Today—thanks to the great jazz maestro—they are being proclaimed one of radio's outstanding finds of the season.

Startled by the distinctive novel harmony effects and the perfect blending of their voices when he chanced to hear them in a Detroit supper club, Whiteman lost no time in signing the Randall Sisters and taking them to New York for a four weeks' engagement at the Hotel Biltmore.

Nothing quite like their unique harmonies and quaint "hill-billy" songs from the South had yet been heard by blase New Yorkers. People liked them because they were different. Rudy Vallee heard them and shortly afterward the Randall Sisters made their radio debut as guest artists on Rudy's Fleischman hour with Otis Skinner. Next, talent scouts from WLW heard them and Whiteman was induced to part with the Randall Sisters in order that they might join the staff of the WLW studios in Cincinnati.

Although they were born and reared on a Mississippi plantation, for the past several years the girls—Bonnie, Ruth and Shirley—have made their home in Memphis. It was there, two years ago, they made their first stage appearance as amateurs in a Milk Fund benefit performance. A Fanchon-Marco executive heard the girls, was impressed with the novelty of their singing and next day they were signed for a vaudeville tour. As the "Aaron Sis-



Bonnie, Ruth and Shirley Randall

ters," they remained in vaudeville until their lucky break with Whiteman ushered them into radio's spotlight.

^^^

WSM, Nashville

A ROMANCE of American minstrelsy is revealed in the story of Lasses White, who first put on the burnt cork about twenty years ago with the Honey Boy Evans Minstrels, at that time among the top notchers in the business. Mr. White is now producing the Lasses White All Star Minstrel Show which is presented by WSM, Nashville, Tennessee, each Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, and the Lasses and Honey radio cartoon which goes on the air at 7:30 on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

Mr. White and his partner, Honey Wilds, after many years as minstrel stars and vaudeville headliners, recently joined the staff of WSM and are making friends by the thousands in their first radio venture. In the big fan mail which the boys receive each week came a letter a few days ago from Nick Carter, of Sheffield,

Alabama, which reads in part as follows:

"Some twenty odd years ago, Honey Boy Evans was booked to appear at the old Jefferson theatre in Birmingham, Ala. This particular performance on this particular night was a complete sell out; the house was packed, but sometime before the curtain word was whispered around that Honey Boy was sick at the Hillman hotel and his part would be carried by an understudy.

"The crowd was disappointed, some leaving to seek their entertainment elsewhere, but most of them stayed. I was curious to see the youngster who had nerve enough to try to entertain a sore disappointed crowd and fill the shoes of the great Honey Boy Evans.

"Your performance that night was great. You went over so big that for ten minutes the crowd would not let the curtain descend on the last act. Since that night I have never missed one of your shows where it was possible for me to go and I have my reserved seat in front of my radio each performance over WSM. . . . Here's wishing you long life on the air."

Another WSM Headliner

CONTRALTO voices with rich, warm coloring are rare, especially those voices which register in a microphone, but in Christine Lamb, WSM has one of the finest radio contraltos in the South. Miss Lamb has been a member of the WSM family ever since the station first went on the air in the fall of 1925, appearing as a featured soloist and as a member of the WSM Mixed Quartette, which presents a sacred concert each Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. The Sacred Concert draws a tremendous mail each week, as a result of the half hour program, which is non-sectarian. Miss Lamb appears as soloist.



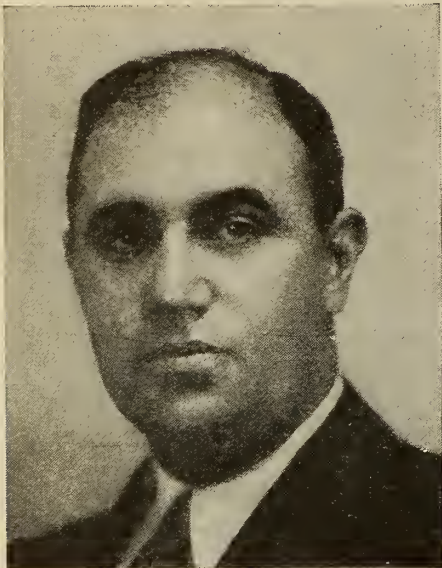
Three young gentlemen from the middle west, featured for several months on WHB, Kansas City, have gone up. George Bacon, Jack Wilcher and Russell Crowell, "The Songcopators," now appearing with Mike Child and his Orchestra on the Phillips Flyers nightly half-hour over a split CBS originating at KMOX, St. Louis. Columbia recording artists, these boys recorded a best seller in "Old Man of the Mountain" last summer.

He Aids the Unfortunates

*Joseph Lang Uses His Station
to Help Worthy Charity*

By Maybelle Austen

NOT long ago this country witnessed the greatest landslide in its entire career. There was good reason for this. Calamity was rampant! Unemployment had assumed gigantic proportions! The depression was on! Those in this country who



Joseph Lang.

were fortunate enough to be actively employed were called upon constantly to help those who were out of work, and consequently out of funds.

Joseph Lang, vice-president and general manager of Station WFAB in New York City did not draw back from the very evident responsibility that was staring every active business man in the face. On the contrary, Mr. Lang contends that with conditions being what they are, it would be a serious case of desertion to allow the old established and worthy charitable organizations to fight their battle unaided.

Being a practitioner as well as a preacher. Mr. Lang has organized a group of entertainers, all of whom are



"Fresh Air Buddies"—Irving Kaufman and Phyllis Grossman.

well known, talented, and more than willing to offer their services for the needy. Each Sunday evening at eleven-fifteen o'clock, WFAB'S "Fresh Air Buddies" gather in the studio and present a program of excellent entertainment in the cause of one of New York City's oldest institutions, The University Settlement. The University Settlement has a headquarters down on the East Side, where they provide everything that the poor children need in the way of gymnastics, library, swimming pool, manual training, as well as kindness and humane treatment. Their summer camp at Beacon, N. Y., takes care of over a thousand children annually, giving them the sunshine and fresh air, clean food and beds, a place to play away from the city's traffic-ridden congested streets.

WFAB'S group of "Fresh Air Buddies" including Irving Kaufman, well-known musical comedy and radio star; Harry Rose, the Broadway Jester; Rita Gould, RKO headliner; Phyllis Grossman, concert pianist; Cal Tinney, contributor to "Life"; Dea Cole, the Crinoline Girl; John Uppman, American operatic baritone; Molly Taylor, soprano; Fred Mayo, vaudeville entertainer; Sylvia Gurkin, popular singer; Henry Lawes, English baritone; Josef Szigeti and his Royal Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra; Jacques Wolfe, famous composer of spirituals; Paul Dumont, well-known network announcer; and many other personalities. Edward Marr, who will be remembered for his work in the "Greenwich Village Follies" and "Irene," is the master of ceremonies.



WSM—Nashville

THE Three Soldiers of Fortune, the General, the Colonel and the Merry Old Major, have proven a huge success from the standpoint of the radio audience during the past few months, as a result of their weekly appearances from WSM. A combination of two already popular acts, the Three Soldiers of Fortune offer two and three part harmony of latest popular songs. Deane Moore, formerly of Roxy's Gang, and for some time a member of the WSM staff, is the king pin of the organization. He is ably assisted by the Waller Brothers, Frank and Claude.

Jack Grady, formerly a member of the famous radio team of Jack and Gene, knows the Easy Way to play the piano. Jack, a chubby little Irishman with an incurable smile, learned how to play a "mean" piano all by his lonesome and how he plays it!

"The Devil is afraid of music, so sing, brother, sing." That's the theme and spirit of Ruth and Red, "The Two R's of Harmony," who met at Vanderbilt University, formed a piano and singing team and are meeting the radio public with a depression-killing smile each week from the studios of WSM. Ruth Garlin is a native of Albany, New York. Educated at Ward Belmont College, Nashville, where she graduated in music. Winburn ("Red") Paris' home is in Greensboro, N. C. He has picked up several prizes for singing and has a tenor voice of unusually sweet quality.

Reports from every state in the Union, the Canal Zone, Panama, Mexico and San Domingo indicate in definite manner the success of America's tallest radio antenna, 878 feet high, which with the newest type of fifty thousand watt transmitter has put WSM, in the front rank of radio broadcasting.

A product of the East Tennessee hills, educated in music by several excellent teacher, Claude Sharp, tenor, is rapidly making a place for himself as one of the South's leading radio singers.

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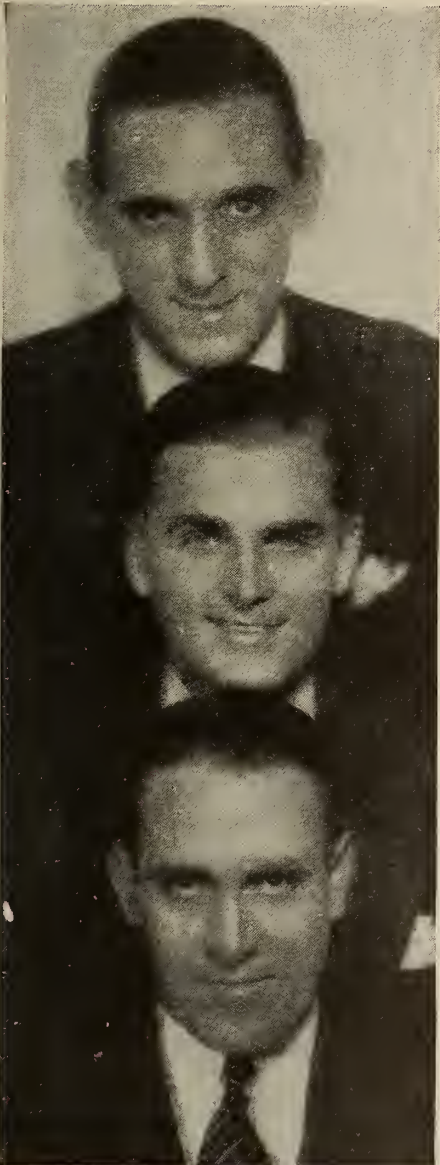
Pacific Coast Echoes

By W. L. Gleeson

John P. Medbury, master of ceremonies of the Demi-Tasse Revue, has become the world's champion commuter now that the Demi-Tasse Revue originates in NBC's San Francisco studios. "Med" commutes by airplane between San Francisco and Hollywood every week in order to appear on the Demi-Tasse program. You can't keep him out of the air!

KLX, Oakland, has a program every Tuesday evening, 9:00 to 9:30, that has the distinction of being one of the oldest programs on the air and has always been very popular. It is Goodman's mixed quartette singing the old hymns.

The Denver Musical Protective



Embassy Boys of WHN, New York. Top to bottom: Eddie Willis, Noel Burns and Fred Barth.

Association offers two programs of outstanding merit over KOA, Denver, coming over the network. They are worth turning an ear to.

Irving Kennedy, popular Western NBC tenor, at last has a yacht. It came through the mail from a Northwestern admirer, but it is complete in every detail, from bow to stern, to pennants fluttering from its mast. Could the admirer believe Irv, but a lad?

The languid and colorful tunes of Old Mexico are becoming regular features on most all of the Western stations. KFOX, Long Beach, has a good Mexican program at 1:30 in the afternoons that is creating a regular "siesta" every noon among its listeners.

Speaking of tunes, lovers of soft, soothing and restful melodies in California's sister state, Oregon, find their weekly ideal in the "Isle of Golden Dreams" program, 9:30 to 10:00 p. m., from the Studios of KOIN, Portland. The unique combination of pipe organ, vibraharp and steel guitar makes the melodious entertainment.

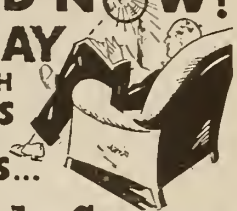
Harry Langdon, well-known screen star, made his radio debut over KHJ. Langdon appeared as guest star on "California Melodies," being presented to the nation over CBS by Raymond Paige. The screen stars are all rapidly becoming known to the radio fans.

Eva Gruninger, NBC singer whose beautiful contralto voice has been heard transcontinentally many times, was married recently to E. Bigson, noted San Francisco surgeon. It was a quiet bridal ceremony in the home of the bride. One of the best loved stars in western radio, Miss Gruninger makes frequent concert appearances, and is a principal in the San Francisco Grand Opera Company, with which she appeared during the recent season. She was the soloist at the opening of the San Francisco War Memorial.

With "California Melodies," CBS network, shifting to a new spot, 8:30 to 9:00 p. m., the West Coast will send three programs over a nationwide network.

Paul Carson, who builds the "Bridge to Dreamland" for NBC listeners Sunday nights, with the aid of an organ keyboard, is the descendant of several generations of clergymen, but never felt the slightest desire to enter the ministry. Paul has a great following up and down the vast expanses of the West Coast.

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for our
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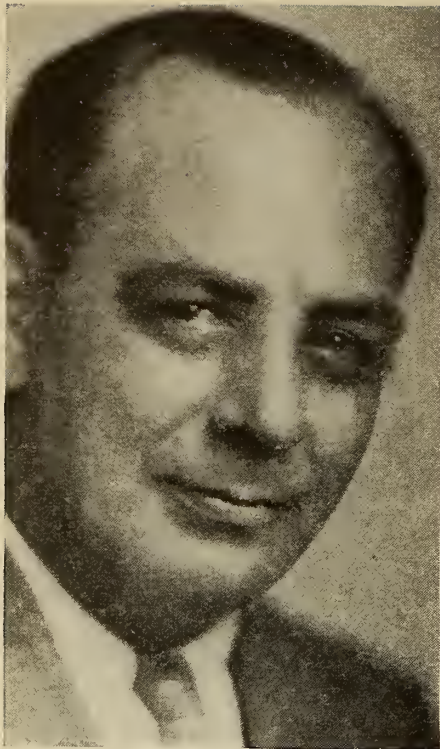
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Clair Shadwell.

WBT—Charlotte, N. C.

YOU'VE heard of "Jack of all trades," and are probably equally familiar with the rest of it, "Master of none." But Clair Shadwell, affectionately known as "Shad," is a brilliant exception to the latter. Reared in a small Ohio town, he started studying medicine, but the family met with financial reverses and so he became in turn a vaudeville performer, trumpet player, master of ceremonies in a famous Chautauqua, soldier in the World War, farmer, school teacher, baritone soloist and what else have you? Just as water finally finds its own level, Shad, veteran of every State in the Union, has found the place best suited for him in radio at WBT, North Carolina's 25,000 watt station. Here he has an opportunity to use his originality, dynamic personality and diversified talents to the best advantage in the brilliant and ever-changing panorama of radio programs. Among other things, he is an A-1 announcer, interlocutor and co-producer of WBT's "Dixie Mammoth Minstrel," director of the staff male quartet, dramatist in "Original Sketches" and last—but far from least, he is the proud father of two attractive young sons, Hal and Cal.

▲▲▲

KFRC—San Francisco

EARLE TOWNER, composer of note and skilled musician, has been appointed organist at KFRC, after five years on the staff in various capacities—vocal director, orchestra conductor, singer, etc. Although a veteran master of the organ, he has previously played

KQW Quarter Century Old

Grand-Daddy of Radio Stations Celebrates Anniversary With Big Broadcast

RADIO STATION KQW, San Jose, California, the pioneer broadcasting station of the world, it is claimed, celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday and its seventh anniversary as the voice of rural California, on January 16, with a program featuring over 300 artists.

Radio Station KQW has been in existence since the year 1908, and began broadcasting musical programs in the year 1909.

In 1912, two-way voice communication was established between San Jose and San Francisco and in the same year, the station established in San Jose the first radio receiving studio in the world. In 1915, the station broadcast, daily, musical programs from a studio located in the Garden City Bank Building, San Jose. These programs were received 50 miles away in a special booth at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco. Many people from all parts of the world, who visited the Exposition listened to these broadcasts. In January, 1926, the management of radio Station KQW was taken over by Fred J. Hart, the present owner, to be operated as the Voice of Rural California. Under his management, the station has continued to pioneer in radio broadcasting as to both equipment and programs.

The management of KQW believes that a radio station, in reality, belongs to the people, and therefore that its

the KFRC instrument as a substitute.

Many of Towner's compositions have been played by the Boston, Minneapolis and San Francisco Symphony orchestras. He wrote the music for two of the Saratoga Blossom Festivals and many of his male choruses have been sung all over the country.

first duty is to the listener and his country and that the future well-being of our country depends upon the proper use of radio and therefore the ownership of a radio station carries with it a responsibility that should place dividends as the last consideration. The carrying out of this policy has caused KQW listeners to actually look upon the station as their own, so much so, that many of them, when writing, address their communications to "Our Station KQW, San Jose, California" and many of them contribute to the work of the station by belonging to the KQW Radio Club, the membership of which is \$2.00 per year.

For the past seven years the management of KQW has endeavored to so arrange its programs and service as to lead the people to look upon Station KQW as a big friend to whom they can turn for advice and help on any subject—when in need of such a friend. That this policy has accomplished its purpose is evidenced by the fact that in one year, 20,000 people wrote the station for advice and help, the subject matter of these requests ranging from "What is wrong with my hog?" to "How shall I invest my money?"

It is also a part of the policy of this station to present its programs and features in a regular order at the same time of day and at the same day of the week, year in and year out. For example: Weather reports and farm market reports for the past seven years have been given daily and at the same minute of the day. Each type of program is always scheduled for the same time of day and the same days of the week, etc. Adherence to this policy has built for Station KQW what is claimed as the largest regular audience in northern California.



Irma Glenn is visited by her oldest and youngest fans as she puts the mighty Wurlitzer through its paces at WENR, Chicago.

The Bootlegger of HOMEMADE SUNSHINE

THE WORLD has a headache, but Harry Glick knows nothing about it—in fact Harry doesn't even know what a headache is. If you get up in the morning feeling blue, cross at the world, and distressed over your poor physical condition, all you have to do is touch your radio dial, and tune in on Harry Glick, the exuberant air personality, who conducts the Health Gym Class over WMCA, New York, every morning at 8:30 o'clock. After you listen to him just one moment, all your worries and cares immediately disappear. After interviewing Harry (for some reason nobody ever thinks of calling him Mr. Glick, he's such an all around good fellow,) he told me that people who have a tendency to worry, should start to do exercise every morning and the exercise that starts circulation in the blood, will break up the clogs of worry and shake the worries right out of the system (there's truth in them thar words, you must try it readers)—Harry can also be called the Health Man of Wisdom—because he tells you: If you have no time to exercise you'll find enough time to get sick and lie in bed—and it's not how much health you possess, but it's how you keep it. Harry wants to be known as the modern Abraham Lincoln, because he claims—you can fool your body some of the time, and you can fool

your body most of the time, but you can't fool your body all of the time—again, (there's truth in them thar words).

Harry Glick is the present holder of the world's welterweight wrestling championship, and is conceded by many sports writers as one of the greatest wrestlers who ever lived. Once at the Oakland A. A., in Jersey City, New Jersey, he threw three men in thirty-four minutes, one after another. Harry holds other records—he had the distinction as guest artist for RADIO DIGEST, last year of having been the first instructor to give a gym class program over television, at the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Harry has been broadcasting over four years, and if you will listen to him, you'll find him a whole show by himself. He sings, whistles, and wisecracks, but if you don't like his gags, he tells you, he's wrestling champion, so go ahead and give him an argument—and if you really don't like his gags, he asks you: "Who do you expect, Eddie Cantor so early in the morning?" Harry's favorite radio performer is Al Jolson, because he says, Al has that something, showmanship. All he has to say is "Hello" to an audience, and he becomes the greatest entertainer in the world! And when he sings, he's that good, that he's an opera singer, a croon-



Harry Glick.

er and a classical singer all in one.

Harry served in France during the War with the famous 27th Division of New York—he was in three engagements, St. Mihiel, Meuse Argonne, and Defensive Sector. He was on the stage with Earl Carroll of the Vanities, and danced with Natacha Nattova, the famous Russian Dancer.

Radio has been kind to Harry, he has had about a dozen commercials already, and his unique program is in demand. He has no vices—doesn't drink or smoke. Harry likes the ladies, and the ladies must like Harry because he receives about 1,500 letters weekly from the fair sex.—(Gentlemen, are you readin', eh! I'm just wild about Harry).

When I bid Harry goodbye, and he released my hand (not too soon to suit me) I looked to see whether any bones were fractured. I guess, I was lucky at that. I might have given him an argument in the subway—he looks that deceiving.

J. A. N.

WLW, Cincinnati

Wayne King, America's "Waltz King," and his orchestra are now being heard over WLW each Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock during the Lady Esther Series.

Long a favorite of WLW listeners, this popular jazz maestro has been heard frequently over that station during his engagements at various Cincinnati supper clubs through arrangements made with the Music Corporation of America.



This cute little miss is Helen of Happyland, the story lady heard on WCKY, Covington, Ky., every Monday and Thursday at 6:30 p. m. EST. Helen has a wide range of voice for the impersonation of characters all the way from Tiny Mouse to Big Brown Bear. Away from the studio Helen's friends know her as Helen Brooks.

Lydia Summers Wins

(Continued from page 12)

ists to appear for luncheon, meet their sponsor, A. Atwater Kent who, with Mrs. Kent, arrived at the hotel by train from Philadelphia that morning. Attending the luncheon were prominent music world personalities. Mr. Kent presented the finalists with gold medals.

Most of the girls and boys rested during the afternoon and early evening, then taxied to NBC for the final audition.

Reinald Werrenrath, Lawrence Tibbett, Tito Schipa, Richard Bonelli, Marcella Sembrich, Marshall Bartholomew, as the corps of judges, presided in NBC's dignified board of directors room on the fifteenth floor for "remote control" judging. Maria Jeritza and Rosa Ponselle, also judges, listened to the ten young singers from their respective apartments, telephoned their decisions following the final audition.

A visible audience, composed of teachers of the ten young singers, friends, relatives, press representatives and photographers, NBC officials and members of the Atwater Kent Foundation staff, remained in studio B on the thirteenth floor, heard the singing "piped" through from studio E where Graham McNamee presided at the microphone and beautiful Kathleen Stewart accompanied at the piano.

THE finalists included Lydia Summers, 25, contralto, New York City; Thomas L. Thomas, 21, baritone, Scranton, Pa.; Frances De Voice, 23, contralto, Minneapolis, Minn.; Clyde Franklin Kelly, 21, baritone, St. Louis, Mo.; Peggie Jo Lobb, 23, coloratura soprano, Concord, North Carolina; Wilson Angel, 19, basso, Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Edythe Hoskinson, 23, mezzo-soprano, Hutchinson, Kansas; Robert Miller, 23, baritone, Dallas, Texas; Laura Lodema, 19, mezzo-soprano, San Francisco, Cal.; William Felix Knight, 24, dramatic tenor, Santa Barbara, Cal.

The girls appeared more composed than the boys. The latter shed coats, vests, collars and ties before facing the black NBC microphones and McNamee's cheerful smile.

Through the labyrinthine vocalizations of foreign-worded compositions, mainly operatic, the young people sang with all the color, poise and melodic treatment within their means. They

were judged, ratings tabulated under the direction of Mrs. Harriet Steel Pickernell, and winners announced first to the crowd in studio B by Graham McNamee.

The success of Lydia Summers and Wilson Angel is now a matter of history. Mr. Kent's checks for \$5,000 each were awarded to the tune of vivid press flashlights and the roar of an approving, enthusiastic crowd.



Sue Writes to Nan

(Continued from page 26)

Finally I too was admitted to the studio and confessed my ambitions, including the fact that I wanted to meet Jessica Dragonette. I was told to wait a little longer and she would come. So I went back to my chair in the reception room.

And then the door opened and in walked the most precious little girl—I knew at a glance who it was! Yes, I was actually standing within a few feet of Jessica Dragonette! Really and truly—I just couldn't believe it. Miss Liebling introduced me and her speaking voice was just like a beautiful shade of velvet. She went into the studio to speak with Miss Liebling and of course, I just *had* to wait until she came out to see her again. More radio artists were arriving all the time.

Then what do you think happened? Much to my embarrassment, Miss Liebling told the famous Jessica about my waiting to see her and we discovered that we lived near each other so she offered to drive me home. Imagine my joy! I felt everyone in the world knew I was riding with Jessica Dragonette. I was so far up in the clouds that I never expected to come down and when she asked me to stop and have tea with her at a lovely shop which she frequents it seemed just too good to be true. When we were seated the waitress said, "Our girls are always so thrilled to serve you Miss Dragonette—they listen to you every Friday night." And Jessica replied with her usual modesty and humble manner, "Do they really know me?"

We had such a delightful chat over the tea table. I shall never forget it. Her singing could not help but be beautiful for it is only an expression of her beautiful thoughts. She is such a dainty little thing—just like a Dresden china doll and there is something so spiritual about her. And her hair! It is deep gold and she has such quantities of it and wears it so becomingly. I went to watch her broadcast one evening shortly after our meeting and it was thrilling. The studio was jammed and there were soft, many colored lights which faded

from one hue to another and she looked like a fairy princess in a pink dress all fluffy and she wore a little ermine piece over her shoulders—and those shoulders! They are too lovely to describe. She always sings from memory and looks so intently in the microphone—one would think she was looking directly at each one of her "fans," and singing to each individual one.

When she first enters the studio there is a great stir and all over the room you hear murmurs: "Isn't she beautiful—isn't she lovely—how exquisite, etc. etc."

Well, all this has been a real inspiration to me and I could go on and on but I'm sure you've had enough for the present.

Yours with enthusiasm,

SUE.



Firestone Hour

(Continued from page 17)

Harvard University. He graduated from there in 1908.

After securing his A. B. degree, Mr. Daly left Boston and went West where he trucked freight for the Frisco line in Arkansas. Shortly afterwards he left to try salesmanship in Chicago. Before long he drifted to New York where he met Lincoln Steffens, the journalist, who gave him a job on the editorial staff of Everybody's Magazine. No thought of a musical career then. He worked hard, made progress and finally became managing editor of the magazine. Walter Lippman was his assistant and Sinclair Lewis was in the next room to his own banging a typewriter for Adventure Magazine.

He stuck to Everybody's for five years. It seemed as though after leaving Harvard he had abandoned all thought of a musical career. But music had not abandoned him. Paderewski came to town. He was the esteemed guest of honor at the home of Ernest Schelling, the pianist. William Daly, the writer-man who still played around with music as a hobby, was invited to come and meet the great Pole, and incidentally to conduct a choral number.

Gladly he accepted the invitation. Paderewski and his host were both impressed. Daly, through them, met Campanini, conductor of the Chicago Opera, and was engaged to take a post there as assistant conductor. But something happened. The Chicago season was cancelled. Daly had already quit his job at Everybody's and was now adrift.

But, at least, it brought him back to the course Destiny had prescribed

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for him. He was henceforth to follow a musical career. He played on Broadway, haunted Tin Pan Alley, composed and soon gained a reputation for his orchestrations. Charles Dillingham, Max Dreyfus of Harms, the late Frank Sadler, Jerome Kern, Lou Hirsch and then George Gershwin drifted into the current of his daily life. He "doctored" the music of the Broadway productions to make them into hits. Flo Ziegfeld, Earl Carroll, George White and others demanded his services.

Then came radio and three years ago he signed up with the NBC staff, at the behest of Walter Damrosch and Keith McLeod. He had equal ability for the popular and the symphonic types of music. This facility and fame brought him to the Firestone program which insists on quality artists of the first rank.

Richard Crooks was born in Trenton, N. J., and at the boyish age of nine won the admiration of Sydney Bourne, a church choirmaster. For the next three years Mr. Bourne taught his protege the elements of choir singing which is polished singing, not being given to covering rough edges by bravure and gestures. Each note must be perfect, the phrasing perfect, like a crystal thread of sound. This was the early training that Richard Crooks received—a relentless, patient, unhurried progression through the world's most celestial music—Gounod and Bach, Verdi and Handel, Mozart and Gluck.

By reason of this exacting training young Crooks had the good fortune, when only twelve, to sing a duet with that glorious old prima donna, Schumann-Heink, in Trenton and Ocean Grove, New Jersey. She praised his voice and kissed him after each performance. He soon after was engaged as soprano soloist for All Angels' Church, New York City, and began to indulge in the musical life of the great metropolis. It was while he was singing in All Angels' that he met William Daly. And Daly, a few years the senior, treated the boy soprano with such courtesy and consideration that Richard Crooks remembers it to this day—when they are broadcasting on the same program.

Crooks also had a flair for salesmanship in his youth but soon renewed his musical career. In competition with seventy-five other tenors he won the coveted position of soloist at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. Then he married his school girl sweetheart who had played his accompaniments in school programs.

In 1923 Crooks began a series of programs which soon led him to

fame. He was engaged by Walter Damrosch to sing in concert performances with the New York Symphony at Carnegie Hall, New York, and on tour. After these engagements he sang with the Detroit Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Apollo Club of Boston, the New York Oratorio Society, the Mendelssohn Chori of Toronto, the New York and Chicago Choral Societies, the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Cecilia Society of Boston. Then he went to Europe by request and won the acclaim of German and Hungarian opera audiences.

Crooks and Daly both believe that many Americans who consider themselves good judges of music, and who speak big words about encouraging American music, do the least to encourage American music by their snobbish attitude toward many of our first-rate composers. Furthermore, they believe that many famous concert singers who occasionally give radio programs could add to the musical value of those programs by including meritorious and popular American compositions instead of forever singing dull works of traditional composers. And Lawrence Tibbett, who was the subject of a recent article in RADIO DIGEST, concurs in their beliefs.

A fast musical friendship has developed between these Firestone associates. A musical friendship which is cemented by their mutual opinions on American music. They are among the most eminent artists who are building a new tradition for our own creation, and on Monday nights after broadcasting on the Voice of Firestone Program they not infrequently stroll to a German brauhaus on the East Side, New York, to drink beer and talk of olden days in New York's music life.

▼▼▼

Jean Fay

(Continued from page 16)

Jean is the sort of girl Emily Post holds in high regard, for she abhors gum chewing even, she thinks, to the point of refusing a chewing gum commercial, should one come along. She smokes Chesterfields, though (are you listening, Mr. Liggett and Mr. Myers?). Her pet aversion is static, and her idea of the most useless pastime is attending a six-day bicycle race.

Swimming accounts for Jean's figure, but only two meals a day helps, she thinks. The two meals are "brunch" and dinner, although she can be coaxed into sharing a mid-

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night snack with her mother, providing the snack is baked beans and frankfurters.

Mrs. Fay must open all of Jean's fan mail, because, although most fans are complimentary, some of them are critical, and criticism takes the heart out of Jean. On the other hand, when she's complimented she works harder than ever, striving to justify the compliment in every way.

Sport clothes make up most of Jean's costumes, and, being red-headed, most of them are naturally green. When she dresses up, though, she likes black. She likes parties, but she doesn't like to have them end up in night clubs, for, having worked in clubs the greater part of her professional career, she isn't fond enough of them to visit them often.

Since romance doesn't bother Jean as yet, or rather, since Jean hasn't bothered with romance as yet—one look at her and you'd know she's had opportunities—she's had to seek her thrills elsewhere, and her biggest thrill was her first plane ride. She's quite an aviation enthusiast, and although she has never taken flying lessons, she has flown, as a passenger, over 2000 miles.

In short, you'll like Jean.

^^^

Radio City

(Continued from page 8)

Perhaps you are a fair and lovely maiden—you behold the Angel of Fate looking into your eyes. A smile or a sigh may bring that bleak mask to cover you so that you will smile no more.

From this direful scene you are lifted to the aesthetic clouds again by a glorious bevy of exquisite femininity rippling in fantastic patterns across the stage—the Roxyettes. The stage becomes a living loom whereon is woven dissolving patterns of radiant faces, shapely figures and shimmering beams of changing lights. You almost gasp at such loveliness—a hundred perfect beauties selected from a million other beauties—moving with such precision as to seem like one enthralling divinity not of mortal flesh.

Roxy jerks the string and Destiny flashes back to you the cross-section of a dizzy Night Club Revel. All the characters are there. The hot torch singers with a tune that will ring in your ears for weeks to come. The hot band with gesturing maestro in a patent leather coat and with patent leather hair. The dance floor revolves about them and gay couples leave their tables to sway and flirt, embrace, kiss and go their ways. There is a pantomime quarrel and a mocking trombone. Come the special singers and ballet.

The loose folds of the great, fluent curtain drop to the floor like a waterfall and you find yourself in the aisle drifting out for the intermission. Down the wide staircase you come to another expansive foyer with walls fantastically decorated with modern pictures of personalities and mosaics called, for example, "Men Without Women" in which are plaques illustrating items to which men alone are peculiarly addicted. A cigarette and you are on the way up again.

Now comes the opera—*Carmen* with Coe Glade, the beauty of the Chicago Civic Opera, as *Carmen*; Titta Ruffo as *Escamillo*; Arnoldo Lindi, *Don Jose* and Patricia Bowman the dancer. Beautifully staged with complete personnel, and including scenes from four acts. They even have horses to ride into the bull ring.

There is another symbolic dance and the finale a great minstrel show with the monster stage filled with singers, actors and musicians.

You are dazed as you drift out of the gates of this unbelievable Radio City. But you will have plenty to think about when you return to your home and listen to the Roxy programs. For here is the setting, the very stage, and the songs that you hear come from this Palace of Magic, this Paradise; and they call it Radio City.

^^^

Mammy's Boy

(Continued from page 18)

year gathering in more enthusiastic followers through the sheer power of his personal magnetism and what is technically known as stage presence.

Many people think of Jolson as a comedian but in reality he is a magnificent singer of songs whether they be comic or tragic or any stop in between. People who knew Jolson in his Winter Garden days will have difficulty remembering some of the songs he sang in the shows themselves but they will never forget his half hour encores after the final curtain went down. He loved to come out and ask the audience to name a song for him to sing. And he took encore after encore. It has been said that Jolson has faced thousands of audiences and no matter how cold his reception he never left the theatre without having completely won over the audience.

Now his personality has come to radio. He has lost none of his enthusiasm, none of his courage and none of his sense of humor. He is the same Jolson he always was. Like every star of the stage who has preceded him on the air he is subject to much criticism.

Those who have seen him and now only hear him naturally miss his pic-

turesque gestures, his extreme visible enthusiasm and such things which make the art of acting what it is and always will be. At the same time many of those who miss these very qualities visualize them in their own way as they hear him sing his songs whether they be old ones or new ones.

Jolson is a definite quantity, a very definite one. He has had imitators, of course, and that in itself is an indication of just how definite a personality he is. Jolson originated so many tricks in singing and started so many mannerisms in the entertainment world in general that those of us who are entertained owe him a considerable debt. It is Al Jolson's misfortune that many of his followers have preceded him in making radio appearances.

Many successful entertainers who have benefited by Jolson's inventiveness have done so at the expense of the master. As Jolson now sings in his own particular manner he must smile a wry smile when he hears people say that he must be imitating so and so. But Jolson was always philosophical and still is. Little things like that will never bother him. He will go on entertaining people as he always has. He will take his ups along with the downs and those of us who sit at home and listen—although we'll probably never admit it—have much to be thankful for since Al Jolson came to radio.

^^^

Bing's Node

(Continued from page 7)

Singing as Bing did, constantly and arduously, and often with his throat and vocal cords slightly inflamed, Bing acquired what is known as a "singer's node." The membrane of the vocal cords is known as epithelium, and what Bing did was to develop, if you'll pardon us for being callous about it, a corn on his epithelium, where his vocal cords rub together. If Bing's node is ever removed, he has the word of his doctor, Dr. Simon Ruskin, famous New York throat specialist who has cared for many noted singers, that it would materially affect his voice, and that it would certainly raise it in pitch from the rich baritone which delights the ears of radio listeners.

Do you think Bing doesn't value his node? If you do you're very, very wrong, for he has insured himself against the possibility of ever having to have it removed, with Lloyd's of London, for \$100,000.00. Bing tried to get a quarter of a million dollars worth of insurance on it, but one hundred thousand was as high as Lloyd's would go. And the interest on that node more than pays the premiums!

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Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today advertisers alone are spending more than 7 times as many millions a year as the entire industry did only four years ago. Last year, advertisers spent \$35,000,000, while Broadcasting Stations themselves spent millions for sustaining programs. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after—think of the glorious opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

Earn Big Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you can qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money!

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But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

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THEY ACQUIRED AVOCADOES

♦♦♦ AND COOLER SMOKE

Fortunate, these people of means and mode . . . their tastes keenly keyed to detect new enjoyments. It is these people who first detected the utterly unique offering brought into their circle by Spud . . . who sensed at once that cooler smoke meant a new, heightened tobacco enjoyment . . . that it would lift the old restraint on their tobacco appetite. And so, they instinctively accept Spud and 16% cooler smoke as today's modern freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

