

ARE OUR WOMEN HAPPY? *Anita Loos*

Radio Digest

April

25
★
CENTS

Virginia Gardner
NBC — N. Y.

John Drinkwater

Ben Bernie

Jessica Dragonette

THANK YOU, AMERICA *by Chevalier*

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION

but

KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



Ten years too late . . . most people seek protection

FALSE TEETH are better than none, but if you prefer to keep your own don't wait for pyorrhea to make your gums spongy and swollen before giving your mouth the care it deserves.

A great British doctor is authority for the statement that many people actually have a pyorrhea condition in their mouths as long as ten years before the real havoc of this disease begins to tell.

As it progresses the gums soften, the teeth may loosen in their very sockets and dangerous poisons spread throughout the system until extraction and false teeth are the last resort.

If your gums are the least bit tender; if your toothbrush shows red when you clean your teeth, don't wait another day before taking protective action.

See your dentist twice a year

Everyone who values his teeth should see his dentist at least twice a year. Modern dentistry can do a lot to prevent needless trouble

in your mouth. In your own home, however, it is your own responsibility to give your teeth the finest care possible.

Forhan's is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It contains Forhan's Astringent, an ethical preparation widely used in the dental profession for the treatment of pyorrhea and is an invaluable aid in warding off this dread gum disease.

Start using Forhan's today. It costs a little more than other brands, but the real money difference is actually so small that it is nothing compared with the protection it brings. Price 35¢ and 60¢ in tubes. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

NOW ON THE AIR!

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



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A

Clearer, softer skin

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

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

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

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

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

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

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

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

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



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

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

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Radio Digest

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

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IRENE BORDONI
You think she is French, oui? But no, the chic singer was born on the Isle of Corsica and sailed forth to conquer two continents with the wiles of a feminine Napoleon. At last reports she is enraving CBS Sunday audiences



SUE KERMAN . . .
Out scouting for new talent, Guy Lombardo and Nat Brunell found Sweet-Sixteen Sue, who is still in high school! But she had already learned to get Blue Songs across, so they put her on the CBS. Wasn't that luck?

April, 1931

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Radio Digest, 428 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Phone Lexington 1768. Radio Digest will not be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts received through the mail. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. Business Staff: Business Manager, Lee Robinson, 428 Lexington Ave., New York; National Advertising Representatives, R. G. Maxwell & Co., 428 Lexington Ave., New York City, and Mollers Bldg., Chicago. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

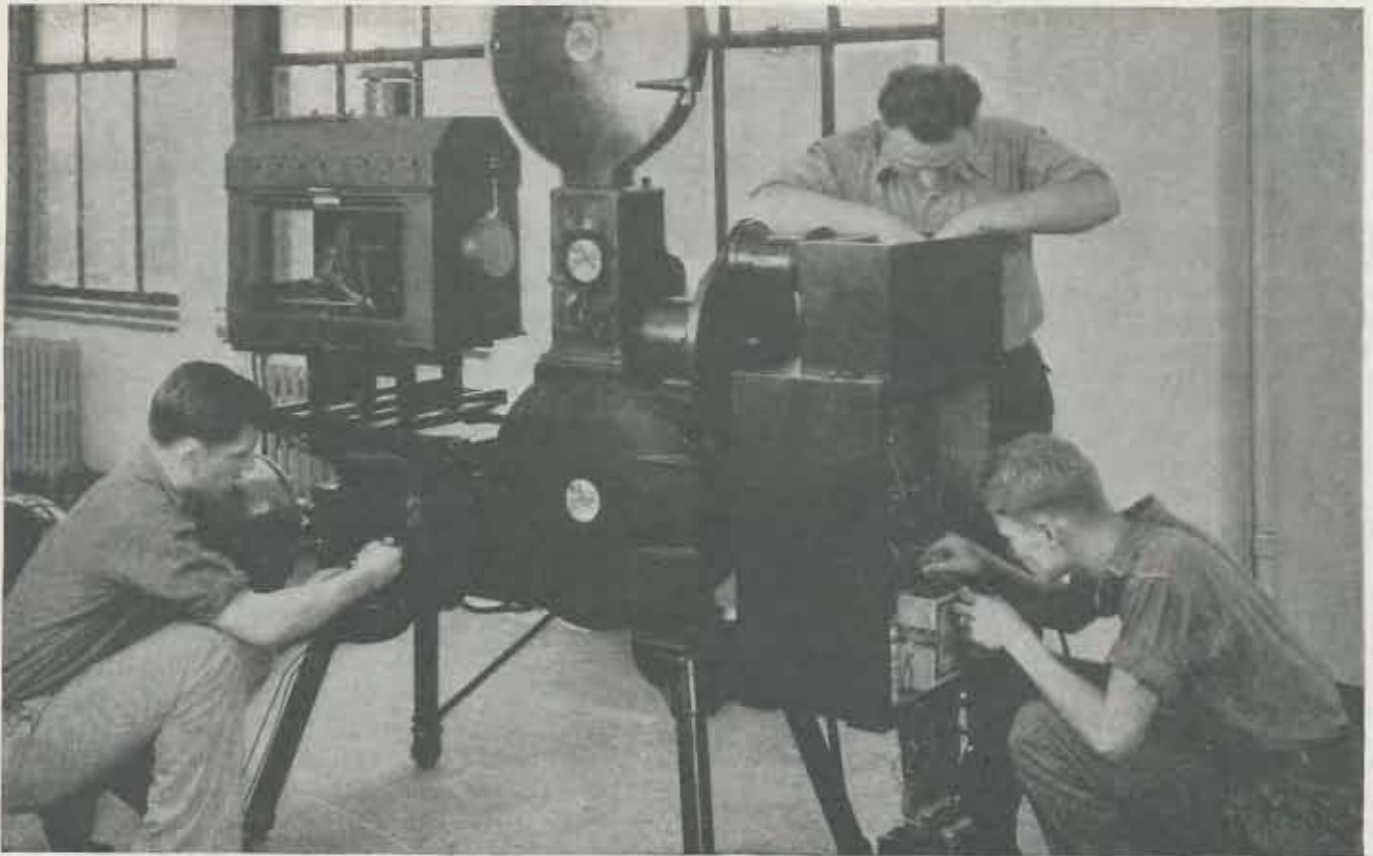
Radio Digest, Volume XXVI, No. 6, April, 1931. Published monthly by Radio Digest Publishing Corporation, 428 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription rates yearly, Three Dollars; Foreign Postage, One Dollar additional; single copies, Twenty-five cents. Entered as second-class matter Nov. 14, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry as second-class matter at Chicago, Ill., Title Reg. U. S. Patent Office and Canada. Copyright, 1931, by Radio Digest Publishing Corporation. All rights reserved. President, Raymond Bill; Vice-Presidents, J. B. Sullivan, Randolph Brown, C. R. Tighe; Treasurer, Edward Leman Hill; Secretary, E. J. Tompkins. Published in association with Edward Leman Hill, Inc., and Federated Publications, Inc.



BETSY AYRES
is the little Son'-westerner whom Romy christened "The Texas Nightingale" when she was one of the Gang. And now, with her sweet, bird-like voice, she is "New York Starling" of Enna Jettich Melodies on NBC



RITA BELL . . .
The stage lost an asset when KJH found her and made her staff pianologist and impersonator. She can do Irene Bordoni, Chevalier, Germans, Irish, or what have you! Isn't it a pity, though, that they don't televise her?



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Name.....
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Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

THERE are no dull moments in the social whirl of Radio circles in New York. When the nights get too crowded with dates the parties start in the afternoon and move from one place to another. You find merry groups in private homes, studios, dinner clubs, subterranean retreats and submarine—well, not exactly submarine but in the club rooms of great liners while they are in port. The NBC crowd has been doing the boats under the hospitable auspices of Johnny Johnstone and Mark Luescher of RKO. Two particular merry evenings were aboard the *Leviathan*. There have been some happy receptions, especially the parties for the two Irenes—first Miss Irene Dunne of RKO-NBC at the Hotel Sherry-Netherlands, and later Miss Irene Bordoni of CBS at her home on Seventy-eighth st.

ONE hears many interesting anecdotes and incidents at these little affairs. We liked Johnny Johnstone's story about the corn-fed oysters. Graham McNamee had opened up a keg of them—yeah, oysters—and of course one can't consume a whole keg of oysters right off. And you have to keep them alive. Well an oyster has to eat too. Mrs. M. couldn't bear to see them suffer so she asked what to feed them and Graham said give 'em corn meal, they love it. There was a little party up there in their pent house apartment and Mrs. M. asked everybody to gather around to see the oysters gobble up the corn meal. Well blessed if they didn't — at least that's what Johnny said. The McNamees do seem to have such fun and you're going to like Mrs. McNamee's story about what Graham does when he's home. It will be in the May RADIO DIGEST.

MORTON DOWNEY says his mother had over one hundred superstitions and under the circumstances he could be excused for having a few himself. "Wh-ssss—cscscscs" that's the nearest way you can put into print the funny little whistle he gave as he sat down at our table during the CBS party at his Delmonico Club. "I got that habit of calling a waiter while I was in Cuba," he explained while a couple of servitors scurried forward for orders. Very swank, very lovely was this party where beauties of the screen, the stage and the air floated before the vision to the rhythmic strains of Morton Downey's own select orchestra. "What are your superstitions?" asked Jesse Butcher of Columbia, who was fellow host with Mr. Downey. The suave Mr. Downey fished a ring with a greenish stone from his pocket. "You'll never catch me without that ring. It's my lucky stone. Just once, several years ago, it escaped from my possession for a few hours. It was while I was touring by motor car with Paul Whiteman's band. The car I was in was ahead. It skidded off the road and turned over two or three times and I was laid up five weeks in a hospital. At another time when I had the ring with me and was in a motor accident the car rolled off the road and came to a stop right between two trees. Nobody was hurt." You'll read more about Morton Downey in a Radiograph in this issue.

SPEAKING of Radiographs brings us to Miss Rosemary Drachman who rounds out her first year as your Radiographer this month. Rosemary was introduced to us



by Floyd Gibbons who discovered her in Spain. It happened on a railroad train. A bad bold don thought to steal a kiss from our Rosemary who resented the presumption with strong American English. The language immediately caught the ear of Mr. Gibbons who happened to be on the same coach. He did what any man by the name of Gibbons would do under the circumstance—alas and alack for the ungallant don. Rosemary, he found, was from Tucson, Arizona. She was fleeing from the narrow conventionalities of life as a school teacher—out for adventure and achievement. She had just passed through a thrilling bit of adventure. Floyd recommended for achievement that she proceed to the Algiers frontier, where there was a nice little war and she might do a bit of reporting. She followed his advice with marked success. Now she lives in New York and writes magazine articles.

IT'S tough work trying to be funny with nobody looking at you. That's the worry of the Radio comedian. Many have tried; few have been successful. Amos 'n' Andy by the very nature of their act and characterization create a picture easy to see with your ears. Other comedians have contrived various devices to conjure up a picture in the mind of the listener which helped put over the lines. These facts taken into consideration make the success of Richy Craig, Jr., over a c. to c. hook-up on the CBS the more remarkable. Richy is an old troupier at 27—been on the stage all his life. He is funny. Although we never have seen this young comedian we get a good laugh from what he says and the way he says it every time he is on. He is ingenious. Read about Richy Craig, Jr., in the May number.



A NEW Atwater Kent Audition national competition has been announced. Here is opportunity for the young woman or young man with unusual vocal talents to win recognition and success. Carol Deis felt that something should be done about her voice. But what chance did she have? She had to stick to her job as stenographer in a Dayton law office. It was too risky to neglect business to follow a will-o'-the-wisp fancy of an operatic career. If she didn't watch out some other bright girl might step in and take her stenographer's job. Plenty of girls looking for jobs. "Why don't you try for the Atwater Kent prize?" advised a friend. Well, why not? What must one do? Miss Deis proceeded to investigate. Another girl has her stenographer's job now—but you will be interested to read what happened in the meantime, as it has been written by one of her fellow townsmen, in your next RADIO DIGEST.



Act Now! This Month Ends Station

POPULARITY CONTEST

Don't Delay—Nominate and Cast Your Votes for Your Favorite Stations in the State in Which You Live—April 20th at Midnight Ends the Contest—This Is Your Last Chance to Make Your Selections

THEY'RE coming down the stretch now! Radio stations in forty-eight states and four times forty-eight stations are running neck and neck with the finish in sight. The race is close; here and there a station leads its fellows by a yard or two but reserve strength will determine the winners. The grand stand is crowded; the bands are playing; ballots and votes are pouring in from enthusiastic listeners in every State in the Union. Have you done your share? Have you cast your vote for the station that has given you its best in the way of entertainment? Have you? No? Well, you still have time. But you must not delay, for **RADIO DIGEST's** station popularity contest for the State Championship in each state closes at midnight, April 20th. That is the deadline. When that old minute hand rests on twelve the race is ended, the votes will be counted and the winners will be announced in **RADIO DIGEST** and over Radio stations in many parts of the country

Less than three weeks to go! And as close a race as ever was run! This is without question one of the greatest contests ever staged, for the reason that the people who comprise the listening audience have an opportunity of boldly declaring their preference in broadcasting stations. They have the opportunity of rewarding the stations which they like best for the many hours of pleasure they have enjoyed. They have the opportunity of encouraging these stations not only to keep up the good work but to strive for greater perfection in the programs they put on the air.

Thousands of votes already have been received and every mail brings more. Competition is keen and many of the voters have gone to great lengths to explain the reasons for their selections.

But the point is that **THEY HAVE ACTED**. They have voiced their satisfaction with the efforts made by the broadcast stations to give them the best possible programs. They have done their bit so that their favorite stations will make a good showing in the contest. All of the stations can not be winners but that provides an even greater reason why **YOU**, if you have not already done so, should nominate the favorite stations in your state and cast your votes according to the rules of the contest. If the station you select for first place does not win, your vote may give it second place or honorable mention. And that vote may be the one that places your selections at the top of the list in your state.

Remember the contest closes at midnight, April 20th. Votes received after that time will not be counted. Read the rules on page 90 and then nominate the stations in your state that you want for first, second, third and fourth places. And then **CAST YOUR VOTES IN TIME**. All stations are in the running. Each one of them has a fair chance of winning. It all depends on you. Votes will determine the issue and **YOU** are one of the voters. Do your part and you may be sure that your favorite station will give any others in the state a run for their money. The

winning stations will be presented with medallions similar to the one pictured on this page. The medallion will be suitably engraved. And in addition a scroll of honor will be awarded to those stations. April 20th at midnight! And the race will be over! Give your favorite station the support it needs. **NOW!**

Simply fill in the nomination blank on this page and then use the coupon ballot No. 7. And be sure to mail it before the closing date.



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

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

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state)

First (call letters) City
Second (call letters) City
Third (call letters) City
Fourth (call letters) City

Signed
Address
City State

Number 7 COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

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

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters) City
Second (call letters) City
Third (call letters) City
Fourth (call letters) City

Signed
Address
City State



Ben Bernie

"No Smoking Here" said the sign as Ben was about to enter the studio. There was no place to park his Havana. It was too good to throw away. The zero hour for his broadcast was at hand. The cigar won out—and now Ben Bernie and his cigar are the standing exception to the rule. Read about his interesting career on opposite page.

The Young Old Maestro

Ben Bernie

*Scorned as a Runt by a Big Family of Older
Brothers and Sisters, Boy Artist Sallies
Forth to Conquer World with His Violin*

By ANN STEWARD

A SLIGHT man with greying hair just a little awry stood staring at a sign, hands clasped behind his back and feet planted wide apart. The sign read, "Absolutely no smoking in this room." The cigar in the man's mouth twitched convulsively and rolled smoothly to the opposite corner. Between the surveyor and the surveyed rose a cold, clear pane of glass and no little resentment. The sum total of the situation being that Ben Bernie must part with his cigar before he entered the studio—or stay outside. The latter alternative was quite impossible as he was contracted to make his presence before the microphone in the studio but a few minutes later. And as for parting with his cigar—Mr. Bernie quite definitely didn't relish the idea.

The place was a Chicago broadcasting station and the time but a few months ago. The deadlock, Cigar versus Radio Broadcast, was settled amicably between Mr. Bernie and a high official of the station in time for the program to go out over the air on schedule. Should the listeners of that program have had an attachment on their Radio whereby they might have smelled the interior of the Radio studio, their noses would have been assailed by a delicate aroma of expensive cigar smoke. In other words Ben Bernie's cigar won. The sign in the broadcasting studio still reads, "Absolutely no smoking in this room," but attendants will add for your information—"except for Ben Bernie, this applies to everyone."

THAT is just an incident of many similar ones, but it gives you an inkling of how the famous young Old Maestro gets his way and makes the giver feel rather important and highly

pleased in the giving. He doesn't ask, he merely mumbles a plea under his breath which for Ben Bernie is as effective as the lamp was for Aladdin. But life has not always been thus for the beloved little orchestra leader.

This funny man of the stage and night club was born with a remarkable sense of humor, a great deal of pride and the will to go ahead and fight for the best. It is this will that has brought him up thru the ranks of ordinary performers into the limelight of the few extraordinary men of whom we hear constantly and of whom we never tire. But now let us proceed to delve back into history and find out where this man came from and what he did before he "arrived."

BERNIE is admittedly thirty-eight years old, the son of a hard working village blacksmith and the puniest one of a brood of healthy, brawny youngsters. Being physically below par, Bernie was sort of looked down on by his brothers and listed as worthless in life save to wash a dish or two perhaps or—play the violin. But thirty-two years ago playing the violin was just one of those amusements allowed fair haired, curly headed Lord Fauntleroy's. Seeing that talent brought no great comfort to him, Ben did his best to become all enthused over civil engineering and the result was as might be expected—a loss. He didn't like engineering, didn't want to like it and wasn't going to. And now having reached the mature age of eighteen he credited himself with a man's mind and set forth amongst the patronizing grins of his family to make a career in vaude-

ville with only his violin to win his living from a grudging world.

Breaking into theatrical work was no task for the youngster. He could undoubtedly wield a wicked bow and after a bit of practice he found that the witticisms he manufactured and spoke on the spur of the moment greatly endeared him to the hearts of his audiences. And so the start—boy, violin, and wise cracks.

Time went on and found the young man growing in popularity and skill. The vaudeville bookers must have conspired in some way at this time in Bernie's career for they continually threw him on the same bill with Phil Baker, a single act also, consisting of accordion and a pleasing personality. The two young men became friends and suddenly merged their acts into one. Bernie still playing his instrument and wise cracking and Phil Baker pumping the accordion and slowly but surely learning to answer Bernie when he was addressed. In this manner the two young men climbed a good deal of the ladder of fame together.

Then, in Bernie's words, "Came the War as they say in the movies." This is Ben's own story and may be taken for whatever value the reader cares to put upon it. Your writer is responsible for nobody's veracity but her own. Baker, through the influence exerted by his running mate on the stage, enlisted in the navy and was assigned immediately to the Good Ship, Union Square in the heart of New York, while Ben joined the army, became assigned to the Intelligence Bureau and had as

(Continued on page 108)



Don't Shoot!

Hunting the Great Kodiak Grizzlies in Alaska With Camera. Thrilling tales of the Chase in the Arctic



Alaskan Kodiak Grizzly cub which has just caught a salmon in a

world, and is blind and hairless. This fact may seem rather startling to many but it is nothing more than one of Nature's little plans by which she takes care of her creatures of the wild. Bears, as everyone knows, spend the winter months in hibernation where they cannot get food to supply nourishment to their bodies. During this period they must live on the surplus fat which is stored up in their own bodies. The young are born some time before Mother Bear comes out of the winter den—this means an added drain upon her system and this also explains why Nature has provided that the young of the largest flesh-eating animals are so very tiny when born.

Bears do not hibernate because they do not like the cold weather—even in

Alaska. The largest bear that I ever killed I got on the 23rd day of November in twelve inches of snow and zero weather. And I have seen their tracks almost as late as Christmas time in Alaska. The only reason that they hibernate is because they cannot find sufficient amount of food to keep them going.

The first Kodiak grizzly that I tackled as a hunter turned out to be four of them. I saw but one at the start. He was too far away to shoot at so I took a land-mark and worked my way up through the dense alder thickets until I peeked over the little ridge to see him only about 50 yards away. But suddenly to my consternation, because I was hunting all alone, I saw three others in the same alder thicket with myself and the furthest



swift-running stream—a meal fit for the "King of Bears"

one not more than 30 yards from me. After considerable debating with myself and probably poor judgment predominating, I at last tackled them. Somehow I managed to get all four, though I must admit that I was about as badly scared as anyone possibly could be, and live!

The biggest bear that I ever killed happens to be the only one of all the eighteen that charged me. His pelt measured 11 feet 4 inches in length and 10 feet 6 inches spread from claw to claw. We estimated his weight at approximately 1600 pounds and it took but two shots from high-powered rifles to stop him. He started his charge at around 200 yards distance and went down with a bullet in his brain at approximately 45 yards away. There were four of us shooting at the finish.

On the other hand, I have killed two different females with young cubs (for museums) who expended their very last effort in trying to get away even at the expense of abandoning their youngsters. Mother grizzlies with young cubs, you know, are supposed to be the most dangerous.

After I had killed about a dozen bears, however, the thrill lost its kick. Instead of shooting them immediately, I began to watch them. I saw them do things which interested me and which I could not altogether understand. Then, almost by accident, I took up photographing them. The first thing that I found was that it was many times more difficult to get good pictures of bears than it had ever been to kill them. Most everyone can kill a

By Harold McCracken

Explorer, Club Man and Bear Hunter on the Air With Stories of Adventure With Alaskan Brown Bears

grizzly bear with very little difficulty if they hunt in a country where these animals are as plentiful as they were in the districts where I did my hunting. But I very quickly learned that it required not only a great deal more hard work to get really good pictures of them, but that also I had to know my game very much better, light conditions had to be just right as well as the wind, and I had to get a great deal closer to them than I ever had to in shooting. Probably even more important, I found that it was a great deal more convenient to carry my films home than it was to go to the trouble of skinning my trophies and transporting their heavy hides. Also, I found that my friends took a much keener interest in looking at these films of the live animals in their own unmolested native state than they ever did in making forced exclamations at the trophies which I hung on the walls of my home.

I also found that I learned a great deal more of interest about the creatures while taking their pictures than I had ever learned from hunting them. And I got just about as many thrills out of it.

I REMEMBER one instance when Andy Simons, the famous Alaskan guide, and I were returning to our little tundra camp in the early darkness after a long day on the salmon streams after pictures, when we happened onto a very large and obstinate grizzly who boldly refused to get out of the way for us to pass. Andy assured me that the bear would break and run before we got too close, but he didn't, and before we knew it we were up to within about 25 yards of the big creature. The hair rose up on his back and he got up from his feasting of salmon to snort and make one or two side steps towards us. Andy



Above: Harold McCracken, in Arctic furs.
Center: An old woman of the Bering Sea country.

Below: Sailing the Bering Sea with the mid-night sun creating a world of light and shadows.

threw a shell into his gun, though we did not want to shoot the animal unless it became absolutely necessary, for it was in the middle of the summer and his pelt was worthless. There was a cross-wind blowing and Andy made a circle out around him to let him get his scent. The instant that he got that fatal odor on the breeze, the bear almost turned a backward flip-flop and was knocking down alders and stumbling over hummocks as far as we could see him. Just before this little incident Andy and I had stopped to indulge in a fresh bit of chewing tobacco. When the bear had gone, I began to have a very peculiar feeling and found that during the excitement I had misplaced my chewing tobacco; in other words, I had swallowed it! Andy had to wait for me when I sat down and had a nice little siege of sickness all by myself.

For one entire summer I lived right out in the grizzly country on the Bering Sea coast of the Alaskan Peninsula with but one companion most of the time. In fact, I had gone into the bear country by dog team in January so that I might be there when the first bears came out in the spring and I stayed until snow came



again in the fall. During that one trip I saw over 190 different grizzly bears. A lot of the time Andy and I lived right out on the fishing streams almost as the bears lived. We slept in the daytime when the bears were asleep, did our photographing in the late afternoons and early mornings and were on the alert through most of the twilight nights. On one particular day Andy and I lay on a grassy hummock and watched 12 big grizzly bears all fishing in the same stream and the farthest ones not more

than half a mile apart. We saw bears virtually every day and some we saw on several occasions and even had nicknames for them.

There was a little valley up among the volcanic peaks. There was a permanent home of two families of bears which we visited on several occasions. One was a mother and three cubs which we called



Something About Harold McCracken

A FEW months ago magazines and newspapers were full of pictures and stories proclaiming the finding of mummies on the Aleutian Islands. Scientists declare that this is one of the most important discoveries of our day and they point out that this find has established the fact that human life first came to the North American Continent from Asia by way of the Bering Strait. The leader of this expedition was Harold McCracken. He is a scientist, explorer, hunter of big game, adventurer, author and lecturer.

WHEN McCracken was only eight years old he suddenly came face to face with his first bear. This experience precipitated Harold into the ambition to become a bear hunter. Since that day he has killed more bears than he has kept record of. He has realized his youthful dreams.

HIS achievements include: Four Arctic expeditions; a disastrous adventure with a gold mine; daring feats as a news reel photographer; operating single handed an Indian fur trading post; hunting with the Cree Indians; minor expeditions into various Provinces of Canada, the Gulf of Mexico, the Florida Everglades and the Ozark Mountains; lecturing before the National Geographic Society and many other organizations; broadcasting Radio programs; writing numerous articles and books; being an associate editor of *Field and Stream* and he is a member of the Explorers' Club of America.

Harold McCracken

HAROLD McCRACKEN was born in 1894 in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He is of Scotch-Irish origin. His ancestors were among the first settlers on the Pacific Coast of Canada. His mother was a portrait painter and his father was a newspaper man, mine operator, and rancher. He was one of the founders of the Des Moines *Daily News*. By the time Harold was eighteen he had lived in Colorado, California, Utah, Idaho, Texas, Iowa and Pennsylvania.

AND at eighteen he left home and a theological school to find out first hand what life was like on the northwestern frontier. He drove a four horse stage coach on the construction of the Canadian National Railways in the Canadian Rockies. His second job was the operation of the fur trading post on the Upper Thompson River in British Columbia. In 1915 he came out of the mountains to attend Ohio State University and to do some special work with Professor Mills. From his Alaskan expeditions McCracken has shipped to Ohio State Museum Kodiak bears, Alaskan sheep, Alaskan caribou and Alaskan aquatic birds.

IN 1922 and 1923 he spent a year in making motion pictures of Alaskan big game, focusing especially upon the Kodiak Grizzly and the Kenai Moose. His fourth and latest expedition to the far north was as leader of the Stoll-McCracken Siberian-Arctic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History.



Above: Mighty monarch of the northland—a giant moose looking straight at the camera.

Center: A belle of Bering Straits.



sorts of trouble, we called the "Little Roughneck". When we first saw the "Little Roughneck" he was traveling on three feet because he had undoubtedly gotten too intimate with a porcupine, with the result that one foot was filled with quills and he had to limp around carrying it in the air.

The first time that we saw Mrs. Murphy and her two cubs they walked right out upon us where we were hidden in a blind waiting for the O'Flaherty family to move down the creek far enough to

permit my getting some movies of them. They were not more than 150 feet away. Mrs. Murphy lay down in the afternoon sun and "Apron Strings" proceeded to have afternoon tea. "Little Roughneck", however, started wandering off to have a little adventure all his own. He did! As he proceeded, Andy and I realized that if he went far enough he would get our scent on the breeze, and we lay there behind our blind and, whispering back and forth, discussed amusedly just what would happen when this young bear cub got his very first scent of a human being. We knew that it would be his first scent of a human because, as I have said, it was our first visit to that part of the country and we knew positively that we were the only human beings in the entire section that year.

Of course we did not at the time know the "Little Roughneck's" temperament and that he was a very bold and brazen young bear cub, but we did know that a human being is the only enemy from which any grizzly will retreat, for man is their one and only enemy. Yet this cub had never smelled the scent of a human being. What would he do?

At last, like a flash he wheeled around
(Continued on page 102)

"Thank You, America"

THIS is Maurice Chevalier speaking.

Do you recognize me? Each Sunday night we have — what you call it? — a date, eh? And we have a good time together? That's fine. What's that, my friend, you rather have a song? Well, I'd rather sing, too.

But I am sorry—not tonight. My good friend, Mr. Brown of RADIO DIGEST, has asked me to talk a little about myself. Some of my history might inspire a song but—well, suppose we let somebody else write it.

Maybe I'll tell you some of my secrets. Such as how it feels to talk to all of you millions of listeners on the Chase and Sanborn hour every Sunday night. And lots of other things. Who I am and—well, everything.

First of all, I want to say "Thank you" to everybody here in America. This country, it has been like my own. I have been received so beautifully by everybody, business men, roughnecks, just everybody everywhere. And I want to express my appreciation and this is one way I hope to reach most of you.

My ambition has been to achieve success in your country. I feel that any man who has the stuff—you see I have learned a lot of your good, American slang—can get along well over here. That is, if he be an honest fellow, what you call a regular guy.

Ever since I was twelve I have been on the stage. That is, I have earned my living by singing. This has taken me to every country except China but I hope to go there, too, some day.

If you ask me why people like my singing, I don't know exactly. When I begin to sing, people who are listening think, what's the matter with that French guy? He isn't so good looking and his voice isn't big like Caruso. But by and by, say in 15 or 20 minutes, we get to be friends.

When I started in to entertain Americans on the Ziegfeld Roof where there was a very blasé crowd of professionals



east of France, soon after the war broke out. Later Kennedy and I contrived to escape from the camp and that, ladies and gentlemen, was the happiest experience of my life. Even though later on, I got the Croix de Guerre.

I have come from humble beginnings. I was

By MAURICE CHEVALIER

Famous Playboy Began Career at Twelve, Painting Dolls' Faces—He is Still Drawing—at the Rate of \$3,846 for 15-minute Broadcast!

from the New York stage, I had to sing three or four songs and I felt rather nervous. "If they take too long to judge me," I told myself, "I will faint." Fortunately I had only sung for half a minute or so when I felt we were friends.

After this it was easier to sing and now I am fully at ease with all you Americans. We play and have a good time together and why not? Life at best is much, much too short.

SSOME of you wonder, perhaps, where I learned English. That happened when there wasn't much else to do, for I was in a German prison camp—but I was lucky even there. One of my fellow prisoners was Ronald Kennedy, an English soldier. We talked a lot. I taught him French and he taught me English. He was a good instructor. I was a bad one—he got a bad bargain. I got a good one.

I was wounded and taken prisoner in an attack on my regiment at Curty, in the

born in Menilmontant, which is to Paris what the lower East Side is to New York and the Whitechapel district is to London. My father was a house painter and when times were hard, my mother went out to work by the day as a charwoman. When my father died, I was about twelve and set out soon after to work and help my mother.

But it looked as if I was to be a failure at everything I undertook. Now I know why. I loved the stage even then. My earliest ambitions were centered about the circus. My youthful mind was set a-flame by the pageantry and spangles, the gilt and the glitter.

I became apprentice to a carpenter but amid the falling chips, I always saw in imagination a small boy performing in cafes, music halls and circuses. My next job was as an electrician and then I became a printer. Need I say that all these jobs were lost by me? What you call, fired?

My next looked like something more congenial. Painting pink cheeks on doll's faces. Rather interesting, eh? It was fun. One day I got the cheeks too red. I had seen some puppets in a sideshow and thought it amusing to try and reproduce them. But the boss, silly fellow—had no sense of humor at all.

I thought I'd make a good salesman but this time I fell in love. Believe it or not. She was a gorgeous blonde young lady of ten summers. I took the affair quite seriously. So seriously that the boss fired me. To show we did not care, Georgette and I went walking. As we passed a church from which a wedding party was coming, I decided to be smart and mimic a popular actor. I flung my arms wide,

one finger got caught in a closing door. That ended romance for a long, long time.

Shortly afterwards I decided to make nails. Strange to say, I was pretty good at it too. In fact, it looked like a nail-maker's career for Maurice. But the more successful I was the more I yearned to do amusing things. I'd steal out into the factory yard and rehearse songs of some famous actor. The royal road to stage fame would be to learn acrobatics, so I thought. I attended a gymnasium. I did whirligigs on the rings, somersaults from the trapeze. Everything that would help me become a good entertainer. Then I fell and sprained my ankle and bruised my face. So, in self-defense, my mother put her foot down.

Then I would be a singer. It was much easier than acrobating. So with a boldness I did not feel, I approached the manager of the *Concert of the Three Lions* and told him I was great, swell, a fine singer. He was missing a great chance not to book me. His wife was there. She looked me over nudged him and said, "give the boy a chance." So he did. You can imagine what happened. Never had I sung a note to a piano accompaniment. Never had I sung in public. I was simply lost. A "terrible flop," you would say.

After I came out of the fog of my depression I said, "All right. I have been a failure. That can happen to anyone. Next time I will succeed." So I tried again and again. My first chance was as a singer at the *Casino des Tourelles*, which paid me three francs an evening, four evenings a week. My specialty was imitating popular hits and stars.

A friend of mine knew Mistinguette, the famous musical comedy favorite. So he made an appointment for me to see her. I scrubbed my face, put on my best suit and went to meet the great young lady. She was very nice to me and encouraged me a lot. Her last words at this time were, "You need have no worry for what the future holds with a smile like yours."

LITTLE by little I advanced and a few years later I was her dancing partner at the *Follies Bergere*—and maybe you think Maurice wasn't proud of himself.

Before the war I was a comedian who used a huge nose of red putty and an outlandish dress. After the war I adopted the dinner suit and straw hat which I still use.

My first big opportunity came when Elsie Janis insisted I play with her in a London show. It was "Hello America" and we did well. Miss Janis was very good to me, helping me a lot and serving as an inspiration.

When the show closed, I went back to Paris and joined Mistinguette for

a time. Then we had a falling out. I went as an entertainer to the Casino de Paris and there met the girl I married, Yvonne Vallée. Yes, it's the same name as your own American Rudy Vallée, who, incidentally, is a good friend of mine. My wife tells me he can imitate me better than I can be myself. He did it one evening when we were in the audience that heard his Fleischmann broadcast at the Times Square studios of the National Broadcasting Company.

THEN Jesse L. Lasky, Vice President in charge of Production for Paramount, persuaded me that I ought to try American pictures. So we decided to try one in 1928. Fortunately for us it was a success. Since then I have made several more that you all have been good enough to like. Perhaps you remember *The Love Parade*, *Paramount on Parade*, *The Big Pond* and *Play Boy of Paris*.

A career is a funny thing. It brings moments of great happiness and great sorrow just like you find in everybody's life. My happiest experience was when I escaped from the German prison camp at Alten Grabow near Magdeburg and got back inside my own lines. My saddest experience in life was the death of my



Courtesy Paramount Pictures

Maurice Chevalier as a Singing Waiter à la Paris

mother in Paris in 1928. It was doubly sad because I was in Hollywood making my first picture, *Innocents of Paris*.

I am not handsome. But I try to be wholesome. I am fond of outdoor life. My favorite amusement is boxing and I used to box often with Georges Carpentier. Another well-known boxer who is a good friend of mine is "Kid" Francis the French lightweight.

I am fond of French food. Once a year I try to get back to Paris for public performances. That is so one will not get out of touch with or lose the French viewpoint. In most big cities I use taxicabs. But in Hollywood it is more fun to drive a Ford coupe. To my mind one of the screen's most able directors is Ernst Lubitsch, who directed my own *Love Parade*.

I rehearse all my songs, with gestures, alone for weeks. Then I try them on a small gathering of friends at my home. If they approve, then I sing them in public, over the air or in pictures. I am greatly interested in international statesmanship and political affairs. In Hollywood my best friends are Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. It was a treat to see them recently in New York. Some day I hope to have them as guests at one of my broadcasts. I always try to be methodical and punctual.

I love my wife and my wife loves me. That's all I know about love.

I type all my personal letters to my friends and relations. I consider this by far the neatest way and I feel sure one of these days the idea will become general . . . I like typing—it is very interesting—I use the touch system.

WHEN I was in the South of France last year I just went crazy over a game they call Boule. It is rather like the English Bowling Green, but I think there is a little more pep in it.

My experiences on the screen have taught me that you are never exactly as you think you are. The Radio is teaching me also many, many other things. I am getting some most illuminating and charming fan mail. I find that lots of it bears out my own idea of broadcasting. It is this. I want to broadcast so that my voice comes into the homes of the listeners as a friend.

When I face the little black box—the magical black box—it sometimes fades from sight because I am thinking of the millions of firesides where I hope people are listening. Particularly those who are sick. I cannot help feeling that I should give them the best that is in me.

I have broadcast only a time or two in France and twice in America before this Chase and Sanborn series. Yet they tell me that my Radio work is good. I hope you like me too.



This diminutive, doll-like, feminine person is actually a famous author and Hollywood scenarist, of world-wide fame—Anita Loos,

Lillian G. Genn Interviews

Are American Women Happy?

*Author Who Made Two Continents Rock
Gentlemen And Their Preference for*

"AMERICAN women are the unhappiest in the world," was the startling statement made by Anita Loos, famous author, when she recently arrived here after a long sojourn abroad. When one considers that American women hold the most conspicuously superior position the feminine sex has ever had, that they enjoy complete freedom to do whatever they please, one cannot let such a statement pass unchallenged. With that thought in mind, the interviewer went to see Miss Loos at her hotel in New York.

Curled up on the divan of her charming suite, the author looked very much like a girl of twelve. She is very small, with a wistful, appealing face, and large, innocent looking eyes. Her hair is cut in a boyish bob and she wears simple clothes which accentuate her youthful appearance. It is hard to believe that this diminutive person has earned a reputation for barbed wit and stinging satire; that she has set two continents to discussing whether "*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*" and has reaped a fortune for doing it.

However, she was known to American audiences long before that noteworthy book made its appearance, for she and her husband, Mr. John Emerson, wrote many delightful plays for the screen, particularly for that charming star, Constance Talmadge.

About a year or two ago she announced her retirement from writing. Evidently it was not to be taken seriously, for she has just completed another book, *The Better Things of Life*, which is a satire on Hollywood, and also a sparkling, sophisticated comedy with her husband, *Cherries Are Ripe*, which is now touring the country with the popular screen pair Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque.

For the past few years Miss Loos has divided her time between this country and Europe. She is as much at home in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and London as she is in New York. Not only does she know women the world over, but she has a deep and penetrating understanding of their psychology. Her opinions, therefore, are not merely glittering generalities.

For that reason the interviewer was interested to discuss with Miss Loos why she believed American women to be unhappy.

"One of the first things you notice when you come to this country," she began, "is that the American women do not look happy. They have discontented expressions on their faces. European women have less in material wealth and fewer advantages, but they look more content. In fact, they have a gayety and joyousness

ANITA LOOS

Are American Women Happy?

*With Laughter at Her Biting Satire on
Blondes, Talks of Marriage and Love*

about them that is contagious. It is a sense of exhilaration. "America is, let me say, a wonderful country for women. It is a veritable Paradise in which they can get everything that life has to offer. Opportunities and luxuries are theirs for the asking.

"But the trouble is that women do not fit this Paradise. No one can be satisfied when one gets things too easily, women least of all. They get too much in the way of material things and with hardly any effort on their part. Their grandmothers had to be practically drudges in order to get the necessities of life. They worked from early morning to late at night cooking, sewing, baking, cleaning and bringing up a brood of children. They had to fetch their own water and get logs for the fire. They didn't think of themselves but strove to provide comfort and pleasure for others. In that way they found happiness for themselves. What is more, since they were busy with the real things of life, they had vital matters with which to occupy their minds.

"BUT the modern American woman is inclined to be a self-centered person who is concerned in pleasing and pampering herself. Her interests are such trivial ones as clubs, luncheons, committee meetings, shopping and bridge games. I don't know of any other country where women waste so many hours playing bridge as they do here.

"If the woman does have a child, she rarely bothers to make herself an essential part of his life. She does little to prepare him for his future, but leaves it chiefly to nurses, private schools and camps. Then there is another increasing class of women who would far rather work in an office than take care of their own homes.

"In Europe, even a woman of wealth does domestic work of some kind. You don't find her playing bridge or spending her time at clubs. If you told her that American women gather together in groups and hold club meetings, she would be bewildered. She would much rather stay at home and attend to the comforts of her husband and the welfare of her children. Nothing could make her neglect her first duties and obligations to her home. Even if she has a nurse for her children, she gives them her personal attention.

"I believe that no one can be satisfied unless one is doing work which is of vital importance. And Nature has decreed that woman's vital work should be in the home. When she expends her energies on trivial pastimes or the routine and mechanical work of the office, which

Anita Loos is a mere featherweight of an armful to her devoted actor-poet-writer-husband, John Emerson—she is so tiny.



provides no emotional outlet, she is thwarting a deep, fundamental urge in her. That is why you find so many discontented and maladjusted women. It accounts for their restless and hectic search for thrills and substitute satisfactions.

"American women would derive more zest and satisfaction from life if they would sacrifice some of their social, political or economic success and engage in a feminine pursuit that is related to the home. They would lose much of their nervousness if they would again take up so simple a thing as sewing instead of playing bridge, which only makes them more tense. I do a great deal of sewing in my leisure and it has an almost magic effect in resting and soothing me."

By discarding feminine pursuits, Miss Loos pointed out, the American woman is also losing her feminine approach to life and her feminine qualities. She is becoming a hard-headed, self-sufficient, dominating person with masculine traits.

"Our women are becoming very much like men," she said. "They are more similar here than they are in any other country. They have not that great difference which makes for variety. An important consequence of this is that woman has lost her charm for men and is creating disharmony between the sexes. And there you have the root of woman's unhappiness.

THE European woman is content to play a feminine rôle in life. From childhood she is brought up with future marriage in mind and is prepared for her duties of wifehood and motherhood. She is taught to make the most of her feminine charm and appeal. She makes a study of men and knows how to please them and make them happy.

"That is why the European eagerly seeks the companionship of women. Husbands and wives spend more time together abroad and share many more interests than they do here. A man will go shopping with his wife, visit the art galleries with her, and have luncheon or tea with her during the day. He spends his week-ends with the family and takes them on a picnic or trip. Husband and wife do things together and they even know intimately the friends of their children. You don't find the husband going off to play golf with his men friends, the wife to a tea or bridge game, while their sons and daughters take the car to go heaven knows where.

"Don't think, though, that I blame the disharmony between the sexes here entirely on the woman. The man is very much at fault too. Imbued with the idea that success in business is the one big thing in life, the American man slaves for long hours at his desk. No matter how much money he accumulates, he never feels that he can retire or do other things. Working at constant high pressure soon becomes a habit with him. If he should want to stop, he would feel



A modernist in her work, Anita Loos is a believer in old-fashioned marriage.

lost. Tea parties are absurd to him.

"Naturally when the man returns home at night, he is too exhausted from his work to give his wife and family any companionship. About all he can do is to go occasionally to a musical comedy show. Anything else will at once put him to sleep.

"Week-ends and holidays, he must, of course, have his golf. The game is of greater importance to the American than it is to the Scot. No one takes such an absurd interest in the game in Scotland, where it originated.

"The European husband is by no means ideal. He demands much more from a woman and wants to be catered to and spoiled. But because he makes it a point to understand women and he has a keener comprehension of her emotional needs, he nevertheless makes her happier than the easy-going, good-natured American husband who smothers his wife with luxuries, but who gives her little attention. Men and women in this country are drawing further and further apart. There are already few interests that they have in common."

MISS LOOS believes that it is because the European husband and wife are bound together by so many ties and a close comradeship exists between them, that their marriage has a more solid foundation, and it is further strengthened by their mutual love for home life. It is the primary reason why they have little divorce.

"Since American husbands and wives have hardly any ties, it does not mean much for them to sever the relationship. This may not have as much of an effect on the man. He can find satisfaction from life by absorbing himself more completely in his business. But, as I pre-

viously said, a business pursuit does not give woman the same satisfaction. Furthermore, she needs the security that marriage gives her.

"Of course men must also have the anchor of marriage. No human being can be happy when he drifts from one marriage to another. The older he grows, the more he needs the comfort of knowing that there is someone around who is interested in him and who understands him. That is why I believe that even a passable marriage is better than divorce. A person with varying emotions who runs to the divorce court will usually find that he can't be any happier with the next mate, either, and his final years will be lonely and empty ones.

"One can get along as well with one person as with another, provided one has not contracted a wholly unsuitable marriage. But like any other venture in life, marriage requires intelligence and thought. Husband and wife must work at it. And they must understand this," Miss Loos paused for a moment. "It is only by working and planning together and by having a close and sympathetic relationship with each other, that they will find happiness.

BUT I do think, though, that because women are more concerned with the human side of life, it is more in their power to bring about greater harmony between the sexes."

As is well known, Anita Loos and John Emerson are one of the most devoted of couples. They have been married for twelve years and not even their long residence in Hollywood, where divorce has become an accepted habit, nor the fact that most of their friends have been married several times, has affected their relationship. They enjoy each other's company as much as ever.

Both of them started their careers on the stage. Miss Loos' father was the manager of a traveling theatrical company and therefore as soon as she could walk and talk she was given a part in one of his productions. Her favorite pastime was to sit out front and watch the crude movies which her father would run off during the intermissions. One day, when she was in her early teens, she tried her hand at writing a few scripts and sent them to a movie company. They immediately accepted them and requested her to continue to contribute.

When Miss Loos had been writing for the company for about two years, the director, who was D. W. Griffith, sent for her for a personal conference. He received the shock of his life when a small girl came to see him with her mother and told him she was the author of those robust and clever comedies. He gave her a job on his staff and she became one of his invaluable assistants.

As for John Emerson, he had been a successful actor manager in New York

(Continued on page 103)

A Stranger Comes To

Thompkins Corners

When the Wandering Player Fainted Real Folks Acted Quickly and Went in for Culture

By George Frame Brown

UNCLE Matt Thompkins scratched a match on his trouser leg. There was a hiss and it flared up, throwing his ruddy features and white hair in sharp relief for a brief moment before he leaned over the oil lamp on the table. The flame quickly ran around the circular wick and the light revealed the snug room in back of Thompkins Corners leading emporium.

Marthy Thompkins examined the uneven flame of the old lamp with critical eyes. "I'll get another lamp" she said, and bustled out of the room. Elmer, seated at the table in the center of the room, reluctantly turned back to his studies, audibly wrestling with his arithmetic problems...

ELMER: Eleven goes in 78—seven times and one to carry — (Prince whines and scratches at the door.)

Hello Prince, old boy, what's the matter? You want out? All right, I'll let you



Matt Thompkins, who in real life is the author of the program.

out, old boy. Betcha smell a rat, huh?

MATT: Hey Elmer!

ELMER: Yes, Uncle Matt.

MATT: Where you goin'?

ELMER: Prince wants out—

MATT: You sit down there and finish

your homework—I don't want to see any such report card as you brought home this week.

ELMER: But gee, Uncle Matt, he's scratchin' and beggin'.

MATT: He's beggin' for one of them peppermints you're nibblin' on.

ELMER: No he ain't, Uncle Matt, honest . . . he's beggin' to get out. I can always tell what Prince wants, jest by the way he asks.

MATT: All right, let him out, but you see to it that you get right back to them fractions.

ELMER: I'll go out and take a little run with him.

MATT: You let Prince do his runnin' alone. You'll be runnin' over to Sneed's I guess.

ELMER: Aw, Prince likes to have company when he takes a walk. He gets lonesome for me when I'm in school all day.

MATT: Well, I guess if Prince is so smart, he'd be a lot happier seein' you get good marks in your arithmetic than he would to have you out throwin' sticks for him. Now, go let him out and get back here to your work. Don't let me speak 'bout it again.

*This continuity of Real Folks at Thompkins Corners, broadcast from WJZ over the NBC network, is reproduced with the special permission of Mr. George Frame Brown and the Clevelough Mfg. Co.



The cast of Real Folks at Thompkins Corners in their respective characters.

ELMER: Gosh, Uncle Matt—I can't see very well by these oil lamps.

MATT: No more excuses—you let Prince out, and then get back to your lessons.

ELMER: Oh, all right . . .

MATT: What's that?

ELMER: (*Brightly*) All right, Uncle Matt.

MATT: That's better.

ELMER: Come on Prince.

(*Prince barks*)

MARTHA: Here, Matt, I got another kerosene lamp fixed.

MATT: Thanks, Marthy, I'll just put this one over near the potato bin. My golly, it seems funny dependin' on these old kerosene oil lamps after spoilin' ourselves so long with electricity.

MARTHA: If you ask me, I still think they're as good as bulbs.

MATT: That's a fine way for you to talk—and me president of the light and power company. It's a lucky thing we got the mail out before the fuses blew—

MARTHA: I thought there'd be more folks in askin' for their mail. I guess maybe it's too cold.

(*Door slams*)

MARTHA: That sounded like the front door.

MATT: Who is it?

BILL: It's Bill Perkins. I brought some company over from the station.

MATT: Come on in and get warm.

BILL: Hello Mrs. Thompkins.

BILL: Matt, I want to introduce my friend—Mr. . . . Mr. gracious, now I went and forgot your name.

MITCHEL: Mitchel — Worthington Mitchel.

BILL: This is Mr. Mitchel—Mr. Worthington Mitchel . . . this is Matt Thompkins, the mayor . . . and this is the missus . . .

MITCHEL: My good Mr. Mayor, and you, Mrs. Thompkins—may I say that I am extremely honored to meet you? I am charmed to know the leading lights of such a distinguished little community.

MATT: Well, if you don't mind my sayin' so, Mr. Mitchel, the leadin' lights in this establishment tonight happens to be kerosene lamps. Somethin' went wrong with a connection downstairs.

BILL: Mr. Mitchel is a actor.

MARTHA: An actor!

BILL: Yeah, he recites Shakespeare's plays.

MATT: My, that is real interesting.

MARTHA: Imagine knowin' Shakespeare's plays by heart . . . and I have all I can do recollectin' my favorite verses from the Bible. How do you do it?

MITCHEL: Oh, a certain genius for retention. I have never had difficulty re-

taining lines. My first attempt at the difficult rôle of Hamlet resulted not only in a sweeping triumph of presentational skill, but in a performance without a single error in reading.

BILL: Gosh, how could anybody ever remember all that? I even forget today's date there in the post office, with the calendar a-starin' me in the face.

MATT: Well, maybe there's some things Mr. Mitchel can't do.

MITCHEL: Possibly so, Mr. Mayor, possibly so, but if it's connected with the arts, you are doomed to disappointment.

MATT: Well can you make a threshing flail out of two hickory poles and an eel skin?

MITCHEL: No, I must admit I cannot—but, of course, they are not the arts—

MATT: Grandpa Overbrook was an artist at bindin' wheat and swingin' a flail when threshin' machines and reapers was just bein' thought of.

MITCHEL: Ah, yes, great are the men of the soil, but they express a vastly different being. We, of the stage, give of the intangible something that lies innately

in the soul of everyone.

When I play the goaded

Macbeth, I feel the very

torture which the immortal

Shakespeare wanted

him to feel. It is my life

—my very life. I have

dedicated my mind and

career to the dream of

the immortal Shake-

speare. I make tremen-

dous sacrifices going from

city to city, from town to

town, uplifting the drama

and increasing the public's

understanding of the

deeper side of the theatre.

Real Folks Cast

Mr. George Frame Brown	"Matt Thompkins"
Miss Virginia Farmer	"Marthy Thompkins"
Miss Phoebe Mackay	"Mrs. Watts"
Miss Elsie Mae Gordon	"Mrs. Stevens"
G. Underhill Macy	"Fred Tibbetts"
Tommy Brown	"Elmer Thompkins"
Mr. Edwin H. Whitney	"Judge Whipple"

OF COURSE, it is necessary that the above list of actors do some doubling for minor characters. Thus, Mr. Brown also takes the parts of "Mrs. Jones" and Gus Oleson"; Miss Gordon, the part of "Sneed"; Mr. Macy the part of "Tony" and Mr. Whitney the parts of "Bill Perkins" and "Grandpa Overbrook."

MARTHA: That's a very noble attitude, Mr. Mitchel.

BILL: I guess you have to stay several weeks at some of the places before they begin to understand it, don't you?

MATT: Now, Bill, that question is a little out of order. I guess Thompkins Corners could understand as quick as anybody.

MITCHEL: Your suggestion is a very timely one, Mr. Thompkins. I would be more than glad to interpret the works of the immortal Bard of Avon for your thriving community.

BILL: I thought you was goin' to recite Shakespeare.

MARTHA: Bill Perkins, Shakespeare was called the Bard of Avon.

MATT: Well, now, Mr. Mitchel, I didn't exactly make any suggestion but if you've somethin' worth while sellin' to us, we're a ready market.

MITCHEL: Ah, I do not sell my work, but rather offer it for approval. I have known the acclaim of the crowned heads on the continent, I have been the guest of governors, municipal dignitaries, and scions of the country's oldest families. My name and picture have been posted in all the great cities to awaken the anticipation of a grateful multitude.

MATT: Did you ever play on Broadway in New York?

MITCHEL: New York! Bah! Illiterate boors with no taste or cultivation. A great artist could perish in the street without a second look. No, not in New

The famous Firemen's Band—masters of melody at Thompkins Corners.

York, but my career—my career . . . my . . . my career . . . a . . . a . . . a . . . has taken me to every important city . . . my . . . my . . . greatness . . . has . . .

(Voice fades—sound of body falling.)

MARTHA: Oh, gracious! What's happened?

MATT: Sh-sh-sh . . . I guess he's fainted. I can't see his face in this light. Marthy, go in and make some strong coffee and warm some hot broth. I think I know what's the matter.

BILL: Do you want a glass of water, Matt?

MATT: Yes, Bill, and I'll put him in this chair and loosen his coat collar. . . . My, he's light as a feather and still kinda chilled. Gracious, look here . . . he hasn't got any collar on under this old muffler. Him and his greatness—why, he's probably starvin' to death right now and he was tryin' to bluff it all through.

BILL: Here, Matt, give him some of this water. Gosh, he musta been pretty bad off fer to keel over that way.

MATT: That happens when you don't eat fer a spell— He's drinkin' it down. He'll come around all right. Go out and see how Marthy's comin' along, with the broth and coffee . . . here, take another sip of this, Mr. Mitchel.

MITCHEL: My . . . my profound, thanks, Mr. Thompkins.

MATT: Just take it easy—we'll have some hot broth and coffee for you in no time.

MITCHEL: That confounded vertigo came back on me. Took me by surprise again. Edwin Booth suffered the

same attacks . . . in fact, our acting technique is very much alike.

MATT: Well, I never saw Booth, but they say he was pretty good.

BILL: Matt, you can bring Mr. Mitchel into the kitchen now. Marthy's got the table spread for supper.

MARTHA: I've come out for him. Come with me, Mr. Mitchel.

MITCHEL: Ah, to dine with the queen . . . it reminds me of my visit to Britain and the happy hours at Buckingham Palace.

MATT: Bill—say, I want you to do a little fast work.

BILL: What's the matter?

MATT: Well, this here Mitchel fella's pretty bad off. He ain't had no food and he ain't clothed warm enough.

BILL: I got some old clothes home. He kin have 'em.

MATT: No, this is different. I tell you what . . . we're goin' to have a Shakespeare readin' right here in the store. We're goin' to get up-lifted right among the crackers and potatoes.

BILL: There's no harm in that as long as it don't spoil the stock.

MATT: You go and git the fireman's band together and be here as soon as they can. Tell 'em to come in playin' "Poet and Peasant"; they ought to have that down pretty well by now. Pass the word along to everybody you can and tell 'em that there's no admission, but we'll take up a collection.

BILL: Gosh, Matt, that's pretty swell. I didn't dream fer a minute that the old fella was just a tramp.

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MARRIAGE

When A Headliner Takes A Life Partner Should It Be Told? Will Popularity Decline When Glamor Departs? Twenty Interviewed Stars Say, "Yes, Do Tell" — Twenty Shout, "No, Keep it Dark!"

IT WON'T bother the comedians one particle whether you believe them married or single, or find definite proof either way. At least that is the consensus of four well known air acts that can be classed under the general head of comedy. First of these, Correll and Gosden, better known as Amos 'n' Andy, led this star inquisitor for the usual merry chase before he cornered them in their offices in the Palmolive Building, Chicago. Said spokesman Amos:

"Everybody knows or ought to know we are both married happily. Once we were a mysterious pair—or group—of voices on the air. We didn't even let people know who we were or how many there were actually in the cast of Amos 'n' Andy. But that day passed soon enough. Fame pried into our private lives and made our every affair as public as it could. We hardly think that the publicity has hurt us. Being black-face comics, we certainly have little romantic appeal."

Clara, Lu and Em, the new Supersud trio of "back fence" gossipers who've been giving you laughs over the NBC chain during the past several months, also wouldn't mind letting you know they are married—if they were. But let them tell it:

"Our trouble isn't having our Radio audience know we are married so much as it is knowing that two-thirds of us aren't. Having Radio husbands and Radio children, it's embarrassing not to have ten years of married life and ten children each on which to base our chatter. However, Louise Starkey, who is Clara, helped the cause along by getting married last Christmas. The rest of us? Well, you never can tell!"

But Tony Cabooch (Chester Gruber),

Anheuser-Busch's one-man Radio show, is more serious about his views. This impersonator of a half dozen or more dialects, who packs much homely philosophy into his broadcasts, replied:

"YES, Radio stars should let the public know if they are married. Marriage is a sacred trust that should command respect, and Radio artists who falsify in this respect only cast reflection upon their character as well as their profession. All the world loves a lover, and love is truth."

"Today Radio is the dominant branch of entertainment, for Radio alone enters the



Why keep anything like little daughter Jessie a secret?" ask Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford, organist-duet.

most sacred of all places—the home—and the home has marriage as its foundation. Therefore, why shouldn't an air entertainer or artist admit he or she is married?"

The Sisters of the Skillet, East and Dumke, dodging the issue when queried on their way to the studio for their daily buffoonery, simultaneously replied, "Yes

and no." But neither of them would admit ever having received any mash notes, and finally they were pinned down to the conclusion that the Radio audience wouldn't get all excited if by chance it should learn that both were married and each had families of twelve children.

Graham McNamee, the veteran Radio announcer whose wife is almost as well known to the Radio audience as he is himself, answered:

"By all means, the artist should permit the Radio audience to know that he is married. After all, why should it make any difference in his work as far as the public is concerned?"

But you will learn that all announcers do not feel the same way when you read the answers of those who replied negatively to the question. But wait. Here is the "dean of modern music", none other than Paul Whiteman, recently brought to the networks by the Allied Quality Group of paint manufacturers. What did he say?

"I can't see how," answered the man who made the *Rhapsody in Blue* famous, "it would make any difference to the public whether or not I am married. My business is interpreting music. If it were interpreting sex—well, that might be different."

"Sure," replied Dad Pickard, "you might as well let the listeners know. 'Course, they know I'm married, with a whole family—mother, Bubb, Ruth and Ann—of the air. Nowadays Ruth and Bubb are getting the marrying age pretty fast, and I don't think it would hurt the Pickard Family one bit on the air to let the fans know when either one of them gets married."

A lot of wasted energy and postage would be saved if Edwin Whitney's ideas

Should Stars Admit It?



They're proud of 'em—Willard Robison, Camel Hour Batoneer, of his wife; and Adele Vasa, CBS singer, of her husband, Paul Green, night studio manager.

were carried out. This NBC character actor and production man, best known perhaps for his parts as Judge Whipple and Gran'pa Overbrook in the Monday night *Real Folks* comedy radario, said:

"If an artist keeps his marriage quiet, it may save some complications, but knowledge of it should save a lot of energy now expended in writing fan mail. Uncle Sam would be the only loser in that case. Seriously, the knowledge of an artist's marriage should not detract from his popularity."

Jack Smart, Joe Green in Graybar's "Mr. and Mrs.," answered:

"SURE they should. At least it means you'll get a certain amount of sympathy. The trouble with Radio fans is this. They take a liking to you—or they don't. Suppose they do. All the nice girls write in and say how grand they think you are, and if they don't know you're married there's grave danger of some of those fan letters getting into the wife's hands. And she'll never believe that they're unsolicited testimonials."

"Then suppose you decide that one of them writes a nice letter, and sends a picture of herself. You can't help answering her. That means a whole lot more correspondence—always provided you don't send your own picture to her. It's bad.

By EVANS E. PLUMMER

But let 'em know you're hooked. Then there's a lot of trouble saved, and besides—the Ball and Chain likes to think of itself as the genius's inspiration; or something like that."

Jesse Crawford, Columbia's Poet of the Organ, gets plenty of fan mail. He says, "Folks know there's a Mrs. Crawford—how can they help knowing it when she insists on playing the organ on the air with me? Since my fan mail seems to be keeping up, I guess it's because my appeal is more melodic than romantic."

Now for the opinions of a few vocalists of both sexes. Chauncey Parsons, NBC lyric tenor and former music comedy star, answered:

"I don't see why it would make any difference. If one's married, he's married and can't get away from the fact. Then, too, if the nuptial knot is concealed it might lead to complications at 'home' so far as fan mail is concerned."

And John Barclay, the tenor who is generally accompanied at the piano by his wife, Dagmar Rybner, said:

"It should be a fine idea to inform the public that a Radio star is married. I am proud to let the Radio audience know that I broadcast with my wife."

Vocalist number three is Mabel Wayne. Of course, she's better known as the waltz-queen composer of *Ramona*, *In a Little Spanish Town*, *It Happened in Monterey* and *Chiquita*. Mabel has no reason to fear that she will crumble any illusions about her when she says, "Of course, tell the public," for Miss Wayne is still really a miss.

BUT if Mabel were to consider matrimony, she thought she would prefer a tall, dark, handsome, Spanish-type man who would only jokingly boss her around. "No man will ever dictate to me," she ukased. But here's one way we'll shatter an illusion relative to Miss Wayne. Shhh! Did you know that despite her Spanish compositions, she has never been in Spain—only Cuba and California? At that, she should get some kind of hand from you, for she is the only female star who replied "Yes" to the question. The others all fell in line for the negative—as women would.

Now for several orchestra leaders—Phil Spitalny, Freddie Rich, Willard Robison and Dave Rubinoff. Spitalny saw no reason for concealing his matrimonial happiness. "It is a wonderful thing, marriage," he replied, "and why shouldn't I be glad to let the world know that I am happily wed? Maybe I kill a little

romance for some flappers, but it is an unwise thing for an artist to build himself up on sex appeal instead of merit, as it should be."

Freddie Rich, who is married to the beautiful and blonde Margaret Lawton former British musical comedy actress, doesn't believe that a Radio star's popularity is dimmed by the public's knowledge that he is married.

"In the earlier days of motion pictures, the marriage of a star was hushed up for fear his romantic appeal would be diminished. However, it's all different now. Whether the player is married or not, doesn't seem to phase admirers any. Sometimes it helps. You know we all want most what is most difficult to obtain. And so it is with Radio performers."

Willard Robison, the Camel Hour batoneer who is singer, composer and pianist as well, is proud to introduce his wife and claims she is responsible for his success. "In the days before I came to Radio, when we had some hard sledding, she never lost faith in me."

While Rubinoff, to whose tunes Maurice Chevalier sings, replied:

"What difference could it possibly make? In the last analysis I believe that any star in the world of entertainment lives or dies by the quality of his or her work. Marriage? It is wholly a personal matter. I refuse to believe that Radio listeners who may be kind enough to like my playing of violin solos, or to appreciate my orchestral arrangements, are going to be greatly concerned over the fact that I am or am not married."

THAT makes eighteen voting for the affirmative. For the nineteenth let's hear from Richy Craig, Jr., the recently launched Blue Ribbon Malt Jester who previously has been known for a good many years as a vaudeville headliner. Craig is one of those on the fence, so to say. He answers "Yes" for himself, but modifies his opinion for certain other types of performers. Said he:

"In answering this question, I think the first thing to be taken into consideration is the type of work the Radio artist is doing. If he is a crooner of 'pashy' songs, I think it is unwise to disclose the fact that he is married, because the greatest per cent of his audience are women, and if they know he is married—well, it kind of takes the edge off.

"But on the other hand, if he is a comedian, it really doesn't matter, as he is not appealing to his audience's sentimental nature. He is only trying to make them laugh, and anyone knows that a woman never faints from rapture at a funny man. Personally, and I don't care who knows it, I have been married for FIVE YEARS and THREE DAYS—but it only seems like FIVE YEARS."

Brad Browne, another "neutral" and one of the Pertussin Playboys, doesn't mind his audience knowing that he's married, but he'd rather not have them know that he has the cutest baby that ever

cut a tooth, because he's timid about being a proud father. As for other stars, he thinks they should be noncommittal on the subject, unless questioned by a judge.

While Guy Lombardo, ever popular Burns Panatella orchestra leader, after taking two kinds of advice, replied:

"Leave it to your press agent. We had one who said No!!!!"—just like that. Little printed exclamation marks came out of his mouth when he said it. So a couple of the boys were described all around the place as nice little bach's, all waiting to take the bait.

THEN another guy came along and said 'Sure!!!!'—five exclamation marks this time. So next week the boys' wives were reported as on their way to take vacations. The fact that the public knew they hadn't got wives didn't seem to matter. The press agent fixed it up alright."

Now for the stars who say "Keep it secret."

Five ladies of the air—almost all those interviewed—would prevent you from knowing whether they live in the bachelor girl style or boast the title of Mrs. to be used on occasions. And Rudy Vallée, Ray Perkins, Little Jack Little, Art Kassel, Lewis James, Jean Paul King, Patrick Kelly and Robert L. Ripley—believe it or not—side in with them.

Ladies first, so let's find out what this all is about. In looking over their answers, it is interesting to note that four of the five are air thespians. You might even call the fifth that, too, although she really rates the title of comedienne.

Lucille Wall, NBC dramatic actress heard in Collier's Hour, Sherlock Holmes' adventures and other pieces, said:

If they're married, they won't tell—Right, Little Jack Little, NBC croon-pianist, and below, Ben Alley, CBS tenor.



"No, is my answer. Of course, it all depends on the artist. In the cast of a romantic character such publicity destroys the illusion. I don't see where it would make any difference if the listener knew that some of the comic skit stars were married in real life, but if a girl who plays romantic parts on the air is married, she should keep it quiet as far as her audience is concerned."

Out Chicago way where they make Empire Builders' dramas, Bernadine Flynn, the beloved ingenue star of that series of programs as well as several other radarios, replied in the same tone:

"It depends entirely on the part or type of work one is doing. An unmarried ingenue blends better with the imaginative romanticism of the Radio audience. While I do not believe in any special effort being made to hide the fact that one is married, I also do not believe in



any special effort being made to advertise the fact."

Irene Wicker, also of Chicago, who is the feminine lead in the noon-time dramatic programs of the CBS farm network, triple checks the unanimous negative of the ingenues. Her answer:

WHEN the Radio artist is centering her activities in dramatic roles, I do not believe she should emphasize the fact that she is married. To do so is to destroy many illusions. The listener hearing her in the role of the heroine in some romance, is likely to sit back and comment, 'Humph . . . I know that gal. She's married and is the mother of two kids! She's a fine one to be talking romance!'

"If the silent attitude on this question comes under the heading of deception, then I believe it is an innocent and harmless deception. Am I married? Just

try to guess!" Now what would you guess?

Evidently it is all wrong to give away a Radio actress by airing her happy married life. Here's another who believes that chapter of her life should remain closed. She's Jeanette Kling, NBC character actress, and her reply:

THE idea is prosaic. An air of mystery lends an additional attraction to everyone. Immediately a voice is heard on the air, a personality is created in every mind of every member of the Radio audience. When a picture appears in the magazines or newspapers a comparison is made by the fans who then find that the actual personality and the mental one differ in too many respects.

"When the fact that an artist is married becomes known, he or she immediately develops into a very lovely singer



or personality (and a family person), but no more do they fire the imagination of the audience to visualize desert scenes or love in the wilderness."

"I say no!" shouted Helene Handin, the hardboiled sophisticate of the air comedy team known as the Two Troupers. "In the case of most Radio artists the knowledge that he or she is married destroys illusions built up by the invisible audience. I do, however, recommend publicizing marriage where husband and wife broadcast together."

Rudy Vallée! What does he believe? Many of you no doubt have been wondering what this crooning batoneer has to say on the subject. Well, if Rudy had his way, he'd have you believe that he was a very lonely bachelor so that you'd appreciate his songs to their fullest value. Caught between depots on his recent tour around the country, M. Vallée replied:

"Should Radio stars let their public know whether or not they are married?

This is, I think, one of those rather argumentative questions that can't be answered simply 'yes' or 'no.' Amos 'n' Andy are married and have no hesitancy in letting their public know about it. And certainly the giving out of that information hasn't hurt or damaged their popularity.

"On the other hand, it may possibly be argued that in the case of popular band leaders or singers, whose efforts are, to a large extent, based on romantic appeal, popularity might be affected, at least slightly, by the knowledge that the bandman or singer of love songs was himself pledged for life."

In the same profession, Art Kassel, beloved leader of his Kassels in the Air Orchestra, answers in the same vein, but extends his remarks to the possible havoc of airing family troubles:

"Perhaps band leaders, especially those playing syncopation for the element desiring to 'trip the light fantastic', should remain peculiarly single to their public. Most of us are—and some have been—married, but advertising the nuptial news adds no romance to our bandstand presence or 'sax' appeal.

"The most serious harm, I think, is worked by having marital difficulties aired before the public. When that happens, our feet are shown to be merely clay."

RAY PERKINS, the "Old Topper" and song and gag man, joins Little Jack Little, the whispering baritone pianist, in the belief that little good and often harm result from letting the public know that an artist is married. And likewise does Robert L. Ripley, the "Believe It or Not" cartoon creator, film short amazer, and broadcaster. Said Ripley: the style known as crooning might suffer

Here are a No-woman and a No-man. Helene Handin, one of the Two Troupers (NBC) and Jean Paul King, Chicago NBC.



"I should say no to the question. Radio, even more than the stage and screen, builds up an illusion which, were it destroyed, might injure the artists' drawing power. For the same reason, therefore, I am opposed to dissemination of other discordant facts that tend to destroy the illusions brought about by the very invisibility of the Radio performer."

Now for a tenor who would lock up the marriage license. This one happens to be a member of the famous Revelers' quartet as well as featured soloist of many Radio programs. His name is Lewis James. When James was asked for his opinion, the writer was thinking about another Reveler who not long ago walked down the aisle with a lovely girl and has lived happily ever after. But, not having the latter Reveler's answer, I must forego mentioning his name. I'm sure that he would say that knowledge of his marriage has not harmed him.

However, Lewis James argues for the negative. He said:

"In general I fail to see where knowledge of a Radio star's marriage makes any difference to his listeners. However, there are some cases where there is great interest, probably of some significance. I should say that the man who sings in the style known as crooning might suffer a bit in popularity if his public knew that he was married. The same holds true for an attractive woman who specializes in singing sentimental songs."

Two more tenors, Ben Alley and Morton Downey, coincide with Lewis James.

Ben Alley, who is leading tenor in "Sweethearts of the Air," considers broadcasting and audience as strictly business and, though unmarried, thinks that a person's home life should not concern his business associates.

And while it's no secret that Morton Downey, Columbia's sensational tenor, is the happy husband of Barbara Bennett, one of Richard Bennett's illustrious daughters, of whom Constance and Joan are the others, he prefers no mention of his married life.

"After all, people in everyday occupations are entitled to a little privacy, so why can't we poor Radio artists enjoy the same? Personally, I don't really see why people would want to be interested in my home, but if they are, it's all right with me. If necessary, I'd broadcast to the whole world that my wife is the sweetest and most beautiful woman in the world."

HERE are two announcers who fail to check exactly with Graham McNamee. One is Jean Paul King, that likeable new voice from Chicago whom you hear on the Clara, Lu and Em programs as well as many other important broadcasts. King replied:

"The romantic soul that an announcer is supposed to be, should, I am led to believe, never be tied down by the bonds of matrimony in his feminine audience's

(Continued on page 90)

The Minister

Who Doesn't Preach

DR. HARRY E.
FOSDICK

*A Rugged, Wholesome Man, Who
Substitutes "Animated Conversations" for Sermons—Packs His
Non-Credal Church to the Doors
While Radio Millions Listen*

ONE of the most interesting men I've ever met is a clergyman. His name is Harry Emerson Fosdick. I rather imagine it's familiar to most of you, not only because he is one of the most discussed personalities of our times, but also because you may have heard his voice over the Radio. His sermons are broadcast every Sunday by the National Broadcasting Company, and there's an intimacy about the human voice coming into your home that makes you feel you know the person who is talking.

Well, ever since I'd read in the newspapers that Dr. Fosdick was preaching to standing room only, despite the fact that the auditorium of his church will accommodate twenty-five hundred persons, plus some eight hundred more in an auxiliary hall in the church building, I've been wanting to meet him so I could tell you folks about him. You know, here in New York this year, not many theatres have had attractions fortunate enough to enable them to hang out the "standing room only" sign. I thought it was significant, therefore, for the public to literally almost storm a church to hear a man preach. Your wonder over the significance of the thing, however, changes to understanding when you hear Dr. Fosdick preach. He's really got something to say, and he says it. No matter whether or not you possess a creed, or go to church, the man rings true!

I TELEPHONED to the Riverside Church—that's the name of his church—for an appointment with him. And, even in this day of wonders when science, invention and philosophy hurl new surprises at you every twenty-four hours, it seems, I confess I was somewhat taken aback when Dr. Fosdick's secretary said:

"Dr. Fosdick will be glad to see you tomorrow afternoon. You can come right to his office in the Riverside church. It's on the eighteenth floor."

THAT reference to his office being on the eighteenth floor of the church is what made me sit up. Naturally, there's no element of surprise attached to information from the secretary of a captain of industry to come to the thirtieth, fortieth or fiftieth floor of an office building, but you don't associate a minister with a skyscraper office. But there are a good many elements of surprise about Dr. Fosdick. Looking back over my visit with him, I'd say his office—that is, its location—was the least of them. The man dominates his office, just as he dominates—or rather his personality dominates—his church. And the Riverside church is a structure of beauty and grandeur.

I went to the church, took one of the elevators to the eighteenth floor of the tower, and entered his office. The anteroom, where two secretaries are busy, is a quiet workshop, the walls of which are lined with bookshelves. Dr. Fosdick's private office adjoins this. It's comfortable but not ornate in any way and just adjoining it is a tiny reception room. That's where he meets people. The room hasn't any pictures on the walls—and there are but two chairs and a small couch.

Dr. Fosdick is a man of medium height—with a serious face, the kind of a face that reveals, when he smiles, a warm and friendly spirit. He has a great shock of curly, wavy hair, rather a full nose and a good jaw. He's fifty-two years old, but he looks a good deal younger. His body is sturdy, his hands chunky and his fingers stubby. He has blue eyes. They, also, are friendly and

inviting and when you catch the sheen of sunlight on his rimless spectacles, you have to look twice to make sure of the source of the sparkle, because his eyes can sparkle, too. He was wearing a business suit and I thought, as I looked him over, that if I passed him on the street, and didn't know him, the last thing in the world I'd take him for would be a minister. He looks like a successful, aggressive business man. I give you my split-second appraisal of the appearance of the man just as he struck me because I thought a good deal about it after I'd left him. I went away, conscious of the fact that I'd met a man who worked as hard as any business man I've ever known—that he toiled as long and as ardently in the realm of the spiritual as any of the rest of us do in the realm of the material.

But let me tell you something of his background. Behind Dr. Fosdick is a century of education endeavor, for both his father and his grandfather were teachers. And it's even more than a century when you take into consideration Dr. Fosdick's active life. Even as a boy he knew he would do either one of two things throughout life—preach or teach, and, as a matter of fact, he's done both pretty consistently.

HE comes of Anglo-Saxon stock. The first Fosdick in America came from England and settled near Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1635. That makes a fine, old American background, don't you think? Nearly three hundred years. Later, there were Fosdicks who went into what was then known as the West. They obeyed the ever-beckoning finger that attracted the pioneers—the finger that held aloft the hope of new lands, new opportunities. His grandfather, for example, traveled in a covered wagon to

what is now the city of Buffalo, New York. Incidentally that was the West in those days.

And here's an interesting thing: you know, in my talks with various outstanding men and women, I always get a real thrill whenever I come across a reference to a covered wagon in their family histories. The pioneers who swept into the West made this country, and the hope and courage and stamina that they carried into the wilderness and which enabled them to meet all the perils it held, and overcome them, are, I think, the finest heritage we have. So, a "covered wagon" background always arouses my curiosity, and when I meet a descendant I try, for my own satisfaction, to learn whether the old pioneer stock still figures in him. In Dr. Fosdick's case, I'll say "yes", that it does—most emphatically. He's still the pioneer type. He's not afraid of the new. He's also ready and willing and eager to brave the mysteries of the human soul, and a beckoning finger—a finger that holds the hope of truth—calls him on and on. He will follow it to the end.

BUT I'm straying away from the century of education. His grandfather was a carpenter and a cobbler in the little settlement on the shores of Lake Erie, but he found time to educate himself, and, at the time of his death, he was superintendent of schools of the baby city of Buffalo. He had taught for forty years. His son—Dr. Fosdick's father—taught school in Buffalo for fifty years. So Dr. Fosdick, therefore, was brought up in a professional family—in a setting where knowledge was the guiding star, and it was natural for him—especially after he discovered that he had no interest whatever in making money—to turn to a professional career. You remember my telling you that even as a boy he knew he would either teach or preach.

Today, Dr. Fosdick is known as the great, liberal preacher of our times. Not only in word and deed does he merit the title, but his background figures in it, too. His great grandfather, for instance, was expelled from church for refusing to believe in hell—the hell of fire and vengeance and brimstone.

And the great grandson of today is equally outspoken. He doesn't believe in a religion of gloom. He thinks that kind of religion is a false religion. Neither does he believe in a religion of fear. He believes that religion should make a man radiant, but he doesn't try to prescribe any sugar covered short cuts



Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick
"The Man behind the Name"

By
EDWIN ALGER

THE author is the creator of a series of vivid Radio sketches on interesting people. He is a veteran newspaper man, was President Wilson's favorite correspondent, and now lives on a Tom Thumb plantation near Cherrydale, Va., when not occupied at NBC studios or interviewing notables.

to radiance. He feels that the religious quality of life is life at its highest, and I think "intellectual honesty" are the two words that more nearly describe his state of mind in his approach to either religion, human conduct or life gener-

ally. I don't imagine he does anything or says anything without first asking himself the question: "Now then, is it intellectually honest?" If the answer is in the affirmative, without any question or quibbling, he acts, but if there's any doubt about it, he doesn't act.

The Riverside Church reflects the Fosdick mind. It's open seven days a week. It's a non-creedal church, and it welcomes people from all or any denominations. You might be interested to know that the Quakers use it for a meeting place. The Riverside Church, incidentally, was erected by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as a memorial to the memory of his mother. Mr. Rockefeller happens to be a good Baptist and Dr. Fosdick was ordained as a Baptist minister, but both men believe in the brotherhood of man, without the necessity of identifications through secular badges.

AT ONE point in my talk with Dr. Fosdick, I remember asking him if there was any adventure in religion.

"Adventure?" he repeated. "Why, trying to build the type of church we are in is an adventure. It's open to all. No one has to agree on a theological opinion. There's spiritual liberty for all and the result is it's the most harmonious church I know, for there is full recognition of the rights of others."

I also asked him what he thought it was that made people come in such numbers to attend his services, and his reply was:

"Well, whenever people have a chance to get light on the real problems of life they'll come to church."

Perhaps that's the real basis of Dr. Fosdick's strength—his ability to give light on the real problems of life. And in this connection, I think his early experience has something to do with that ability. When he was twenty-two years old he conducted a mission just off the Bowery. Sometimes there were as many as nine services on a Sunday. The men who attended these services were derelicts, and the minister who talked to them came across almost every soiled and unhappy page one could find in the book of life. His listeners weren't the kind who could be satisfied with a sermon replete with flowery phrases, or lulled into spiritual serenity by the musical cadences of a rich and melodious voice. No, indeed. They came in, doubting, but hoping for repairs. I told you they were derelicts. And the contacts that Fosdick, the young

(Continued on page 103)



Frank Buck cuddles a baby tapir about to sail from Singapore to the United States.

"*ANYTHING* is liable to happen when you meet Mike," says Frank "Bring-'Em-Back-Alive" Buck, whose initial broadcast was responsible for his writing one of the outstanding non-fictional books of the current season.

MOST of us get all hot and bothered whenever we are accused of being up to some "monkey business". But I know a chap who is as restless as a duck out of water or, if you prefer your similes dressed in modern verbiage, as restless as a racketeer trying to go straight, unless his monkey business is flourishing.

Frank Buck is the gentleman's name. He's made this name mean something as an importer of assorted wild animals so, when he crosses the Pacific Ocean to collect living specimens for American zoos and circus menageries, his departmental monkey business actually occupies only a fraction of his time. Yet, in spite of the fact that the capturing and shipping of rarer beasts, reptiles and birds have been the principal objectives of his numerous trips to the Far East, he has brought through the port of entry at San Francisco more than 5,000 simians. You must admit that Frank Buck has done his share of monkey business.

If you visit the zoos in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Dallas, Milwaukee, San Diego, Memphis, Kansas City, San Antonio or Minneapolis you are sure to find yourself face to face with many an old friend of Frank Buck's. There are several of these "friends", now behind bars, that, at one time, were happy to eat out of his hand or willingly would have chewed off their captor's leg or head if given half a chance. Not all these animals had what we would term a friendly disposition. But every animal with which

Monkey Business

Frank Buck Tells Interviewer
How He Makes Jungle Denizens
Good American "Zootizens"

By Doty Hobart

Illustrated by

Hal Coffman

(© THE EVENING JOURNAL)

Frank Buck has come in contact, and frequently this contact has been much too close for comfort, each and every one of them is a friend, to him. They may have left their mark on Frank's person, a bite, the nasty scratch of a claw, or a sting—but they also left a good story with a master spinner of yarns.

I met Frank Buck at an impromptu luncheon in a café where writers sometimes gather for the noonday meal. There were six in our party and the discussion started out to be of matters well within the city limits or, at best, national in scope. A chance remark by one of the party about dogs led to stories of domesticated pets and before we knew it Frank was launched on a yarn involving his personal experience with a python. Animals in transport demand constant care and attention. Snakes, as a rule, will make the ocean trip to the States without food, but they must have water. To equip their crates with proper drinking receptacles is unnecessary, as the reptiles are capable of absorbing water through their skins readily, so a bucketful is dashed over them daily. The big fellows are given private accommodations, the top of each box being a hinged lid. Before the water-dasher gives a crated python a bath he takes a hurried glance at the coiled snake to determine the exact location of the reptile's head. If Mr. Python is facing the opening, when the lid is partly opened, the water-dasher slams the cover down and finds something else to do for an hour or so. It seems that when the big captive's head is pointed toward the opening the spring for possible freedom is made with ease, but if the snake is not in the right position to attempt the spring the attendant has ample opportunity to administer the bath, refasten the lid and be on his way before the reptile can get turned around in the cramped quarters.

"Hurrying to get my tasks aboard ship performed," said Frank, "there came a day when I neglected to take the precautionary glance

into a crate containing a full-grown python. The snake took full advantage of the neglect by springing open-mouthed for the opening and, finding my hand directly in its path, proceeded to swallow it. Now a python is not a poisonous snake and it has no fangs. As it swallows its food whole the reptile's teeth, while numerous, are used to help crowd this food down the throat and not for mastication. I slammed the lid of the crate down before more than three or four feet of the python slipped out, determined to keep, if possible, the balance of the body in captivity. At the same time I let out a yell for help. A native Malay boy, my assistant on the trip, was the first to come to my aid. With the help of deckhands most of the python was kept in the box, much to my eternal gratitude, for once its body was completely outside I would have been crushed in the giant coils and it would have been necessary to kill the reptile before it killed me. I don't like to kill any specimen unless the occasion demands. It's my business to bring-

'em all back alive.

"My hand was beginning to go numb from the terrific muscular pressure that tugged and squeezed and pulled as the snake tried to take in more of my arm. I was combining orders with robust curses, and must have done a pretty good job at both, for my assistant finally got the python's jaws pried apart. Even then the work was not over. Before my arm was extricated I thought it would be pulled from its socket.

THE python was returned to its crate and my Malay boy and I spent the rest of the day picking tiny teeth out of my arm with tweezers and giving the numb and injured member first aid treatments. It was several hours before the circulation in my arm was normal.

A few days after the luncheon party I accepted Frank's invitation and "looked him up" at the hotel which he is using for his headquarters while in the city.

He met me at the elevator and as we walked down the hall

to his room he said, "I'm glad you caught me when you did because I don't know how much longer I'll be with you modern cliff-dwellers."

"Headed for the jungles?" I asked.

"Yes. For the jungles, but the trip will mean a different racket than usual for me."

"Don't tell me you're quitting the animal collecting game."

"Not exactly," he laughed. "Only this time I hope to be collecting pictures of animals as well as the animals themselves. I expect to sign up with one of the big motion picture companies within the next day or so. Everything is practically settled and soon after the dotted lines have been decorated I'll be on my way to Singapore with a couple of cameramen in tow."

I asked how it happened that his first broadcast was responsible for bringing him to New York.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I promised to tell you about that, didn't I? Well, it was on my last trip to the Orient and the ship put in at Manila.

I have a host of friends in the Philippines and, after holding a young reception with those who came to the dock to greet me, one of them hauled me off to attend a Rotary luncheon as the guest of honor.

"I don't know that I am any great shakes as an orator, but when I was introduced I managed to get away with it by telling some ani-



Little Tommy Tiger snarls a wicked farewell to India. He will soon be in America.

mal stories." Frank is too modest. He may not be an orator in the full sense of the word but he has the knack of making his adventures live again in the telling. "A newspaper editor was present and asked me if I would be willing to broadcast these stories that evening. I had heard a lot about Radio but the nearest thing to a broadcasting studio I'd ever seen were the wireless rooms on shipboard. The novelty of the thing appealed to me and I agreed to take a chance as a microphone performer.

"This Manila newspaper sponsors a half-hour program called 'The Front Page.' For fifteen minutes news events are broadcast in much the same way they are here by Lowell Thomas. By the way, I met Lowell for the first time in the East about ten years ago and used to run into him occasionally out there until he got so civilized he started spending most of his time here in the States."

"What about the other fifteen minutes?" I asked.

I COULDN'T say what they were accustomed to having, but for this particular broadcast I was the other fifteen minutes."

"Do you remember the call letters of the station?"

"Not offhand. Wait a minute." He dug up a scrapbook and found the desired page. "Here it is. Here. Station KZRM. Nice little place. The folks there treated me fine, too."

"What did you talk about? What stories did you tell?"

"I told about the time an orang-utan got loose on board ship and I knocked him out with a blow on the chin."

"With your fist?" I asked.



Ford Frick, New York newscaster, presents Mr. Buck to the Radio audience.



Frank "Bring-'Em-Back-Alive" Buck faces a live Mike and lives to tell the tale to eager listeners.



Suds. She learned the laundry business in the jungle.

"Sure, with my fist," said Frank. "I never met a 'rang yet who understood the first principles of boxing." He laughed and added, "I used to be pretty fair with the gloves. But I didn't have any on when I gave that fellow the uppercut." He rubbed the knuckles of his right hand in reminiscence.

"Oh, yes. I spent most of the fifteen minutes telling about Gladys. She was another 'rang," he explained parenthetically. "I bought her with four others from a Malay trader. When you buy from traders you never know whether the animals are wild or tame. You see, the natives often capture baby 'rangs and raise them until they are large enough to sell the traders. Sometimes a native family will keep a 'rang for a pet until it is full grown. That's about fifteen years. Let me tell you about Gladys. She was full grown. I didn't discover she was tame until I had her in the compound near Singapore, my headquarters when in the East. As her cage was being installed in a shed, along with others just arrived, I happened to pass close enough so that she could reach out through the bars to touch my arm. When one is familiar with 'rangs the approach of a tame ape cannot be mistaken. An untamed 'rang makes a hasty grab and bares its teeth. The tame animal is unhurried in its movements and the teeth are never displayed.

"Gladys stroked my arm so gently that I paused in my work and moved, bit by bit, closer to the cage. I was ready to jump away at the first sign of danger. But there wasn't an evil thought in this girl's head. When I knocked some of the front bars loose she stuck her head through and nuzzled my arm. Then I knew she wasn't fooling. A moment later I had knocked out enough bars so she could climb out.

"Man alive, she was the happiest animal I have ever seen. She hugged me in a motherly fashion, as well as her height of four feet would permit, stroked

my arms gently and then danced up and down in front of me. She certainly appreciated regaining her liberty, for by watching the humanly natural way in which she performed little self-imposed duties I was soon convinced that she had spent many years practically in the bosom of a native family.

"I fastened her, dog fashion, with a collar and about ten feet of chain near the house. The building stood about three feet off the ground and Gladys slept on the ground under it. Gave her some straw and a blanket and she made up her own bed, spreading out the first very carefully before rolling up in the latter.

"One day she stopped me to investigate a basin and washrag I was carrying. I gave them to her to see what she would do. She placed the basin of water on the ground and began scrubbing and



Suds. She kept it up in the compound.

dousing the rag, going through all the motions of a laundress. After first soaking it thoroughly, she picked it up with both hands and proceeded to wring it out, like an experienced washerwoman. Then she shook it out, put one corner between her teeth and stretched it flat with her hands. Making sure it was clean all over she walked from the shadow of the house to spread the rag out neatly on the grass in the sun.

"She used to slip out of her collar almost at will. It wasn't that she wanted to escape. She may have wanted to come and sit beside the road to wait for me to return from town in the car. I found her there several times. The minute the car stopped she would climb in and take the seat beside me.

"She liked to climb over the roofs of the house and sheds in the compound. She gave the young fellow who lived next door a good scare by suddenly appearing at his window to look in on him as he

was bathing. That wasn't a ladylike thing to do.

"The gardener's baby was her especial joy. She got a great kick out of swinging the child in a hammock. But the gardener objected to the motherly attention she gave the infant and I was forced to fasten her collar with a padlock. Unable to slip out of this collar she was forced to remain within the limits of the ten-foot chain.

"ONCE in a while I would take her in the car when making the trip to the city. She liked to ride and sat, very quiet, on the seat beside me. Sometimes, when I stopped in at the bar of the Raffles Hotel, I would let her have a small glass of beer. Once, to see what she would do, I took away all the chairs which surrounded the table where I was sitting and pretended not to notice that Gladys was present. Undaunted, she slid a chair over to the table and seated herself, reaching for my glass by way of announcing that she was ready for her beer.

"She made a host of friends on the trip across the Pacific and I had become so attached to my pet that I hated to part with her. However, I could not keep her here in the States. I had to let her go. It was the saddest animal farewell I've ever known. She was some girl, that Gladys."

"HOW did you happen to give her that particular name?" I asked.

"I don't know who named her. I didn't. But, as I remember it, she was called Gladys the day she arrived at the compound. And the name stuck."

"Where is she now?"

"In the Municipal Zoo in Madison, Wisconsin. Well," he said, referring once more to the broadcast, "I told that story and one or two others and the letters I received from interested listeners amazed me. So many of them."

Frank Buck's life has been so filled with adventure that he has a never ending supply of stories. He knows how to tell them, too. The majority of his yarns are a bit too thrilling to be classed as bedtime stories. He should never be permitted to broadcast at a late hour.

Suds. And suds was her reward.



London Salutes Lincoln

*Famous British Author Broadcasts
Glowing Tribute for the Great
Emancipator to All America*

By John Drinkwater

ABRAM LINCOLN was born February 12, 1809 in a log cabin with a dirt floor at Hodgenville, Kentucky, and grew up in an environment at once stark and romantic. Almost from babyhood he had to make his way by insistent and heavy manual labor, picking up a little elementary education at a school that was a log hut. The Lincolns had to win their living directly from the earth. Favorable weather meant a wooden bowl regularly filled. A bad season meant hunger and penury. He was a natural-born hard worker with a lean, whipcord physique which could easily hold its own in any work or horseplay that was on hand. He could be gentle, but he was never soft. He began to read walking twenty miles out and home again to borrow a book. Friends in distant parts of the territory encouraged him, and Aesop, Defoe and Bunyan became his friends.

He began to be employed on errands that took him far away from Tom Lincoln's cabin, trading along the Mississippi River down to New Orleans, where he saw slave gangs being dragooned in handcuffs, with the consequence of an impression made upon his mind which was later written indelibly on the history of the United States.

By the time he was twenty, Abraham Lincoln was an athlete who feared no comers, a graduate in the rigors of necessity, and more traveled than most of his station in life. He had further acquired enough book learning to give him a name among his folk for being "peculiarly so."

In 1831, we find him, independent now of home and family, serving in a store at New Salem, in Sangamon County, Illinois. He became a lawyer, and for twenty-three years he lived in Springfield, prospering in his profession, becoming more and more

talked of as a personality, sometimes elected to the state legislature, and sometimes defeated, and for a time serving as Congressman at Washington.

These Springfield days were an ordered probation to him. The obscure pioneer politician whom we see emerging in 1860 to take control at Washington, and after five years of authority to make an end, leaving a name sweetly memorable forever, may assume the character of a "God out of a machine", but if so he comes fully armed with experience patiently acquired during those twenty years on the Springfield circuit.

The man elected by the Republican Party to the presidency in 1860 had a few months earlier made his appearance before an audience representing the culture and intellect of the East. At Cooper Union, in New York, some fifteen hundred people assembled while a snow-storm swept into the city, and were astonished when a gaunt, uncouth man, over six feet in height, dressed in no fashion, with enormous feet and terribly conscious of his hands, stepped onto the platform.

If this were the possible candidate produced by the West for supreme office, it must be allowed that he was a very strange one. Culture and intellect were almost inclined to titter in spite of good breeding. Think of the Mayflower lines of long descent! Think of Mr. Seward! But as Mr. Lincoln went on speaking, Mr. Seward seemed to matter rather less. The



John Drinkwater, English playwright and one of the greatest living authorities on Lincoln, who broadcast this tribute from London, via the Columbia Broadcasting System



Abraham Lincoln

mild and disdainful curiosity gave place to unconcealed admiration. Intellect and culture needs must salute a sincerity so convincing, needs must see themselves transfigured in such homely logic, such native dignity. This man authentically was prophesying before them. The great audience forgot its decorum and surged up to the speaker in waves of enthusiasm. A new and grandly incalculable personality had come into the national life of America, had indeed come into history, with brief but imperishable annals to be told.

Lincoln's power came to its maturity in a time of war, and although the cause of the struggle and the issues involved have now emerged in outlines upon which disagreement is scarcely possible, this war was in its time, like all other wars, mired in almost indescribable muddle and apparent futility. The end, and the means to that end may always have been clear to Lincoln, but before the end was reached, he had to lead a hundred discordant factions through weary months, even years, of confusion. Often he seemed to be hardly leading them at all. His ministers, his generals, his political managers, the press, among all these were to be found patriots who were convinced

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Everybody's Sweetheart

*But Nobody's Darling—
Yet — Says Best-Loved
Soprano on the Air*

JESSICA DRAGONETTE

FATE was in an extremely gracious and pleasant mood a little over a score of years ago when she wrote in the stars that the birthday of a little sunny-haired girl, who is loved by countless persons, should fall upon Saint Valentine's day. And the parents of this girl, who could well substitute for a fair-haired Eros, were in league with this same beneficent Fate, for they looked down upon the crumpled pink mite and decided to call her Jessica Valentina Dragonette. No wonder that Fate and Saint Valentine smile happily and kindly today, for the bit of a baby has repaid all their dreams for her and is known, because of her golden, tender voice and charming personality as "Our Jessica", the "Baby Prima Donna" and the "Sweetheart of the Radio".

There is nothing one-sided or complacent about Jessica, despite the position she has achieved as perhaps the best known and most loved artist that Radio has produced; and for all her elfin charm she is an extremely earnest and serious little person with the unrest and the searching mind that mark the genuine artist.

Tucking a round-toed slipper under her and turning those large eyes of hers that she likes to call "plaid" upon the writer, Jessica delivered herself of an astonishing observation a short time ago.

"Do you know what I think I'd rather be than anything else?" asked Jessica. Shaking her little head with its masses of wavy hair at the obvious answer "just what you are," she went on, "I'd rather be a writer, I think, or a painter." Smiling at the surprised incredulity of her listener she explained, "You see, a note of music, no matter how lovely it may be dies at the very moment it is born. There is nothing about it that can be captured, really captured I mean; but a charming bit of landscape can live forever through the pen of a poet or the brush of a painter. Oh, yes,



I should much rather be one of them."

But although Jessica doesn't paint, save to outline a delicate cupid's bow (which is as it should be) upon the whimsical lips of a daughter of Saint Valentine, she does write. She writes magazine articles, and recently was pinch-bitter for a Radio columnist who invited her to his paper as guest-writer. Her articles are half-tender, with her affection for the unknown thousands who write her letters every week, and thoroughly intelligent with her understanding of the mechanics and requirements that go into the making of good broadcasting.

JESSICA has some verse also standing to her credit, of which the poem on the next page is an example. It was published more than a half-dozen years ago by a Philadelphia newspaper, when she was a shy and mouse-like little person just through with her training in a convent school among the gentle-eyed sisters.

The writer cast an appreciative glance at Jessica in her smart little black imported frock with its dainty points of white organdie at neck and sleeve, and

*Wear Scanties On The
Stage?—Oh No! So
She Turned to Radio*

*An Interview By
MILDRED MARTIN*

spoke of the pity that so much charm and daintiness should be hidden behind a microphone that, for all its sensitivity to a gracious and lovely voice, should be utterly indifferent to the personal charm of appearance of its artist.

"ANY fat old lady can sing," the writer hazarded, "but not many can bring your elfin loveliness and golden voice to footlight appearance. Just think what audiences are missing and how they would love you."

With a whimsical shrug of her small shoulders, Jessica, who sings weekly to thousands, said, "Do you know, I'm scared to death of audiences. Really, I am. I think it is the most romantic thing in the world to sing to people in their own homes when I can't see them and when they can imagine me as looking any way they want me to look. Just imagine anyone who likes to think of me as tall and dark and mysterious, or titian-haired and blue-eyed, seeing the real me. Anyway, I'd much rather not see my audience. Even the tiniest one frightens me to death, and I don't welcome the thought of television at all."

From anyone but Jessica this might be regarded a bit skeptically, but not so from Jessica, who is the most honest and truthful soul imaginable.

As most people know, she has appeared briefly behind footlights, and her very first experience in the theatre seems something in which her same watchful Fate had a finger; for when she sang the only solo part in Max Reinhardt's *The Miracle*, the part of the angel's voice, she was not seen. Only her enchantingly sweet voice flowed down from the heights, while Jessica herself was perched like a little bird high up in a balcony on the walls of the Century Theatre in New York.

Her days in *The Miracle* almost trod upon the heels of her convent days, not without a certain appropriateness. Quaking most of the time at her unaccustomed surroundings and fascinated by the theatre, Jessica stole about like a timid child. Great admiration for Lady Diana Manners awakened in her as she watched performance after performance of Lady Diana as either the madonna or the little novice, and Jessica began to regard the lovely blonde Englishwoman as something almost miraculous. One day the gracious Lady Diana sent for Jessica to tell her that the great Chaliapin had spoken enthusiastically of the golden voice of the unseen singer. In a daze Jessica listened, and later, speaking of the fascinating experience, said, "I suddenly saw a tiny safety pin holding a ribbon upon Lady Diana's shoulder. Somehow, then, for the very first time I knew she was human after all. When I got outside her dressing room door, I hopped for joy."

All of Jessica's experiences in the theatre, however, were not so happy. She once spent several bitterly unhappy weeks in the chorus of one of Earl Carroll's *Vanities* and upon one occasion nearly "stopped the show". For one of the finales the girls were required to dress in scanties and pass beyond the footlights upon a runway close to the audience. Jessica advanced part of the distance and stopped stock still, holding up the entire line of girls. "I just couldn't go on for a moment," Jessica explained. "I don't mind appearing in a bathing suit, that's all right. But," and her eyes flashed dangerously at the recollection, "to appear in UNDERWEAR, before all those people, that was a different matter." It is needless to say that Jessica soon terminated this uncongenial association.

She tells of another amusing episode when she was appearing as Kathie in one of *The Student Prince* companies. At a certain point she was required to kiss the actor playing the part of the Prince. "I was so nervous and I kissed him so hard," laughed Jessica, "that I left a large, red smear of rouge on his face. You know it was the very first time I had ever kissed a man."

During still another phase of her stage career Jessica utilized her great gift of mimicry and appeared as leading ingenue in *The Grand Street Follies*. Her ability as mimic is not limited to mere tricks of facial expression and voice, but in a few deft strokes, an essence of mind rather than any external thing, she can make people one knows, famous people that she has been quietly observing at a party, come to life with all their characteristics before one's astonished eyes.

Even the secret of her daintiness and smartness of appearance was once put into words by Jessica. In speaking of clothes she said, "I think it is quite necessary to consider the amount one spends on clothes

as an investment. You owe it to people always to look nice and they won't forgive you if you don't"

THERE is never a question of anyone ever having to "forgive" Jessica for not "looking nice", for whether she is flitting about in the little scarlet dresses she loves, or dressed demurely in black, or fluttering out to a party in a daffodil colored taffeta dress with a tiny white fur jacket over it, she looks like a fairy princess that has slipped from between the pages of her story book to brighten a drab world. Jessica's fairy story charm too, is something that is in-born and not acquired from contracts such as she signed in *The Vanities*, which stipu-

Jessica Dragonette

Writes A Poem



DREAMING

'TIS *Twilight now,*
And through the day's long waiting
I have thought
Half o'er the hour you'll be free
To go awandering with me.

ALONG the mountain's daisy bend,
And yonder where the lilacs send
Their perfume mingled with the rose,
To filter through the after glows
Of day.

I START—my being all a-tremble,
Nor cap nor mantle I assemble,
Only to wander hand in hand
With Wisdom in a lily land.

TO GATHER from your fecund
thought
How the cloth of life is wrought;
To feel your balm for human tears
Your love removing all my fears.

'TIS *twilight now,*
And through the day's long waiting
I have thought
Half o'er the hour you'll be free—
Then, little dream, you'll flee!

lated a session with the toothbrush five times a day and a visit to a beauty parlor twice a week.

Jessica's graciousness is perhaps best illustrated in her attitude toward her ever-increasing deluge of fan mail. Busy as she is with her studies, she answers hundreds of the letters herself and sends out thousands of photographs to anxious and ad-

miring fans. This, although she still continues her vocal lessons from one of the most famous teachers in New York, not to mention her Spanish and French lessons and the endless time she devotes to preparing her programs. For she even writes the condensed versions of operettas and musical comedies which are presented weekly in her broadcasts.

Now and then some of these letters cause Jessica to pucker her brows. For instance, there is a persistent admirer who writes song after song and sends them to her, requesting that they be sung on special dates. "And even if the songs were really good," wails Jessica, "he doesn't seem to realize that they might not be suitable and that our programs are prepared three and four weeks in advance."

There is a sixteen-year old girl, however, who is Jessica's special delight. Marjorie's mother brought her to the studio one day to see Jessica and the girl was stricken dumb in the presence of her idol. Since then there have been other meetings and many, many letters. Marjorie sings every piece of music that she has heard Jessica sing, and copies shadings and phrasing in an uncanny manner. She pulls her hair into the same lines as those of little Jessica's golden waves; and was once sent home from a girls' camp because she made life miserable for counsellors and herself—the camp boasted no Radio and she had to miss Jessica's weekly program.

The thing that most caught Jessica's fancy was to learn that Marjorie has one corner of her very own room turned into as exact a reproduction of a Radio studio as possible, from the gong and clock to an imitation microphone. "When she has come to see me," said Jessica, "she has sat as still as a little mouse and has never taken her eyes off me. It is more frightening to me, this close scrutiny when they even count your eye-lashes, than my whole unseen Radio audience, but I think Marjorie is a dear."

Jessica's own room is an enchanting place and it shows just how little all the adulation that has been heaped upon her has spoiled her. Here are no elaborate brocades and silken hangings. It is the room of a student and a dreamer, tucked high up in a tall building, and in it is Jessica's narrow little bed, her piano, her books and her pictures, many of which have traveled the road to success with her.

Trying to get any information from Jessica about love is like trying to capture a pixie or wood-nymph or to get information on the Einstein theory. Smiling gayly when asked if she is in love, Jessica says, "In love? Of course, I am. I'm always in love." And after all, isn't this the very best answer that could be made by a lovely, gay little person who, among her many, many gifts had no less a personage than Saint Valentine for a patron saint?



Another Answer to the

BEAUTY CHALLENGE

STATION managers, female artists and their sweethearts are all in a pothor these days . . . because of the **RADIO DIGEST** Beauty Popularity Contest. With television coming on apace, it was thought the psychological moment for Radio broadcasters to come out in the open and show the public what they have to offer.

Two popular stations have answered the challenge. In the February issue **KROW** of Oakland did a lot of know-ing over their staff of pulchritudinous damsels. Then in our March issue, **WMCA** of New York presented as fair an aggregation of singers and Radiactresses as one could hope to cast one's eyes upon.

Now out in the extreme west, **KFWB** and **KGER** seem to join hands in fraternal allegiance of some sort and pool their scintillating and dazzling array of pulchritude.

KGER, located in Long Beach, and **KFWB**, out in Hollywood, have an interchange of talent by which the beach station sends three or four programs a day to Hollywood over remote lines. This is not in duplication, for while **KGER** itself may be broadcasting one studio program for itself it is staging another which is sent over the wire for release by **KFWB**.

On the other hand, **KFWB** uses Bill Ray

(**KGER** manager) to announce over the Radio its premieres from various theatre forecourts and also releases to **KGER** once a week its Warner Brothers variety program.

Thus any possible rivalry between the two broadcasters is purely of a friendly nature, and in this spirit they have pooled their display of beauty to issue a rebuttal to the photos already published from both east and west.

In similar display of sportsmanship, **KFWB** has withheld pictures of famous stage and screen beauties who broadcast from the station and entered only regular staff entertainers.

Both stations confidentially expect that, as soon as these pictures appear in print, they will be bombarded by a horde of male artists anxious and eager to work amid such bewitching surroundings. Line forms on the right.

Other stations . . . here's your invitation to enter your fair entertainers in this nation-wide contest. Where are those far-famed beauties of the South with their peach bloom complexions? . . . Middle-western broadcasters, where are your corn-fed damsels with the come-hither eyes?

And readers . . . what is your opinion in this battle of the beauties? Write the Editor, **RADIO DIGEST**, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

KFWB entrants in beauty contest . . . (top row, first at left) Doris Jean Stone is the staff's youngest and smallest bit of femininity and does juvenile drama features. (top row, second) Nanette Vallon, musical comedy girl who specializes in Latin types calling for fiery emotional songs known as "hot stuff". (Top row, fourth) Ann Stone is both an actress and singer . . . likes naughty French girl parts and rolls a wicked accent. (Top row, fifth), Elinor Gail's deep dark past includes action with Roxy's gang but now she sings soprano over the air. (Picture on opposite page), Loyce Whiteman, the "girl with the wistful voice".

KGER pulchritudinous challengers . . . (Top row, center), Laura Lee Berry, sole surviving soprano, who took first prize honors as the station's best looker. (Left side, reading downwards), Marie Waters, violinist, leads the girls' trio and spends a lot of time answering fan mail from anxious members of her audience. Edna Bond, pianologue girl, who uses her trained digits and educated tonsils for the entertainment of many. Elsie Montgomery, 'cellist, when at home makes fudge, but at the studio does solo work and numbers with a string trio. Helene Smith, dainty and demure pianist, who does all sorts of keyboard improvisations.

Loyce
Whiteman

THERE'S a wistful something in the voice of Loyce Whiteman at KFVB that makes you want to go where she is and look into her face. She has a microphone soul. This photo gives you some idea of her appearance—with the other half of her face yet to be seen there is something more to hope for later on.





Ferne and Flowers

THE MASTER Gardener of the NBC Vigoro program discovers a rare Ferne in this garden—Miss Ferne McAllister. Sometimes, Ferne is seen as one of the Evening Glories of the Earl Carroll Sketchbook trolis. The stage beauties are twinkling across the Radio horizon with increasing frequency.

Lillian Taiz

THIS is the voice of the old Master's daughter, Lillian Taiz. She was well known on the air a few years ago. Then she went into musical comedy, was lead in "The Jazz Singer," prima donna in "Spring Is Here," "The Dutchess of Chicago," "Hello Paris," and "Artists and Models." Now she is lead feminine singer in the Dutch Master's weekly songfest heard over the CBS system.





Singing School

NOT all of the Seth Parker Singing Schools are located in Maine. Here is an especially good Seth Parker School as produced for Midwest listeners at KFH, Wichita, Kans. From left: Vernon Reed; Francis Diers, Lovina Lindbergh, Eunice Tole, Wilbur Schowalter, Dan Homer and Sue Fulton.

Tim and Ole

SEEING that the country was going to the dogs anyway Tim and Ole, the court house janitors, who discuss affairs of the nation over WCCO, Minneapolis, adopted Julius, a canine as sagacious as themselves. Tim is impersonated by Frank McInerney, automotive editor; and Ole by Fred Lundberg, sales manager.



Phillips Lord

CREATOR of the Seth Parker character familiar to all Radio audiences is shown here in character with Ma Parker, played by Effie Palmer. Scene in NBC studios, New York. The Seth Parker programs are syndicated to all parts of the country.



Just Out

GOOD little eggs—at least they were only a few weeks before this picture was taken showing them presenting an early morning overture at KDKA, Pittsburgh. It's their one moment of glory. A few little peeps and then back to the farm to make way for a new batch due the next week.



Byrd Dog

"WOOF! Do you hear me? Yip, I'm Dinny. Me it was who led the dog gang that pulled Norman D. Vaughn's sled pack over the ice fields on the Byrd Expedition. We showed them how to get there—and I guess if it hadn't been for us—what did we find CATS? Yeah—pole cats!" At WBZ-WBZA, Boston.



Flock Songs

"ARE you birds ready? O-kay! One-two, one-two! Commence—" and a second after this picture was snapped Pretty Picture, at the piano, and her canary chorus were lifting a glorious good morning to all the world, from WSA, Montgomery, Ala.



Louise Gillhouse

SOME day Peter De Rose hopes to hear Louise sing "When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver" and realize all that he imagined when he composed the piece. The listeners along the north section of the Pacific Coast enjoy Miss Gillhouse at KGW, Portland, Ore., for her soft, alluring voice.



ANNABELLE is younger than she looks in this picture but she began broadcasting when she was thirteen. She is equally agreeable as hostess and entertainer at WTAM, Cleveland. The piano is her favorite instrument of expression.

Annabelle Jackson

Rough Riders

LEM PERKINS and his Rough Riders hit the ether trail every Thursday night from KFEL, Denver. Over the mountains and through the valleys they ride and are welcomed at every ranch house with their galloping ponies and merry tunes.



Cowboys

ANOTHER bunch of hard ridin' banjo bustin' bull tamers is this aggregation of Oklahoma Cowboys under Boss Ken Hackley. And are they good! At WSM, Nashville, they broke a five-year record for fan mail with 5,000 letters and cards for one half-hour program.



Hayseeds

HEH! Heh! 'Tain't no use argyfyin' 'baout cowboys, folks, these whoopdinger Hayseeds of Augie Schultze at KPO in San Francisco sure do mess up the air with their lallygagin' an' hooray, fit to kill. Ef ye ain't heerd 'em yet ye got sompin' comin' to ye. They start rarin' 'round 'bout 9:30 p.m.





"Sisters"

BURLESQUING the household hints features these two gentlemen. Ed East (left) and Ralph Dumke are providing an endless assortment of "hints and helps" for making the home happy. They are heard every afternoon at 2:45 over a WJZ network as Sisters of the Skillet.

Hill Billy

A TALL lanky boy from the mountains walked into the WCKY studios at Covington, Ky., and reckoned as how he'd like to do a piece on his mouth harp and guitar for the Radio. Without even an audition he was given his chance while the Radio audience was asked to write whether he was worth hiring. It was a great success and Hill Billy Kid got the job.



Jimmy and Bennett

YOU remember reading about Jimmy McCallion, one of the youngsters now making big money in Radio? Here he is in a new role as Captain of the Jolly Junketeers. Bennett Larson is at the piano. They are heard over an NBC network Wednesday afternoons at 5:15 EST.





SHE has one of those voices that haunt you in your dreams—but that may be because she is the heroine in one of those absorbing mystery plays that you hear at WMCA. An actress and a singer plus the personality that equips her for that day when we shall see as well as we now hear.

Jeanne Carrol



Agnes De Mille

HER series, "The Modern Dance," concluded recently over the NBC net, disclosed Miss De Mille as a young woman of versatile accomplishments. Her comment on the latest figures in dance movements was eagerly attended in college centers while lectures in higher learning waited.



Norma Shearer

THIS is a particularly exquisite composition of curves, if you will note, but we present Miss Shearer as one of those delightful screen personalities who have come to appreciate the fact that after all Radio can be a medium for conveying art to a waiting world. You've heard Miss Shearer on some of those Hollywood specials. There's more about the subject on the opposite page.



Above—Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Lillian Roth. Left, Nancy Carroll. Right, Buster Keaton.

THERE was a time when Hollywood, to Radio, was quite high hat. But that is ancient history now.

No more does the gentle starlet lisp "Good evening, dear fans of Radioland". Oh, no. Nor do these stars of the screen forget their microphone appointments while several million breathless fans wait eagerly for the inspired words of their idols. They're not waiting so breathlessly in this enlightened day.

The fact is, the shoe is on the other foot.

For instance, a manager of one of filmland's luminaries might talk to the director of one of our Hollywood or Los Angeles Radio stations something like this.

"I say, old chap. I've got great news for you. I've fixed it all up for the biggest star in the industry to come down to your studio and talk over the air."

"What does she do?" our station manager might innocently ask.

"Do? . . . Why, man, I tell you this girl is a great star. The people will go crazy just to hear her voice."

"I'm sorry, old man, but you see our schedule is made out three weeks in advance . . . and, after that, . . . er, you know, things are so uncertain that . . ."

At this point the conversation is interrupted as the star's manager drops dead. Imagine telling anyone that you didn't want Norma Shearer on your Radio station! But then, nobody ever said that about Norma. Miss Shearer is one of the fortunate few who have Radio "it" . . . that rare gift of personality that passes through and beyond the microphone.

High-Hatting

HOLLYWOOD

Radio Turns Tables on Once-Haughty Movie Stars—Now They Push and Crowd to Reach "Mike"

We might also give a cheer for Marie Dressler, Jeanette MacDonald, Bernice Claire or Polly Walker. Charlie King, Alexander Gray, Buster Keaton and our old pal, Harry Langdon, also merit high rating.

But the purpose of this article is not to praise, condone or condemn, but to tread lightly o'er the past, to tell you of the rosy future in the way of broadcasts from Hollywood, and to give you an intimate glimpse behind the "mike" at a real "movie" broadcast.

To begin with, we'll treat the past briefly and with soft music. Upon first realization of the tremendous possibilities for publicity afforded by Radio, scores of Hollywood's finest rushed to the microphone. The aforementioned breathless public welcomed them with open ears. The result was disillusionment. There

was no preparation for these appearances. The programs were haphazard. First the public, then the Radio directors, then the producers and, lastly, some of the screen stars themselves discovered that the mere presence of one of filmland's idols was not enough.

And so our "movie" programs, as such, have died.

At present we find Radio and Hollywood, like a pair of quarrelsome lovers, making up. In no other field of entertainment are precision and careful preparation more vital than in broadcasting. Hollywood is learning that. On the other hand listeners all

over the country are clamoring for air personalities. Nowhere in the world are there so many vivid and colorful personalities as there are in magic film capital. Radio is learning that.

The result is obvious. Regular programs will be broadcast over the entire country direct from the sound stages of the great motion picture companies . . . just as sure as rain at a picnic. Arrangements are already being made in some places.

No persons realize the value of publicity more than the film producers. There is no other medium equal to Radio for the presentation of such publicity. The hook-up is a "natural".

What will these "movie" programs be like? . . . It is safe to predict that they will be more colorful and have more appeal than anything yet offered to the listening multitudes. They will effervesce with personality and fine music. They will bring us world famous characters in

By FRANK ORME

songs, dramatic sketches and talks written by the highest paid staff writers in the world. And above all, they will be broadcast from the giant sound stages of Hollywood's studios.

We might digress for another moment to comment on the fact that many of the greatest stars in pictures, who are at perfect ease before a recording microphone or before thousands of people in a theater, are terrified . . . yes, actually terrified . . . when they are about to make a Radio appearance. One of the world's best known comediennes and character actresses recently spent two days in bed as a result of her nervousness just before going on the air. On this appearance, by the way, she made a great hit with her audience.

Norma Shearer tells us that she is keenly conscious of the Radio audience when she talks into the microphone. While she is not visibly frightened, she says that she is much more keyed up before going on the air than she is during her work before the camera.

Ramon Novarro suggests that this high nervous pitch is due to two reasons . . . the lack of visible reaction to your work before the Radio mike and the knowledge that whatever is said or done is gone . . . it cannot be recalled.

When Richard Dix broadcast from Washington, D. C., at the premiere of RKO-Radio's *Cimarron* recently, he disclosed the fact that his Radio personality was as warm, as vital, as dominant as it is on the talking screen. And that was a test of Dix's self-command. For he is not an experienced Radio performer. He literally fears the "mike".

Estelle Taylor (in private life Mrs. Jack Dempsey, wife of the former world's heavyweight champion) was another of the group of RKO-Radioites which went to Washington to broadcast with Floyd Gibbons when *Cimarron* was given its premiere in the nation's capital.

Only recently Mary Pickford appeared in the Sunkist Musical Cocktail broadcast from Los Angeles over the Columbia network. This marked her second appearance before a Radio microphone.

Claudette Colbert, Paramount star, has broadcast over the Columbia network as guest artist of the Paramount-Publix Playhouse. With this microphone appearance, Miss Colbert gave an interesting account of her recent trip around the world. She found broadcasting "very thrilling indeed".

Ginger Rogers, another Paramount star, is no stranger to broadcasting studios.



Estelle Taylor

She has appeared as guest artist on a number of Columbia programs, lending her singing voice and charming speech to the ethereal waves. Miss Rogers finds in Radio a certain something that is missing on the stage and in motion pictures. Her fan mail after each broadcast is enormous.

Buddy Rogers is another star broadcaster,

in which role he sings, talks and plays the saxophone or any number of musical instruments.

Ruth Chatterton and Charles Ruggles have also taken to the air waves. In fact, with Charles Chaplin as the only exception, probably every important motion picture player has sent his voice out into the ether at one time or another.

But now let us look behind the "mike" at our real "movie" broadcast. We go back some months to a particular program of the old "M-G-M Movie Club", which was one of the most popular features ever to reach the ears of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain audience.

This description will give you an idea of what to expect when such broadcasts are resumed during the next few months.

This program brought to our ears the



Richard Dix

voices of Bessie Love, Charlie King, Jack Benny, Blanche Sweet, the M-G-M recording chorus and several other celebrities. Instrumental music was provided by Sam Wineland's thirty-piece orchestra, one of the finest on the West Coast.

Far back through the massive entrance to the huge Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City, a few miles from the heart of Hollywood, is stage nine, one of more than a score of great halls where many of filmland's most pretentious pictures are produced.

This room, one end of which was screened off for the broadcast, is more than a hundred and fifty feet long. The ceiling, with its myriad contraptions for cameramen, directors and electricians, towers high above the floor.

At six-thirty o'clock, two and a half hours before the broadcast, the orchestra was swinging through the last stages of a four-hour rehearsal.

Intermittently the engineer in the glass-enclosed "mixing" room, which hung from the side of the huge stage about twenty feet above the floor, would shout instructions through the loudspeaker below his cage.

And so an hour passed in whipping the program into shape. A brief respite for dinner was followed by hurried preparations for the fast approaching hour.

At eight-thirty o'clock, half an hour before the "dead line", a stir was created by the arrival of Blanche Sweet and Charlie King. Bobby Agnew, direct from one of the sets where he had been working, appeared a few minutes later with all his make-up on and wearing a tuxedo. Nita

(Continued on page 104)



Scene from KHJ "Movie Club" broadcast, showing Pietro Gentile being lashed while singing the whipping-post song from *Rogue Song*, by Lindsay MacHarrie, KHJ announcer. On the stand is Sam Wineland, director of M-G-M movie orchestras.



Li'l Ray perks up when he disposes of the heavy high hat and gets to work on Radio Digest's gossip column.

SPILLING airy persiflage into a defenceless microphone is one thing. Fastening it down on paper is another. Hot air in cold print doesn't always jell. But for goodness sake, it's not *your* magazine, and if the editor wants to let me play around in it, what's it to you? You only paid a quarter for your copy anyway. (Maybe you didn't even buy this one, but let's assume you did. Look, I'm giving you a fair break.) Why, the paper in this magazine alone, plus the fasteners, mucilage, ink, interest on the investment, overhead, underfoot and goodwill on earth amounts to more than a quarter. More than twenty cents. More than even fifteen cents, I guess.

Well anyhow, before you idly turn the pages and fritter your time away on something silly, at least give me a chance to make a statement. Recently some scallawag wrote to the NBC asking the purpose of my broadcasts, the wet smack. Well, I'll tell you. First of all I'm trying to bring sweetness and light and beauty into the lives and hearts of the Great Invisible Radio Audience—the GIRA as we in the "know" say. I can use GIRA in a sentence. Want to hear it? (You're supposed to say Yes.) All right: GIRA cheer for the team, boys.

Well, continuing with you readers who are left—let them go, they were the rumble seat element anyway—my second object

in broadcasting so persistently is to exert a wholesome, uplifting influence on the boys and girls in the studio itself, the Great Invisible Radio Artists. To distinguish the latter from the audience, we employ the abbreviation GIRA.

It's all a lot of gira.

But my dears you have no idea what goes on behind the scenes in a great studio. I shudder to think of the Sin rampant in the private lives of our best known Radio artists. It's the old, old story. Decked in the tinselled trappings of Radio, drenched in its dross, surfeited with its limpid luxuries, they plunge themselves into the mad giddy whirl of parties, picnics, strawberry festivals and clam-bakes. Nice boys and girls they are at heart, worthy products of the average middle class American Home, but that leap from drab obscurity to golden stardom takes its toll. Notoriety unbalances them, unseats their sense of rectitude and sobriety, until with nerves taut, with emotions saturated, they seek the grotesque and harmful thrills of social iniquity.

How am I doing?

WITH aching hearts, let us lift the veil that has shrouded the personal activities of some of these ethereal butterflies. Who would think to hear the silvery voices of May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, to the accompaniment of her dainty ukulele slapping and his virile piano poking, that their home (at least they *are* married) has been the

Broadcaster O I L

*Squirts and Smears from the NBC
Lubricator Who Trades His High
Hat for a Pineapple and Extracts
a Few Squeaks from the Studios*

By Ray Perkins

scene of Orgies at which kissing games such as Post Office and Forfeits were played? Fie for shame, May and Peter! Fie do you do it?

And would the ardent followers of Vincent Lopez, the one who is in the orchestra business, send him mash notes if they knew that he thinks nothing of five or six plates of ice-cream in a single day, especially in summertime? Well, now they know it. And do I care?

WHY only last month the Wasp and Wash Society discovered a love nest in Studio G. At least it could have been a love nest. It wasn't occupied, but the society has hopes.

The name of Andy Sanella is emblazoned on the hearts of millions as masseur of the slide-guitar in Papa Rolfe's Lucky Strike Orchestra. Some people think there's no swella fella than Andy Sanella. What would you say if I were to tell you that we discovered Sanella in one of the control rooms holding hands with a girl? He claimed it was his wife, and that he hadn't seen her for a week because he had been working on both day and night programs. Hm! And again (all together now) Hm! A likely story!

But the saddest case on record is that of one of our most promising young sopranos, whose name shall *not* be Jessica Dragonette, being taught the deadly habit of coughdrop eating by an announcer. Groping her way thru a foggy larynx, the poor child was induced by this fiend to eat a coughdrop before singing. Today she is a confirmed coughdrop addict.

I recall the case of the pianist, William Wirges, who plays first piano for the
(Continued on page 90)



Puppy

Lobo's Master Wouldn't Part With Him—Even for \$40,000!—Was Heart-broken At His Death

The DOG Whose BARK Helped Make Horace Heidt's CALIFORNIANS Famous

estates at Paris, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and in Italy. A wealthy man, he was able to make the flattering offer to satisfy a whim, but Moore flatly declined the offer. "Lobo is as a member of my family," Moore said at the time. "I couldn't think of selling him."

Now Lobo is dead and Lobo II is to take his place. Lobo II comes from the same dog kennels in California, of the same strain of dogs, and although he has been called Lobo, Jr., since Moore purchased him, the dead Lobo was not his father. They were related, although distantly. The belief that Lobo II (that is the name Moore now uses for the living animal) was a son of Lobo, has grown erroneously. The two animals looked alike, did the same tricks, played together. And Moore called the younger one Lobo, Jr.

Lobo was the dog. A giant, dignified, intelligent animal of the German police family. He won national fame with the Californians, partly as mascot and partly as entertainer, during their appearances over networks of the National Broadcasting Company. And he was known to American vaudeville audiences, the smart sophisticates of New York and the royalty of Europe. His death occurred recently in New York.

It was while Heidt and his band were playing at Monte Carlo in February, 1930, that Moore was offered \$40,000 for Lobo. The prospective purchaser was one Mr. Duera, who owns a famous stable of race horses and has fashionable



Horace Heidt, Leader of the "Californians" orchestra.

organized his dance band on the campus of the University of California, and Moore paid \$50 for Lobo. The dog was a pup of just a few weeks, and Moore purchased him for a pet. But he was destined, before much time passed, to take an active part with the band.

Lobo was always present, lying underneath the chair of his master, when the band played over an NBC network on the Shell Happytime Hour from KFO, San Francisco. Then his turn came. During an informal program, Hugh Barrett Dobbs, the announcer, suggested that Lobo should growl and bark before the microphone. And Lobo did.

THROUGHOUT western states, it was disclosed by an avalanche of fan mail which descended on the studio, dogs of every description and breed were terrified by Lobo's broadcast. Some Radio sets were broken by family dogs jumping against the receiver, apparently attempting to discover the owner of the barks and growls. Other dogs stood by, defiantly answering his bark with challenging barks. And the cats scurried for cover.

Immediately Lobo became a broadcast artist. Of late months, while the Cali-

Love

By R. A. Wilkinson

formians have been broadcasting over NBC networks from the Hotel New Yorker, Lobo barked during the signature number. Always he received voluminous amounts of mail. One woman recently insisted that she was positive Lobo could be taught to speak.

Lobo would stand for minutes, dignified and attentive, before a microphone, waiting the cue for his barking act. But some of his tricks and acts, by which he is known to a wide audience, are associated with the vaudeville stage and Monte Carlo. He played the role of an Eskimo malamute in *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*, and the role of a bloodhound chasing Eliza in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

THE *Shooting of Dan McGrew* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as staged by the orchestra during their vaudeville appearances, were short parodies on Service's poem and the American negro slave classic. Lobo played his two roles on alternate nights, and he played so well that he couldn't forget the role in which he was cast. After Lee Lykins, one of the orchestral members, taking the role of Eliza, began running away with a fake baby, Lobo would run in pursuit, barking. The trouble was in getting Lobo to refrain from chasing Lykins during the remainder of the performance.

Lobo, too, was probably one of the ranking champion heavyweights in the world's "dog ring." He used to spar a

couple of rounds with Horace Heidt, and Heidt was once collegiate heavyweight champion of the West. Also there was no little power in his fore-

paws, and he danced around on his rear legs with the agility of a prep-school athlete. These impromptu boxing matches were always conducted under the best of rules, the boxing festival starting when the bell sounded. If Lee Fleming, the drummer, failed to ring the bell Lobo would turn his head toward Lee, as if to say, "Ring the bell or I won't fight."

Dr. Carl Warden, of Columbia University, once gave Lobo a mentality examination, giving him the intelligence rating of a boy of nine years.

The astute Dr. Warden placed Lobo in one room, his master in an adjoining room, and Moore, the master, whispered instructions to Lobo through a keyhole. This eliminated the question of whether Lobo understood instructions by the inflection of tone, the snap of fingers or the change of facial expressions rather than by the actual word message. Lobo proved conclusively that he understood his master's words, a feat that had never been satisfactorily duplicated before by any dog, according to Moore.

And any doughboy's knowledge of the French language did not far surpass Lobo's knowledge of French. When Moore would ask him: "Parlez vous



Lobo was treated like a king's dog. Here he is, enjoying one of his feasts, while Clarence Moore, his master, looks on.

Francis?" he would shake his head. Likewise, when Moore would ask: "Do you speak English?" he would shake his head. But there was a sad air to the negative head shaking.

Moore always talked to Lobo in conversational tones. Never did he raise his voice, and he displays the same patience with Lobo II.

Lobo and Lobo II both used to sleep on heavy felt cushions, slightly inflated, in Moore's New York apartment. At any time of the night one could find them, their bodies curled up like a fire hose. The freedom of the home was theirs. Either of them could open the door to the bath room, push the plunger in the water bowl and turn on the water, thus securing a drink. And unlike a boy of nine, Lobo's mental prototype, they would release the water and shut the bathroom door.

LOBO II still sleeps in the apartment and still obtains his own drinking water, but he's lonely and disconsolate. Even though he attended Lobo's funeral he seems to question what
(Continued on page 104)



Lobo was a salaried member of the Californians, but refused to wear the "H-sweater" because it was beneath his dignity.



Folks

Marge Grows Philosophical as She Harks To All the Strange Requests that Flow Through a Broadcast Switchboard

By Muriel Allen

YES—this is WMCA. What's that? You're in a 'phone booth? Well, what can I—Oh Mister, Mister!

Marge turned away from the switchboard.

"Can you beat that? His girl friend is going on the air here in five minutes, and he wants me to pull a loud speaker up to the telephone transmitter so he can hear how she sounds! And he's calling from a 'phone booth in Jersey City!"

"You must get lots of queer calls, don't you?"

"Queer? Say, this is just a sample of the crazy requests that come in over this switchboard at night. Why, you've no idea what people can think up—F'rinstance, I had a call once—

"WMCA! Yes! No, you'll have to write in for an audition—You can't wait? But you see, that's the only way you can get an appointment. What's that? No, I'm not the Program Director. No, I can't listen to you—I'm too busy—and besides—" She flipped the trunk line key. "Ye gods! This bird's singin' to me—*After the Ball Was Over*—I wonder if he thinks I can pass judgment on him—Y'know, it's funny sometimes" — the key clicked on and off again—"Gee, he's down to the last verse—But I started to tell you 'bout a call I had once—a couple them, in fact—

"Hello—yes! No, ma'am, I'm sorry we can't accept any announcements like that—Sure, I'm sorry you lost your dog, but, you know, our programs are all arranged according to a set schedule, and we can't interrupt it to put on personal requests—I'm sorry.

"Ye—e-ees. What number are you calling? This is Columbus 5661. You're what? Getting married? (I suppose

she wants me to congratulate her!) No, ma'am, we'd be happy to oblige you, but the department that handles our musical programs is closed now, and we can't make any changes without their O. K. It's too late. (Could you hear that one? She wants us to play the wedding march from *Lohengrin* at 9:30 tonight because that's the time she starts toward the altar!)

"Mr. Goldberg? On the Jewish Hour? Sorry, I can't call him to the 'phone now



Sidney Kahn, the good-looking young WMCA baritone who keeps "Marge" busy answering 'phone calls from his fans. He is heard on Radio Digest programs.

—he's on the air. Will you leave your number? I'll have him call you—My name? Marge Perry! I don't understand you—will you please speak a little louder? I'm what? (Oh—Oh—here's a laugh for you! She says the only reason I won't call him to the telephone is that I'm prejudiced because I'm a Gentile!)

Marge is quite a philosopher, and the board subsided for a few minutes, giving her a chance to breathe a little.

"Gee folks certainly are funny. Some of them don't seem to use their think tank for anything but 'hot air'; some have an idea that everybody's goin' to pick on 'em, no matter what, and get all fixed for a battle before they know what it's all about. And some—God bless 'em—think Radio stations are first cousins to encyclopedias—all y'gotta do is to ask, and they can give you the answer! No trouble at all.

"**A**RGUMENTS? Sure, I have to settle a lotta arguments. Had a girl the other night—called up about ten o'clock to ask me the name of the man singin' over the air then. I told her it was Don Parker, and what do you suppose she did? Just shouted 'Whoopee—that means I win this bet' — then she called some one else and said, 'Will you please repeat what you have just said to me?' When the other girl got on the wire, I told her the man's name was Don Parker—and she starts tellin' me right away she was sure it was Rudy Vallée under another name!

"Fights too. I settle plenty of fight bets when people get so excited arguing that they forget to listen in for the final announcement from the ring.

"But I still haven't told you about those two calls I got one night—they came in about an hour apart. Each time it was a man's voice—and he didn't give

Are Funny

Illustrated By
Walter Van Arsdale

any name—just said he was a friend and that he was calling to warn us there was a dynamite bomb in the building. Boy! Did everybody start looking around the place like mad for the darned thing. And was I scared!

"**B**OUT an hour later another man called—I know it was another man because the voice and accent were both different from the first one! We had a 'labor program' going on that night and all we could dope out was that some bunch of soreheads was trying to get even or something. But by that time the whole station staff was just sittin' pretty and waitin' for the big bang—and plannin' to pick themselves up out of the rubbish in time to get home for breakfast. The minutes just dragged by. The program

went right along O. K., but everybody was just as tense as the dickens.

"All of a sudden there was a blinding flash—and then total darkness. Every light in the place went out. Everybody kept cool, and we dug up a candle or two to help grope our way around. Programs were still going on, but for several minutes the musicians had to play by ear, and the announcers had to 'ad lib' for dear life.

"Well, when they finally fixed the fuse, everyone looked around to see who was hurt, and there right under the fuse box, stark and stiff was a little mouse.

"The bomb? We never did find it!

"Hello! Yes, this is WMCA. No, we don't want any ice. (We've got a cooling system of our own—when they get too excited.)

"W-M-C-A—Ay! How late do we stay on the air? Until two o'clock tomorrow morning, sir! Cut it short? Oh, no sir, I'm afraid not. You see—what's that? Well, say, listen—(Could you get what he said?) Why, he's lit to the eyes—an' he says, 'Shay, can't you guys get off the air 'n' let a feller go to sleep?' Hey, Mister, why not try turnin' your Radio off—Shucks, he hung up.

"Oh, yeah, I get all kinda funny calls—What? You gotta go? Gee, I'm sorry—it's been nice to have you drop in—hope you'll run in again some time—Wednesday's a good day—not so busy—'Glad to have met you. S'long! G'nite!'"



"He's lit to the eyes—an' he says, 'Shay, can't you guys get off the air 'n' let a feller go to sleep?'—Mister, why don't you try turning your Radio off!"



Mrs. Allen in rôle of charming hostess serves tea to guests.

Radio

Ida Bailey Allen Recalls Days of Swinging Mike, Tiny Stuff Studios and First Broadcast—Something about Violets

By

Florence Roberts

How did this all begin—when did Mrs. Allen get the idea—how was it possible to develop such a mammoth project almost single-handed? Here is

Mrs. Allen's story from her own lips: "Up to 1923 I hadn't paid any attention to broadcasting but what little I had heard about it sounded preposterous. Although it seemed wonderful, the results were generally so poor that I felt it was nothing more or less than a freak of nature.

"Finally in 1923 I was lecturing in St. Louis in the murky month of April—and St. Louis is murky in April, you know that, and one of the editors of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* asked me if I would go to their Radio station and give a talk. This did not appeal to me at all, but finally they persuaded me to go. The speaker who preceded me was one Mr. Davies, the well-known tree man. He went first to the ordeal and emerged fifteen minutes later with his stiffly starched collar wilted to a string around his neck. He confessed he had never been so scared since he walked up the aisle to be married.

"I WENT into the tiny, heavily swathed broadcasting room and talked before a horn-like thing they called a microphone, apparently speaking into nothingness.

"I haven't an idea what I said except that I remember speaking about some very beautiful violets that were sold on the street corners of St. Louis.

"Well, pretty soon it was over," continued Mrs. Allen with the faintest sigh as she brought back the recollection of her early experiences. "And I received fifteen hundred letters which came from different points between St. Louis and the Gulf of Mexico.

"The next week I went to Kansas City

to give a series of lectures and a broadcasting station there asked permission to put a microphone on the stage. This microphone was a sort of swinging horn and worked admirably when I remembered to stay under it. But as I had a very bad habit of walking around the stage, the listening audience got my talks literally in instalments." Mrs. Allen's brown eyes twinkled.

"Broadcasting at that stage seemed to me to be something that conspired to keep me standing in one place when I wanted to walk around.

"THEN I came back to New York with no broadcasting ambitions. It was some two or three years later when I was asked to speak on Station WOR. It was a Christmas program and I remember suggesting that at Christmas time it would mean a great deal to children to have their mothers dressed in gay frocks and I suggested that every woman wear a red Christmas dress if she could. The letters poured in from everywhere, and red dresses bloomed like roses.

"When I returned to New York, one by one the large Radio stations around New York City invited me to broadcast as a guest speaker. But I declined whenever I could. The very thought of a microphone seemed almost to freeze my soul.

"Finally WMCA asked me to broadcast regularly and I decided I would try it, that I would use this new medium to find out what women really wanted. I would give them over the air the things that in lecture tours they had told me they wanted to hear. I would ask them to write me their frank opinions. In other words, I would test Radio and the women themselves.

"Within four weeks after I started, the response had become so great that I de-

Reminiscences

cidied to form a Radio Club, the National Radio Home-Makers Club to be exact. So on the hottest day in July, I invited the listeners to come to the ballroom of the Hotel McAlpin to meet me. One hundred and twenty-nine showed up. Then and there we organized the National Radio Home-Makers Club which was soon after incorporated with as broad a charter as has ever been granted to any organization, as far as I know.

"In August we had another visible meeting — this time the ballroom was overflowing.

"In September we had a third meeting in another auditorium. Seven hundred women *could not get in*. It took several policemen to handle the crowds.

"Not long after that I was made home economics editor for the *New York American*. The editorial board gave considerable publicity to my Radio work, which was then conducted over WOR and later over WHN.

"I gave two broadcasts a week, purely non-commercial, on subjects in which I felt women were interested. We had prize recipe contests, prize time-saving contests, actual speed cooking contests, meetings in Town Hall with broadcasts from the stage.

"I INTRODUCED music into women's programs. And I received more than one hundred thousand letters of appreciation from listeners in this district alone. Moreover, these women told me what they wanted to listen to and with what phases of their housework, their cooking and their lives they needed help. I read each one of these letters and I answered thousands personally.

"Night after night when my staff had gone home I would stay in my then small offices and read these letters from my listeners, tabulate their requests, and wonder how in the world I was ever going to gratify them.

"It was at this stage when requests for the broadcasts were coming from nearly every state in the Union that the idea of the *Magazine of the Air* was born, an idea

that has proved successful over the Columbia Broadcasting System, because it has helped women.

"Just as I was wondering how in the world I could finance broadcasts to the entire country, Mr. Herbert Houston, my old friend and former vice-president of my publishing company, Doubleday Page, came on the scene.

"WHY don't you handle this problem like a magazine," he said, "and sell a certain number of pages, making them sponsored programs, and keep others purely editorial?"

"I hadn't thought of that, but as a former magazine editor, I saw how sensible this solution was. I asked him if he would help and so our business association was created.

"To make a long story short, some six months later, after the plan had been worked out in every detail, I went on the air in my first chain broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Since then our programs have grown from one to as many as thirty-four programs a week. Our staff of four has grown to a staff of sixty-eight. And our visitors number thousands a year, and a quarter of a million letters have poured in.

"But the principle on which the National Radio Home-Makers Club was founded remains the same. It was founded on the requests and desires of the listeners-in. And today the thousands of letters that come receive just as careful attention and are as carefully tabulated as they were in the days when the club was first founded.

"And there is many an evening when I stay here alone, all by myself, read the letters and dream of the women who listen in."

Mrs. Allen sat back as she concluded her fascinating story. Only a woman with great vision, power and personality, could have carried the responsibilities of an undertaking affecting hundreds of thousands of home-makers.

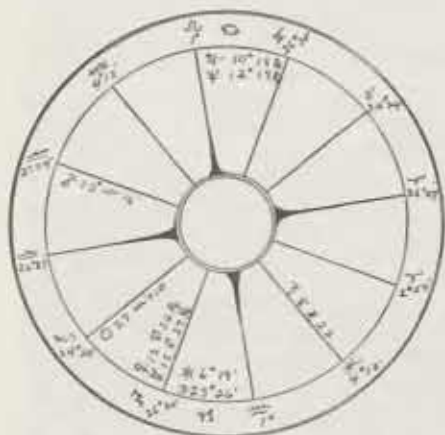
THE secret of her success is that she gives her audience what they want and need. Feminine listeners have received priceless instruction through Mrs. Allen's broadcasts. Those awkward with the needle have learned to sew a fine seam; drab corners in the home have been brightened up through a suggestion on interior decorating; innovations in food preparation, novel ways of getting up the family menu have helped to make the average Radio home what a home should be.

The Five Arts Program, one of Mrs. Allen's "Editorial Pages", is one of the most highly cultural periods on the air. Here you meet men and women prominent in every field of endeavor who share with you their philosophies. The common round of daily tasks take on a new aura through these inspirational talks and discussions by our great leaders.



One of the attractive passages in the headquarters of the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

Virginia Gardiner and Her Stars



Horoscope of Virginia Gardiner, who is the model for this month's RADIO DIGEST cover, painted by Guy Hoff.

Venus Smiles on the Lovely Radiactress Who Is This Month's Cover Girl—Gives Her Beauty, Brains, and—but just Read What Else!

By Peggy Hull

WELL, here we are . . . just back from a trip along the Milky Way and we've got some spot news about that lovely little star of Moonlight and Honey-suckle (WEAF) . . . Virginia Gardiner . . . If we were a producer . . . or a manager . . . or whatever it is Radio stars have . . . we'd run right out and sign Virginia to one of those long-term contracts we read so much about in the movies . . .

I had a little heart to heart talk with Venus . . . as a matter of fact . . . went on that starry jaunt for the express purpose of taking that lady to task for neglecting Virginia . . . I've liked her for such a long time and I couldn't see why the planets weren't doing right by her . . .

Venus, as you know, is the one we always run to when we're in trouble . . . she's such a lovable person and unless she's afflicted in the natal chart . . . no, that's not what you think . . . the natal chart is a little slip of white paper which an astrologer uses to set up birth rate . . .

It was very easy to see that Venus was on the job in all her glory when Virginia was born, for she exhibits the interest of this planet of beauty in every line and contour . . . So I went right up to Venus . . . who was having a busy day of it by the way . . . and I said, "Look here, Venus, how come you don't give Virginia Gardiner a break . . . she's one of the most popular stars on the NBC chain and yet I've a feeling that she's not getting what she should."

VENUS looked pained . . . She gave a swift glance from glorious azure blue eyes and then explained, "It's this way, Peggy . . . I've been having a lot of trouble with my little protege, Connie Bennett out in Hollywood . . . It takes an awful lot of money to keep that child in circulation . . .

and of course, you know how I am . . . take a pride in my work just like you people on earth do . . . so I determined to see this thing through . . . I'm glad," and Venus actually sighed a sigh relief, "that her last contract has been fixed up and now I can take up other matters."

She pressed a little star and one of the heavenly messengers appeared at her elbow. In the most business-like manner, Venus directed, "Bring me the birth data of Virginia Gardiner."

I HAD a chance to look over the office while she was making some notations on a little pad, and I couldn't help but envy Venus such a lovely spot in which to work . . . The walls were done in snowy cloud effects . . . and they were very tall and ended in a turquoise blue ceiling . . .

All the furnishings . . . the desks, chairs and filing cabinets . . . were done in some kind of composition that looked like mother of pearl with gold trimmings . . . it was a very impressive set up . . . but let me tell you about the carpet. It was so soft and buoyant that I felt like I was walking on down feathers, and it was just the color of the morning Sun . . .

Venus was dressed as usual in her favorite color, a silvery violet, and, of course, being a planet, she could walk around as easily in her flowing trains as we do in sports skirts.

She took the data which the messenger brought to her and gave a little exclamation, "Oh, this is just splendid. Now I understand why I haven't had her called to my attention before."

She leaned back in the mother of pearl swivel chair with its gold frame, and I give you my word there wasn't even a creak out of it and said, "Virginia is one

of those girls who can take care of herself . . . She's a hard worker and is going to win a success that she'll wear as a crown of achievement as long as she lives."

She laid the birth chart on the desk . . . "Just look at this." She pointed to the position of the planets, "Here we have steady progress . . . a slow upward movement over a period of years . . . a deepening of comprehension . . . of emotions . . . of thought processes . . . this girl has one of the best minds of anyone in her profession . . ." she tapped a gold pencil lightly on the shimmering top of the desk . . .

"Within nine years," she said slowly and impressively, "this girl is going to sweep to the very top of her profession . . . she'll be proclaimed as the greatest dramatic actress of her time . . ."

"Whew," I said, "that's certainly something to look forward to . . ."

"And that's not all . . . her road toward that goal begins right now," went on Venus, "she'll be surprised one of these days with an offer that will be far beyond her present expectations . . . but the best aspects are forming for her the latter part of July. From then on things will be very nice . . . maybe she'll take a trip abroad in the summer . . . August I should say . . . if she does . . . it will do her a lot of good . . . and will prove beneficial in more than one way."

I PUT these notes down as fast as I could because I was sure all of Virginia's Radio friends would be glad to know that some wonderful things are coming for their favorite. She'll have to be careful during the latter part of April about falls . . . you know there are times when can stumble over a rug and court

disaster . . . and other times a fall doesn't even give us a bruise . . . but Virginia must be careful of how she uses her feet during the last week of April . . .

At this time there is also a possibility of some misunderstanding with women, but Venus said she wasn't going to worry about that because Virginia is such a sweet girl and so tactful that she could control any situation.

Of course I was curious about why she was so successful as an actress on the Radio . . .

Venus pointed her gold pencil to Mars in the twelfth house. "This is why she earns her living in a concealed position. The Radio gives her success because her achievements must come while she is hidden. Many of the men and women who have dominated history, yet who during their lifetime did not appear in person before the public, have Mars in this position. In the latter part of life," said Venus impressively, "she too, is going to make some constructive and permanent contribution to mankind. I should say it will be in some form of writing. She may not think it possible now, but her horoscope shows that long after many of the favorites of today have been forgotten, her name and her work and her thoughts will be guiding future generations."

Well, I guess that's some horoscope . . . I can't imagine anybody not getting a thrill out of prophecy like that!

Here are some other things I learned about in that white and gold office of Venus.

Virginia must save her money. She will never have any extended periods of bad luck, but because she is extremely artistic, sensitive and easily affected by her environment she must be prepared for an occasional rainy day. She has very high ideals . . . so high, in fact, that it is almost impossible for an ordinary human being to live up to them . . . she is a fascinating creature because she possesses that curious elusiveness which all actresses who achieve great fame seem to have. It is the same quality which Greta Garbo has and yet it is not so repelling because Virginia has a warmer, more enthusiastic and human nature.

JUPITER in the sign of Cancer gives her great success with the public, and as Jupiter is now transiting her birth sign it will doubtless bring to her some unusual offer.

I suppose that Virginia has often wondered why it was that she couldn't go out to parties and have a rip-roaring good time like everybody else there seemed to have . . . she would think she was going to have a good time . . . that this time

everything would be different . . . but it always turned out the same.

Saturn in the fifth house causes its subjects to go looking for pleasure on the outside but it at the same time makes it impossible for them to find it . . . Virginia is going to get her greatest happiness in this life through the realm of her mind. She has Mercury in Sagittarius and it remains for practically all her life, in the same unusual situation that we found in Will Rogers' horoscope. This is a splendid position for Mercury and when all the deep and profound thoughts which even now are on the borderland of her consciousness begin to creep through, life will take on a new meaning. Doubtless many of her friends never suspect the depth and profundity that is buried beneath her flashing smile and gay words. Seriousness is never connected with vivaciousness and yet there is no reason why the most serious person in the world can't relax and kick up his heels if he wishes to do so . . . Now we don't know whether Virginia kicks up her heels or not . . . but if she does we'll wager they are very pretty heels and she does it very gracefully, for she should be

an excellent dancer, as well as singer and musician.

She has strong intuitions and hunches about everything important that comes into her life . . . and she should never go against a hunch . . . if she follows her intuition she'll never have much trouble . . .

If you were born with your Sun in Scorpio, like Virginia Gardiner . . . that is between October 23rd and November 22nd . . . then you belong to one of the most powerful signs in the Zodiac. For Scorpio gives strong characteristics, shrewd judgment, excellent critical faculties, the ability to work hard and to give minute attention to details. You are reserved, tenacious, determined and extremely secretive. You do not want anyone, even those closest to you, to know all about your affairs. As Mars is your ruler you express his fiery force either for good or for evil. You will take up a battle at any time for someone else, or for some impersonal cause, and you will never be content with half measures . . . it is either one extreme . . . good or bad.

While Scorpio people, if their planets are afflicted, often take the wrong side of an argument, they have one redeeming feature—they are not underhanded or crafty, whatever they do, they do in the open and above board.

They have a vivid imagination; a clear, sharp and penetrating mind; and possess great personal magnetism.

Peggy Hull is casting personal horoscopes for RADIO DIGEST readers. Send for yours—see special offer on page 102.

History records that:

MISS GARDINER was born in Philadelphia. She started singing in the "curls and pink bow" period and kept it up throughout her childhood. Her family moved to Toledo and she began to make public appearances as a singer and in amateur dramatic productions.

She went back to Philadelphia and studied music at Curtis Institute for two years. Then she won a scholarship awarded by Madame Sembrich, of the Metropolitan Opera Company and for another two years studied under the direction of the opera star. Concert engagements followed and then she decided to seek a career in the Radio studios. She found it.

Miss Gardiner is tall and well proportioned. She is pretty and laughs a great deal and has the kind of teeth you see in dentifrice ads. Though she has no real theatrical background she acts strenuously when she is before the microphone. She has a half dozen different voices and has used them all in one program in which she was called upon to play many roles.



This April Virginia's stars warn her to be careful about falling—good thing her winter planetary influences aren't such kill-joys, 'cause she just loves slippery ice and snow.

Broadcasting from the Editor's Chair

Advertising and Radio Broadcasting

EVERY few days, there breaks forth some new outburst against the ruination of Radio programs by an overdose of advertising. Complaints emanate from the great as well as the small. Indeed, there is no doubt that the great mass of Radio listeners would be pretty drastic in deleting advertising copy if they could have their own way. In fact, they might go quite too far and wind up by killing the hen that lays the golden eggs—the hen in this case being broadcasting and the eggs, the programs of the air.

To our way of thinking "there is much to be said on both sides", but before most of the talking is done, representing either viewpoint, the "loud speakers" should acquire a much more detailed knowledge of the subject whereof they complain. Most of the tirades with the strongest echoes are the vociferations of men and women who are ignorant of the facts, intolerant or impatient by nature, or just downright selfish.

Considering some of the transgressions which have been committed via the microphone, this may sound like propaganda, like an effort on the part of the Editors of RADIO DIGEST to persuade the Radio audience to refrain from criticism. Nothing could be so far removed from the truth. Our primary sympathies lie with the public in consequence of which fact no one could be more desirous of protecting the American people from abuses in broadcasting and particularly in program conception. As a matter of fact, we actually anticipate occasional clashes with Radio manufacturers, with broadcasting stations and with program sponsors. In every such instance it will be found that RADIO DIGEST is "with the people". We have come out unequivocally on such matters as Radio censorship, electrical transcriptions and the musically inferior type of midget sets. Regardless of consequences, we are going to serve our readers—the Radio public—first, second and last.

And so, while we propose to approach this question of whether advertising is destroying the popularity of broadcasting with every effort to be fair to *all* the parties concerned, we confess beforehand that we are partial in our viewpoint to the best interests of the listening public.

Let us consider: Is advertising on the air overdone? Most emphatically, *yes*. Should advertising on the air be suppressed? Most emphatically, *no*. What should the public attitude be toward advertising via Radio? In our estimation it should be one of tolerance insofar as moderate inclusion of advertising is concerned and one of constructive criticism in those cases where the advertising is definitely offensive.

At this point it may be well to draw some parallels, with such things as books, "the movies", magazines, the theatre, the opera and the newspapers.

In the case of books, the public pays a full pro-rated price for each and every copy. There have never been any serious complaints because of this method of doing business with the public; the reading of books has been rendered more widespread by public, private and endowed libraries. In the field of books the public can buy only what it believes is worth the money and the time required for reading. The option of the public, as regards books that are both paid and free, is so complete that the system of book distribution has received public acceptance.

In the field of moving pictures, free exhibitions other than those of an educational sort are of minor volume. The public has accepted without ado the principle of paying a pro-rated cost for each and every admission to a given show. The theatre and the opera fall largely in the same category, although endowments and underwritings generally pay part of the expense of attending opera for the audience at large.

WITH magazines and newspapers, the situation is different. With comparatively few exceptions the public pays for only a part of the physical cost and almost never for any part of the editorial cost—in other words, for the cost of the actual words they read and pictures they see. Who takes up this staggering slack? Obviously, advertising does. And what a break that gives the dear old public, who in the early stages of publication advertising used to be so resentful in its attitude. Gradually, however, all this has changed. The public has learned to accept printed advertising in magazines and newspapers not only as an acceptable means of reducing subscription costs and greatly improving editorial contents, but also to a considerable degree on its own account because of the news and information contained within the advertising itself.

At this juncture, one may ask what all this has to do with Radio advertising. Plenty. Because as matters now stand, practically the entire cost of Radio programs of all types, sustaining as well as sponsored, is being underwritten by advertisers who are willing to spend millions and millions of their hard earned dollars to entertain and inform the American public, provided only that they be given a reasonably good opportunity to acquaint the public with the products they have to sell. What a break for the public in having its Radio program cost so completely assumed by advertisers!

Radio sets are sold to the public on a basis which includes no part of the costs of broadcasting. Therefore, the set owner finds himself in the position of being "all dressed up but no place to go" unless some kind soul comes along to sell him or to give him a program. In America it is a case of give, though with many of the important foreign countries,

the Radio audience is compelled to pay. And, irrespective of the cost element—which is not to be lightly considered—what does the public get?

Where the public pays for its programs—as in England, France and Germany—the public gets virtually no choice in broadcasting stations, and hence virtually no selectivity in programs at a given hour and day and, of course, a very limited variety of programs and schedule of each particular type. As in the case of most governmental projects, the public is compelled to accept what is thought best for it to have rather than what it chooses to have. Furthermore, program competition for public attention is virtually unknown.

And what by way of contrast do we get in the United States, under our system of the Radio set owner paying no part of the tremendous cost of broadcasting and providing programs? Here are just a few of the benefits:

1. A numerically large number of stations, operating under a wide variety of managements.
2. A wide selectivity not only of stations, but of variety in programs and quantity of each type.
3. Talent, definitely the best in the world, with lots of variety as to kind of talent and the number possessing each type of talent.
4. Extensive competition among stations and programs for public attention, thereby enabling the public through its untrammelled ability to "turn the dial" to force steady progress not only in the excellence of talent but also in the excellence of programs and in a satisfactory application of the advertising phase.

IN OTHER words, in America, the public sits in the saddle with adequate control over programs *without paying the bill*, while in the countries where the public pays the bill, the Radio audience is ridden by those in charge of broadcasting. All of which, incongruous as it may at first blush seem, is why RADIO DIGEST believes that the primary interests of the Radio audience can best be served by an attitude of welcoming advertising as the underwriter of broadcasting (even as it has done with magazines and newspapers).

We should not feel so inclined were not the key to the whole situation both figuratively, and literally, right within the hands of the public. We refer, of course, to the ability of the public to tune in and tune out whenever and whatever it chooses. With this supremely powerful factor under its own control the public need never worry for long about blatant or offensive advertising. The remedy is ever at hand, but because of this very fact the public should make a conscious effort to educate advertisers on the kind and amount of advertising that is acceptable in exchange for the advertisers' underwriting a wide variety of very costly

programs. For the mutual benefits there should be a blending of effort to arrive at a mutually satisfactory result, instead of pulling apart due to lack of understanding on the part of advertisers as to proper advertising technique when on the air, or to lack of tolerance and sympathetic appreciation insofar as listeners are concerned.

The American method of paying for broadcasting is the best in the world, when judged solely by the standard of number, variety, and quality of programs offered to the public. Let's keep that fact always in mind.

It is certain that advertisers do not want to offend the public—without exception they are aiming to please the widest possible audience. Hence the problem, in so far as advertising is concerned, revolves around what constitutes good technique.

There are effective ways and means of being constructive and cooperative in our criticism. More of this later. And meanwhile, let's take care that the hen who lays the golden eggs shall be with us ever more.

RAY BILL.



RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

SETH PARKER says, "One thing about singing these old tunes, they make everybody feel as if they were neighbors." And the first impression that you get of Phillips Lord, the creator of Seth Parker, is that he is a neighborly person.

I met him for the first time in a bare little hotel room where he had gone, he said, "to find a little peace in order to finish up some work." (Dictating an "Uncle Abe and David" sketch, answering the 'phone about every two minutes, and being interviewed by me, doesn't seem like peace but then we all have different ideas.) Yet even in the rather

immediately upon meeting Phillips Lord, but it seems hard to believe that one so young—he is under thirty—could be old Seth Parker on the air.

"I can't believe it," I told him.

"Can't you?" His forehead wrinkled up. His shoulders hunched together in an old man's stoop. There was a tremor to his hands. He said, "Would you just give us the note, ma."

It was Seth Parker himself. (A picture of Mr. Lord as Seth Parker appears on page 36—Editor.)

"Yes," said Phillips Lord, "I often use that voice as a means of identification. It's rather convenient sometimes. I remember once I had to buy a tire in a strange town and they took my check on the strength of my Seth Parker voice."

Perhaps no one who owns a Radio has failed to hear the Seth Parker program at some time or other. If there is any such person, then let me say that the program goes on the air every Sunday night at ten-forty-five, eastern standard time, from the NBC studios. It is one of the best known and best loved of all the programs, and probably does more good than any of them.

It is a religious program, yes, but a member of any church could step into the "gathering" at Seth Parker's and feel at home. And Seth Parker's philosophy is summed up in the word neighborliness. As Phillips Lord says in the foreword of the Seth Parker hymn book: "A neighbor is a man, you know, who tries to make living a mite more fun for everybody and when a man gets feeling this way, he's pretty sure to catch religion. One thing to remember, though, is that if you're a neighbor, it doesn't make much difference what color the church is painted that the other neighbor goes to."

The group that plays Seth Parker—Ma and Cefus and Captain Bang and Lizzy and all the rest of them—is a very congenial and friendly one. The rehearsal which I attended didn't seem like a rehearsal. Instead it was a group of neighbors dropping in to sing. I felt a part of it myself. Lizzy—that's Mrs. Phillips Lord, a slim, brown-haired person—came over to talk to me. She told me about her two babies, about how she couldn't

help her husband as much as she'd like to now because the children were getting to be a man-sized job. She was excited because that night she and her husband were leaving for Washington, where they were going to put on a Seth Parker sketch for a mission society. She said they were to meet President Hoover. We were chattering away as if we had lived in the same town for years. Suddenly the subject of colleges was brought up.

"I went to the University of Arizona," said Mrs. Lord, "in Tucson."

"But that's my home town."

"Don't tell me you're Oliver's sister?"

"And did you know . . . ?"

"And have you been . . . ?"

She'd been a neighbor of mine for two years without my knowing it. We both had to come to New York to meet. Not that she is a western girl. Her home is in Connecticut.

The story of the birth of the Seth Parker idea is an interesting one. Two years ago Phillips Lord came to New York from Maine. He wanted to write but after he'd collected enough rejection slips to start an album he went to work in a candy factory. One evening he happened to listen in to a Radio program about country life. It was so untrue, so exaggerated that he felt he must do something about it. That something was to write a sketch himself, get a group of people together, rehearse them in the sketch, and then take it to one of the smaller stations. It was put on and was an instant success. Then he started sending the scripts out to other stations. Seth Parker's Old Fashioned Singing School began to be heard in all parts of the country. And he is still sending out the scripts. One is being rehearsed now in an Australian station.

Naturally NBC heard of young Lord and his Singing School. They wanted to buy it from him, but Lord felt he could not take it away from the smaller stations that had stood by him when he was getting his start. However, he offered NBC another idea, the Sunday evening gathering at Seth Parker's, and as such it has gone on the air, in a coast-to-coast broadcast.

I asked Phillips Lord why he thought



Phillips Lord

hectic moments that we were in his so-called place of refuge, he made me feel at home and welcome, just the way old Seth Parker makes all his guests feel welcome at his home up in Jonesport, Maine.

The friendliness, the kindness, one gets

Morton Downey

NO, MORTON DOWNEY isn't related to Napoleon.

But because he has a certain little trick that the French Emperor had, he is able to weather the hectic life that a program of seven broadcasts a week, running his Hotel Delmonico Night Club, and making personal appearances at the Paramount Theatre, entails. And that trick, which saved the "Little General" through so many of his campaigns, is the ability to fall asleep at a moment's notice. Morton Downey can catnap any place. He picks up his rest little by little, here a minute and there a minute. Otherwise the regime he leads as Columbia's busiest tenor would surely kill him.

The afternoon I saw him in his office in the fashionable Hotel Delmonico, he had just come from a broadcast at WABC, was due in a little while at the Paramount Theatre, and then would come back to direct his orchestra and sing in his night club. And that is his daily schedule. Yet there he sat as if he had not a thing on his mind, discussing his favorite hobby, the raising of pedigreed dogs. Incidentally, it was his friend, Harold Lloyd, also a dog fancier, who inspired this canine interest.

Downey has an amazingly high, sweet tenor voice. And so good does Columbia consider him that it puts him on four days a week—Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at seven o'clock. Yet despite the competition from Amos and Andy, the tenor is receiving more fan mail than any other of Columbia's ar-

(Continued on page 90)



Morton Downey



Helen Nugent

the rural type had such a wide appeal. His explanation was that farm memories are very close to every American. The great cities have not yet made us entirely urban.

And as I left the studio that night, after listening to Seth Parker's homely philosophy, I felt that the world couldn't be nearly so bad as people made out.

Helen Nugent

BUT I haven't any story," said Helen Nugent, when I talked to her in her lovely, East Forty-sixth Street apartment. "I always knew I wanted to sing. I plugged away at it. And now I'm singing."

You notice she said she plugged away at it. For one thing Helen Nugent has, is the capacity for hard, purposeful work. Oh, yes, Columbia's popular staff singer has a lot of other things, too. She's Irish, you know. She has the clear pink and white skin, the coal black hair, the certain wistful something in her beautiful eyes that children of Erin so often have. But she has that other thing that occasionally is missing in the Irish strain—the power of concentration.

Her voice is a lovely mezzo-soprano, but she can sing alto without effort. She

knew she wanted to sing ever since she was a child. And the road by which she has come to be one of the most popular sopranos on the air has been the quite undramatic, but usually successful one, of native talent plus applied effort.

Cincinnati is her home town, and when she was seventeen she tried out for the Cincinnati Summer Opera Company. She was chosen from a large number of competitors. She became a soloist for the opera company, singing for them six years. During that time she studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Her Radio career began with WSAI. That was six years ago.

"So you see," she said, "I am quite a pioneer. We used to sing into a horn back in those days, and if we sang too loud and 'blasted,' the sparks would fly out in our faces. It was a pretty effective way of preventing us from doing it."

Not that Miss Nugent has to worry about her microphone technique. Her voice is perfect for the air; it has that intimate, I'm-singing-right-to-you quality that is so essential for Radio. Miss Nugent went on to explain why some grand opera stars fail before the microphone. "It's because they can't forget their stage manners. They are put in a big studio and feel they should fill it; or they are conscious of the millions listening in, and sing as if to a great audience."

Miss Nugent would like to go into light opera and musical comedy some day. "Not give up Radio," she hastened to add, "but I should love to do both.

It would give me an opportunity to act, and that is what I most love to do. However, when television comes I'm going to be able to eat my cake and have it, too."

Notice the pajamas Miss Nugent is wearing. She had them on the afternoon we had our talk. They are deep violet satin and very fetching. Pajamas, incidentally, are one of her hobbies. Another is her canary, "Thou Swell". "Thou Swell" believes in singing in the bath tub. Not when he is, but when she is. Every morning the sound of the shower starts him warbling. He sings while she is eating breakfast, and then refuses to give out a note till six o'clock in the evening.

As for the singing of his mistress, she sings in five languages, and speaks in two. Her Spanish is as fluent as her English. In her years at school she had as a room-mate a young girl from Mexico City and it was from her that she learned her Spanish.

Miss Nugent has been with Columbia since 1928. She is heard on the Robert Burns Panatella Program, in Ward's Baking Hour, in the Mardi Gras, with Ben Alley, in the Paramount Publix Hour, in Three Modern Maids, and in The Coeds. Watch for her in two new commercials, too. They are to be announced soon.

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask

Her about the Stars You Admire

TODDLES (Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court) and Marcella, garbed in our finest plumes, walked rather nervously to the CBS to interview Louis Witten—one of the handsomest announcers, my dears, we have ever seen. Bowing most graciously and with a perfectly devastating voice, he welcomed us. Tod-



Louis A. Witten

dles kept on nudging me and I kept nudging her as dear Mr. Witten told us his history. Would you believe that he used to sell trucks and autos—that was after he left the army at 21—he's 33 now—a glorious age, don't you think? Was announcer for CBS until Hanff-Metzger, advertising agency, realizing he was worth his weight in gold made him head of Radio Department. Now is guest announcer on Royal Typewriter Hour.



Anthony Wons

My dears, only one word can describe Louis Witten—he's devastating!

• * *
MARCELLA SHIELDS MACNAMEE of The Troupers and your own Marcella spend our days and nights getting our letters straight. The only

broadcasting this Marcella has done has been confined to wax—instructing chickens how to lay eggs.

So Mrs. Waalkes, as you 'eard. Jane of Secor, Ill., joins in your request for a glimpse of Tony Wons, the man with a philosophy all his own. He was born in 1891 under Menasha, Wis. skies. On the shore of a Wisconsin lake, he and Mrs. Wons, formerly Ruby Hill of



Walter J. Neff

Chicago, have a little log cabin. Tony himself constructed this rustic little home as well as a boat and a jetty. His early life was filled with bitter experiences, but he strove above his environment and succeeded. He read much and collected verses here and there to steady him along the road of his ideals. During his stay in the hospital after the war these clippings comforted and inspired him. He now shares his constantly expanding scrapbook with thousands of Radio listeners.

• * *
INTRODUCING a popular announcer over one of New York's stations—Walter



Little Jack Little John Fogarty

J. Neff—as fine a personality as anyone could wish to meet. Has two decided aversions—fried scallops and heavily perfumed women—mind you, not *heaty*, perfumed women.

• * *
MILDRED, my dear, the only *chee-ild* that Little Jack Little has is a fl Pekingese dog—just the darlinest, cutest, most fascinating thing you ever laid eyes on. In the magnificent home in Hyde Park, Cincinnati's exclusive suburb, Panky romps and plays the whole day long. Jack and his very lovely wife are quite attached to their pet and wouldn't part with it for anything. William Lloyd and hundreds of others who have been attracted to Jack's magnetic whispering voice want to know something about him. He was born in London somewhere around 1900 under name of Jack Leonard and at the age of four was sent to London Conservatory of Music to study music. Family later settled in Iowa and he studied for two years at the University of Iowa. Negligent in his studies, he left college and did a little traveling, meeting

along the way the hungry wolf. "The need of money started me writing songs", says Jack. His startling success is a story in itself. His Radio work is the delight of listeners all over the country.

• * *
ISO thoroughly enjoy listening to Popular Bits over NBC and would like some information about John Fogarty, the tenor," writes Mrs. McM. of Bloomsburg, N. J. "We all agree that John Fogarty is the future John McCormack," says A. M. of Pennsylvania. Would you believe, my dear Mrs. McM and A. M. that at the age of 16 John ran away from his home in Sioux Falls to join the army? He was always interested in singing and appeared in shows behind the lines. When he came to New York he studied under Louis Chartiere, who he considers is the "greatest living baritone." Toured on the Keith-Orpheum Pantagruis Circuits in headline acts and now tours country via Radio waves.



Kathleen Stewart



Stanley Bell

• * *
KATHLEEN STEWART as staff pianist of the NBC certainly gets her radiant personality over the air. She isn't to be counted among the people whom the Indian described as "laughing with the lips but not smiling from the heart".



Mrs. Hall K. Clements

• * *
"DID you ever find out anything of Stanley Bell, the Columbia announcer at Washington, D. C.?" inquires Ruth

Adams of Akron, one of my faithfuls. "Was he an Akron boy? The one I knew would be around thirty." Mr. Cant, behind the scenes of Columbia—and may I add, dear Ruth, one with whose repartee Marcella has to sharpen her wits—says Stanley is a native of Akron and went to Washington at an early age. So, my dear, he must be the very one you know. He now announces Columbia programs from the nation's Capital, and he is credited with having introduced more distinguished people to Radio audiences than any other announcer in the dear old U. S. A.

WGBS, New York City, has one of the most versatile, active little women on its staff in the personable Mrs. Hall Kane Clements. Distinguished as a newspaper and magazine

feature writer, as a director of programs and a novelist, she is now directing the publicity work for this popular station of Knickerbocker Town.



Jack Sharp

SCORES of letters have been received from listening friends, giving their own suspicions as to the name of the clever young lady who impersonates the Old Dutch Girl—the character who stands guard near everyone's kitchen sink. Who is she? And why does she hide herself so mysteriously. Some say it's Mary Charles, others Barbara Maurel, and a few suspect it's Irene Beasley. One thing sure, it's not Mme. Queen!



Gloomy Gus

I AM sending you a photograph of Jack Sharp which I want you to use. I can't keep from saying nice things about him as he is very popular over KFDM, Beaumont, Texas," writes Ida Cross Farrow of Elizabeth, La. My, wouldn't it be grand if every Radio announcer and artist had such interested publicity representatives. Ida says that Jack has a very charming voice and the finest personality—a perfect delight to everyone fortunate enough to hear him. Thanks, Ida Farrow—and I'm returning the pictures to you today. Oh, yes, and Miss Farrow says that Jack has traveled extensively and appeared in the best theatres.



Tastyeast Jesters

"HERE I am again," announces Twilla of Salina, Kans. "Won't you please print a picture of Gloomy Gus of WKY," she pleads, "and—is he married?" Alas, and alack, my dear, dear Twilla. Gloomy Gus is wedded—and what's still alas-er and alack-er his wife is a very charming woman, so that he wouldn't be interested, from all appearances in a "second". Would you think so? They have, while we're on the subject, two beautiful children. Gloomy Gus or Gayle V. Grubb has been station manager of WKY, Oklahoma



Earle Nelson

Irwin Cowper

City, for two years—is also blessed with the lucky combination of good business and artistic talents.

MISCELLANEOUS Announcements: Interested Mother—there's a feature story of Real Folks on another page in this issue. My humble apologies, Dr. Clark. In March Marcella very blunderingly said that Dr. Clark received 10,000 letters during two years of his broadcasting French lessons. There were 18,000 letters. Edna Stewart of N. Y. C. will find Alois Havrilla's picture in September issue. Sorry, Pat, Mr. Crutchfield of WBIG, Greensboro says that Mildred Roscove was



The Three Hired Men

an out of town artist and sang only once over that station. If "Subscriber" will tune in on NBC every Saturday or Sunday night, he or she will hear Floyd Gibbons on regular sponsored hours. Madame X will find a picture of Simpy Fitts on page 77 December issue. Idaho will find a picture of Ben Bernie in this issue. It's a good thing there are no birthday parties—I'm beginning to feel like Uncle Don himself. Rabid Radio Rookies will be able to locate Marsha Wheeler at WGBS, New York.

HERE are the Tastyeast Jesters—vitamins are hiding—in this . . . It's a nice theme song. They are Guy Bohman (Vigor); Wamp Carleson (Vim) and Dwight Latham (Pep). All three comedians had their experience at WTIC in Hartford. Now on NBC, of course.

CURIOUS also wants to see a picture of Earle Nelson and his announcer, Irwin Cowper. Here they are—look as if they enjoy their work—don't they? Well, Curious, my dear, Earle began with lessons on the uke for a pastime and see what he does with it now—on a commercial program the Fox Fur Trappers. The family, consisting of wife, nine-year-old son and the dog hold auditions in the bedroom where Earle has installed a mike. Uke's named Oswald.

MEL R. writes, "WLS being my favorite station I look forward with great anticipation to see whose picture is in from that station. Would like to see the Three Hired Men." Behold, here they are! Wish you could see them with their overalls on. "Willie" or Eric Andreason plays the guitar, then there's "Louie" or Bill Hoagland, and finally comes "Sammie", known as Dave Pearson. Bill is married and has a baby girl. The other two are not married but have girls, mebbe(?). All are Swedes and delight Swedish Radio listeners very often *vid Swedish* songs.

TELLING everything: Arthur Paul is only sixteen, Mrs. Foy, and



Joseph H. Mackey

the picture you sent in is actually his. Lois Bennett is the Quaker Girl, W. N. Hirst. If Maye of El Paso turns the dials to KMJ, Fresno, Cal., she may tune in on Jerry Wilford, Vagabond of the Air. That's where he was last heard from. Mr. Vincent of KSL informs me.

Thanks for the lead, Mr. Vincent.

The Oklahoma Harmony Boys have separated. Kathleen of St. Louis, Fay and his new partner are working somewhere in Texas, and Al, some weeks ago was looking for a new partner. Snowball and Sunshine, formerly of KMOX, are not on the air so far as the Junkinses know. And as for Otto Gray and his Cowboy Band, Mr. Russell, they were working around Pittsburgh, when last heard of. I. B., turn to page 72 of the February issue for a picture of Jack Turner.

Syracuse and R.E.D. implore me for a picture of Jeff Sparks. When he was a young boy he had golden locks and a sunny disposition. Now his hair is as black as ebony, but his disposition has not lost any of its cheer. He tried his hand at medicine and art. Would sketch the minister on Sundays, and the school teachers on weekdays. Used to be at WARS, Brighton Beach, N. Y. Been on NBC now one year, this month. Knows and speaks six languages: German, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian and Japanese. Good books, the theater and Oriental music are his hobbies.

AGNES of Kansas says she would like to see a picture of Clem of the mountain life serial, *Moonshine and Honeysuckle*. Clem Betts, or Louis Mason, was born in Danville, Ky., June 2nd, 1892. Ministerial career was mapped out for him but he ran away from home as he wanted to be an actor. At age of 15 he took the part of a 72-year-old deacon in *Eben Holden*. Lulu Vollmer, creator of *Moonshine and Honeysuckle*, was the author of *The Dunce Boy*, a play which had a successful run on Broadway seven years ago. When Gerald Stopp of the NBC saw

Mason in this play he signed him up for the network. He is not married. Has ambition to own a stock farm in Kentucky and raise race horses. Is six feet two inches and weighs 165 pounds. Fair complexion and brown hair, which isn't always as tousled as it is in this picture. Photo represents him as Clem Betts. He has a fine baritone voice but has never had an opportunity to use it professionally.

MRS. HAZELWOOD of Richmond wants to see the whole staff of WRVA, especially a picture of Joe Mackey. Well, Joe, my dear, was born poor in Richmond, Va.—and isn't ashamed of it. Is rather proud of having sold newspapers as a boy and is keeping his eye in that field in case he loses his position—which isn't very likely from reports that attest his popularity. He's five feet eleven and weighs a hundred and fifty. His one ambition in life is to be a fat man and have a head of curly red hair—but not, he adds, both at the same time.

"MY SISTER and I are terribly interested in three Columbia announcers," writes Olive Sherman of Washington, D. C. "They are Frank Knight, George Beuchler and Andre Barouch." Well, girls, your complete order is filled at one time. Beuchler (pronounced Bewler) was born in Jacksonville in 1906 and at eighteen was graduated from Georgetown University. He joined the National Opera Company. It was not until he substituted, by mere chance, for a singer who failed to appear on an Arabesque program that his beautiful baritone voice was discovered.

"IHARDLY ever miss a Vincent Sorey broadcast," confesses E. M. Post. Vincent directs the Gauchos program on the CBS and the compositions are those which

he collected from nearly all over the world. They are individual and have atmosphere and soul. Vincent comes from Italy, and when a young child showed a precocious interest in violins. During his many travels, this modern Marco Polo never forsook his dear old fiddle.



Frank Knight

IDA A. M. of Huntington Station, L. I., says, "I'm not inquisitive, but I'd like to know the color of Virginia Gardiner's and John McGovern's hair. And have they

ever had stage experience?" Virginia has light brown hair and brown eyes. Tall in stature and with a fair complexion, you can just picture how she looks off stage. Her photo has appeared often in *RADIO DIGEST*, and of course you noticed her pastel on this cover. Can't get the exact measurements on John McGovern, but Gene Mulholland, a very important person at NBC, says that someone told him that John is dark, has brown eyes and dark hair. Virginia is not married—lives with parents. Radio stars don't memorize all of their parts. They generally read from typewritten scripts, throwing the sheets on the floor as they finish with each one.



Mrs. Wall

IF ANY station needs an especially fine announcer, *RADIO DIGEST* can recommend one. He's Lewis C. Carey who resigned from WLW Cincinnati in order to locate East. Has had exceptional training—having taken special studies in articulation, diction and expression at Emerson College of Oratory. Marcella will forward any inquiries to Mr. Carey.



Andre Barouch



Bel Canto Quartet

HAZEL of Dayton wants pictures of the Bel Canto Quartet of WFAA, Dallas. Listen to this train of experience, Hazel, my dear. They are Victor Recording Artists, have been seen and heard in Fox Movietone, and have made personal appearances at the Mormon Temple (gracious me!), Salt Lake City, Hollywood Bowl and other prominent places. Vin

(Continued on page 91)

Nellie Revell

the

Voice of Radio Digest

*Weekly Program on NBC Chain from W.E.A.F.,
New York—Personality Skits and Yarns
About Notables of Radio, Stage and Screen*



The Voice of Radio Digest

THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST is on the air. It is a voice of cheer; a voice that brings to the fireside a bit of gossip, some humor and many well told tales, about people of whom you have heard much. A bit of philosophy now and then, a line or two of inspiration and many a chuckle . . . riding the air waves with Nellie Revell, from station W.E.A.F. and the NBC network, every Wednesday from 11:00 to 11:15 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

Who is Nellie Revell? It is a question that requires a long answer. Nellie Revell, most recently the Voice of RADIO DIGEST and associate editor, is a name to conjure with in journalistic circles, in the theatrical world, in the world of books, writing them as well as burning the midnight oil reading them. She is a philosopher; she has the courage of her convictions, and she has a greater courage . . . the will to fight on and on when things seem blackest and all seems lost. She is a poet and raconteur; a wit of scintillating brilliance and last but not least she has a priceless sense of humor. Nellie Revell loves people and they like her.

It is as natural for Nellie Revell to

write as it is for her to breathe. Journalism is her heritage. From father to daughter it has come down. It is in the blood and what is more natural than that a woman who has been writing stories since she was a mere slip of a girl, and who has spent her life observing people and events, studying causes and effects, should be able to tell a good story over the Radio. Miss Revell's father was a well-known newspaper man and journalist. For years he conducted a newspaper at Springfield, Illinois. He was an editorial writer on the Chicago Tribune. He, too, had the gift of words, and that little newspaper in Springfield had such a lure that Miss Revell just had to become a girl reporter. That was a long time ago and since then she has seen much and achieved greatly. Springfield soon became too small a field for this girl and so she turned her face to broader fields. She has worked on papers in many parts of the country. The old Times in Chicago claimed her for awhile; then the Chronicle, the great Tribune and the American; and then the Mecca of all good newspaper men and women—New York.

She was a good newspaperwoman and so she came East. Gothamtown claimed her for its own and at various times she worked for the World, Mail, Evening Telegram and Morning Telegraph. That record is one that any newspaperman may well be proud of, but it is only a small part of the work and experiences that Nellie Revell has crowded into the years of her existence. She soon was known from coast to coast as a first rank journalist. The Denver Post, Butte (Montana) Miner, Seattle Post-Intelligencer, San Francisco Chronicle, San Francisco Examiner, Cincinnati Enquirer . . . she knew them all and worked for them. She was on the old Show World in Chicago and later became its New York manager. She has contributed to the columns of many magazines, including articles on vaudeville to the Theatre Magazine and at the present time in addition to acting as associate editor of RADIO DIGEST and putting its programs on the air at NBC

this busy woman conducts columns in three publications—Variety, the Clipper and the New York Evening Telegram.

What a record! And that is only part of this remarkable woman's career.

AND finally the indomitable will that had carried this woman through more experiences in a few years than most people know in a lifetime could no longer avert the inevitable. A malady which had been developing for years and which she fought with iron courage caused her collapse and for four years she lay flat on her back—rigid in a plaster cast. From super activity to a motionless existence—a prison sentence that stretched on and on. There was little hope that she would ever be able to move again, but will power and sheer grit won out and today Miss Revell is active again.

During those four years Miss Revell was not idle. Far from it. She kept right on working. She wrote a book, appropriately titled "Right off the Chest." A title that was eminently suited to a book that was written in long hand with a lead pencil on a pad of paper resting on the cast that encompassed her body. That book IS Nellie Revell.

And now you know just a little about Nellie Revell, the Voice of RADIO DIGEST. When she made her initial broadcast telegrams and letters poured in from friends and well wishers all over the country. Will Rogers sent a wire from Hollywood; Al Jolson, that great comedian, wished his old friend Nellie Revell the best of luck. From a lonely spot in Maine came a long letter saying that Miss Revell's broadcast had been an inspiration. Up and down Broadway the word has been flashed that Nellie Revell is back—and broadcasting.

Read more about Miss Revell next month.



Nellie Revell and Her Old Friend, Irvin Cobb

Tuneful Topics

"Know Your Songs"



MY GOSSIP on the ten popular songs for this month will be less comprehensive and less detailed due to our tour. Due also to the fact that we are not playing for dancing every night, which is the only way an orchestra leader gets to know the best things about the songs he plays, I can only give a cursory summary of some of the best tunes I have heard other dance orchestras play either over the air or during my meanderings, especially in the city of Chicago.

Chicago is happily blessed with some of the finest cafés right in the center of the city, where one may go and hear the finest music in the world, and eat the finest food that ever passed a pair of agreeably surprised tonsils. I can truthfully say that there is no city in the country that has so many really fine dance musicians. This may sound like treason coming from one who has made New York his home for the past four years, and who loves New York above any other great city, but it is a fact. The excellent average of the musicians in Chicago is very high, and the ability to handle their instruments is surprising, and the quality of music engendered by the dance bands in the Windy City makes all tunes sound pretty fine.

The most popular orchestra out here, and I say this without any fear of contradiction, is that of the dear, Old Maestro, Ben Bernie. The wind blew Ben to the Middle West, where it seems that he has been completely rejuvenated, and like the Phoenix he towers above all other competitors and is loved, adored, and spoiled by the darlings of society, and even the white collar working class of this good, old Middle West metropolis. Enconced in the College Inn, the place that is famous for its marvelous food (food which reaches the rest of the world in cans and bottles), in one of the most delightfully ventilated, and exquisitely and artistically decorated rooms that I have ever seen, Ben plays a dinner and supper session with, in my humble opinion, the finest band in the world following the beat of his baton. I

Rudy Discovers there are Orchestras and Viands in Chicago Unsurpassed—Marvels at Ben Bernie and Johnny Hamp—Surprised by New Songs He Had not Heard before—"Good Time Had by All"

have no ulterior motive in giving Ben this credit; but for pure, rhythmic dance music and fine singing on the part of Pat Kennedy, his diminutive vocalist, I think Ben has staged a comeback, and his Radio popularity has tripled, and even quadrupled!

Lest I be accused of partiality, I must mention a few other orchestras before I go on to the actual discussion of the songs themselves. It is really through Ben Bernie and Johnny Hamp that I have come to make my selection of songs for this month's issue of RADIO DIGEST. Johnny Hamp was playing at the Congress Hotel, where it is my privilege to occupy the presidential suite during my stay here. It happens Johnny has just left for a new hotel in Cincinnati and has been replaced, in fact only last evening, by Jan Garber. Johnny surprised me during the course of our conversation by mentioning so many individuals who started with him, or who he was instrumental in giving to other bands, and who have since become very famous. I was surprised that one of the lead figures of the Olson Trio, one of the finest voices I have ever heard, Bobby Borger, was given to Olson by Johnny. As we sat there talking, I had to interrupt Johnny to ask him the name of this tune or that tune which his band was rendering so delightfully.

Over at the Black Hawk Cafe, are the pioneers of the air, and unquestionably the most popular dance band in the Middle West for many years, jolly, old Coon-Sanders, and how they play! Their comedy and by-play among themselves is so genuine and delightfully breezy that it is a pleasure to watch and listen. Their rendition of *She Loves Me Just the Same*, a song which it was my pleasure to help Carlton Coon himself write, is a masterpiece. At the mention of each particular

school at which the young lady has a hero or sweetheart, a few strains of the football song of that particular university or college is played in a most spirited fashion, with the dancers hopping around in 6/8 for this particular passage. I've got to have dinner there at least once again before I leave, because I enjoyed the evening I spent with the boys very much.

The king of all maestros, old King Paul, is out at the Granada Cafe, where the Lombardos once held forth. In fact, I am "jest" of honor there this evening in the course of their famous Cuckoo Club. Paul's arrangements of some classics, especially *Trees*, is one of the most beautiful things I have ever heard. There is also a new tune that has come up from the South, it is named *Rocking Chair*. It is a tune that grows on one; the Ashley sisters sang it on our broadcast here a week ago Thursday, and I wondered at their audacity in playing, what to me seemed a hymn, on the *Fleischmann Hour*, but I have since learned that it is a very popular tune in the Middle West, having come up from the South, and it has grown on me so much that I have learned to like it with the rest.

Paul is there himself nightly, with some very clever acts, including a new singing trio, Frankie Trambauer, Mildred Bailey, and an excellent floor show.

Up at the exclusive Edgewater Beach is our old friend from the Pennsylvania Hotel, Phil Spitalny, with a Chicago band whipped into shape after two or three weeks of grueling searching and rehearsal; he has one of the most popular bands in Chicago, and his rendition of some of the new tunes is typical of Spitalny's unusual conceptions. He has become very popular with Radio fans in the Illinois section.

There are a great many other bands which I would like to mention: Wayne King at the Aragon Ballroom, Ted Weems, Earl Hines, Henri Gendron, Husk O'Hare, Art Kassel, and a great many others.

This month's selections will be composed of songs that I have received from the publishers, and which I have run over with my own orchestra, heard played

By
RUDY
VALLEE

by two or three bands, and which occasionally have flung themselves at me as I have passed a Radio or Victrola store.

Our stay in Chicago was very pleasant; I think it will be the high spot of the entire trip due to so many things conspiring to make it a most enjoyable two weeks. The tremendous and cordial crowds at the theatres, delightful theatres to play in, the many relatives I have in Chicago who were so kind to me in the summer of 1926, and who repeated their hospitality on this tour, and the general cordiality of everyone, has helped make it so.

But now to get down to the songs.

Two Little Blue Eyes

WE INTRODUCED this slow fox trot on the fateful Fleischmann Hour of February 20th, when trouble with the wires somewhere in the vast system of arteries of the National Broadcasting Company's coast-to-coast network caused the first half of our program to bring to the listener our music as a background, or foreground (varying with the strength at which we played) for a dramatic sketch on the other NBC network. And then at the half-hour things went from bad to worse, and although we could hear Irene Bordoni singing at intervals from New York, and the emergency string orchestra which is always ready to meet such a crisis, yet even their music was only going over a certain number of stations, and ours was not getting anywhere as we stood, waiting patiently and hoping that the trouble would be rectified before the end of the hour, but the lines were still tied up for at least an hour after the finish of our broadcast. This is the first time on the Fleischmann Hour that I have had serious trouble in the "piping through" of our music from our remote location to New York.

Few people realize how difficult it is for the engineers to map out the lines in the correct fashion to enable us to jump back to New York for Dr. Lee, and back to Chicago, or wherever we are broadcasting from, and then back again for

the guest artist if he or she is in New York.

However, in the first half of our program we were able to present, and I think we presented it in a way to show the possibilities of the song; this song, which was the work of two rank amateurs, (when I say "rank" I do not mean the word in the sense in which it is sometimes applied) but they really are just amateurs, was brought to me for my inspection and my revision. I saw a few places where I felt that changes would improve the quality of the song, and after making these changes I rushed the song back to the press. They had brought the song to Rocco Vocco, the head of Feist, who was formerly the Chicago representative of Feist, and who now has charge of all the Feist offices in the country, and whose headquarters is in New York. Rocco is one of the most liked men in the music publishing business, and the music profession in general. At the age of 7, "Master Rocco Vocco" was singing in Chicago theatres, and although he has only a limited *technical* knowledge of music, he has one of the best musical judgments for picking of songs of any man in the industry. In fact, over a period of the last fifteen years he has picked many of the Feist songs which became big hits.

Rocco enthused about the song when he gave me the original manuscript of the two composers, but waited for my



Rudy introduces a Southern nightingale in Miss Frances Langford whom he found at WFLA, Tampa. She joined the NBC staff.

reaction. I was sold on the song the minute I heard it, and I think it should be well-liked. It has a swing, and properly played, a dance orchestra can do much with it. There is a great place for first an ascending and then a descending piano "run" at the end of the first and second phrases of the song. The thought is different, bright, and cheerful. The crowds that sing with the organ will get a lot of fun out of singing it. We play it about thirty-eight measures a minute, and it is published by Leo Feist.

By the River Sainte Marie

ALTHOUGH we have played this song on our Fleischmann Hour once before that broadcast referred to above, it began that particular broadcast, but what set it apart, at least as regards my own rendition of it, was the fact that I sang it both in English and French. I was highly gratified by compliments on the part of some people who seemed to think that the French chorus was well done. I am waiting for a comment by my sister, who knows her French, and who will probably tell me whether or not I did justice to the French lyrics.

It is an old song, having been on the shelf for four or five years. It was written
(Continued on page 100)

Chain Gang Chatter

THE man who put telegrams into novels . . . J. P. McEvoy, humorist, ex-greeting card rhyme writer, author of *Show Girl* . . . is now added to the roster of Columbia talent. 'Twas accidental, for when Heywood Broun was too busy trying to become a Congressman to come up to WABC, J. P. subbed, dragging up eleven-year-old Donald Hughes to the studio. Together they did a "Daddy and Rollo" act, which was a "natural". A sponsor was found, but McEvoy refused to appear every week . . . he hadn't the time. Sponsor La Palina demanded McEvoy or no one. It was a deadlock, until some one noticed how much Nick Dawson's voice resembled the author's. Nick was director of the Commercial Idea Department (another of those back-stage affairs) and still is. Now McEvoy writes one of those "Papa, Why?" skits each week and Dawson and Donald appear in it.

SAW Arthur Murray the other night. Off air, he is retiring, diffident and more like a college professor than a famous teacher and exponent of dancing. Says Mr. Murray, "I could teach a new step every week for three years on my Radio program and still not be at the end of my glides." He declares the old-fashioned waltz is coming back and recommends that those who cannot find partners for his broadcast lessons step out with the loud speaker.

LATEST use for Radios . . . sleep on them. Hospitals now have a "sing-

ing" pillow, made of sponge rubber with a loudspeaker concealed internally. You "lay me down to sleep" and hear a program, but the sound cannot be heard by anyone else. Suggested for distance fiends who leave apartment house windows open in the summer time with the volume on full blast.

IS Freddie Rich married? Or to whom was the Columbia batoneer hastening when he was arrested for speeding in Doylestown? However, that's not the story . . . this is . . . Freddie once received a ten dollar check from an admiring fan in Doylestown. Of course, he never cashed it, but carried it in his pocket as a souvenir. A year later, when he was hauled in, he remembered his unknown admirer, phoned him and told of his troubles. Admirer was a friend of the judge . . . you know how those things work . . . Freddie paid no fine. But he still hasn't cashed the check.

TIE a big satin bow around "mike's" middle, give him a bow and arrow and he'll double nicely for Cupid. The latest reported casualties from his darts are George Dilworth, vocal director of the Salon Singers, and Gitla Erstinn of the same NBC group. George may be studio boss, but who's boss at home, we wonder?

HERE'S a dance orchestra leader who actually admits he doesn't know a thing about music, Bert Lown. He plays by arithmetic instead of by ear, numbers the notes instead of writing them

on the staff. That's how he wrote the lyric for *You're the One I Care For*, his song hit. Once he was a coat room boy in White Plains; N. Y., now he owns sixteen orchestras beside the Hotel Biltmore band which is aired on CBS. He's only twenty-six, slight, fair-haired, and is a real musician despite his modesty.

THERE are two McLeods at NBC, but one is real and one is purely imaginary. Keith McLeod, musical director of the chain, is getting fan mail meant for "Matt McLeod," a fictional "Vermont Lumberjack." Should he answer it and admit he never chopped kindlin' wood, or, still less, a big giant of the forest?

WHO made "Mechanical Mike"—the giant robot of the last Radio fair in Madison Square Garden? 'Twas the son of a Radio celeb, Paul von Kunitz, engineering offspring of Dr. Luigi von Kunitz, who is conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra heard over the Canadian network. The steel man has within his body ten miles of wires, can rise to his feet and speak, fire a gun and answer 500 questions.

HOW to break into Radio . . . become a monitor engineer. That's the way it worked with Irving Reis, author of "Split Seconds," a recently presented experimental Radio play. It marked his first play, Ethelyne Holt's first Radio acting part, and George Beuchler's metamorphosis from announcer to actor.



Above: "Daddy" finds "Rollo's" arithmetic a puzzler. Played by Nick Dawson and 11-year-old Donald Hughes. Right—the play must go on! Tom Powers, Theatre Guild leading man, broke his leg and had to be wheeled into NBC studios.





WTMJ artists and announcers keeping physically fit. Skating, Myrtle Spangenberg; Small Gymnast, Fred Jeske; Large Gymnast, Russ Winnie; Skiing, Louis Roen; Dancing, Julianne Pelletier; Golfing, Bill Benning; Early Riser, Merl Blackburn

They're Some Sports in Milwaukee!

IT WAS Julianne Pelletier who started it all. Julianne, the vivacious little French girl whose delightful ivory tickling over WTMJ, The Milwaukee Journal station, has made her a favorite of ether fans, came dashing breathlessly into the studio on this particular morning. Off went the big raccoon and there she stood, a chic French doll, garbed in the daintiest of pink and blue checked rompers!

"I didn't take time to change," she cried, her slanting green eyes sparkling with merriment at the startled pairs of eyes on all sides. "Just finished my tap dancing lesson, and I'm on the air in ten minutes. Must keep physically fit, you know," and with a click of heels and flash of white teeth she was gone.

"Physically fit," I murmured. "Gosh, that's surely important for Radio artists. Not a cough in a broadcasting room!" How did they do it? And off I started on my little job of inquiring reporter.

I lassoed announcer Louis Roen first of all. Louis? Oh, he's WTMJ's heart breaker. Six feet two of dark good looks, a pair of irresistible dimples that I promised him I would never again mention, and a soulful, crooning tenor.

"What do I do to keep physically fit?" he echoed my query. "I ski, of course." And on he went, lost in a beautiful description of the thrills of soaring over hills and crests with the assurance of a sea gull.

By MAE WELLER

He was still talking when I spied Russ Winnie, WTMJ's assistant manager and popular sports announcer. Can't help seeing Russ these days. There's more to him than there was in the days when he played leading roles in Haresfoot and set sorority girls' hearts aflutter (he married one of them).

Russ smiled expansively. "Look at me, baby," he exclaimed almost ecstatically. "I've lost eight pounds in eight days (by the time you read this he may be reduced to a shadow). I am now a scant 205 pounds!"

And out came the truth. He had joined the Y. M. C. A. and had embarked upon a reducing schedule that included handball, volleyball, baseball, swimming, running and "one-two-threes" with dumb bells.

FRED JESKE'S joined too," he told me. Fred's WTMJ's good looking strummin' baritone, a Radio pioneer from the Windy City. When Radio was still a smart young kid, Fred was known as "the baritone with the lovin' voice." Fred now sings, announces and dramatizes at WTMJ.

Leaving Russ flat, I set out in search of Myrtle Spangenberg, whose lovely soprano voice is known to fans far and near.

"Exercise?" Myrtle smiled. "Didn't you know? Terese Meyer and I skate . . . almost every day. There's nothing in the world like skating . . . skinning over the ice with the wind in your face . . . and my costume, it's heavenly! Blue suede with a touch of red. Terese wears red. How they do fall for us!" She giggled. "We do plenty of falling ourselves!" (Terese Meyers, folks, is the station's new organist.)

"Hello, folks!" It was Merl Blackburn's booming voice . . . the voice that starts the day right for thousands of ether fans who tune in WTMJ's Morning Parade, the alarm clock of the air.

The striking good looks of this early bird have adorned many an ad. WTMJ's pretty stenos say he's "simply gorgeous!"

"A-ha!" Merl ejaculated to my eager query. "My answer is simple. Early to bed and early to rise . . . that keeps me salubrious, opulent and sagacious!"

Bill Benning was my next victim. Musical director of WTMJ is his imposing title, and he is one of the outstanding musical figures of Wisconsin, having conducted leading orchestras for more than twenty-five years.

"Physically fit?" Bill laughed. "I swing a baton and a driver for exercise, young lady," and he launched into an enthusiastic description of his indoor golf lessons that will send him out on the fairway this spring ready to sock that little white pill wickedly. Some sports, all of them.



Latest sports model, manned by three KFRC stars. Driver, Juanita Tennyson, soprano. Back-Seaters, Eleanor Allen and Margaret O'Dea.



Don E. Gilman, vice-president in charge of Pacific Division, NBC, recently voted one of California's twelve greatest men, confers with Riiji Nakayama, of the Broadcasting Corp. of Japan, on recent visit.



Paul R. Heitmeyer, who not only owns KIJ in Walla Walla, Wash., but also operates it and announces as well. He's a pioneer in western Radio.

Ruth Gordon Shovic, member of the unique KFBB, Great Falls, Mont., concert orchestra—all one family—Dr. and Mrs. Gordon and four children.



Far West News-Bits

By DR. RALPH L. POWER

THE twelve greatest Californians have been chosen, and Radio has its representative among the elect—Don E. Gilman, vice-president in charge of the Pacific Division of NBC. Twelve California newspapers and the presidents of twelve California colleges were the jury, which chose him for his "leadership in presenting the highest type of Radio broadcast to further the prestige of California as a Radio program source." Herbert Hoover is another member of the Honor Roll of twelve.

* * *

PAUL R. HEITMEYER, one-time Radio editor for The Oregonian, more recently manager of KGW, has renounced a life of relative peace and calm. Early this year he set out to conquer new Radio fields by owning the new KIJ at Walla Walla, Wash.

Paul R. (whose picture appears on this page) was operator for KGW shortly after it went on the air. As the years rolled rapidly onward, he took up the duties of Radio editor, then some production work for the studio, selling time on the station and finally . . . when station managing became more of a job for a business executive rather than a music director . . . young Heitmeyer was given the post. But the Heitmeyer onward march could not be stopped. He had a yearning to get into business for himself, bought KIJ's newly constructed transmitter at Longview, secured authority from the Commission to move to Walla Walla late in December and now his post office address is there.

* * *

NEWEST recruit to the ranks of KTAB dramatics is little Peggy Jensen who plays the role of "Peggy" in Sam Dickson's bi-weekly comic strip; Educating Wuzzy. Peggy looks just like her name

implies; snapping black eyes, an irresistibly happy smile, black unruly hair, and a figure built for College-bred sports clothes. She is a Girl's High School alumnus and, crashing into the Radio world from school, finds life an exciting proposition.

* * *

Bill Ray, KGER's manager, sent out his Valentine cards this year with sundry miscellaneous verses of his own. Best shot . . . "Blondes may come, and blondes may go. But they all sound alike on the Radio."

* * *

THE Rose City Beavers of KOIN, a snappy aggregation, nimbly skips up and down the scale of syncopation when Frank Trevor shakes a tantalizing baton before them. When Frank was a mere youth, down N'Orleans way, the romance and glamour of show boats was too much for his unsophisticated being so he up and joined one of the floating show palaces. Six seasons in all did he float up and down the father of waters; then he did a country-wide tour with a circus band . . . doubling up in various jobs, too . . . such as malleting down tent pins, riding elephants in the parade and other such tasks. Since 1928 he has been with the Portland station.

* * *

KARENA SHIELDS, petite blonde Radio drama enthusiast, is doing the KTM drama bits these days with a changing cast of characters ranging in number from three to a dozen or more. About a year ago KPO fans heard her voice from the north. Her husband, Frederick, one-time of a Kansas City Radio station, is now program manager for KTM in Los Angeles.



Three dramatic players of WXYZ in Detroit get together to read script . . . Helen Wright, Peggy Fenn, and James Jewell, Dramatic Director. Their biggest thrill comes in presenting plays of the "It Actually Happened" series.



A Radio wedding at KROW. Bride was Harriet Pool Branham of the staff, attended by Beth Chase, Blues singer. Glenn Branham was the happy bridegroom.

PAULA CHARTE, now lyric soprano for the United west coast Radio chain, had the right start in life for a Radio career. She was born in New Orleans, studied four years with Herbert Witherspoon, vocal teacher, and has done a little concert work for which the soft, delicate tones of her voice particularly fit her.

* * *

CHARLES FREDERICK LINDSLEY, professor of speech education at Occidental College, Los Angeles, the past six years, is now on the second year of his "Interpretations of Literature" from KHJ. These take the form of a wide range of prose, poetry and drama. Tall, thinning black hair, scholarly-looking, and bespectacled, Professor Lindsley has made a name for himself in the southwest through his musical readings . . . "The Chariot Race" from *Ben Hur*; *Courtship of Miles Standish* and scores of others.

* * *

IT SEEMS as though Mac's Cow Hollow Symphony (KFRC) comes from six states, but has only one native Californian—Al Capello, accordionist. White Woodall comes from Oklahoma (quarter Cherokee); Jerry Richards hails from Louisiana; Cecil Wright from Arkansas; Harry MacClintock (Mac) from Tennessee; Ace Wright from Wyoming.

* * *

THE spring catalog for Continental Broadcasting Corporation comes out in new raiment in green color formation and shaped like a microphone. Most outstanding talent in the aggregation . . . Deacon Brown (Billy Evans) and his Peacemakers . . . using *Lonesome Road* as the theme song.

* * *

KGER is faced with the dire situation of having only one solitary surviving tenor. It seems as though Eddie Marble, tenor, packed up bag and baggage and moved to KDYL, Salt Lake. Penry Selby, another staff tenor, made up his mind to be

a church singer, and moved away to study. This leaves young John Page as the station's only remaining tenor, whereas four months ago there were six on the staff at one time. Young Page, recently out of Manual Arts high school in Los Angeles, is lithe and agile, handsome in a movie type manner, a good dresser, six feet three inches tall and glossy black hair.

* * *

JACK PLUMELET, KYA announcer, followed the sea for more than five years before he finally banked for dry land. At 19 he was appointed to the New York nautical school's training ship, the U. S. S. Newport. Upon graduation he was given a third mate's rating by the department of commerce, and followed the sea on merchant ships for nearly six years. Now he has been in coast Radio circles for three years . . . first in the bay district; then at Los Angeles (KFI, KMTR); and finally back to San Francisco in June of a year ago to be with the KYA announcing staff.

In Detroit Studios

BY B. G. CLARE

IT IS hard to refrain from calling Leo Fitzpatrick as "The Merry Old Chief." The present general manager of WJR bore this title when he led the Kansas City Nighthawks at their after-midnight revels years ago. Fitzpatrick is now one of the regular railroad commuters between New York and Detroit, on various activities connected with the management of his large station. He is an "air commuter" also, flying between Detroit and Cleveland, for his new enterprise there, Station WGAR.

* * *

OLIVE SHARMAN is featured continuity writer with WJR. Her Radio career started when WJR shared a wavelength with WCX. This background of Radio experience is augmented by several years' newspaper and advertising work.



Wistful Dorothy Irvine of the dark curly locks does children's recitations and pianologues for KGA up in the northwest country at Spokane, Wash.

WJR in Detroit abounds in Radio personalities—one of whom is Jack Douglas, the big six-footer who is known to listeners as the "Old Night Watchman."





A cross section of announcers of the Western World. Left to right, G. Walter Vogt, early morning announcer at KFAB, Lincoln. France Laux, KMOX sportscaster. Ray Winters, of KHJ in Los Angeles. Jerry Goetz, CJOC (Lethbridge, Canada) manager.

“Your Announcer Is—”

WHAT thrills being an announcer must bring—if that weren't the case, why would the calling attract so many men who have known the thrill of adventure, who have had colorful careers? Take the eight good-looking representatives here, who have posts as widely scattered as far-north Alberta, to southerly Macon. In their ranks is a descendant of the Russian royal family, a real broncho-busting cowboy, an actor, an ex-aviator!

The “royal” announcer is John Kuropatkin Chapel of KQV. His mother was a princess of the royal family of Russia, who is now married to a Pennsylvania steel man. Soldiering and writing have claimed him—he went to West Point and then deserted by resignation, to the Uni-

versity of Virginia Journalism Course. After a try in the army, he favored WBZ with the use of his four-lingual voice, then WORC, WLEX, and WCAH, but now he says his ramblings are over and he'll stay in Pittsburgh at KQV.

Then there is G. (is it perhaps Georgie?) Walter Vogt of KFAB in Lincoln, Nebraska. He's only twenty, but has been at it for a year, getting up at 5.00 A. M. for the eye-opener programs (which makes sleeping a hobby of his). He attends the University of Nebraska, and would rather talk than dance.

France Laux, crack sports announcer at KMOX, is the ex-aviator. Ran away from high school to join the 259th Aerial Pursuit Squadron, and went to France. Came back and worked up from sports referee at broadcast games to announcer.

He joined KMOX two years ago, is married and has two children.

Ray Winters, of KHJ, in Los Angeles, was going to be a farmer, but turned to Hollywood instead and finally to Radio . . . Frank Hoggard has the important post of Advertising Manager way down south at WMAZ in Macon, despite his scant twenty-four years, but spends much of his time at the mike.

Roger Krupp of KSTP is the ex-cowboy. The son of a cattle-ranch owner, he acquired a wanderlust which took him to a newspaper as a sports writer, to iron mines in Minnesota, to the water meets as a speed swimmer, and to New York as an artist and advertising writer. Now he's back in St. Paul, where he spends his non-announcing hours in his own studio. The “Original Abie” of *Abie's*

Irish Rose . . . that's Hal Shubert, studio manager of KOIL, who played for five years in Anne Nichols' play. Then he managed a Denver stock company, and finally turned his way back home to Council Bluffs.



They play at cross-purposes but in perfect harmony . . . Dottie Sherman and Monica Leonard (left) . . . the popular piano duo of WGY in Schenectady, N. Y. Only use one piano . . . but it's grand! Below—The Wandering Poet, WPG's actor-author. This is the first published picture of him.



A Scoop! First Published Photo of WPG Celebrity

THE Wandering Poet of WPG is an alluring figure, and an appealing one, for he draws the prize mail bag at the Atlantic City station. *RADIO DIGEST* publishes the first photo of the actor-author ever to appear in the press, but his name and marital status still remain shrouded in mystery. His tri-weekly “Bundle of Dreams” broadcast presents sentimental and dramatic readings with a soft string ensemble playing appropriate accompaniment.



More announcers: Left to right, Roger Krupp, ex-cowboy of KSTP, St. Paul. Hal Shubert, ex-actor of KOIL, Council Bluffs, Iowa. Frank Hoggard, of WMAZ, Macon, Ga. John Kuropatkin Chapel, "Royal" announcer of KGV in Pittsburgh.

Gossip of The East

TO START with N'England . . . it seems that Mike Hanapi, boss of WTIC'S Ilima Islanders, was only fifteen years old when he left Hawaii and leis. He joined a circus, met some Indians whom he liked and stayed with them, masquerading as "Chief Hailstone." One day he met a brother Hawaiian doing the same stunt with some Sioux Indians. They joined hands, went into vaudeville as a duo which became the nucleus of the famous Radio ukensemble, now in Hartford.

Fred Hoey, Boston sports announcer, is back at the mike this month, after running an indoor miniature golf course all winter . . . Leo Reisman's Orchestra functions from the Bradford Hotel in Boston via Station WEIL. He has an organ at his disposal, installed when the Elks' Lodge owned the hotel . . .

DOWN in the big metropolis . . . feminine visitors to the new

theatre-studio of WMCA are thrilled to see that their favorite announcer, "Aleck" is over six feet tall and as good-looking as he sounds. Known formally as A. L. Alexander, he draws down a heavy mail-bag . . . The Three Virginians (whose picture appears here) are a trio of roving sisters. They are ex-vaudevillites and appear on Sundays and Mondays at WBBC, and other days at WMCA, WGBS and WPCH.

Mary Zoller of Iliou, N. Y., is a newcomer to WIBX, Utica. She plays piano, croons, xylophones marimbates, accordions and plays the organ. In other words she's a whole orchestra in her own right . . . WLBW, the Columbia station in Oil City, Pa., points with pride to two newcomers, Peggy Barton, "Shopper" and Dr. William Ashbaugh sports reviewer.

The Virginians in their pretty costumes are Mildred Pianist, Marguerite Violinist and Bernice Cellist Arnold, of the Boro Radio Service and other WBBC, New York programs. Below—Mildred Godfrey Hall, staff harpist of WTIC, who has played here and abroad in many cities.



Jean Scull, pretty society deb who sings at WPEN, Philadelphia on the Amoco hour and other programs, and conducts a Radio gossip colyum in the Philly Record. She made her Radio debut with WCAU, but later became a staff member at WPEN, the "Mystery Announcer" station, where she appears daily.



Moving Day in CHICAGO

By BETTY MCGEE



MOVING day—in the Chicago studios—arrived a month or two in advance of the traditional May 1st this year. Not properties, but people. . . . The most breath-taking change of all was when NBC moved in on the WENR wave length. The chain bought out the local, lock, stock and barrel, and took over a good many of the favorite stars and programs. As, for instance, Weener Minstrel Show with Gene Arnold, Frank Westphal, and Al and Pete and the rest of its talent. Others still in the old spot are . . . the Edison Symphony with Morgan L. Eastman . . . Jim and Bob, the Hawaiians . . . Sally Menkes (what would the staff do without her accompaniment!) . . . Chuck, Ray and Gene, who do some NBC comics on WLS, as well as on WENR.

Migrations included the Smith family to WMAQ (with a few changes in the personnel) . . . Edwin Delbridge, tenor, also to WMAQ . . . WBBM claimed Mike and Herman and their dialectics . . . while WMAQ signed up the singing team, Marian and Jim . . . Paul McCluer's Sunday morning Sunshine Hour is at KYW now, but Paul joins the NBC Sales Department.

Irma Glen, staff beauty, organist and Air Juniorite, went chain before the big surprise, but now returns to WENR . . . Everett Mitchell, announcer . . . Gale Swift, Musical Director . . . Edwin Boroff, Chicago pioneer . . . Mrs. Anna Peterson, Home Economist . . . they're all still doing business on the old stand.

"Little Joe" Warner is still going strong at WENR. More formally, he is J. B. Warner of Beverly Hills, a South Side suburb, where he lives in a bungalow with his wife and several children. He was born in Chicago and has lived in it all his life. Baseball, football and books come next to his family among "Little Joe's" interests.

SPEAKING of old favorites—Pat Barnes is back at WGN amidst much rejoicing in the camp of Barnes' admirers (and their name is legion). For the benefit of those who haven't discovered it, Pat is heard in his sketch "Jimmy and Maw" each



Above—June Meredith, pretty leading lady and Charles Hughes, genial "First Nighter" of the NBC sketch of that name.

Left—It's moving day for Quin Ryan, WGN announcer, to new quarters with his bride, who was Roberta Nangle, newspaper woman.



An honest-to-goodness peanut roaster was dug up for Russell Neff, popular WTAM tenor, when he sang *The Peanut Vendor*. Studioites ate nuts hot off the whistler.

morning except Friday and Saturday. . . . Another old Chicago favorite who has drifted back to town is Bobby Griffin, the same Bobby with the same nice smile and smiling voice, who gained popularity years ago on the Nutty Club programs over WBBM with Guy Lombardo and Charlie Garland. Since those good old days, however, the wide open spaces have beckoned and Bobby has found himself at KVOO in Tulsa, down in Gainesville, Florida, where he opened a station operated by the University of Florida, and then in Des Moines. And now he's announcing at KYW.

Faces have been changing at the last-named Chicago station. Maurie Wetzel, whose name was almost synonymous with that of KYW, is there no more. Jules Herbeveux and his band are now spending most of their time over in the NBC studios, while Rex Maupin and his "Aces of the Air" are now an important part of KYW broadcasts. Harold Bean's is another of the new faces—although a familiar one at WBBM, where he managed to keep busy singing with Leon Bloom's band, announcing and writing continuities when time hung heavy on his hands. He is the new "Voice of State Street" and is one of the "Tune Peddlers" with Freddie Rose on afternoon programs, having taken Elmo Tanner's place since Elmo joined Ted Weems.

Personality Bits from CLEVELAND

By MARVELL LENOIR



Above—"Curly" and "Charlie" piled up barrels of fan telegrams at KSTP recently.

Right—Harry and Joe, popular WJAY funsters.



Two Chicagoans in the quartette (left). Top, Jack Doty, featured in NBC "First Nighters," and Bobby Davis, WBBM program boss and announcer.



Bottom, two Clevelanders. Fred Ripley, assistant manager of WGAR, and Stanleigh Davis, who wields a musical saw at WHK when he isn't smoking a pipe.

Harold attended the University of Illinois, where he majored in mathematics and coeds, taking a Bachelor's Degree in science which possibly accounts for the fact that he is not married. . . . Another new comer to KYW is Bernice Yanacek—pianist and—a redhead! . . .

• • •

THE people who produce the Little Theatre plays have interesting "dramatic" backgrounds. June Meredith, who is the leading lady in the "First Nighter" productions, an NBC feature, is from the legitimate stage, and Jack Doty, featured on the air with Miss Meredith, was also drafted from Broadway where he was a popular leading man for several seasons with Jane Cowl.

The author of these plays is a blond, winsome little miss, Miss Catherine Abels by name, no mean actress in her own right. She was graduated from the Department of Dramatics of the University of Wisconsin. And just a word about Charles P. Hughes, the producer. Mr. Hughes has been doing clever Radio production work, principally over WIBO, for some time, but has recently come from behind the scenes to assume the Radio personality of the genial "First Nighter."



ABOUT that happy pair of funsters, Joe and Harry of WJAY . . . Off the air Joe O'Toole is as Irish as his name. His blue eyes, curly hair, and Irish ways make him as popular as any bit o' green ever made a body yet. Harry Royale is taller, darker, and more dignified but even he packs plenty of smiles and spreads them around generously.

The boys began their work together in that casual way so common to Radio Folk. You know—one man is rehearsing in a studio, when another strolls in, heaves a sigh that plainly says, "I want to rehearse in this studio, must you always be under-foot?" "A" looks disgusted, but doggedly keeps thumping away, and to show how nonchalant "B" feels he begins singing a late popular song. "A" stands impatiently tapping his foot on the rug, which "B" doesn't hear at all. Finally liking the tune and forgetting his grievance in true temperamental style, "A" begins the second chorus and sings it with "B". "B" looks at "A" and "A" looks at "B", then they both grin broadly, friends again.

They make up and shake on it, outline a program, hunt up the powers that be and beg an audition. Granted and they click and there they are. That's how Joe and Harry met and clicked and still continue to click for sixty minutes every day.

• • •

FRED RIPLEY, one of Cleveland's premier Radio men and a newspaper man of note, is now assistant manager of Cleveland's youngest Radio station, WGAR. (His picture appears here.) He is tall and dark, with a deep, resonant bass voice that fits him perfectly. He first sang bass solos over Cleveland's pioneer station WHK. And later created the very popular character of Black Bill, singing more bass solos in dialect over WTAM. Several times Mr. Ripley has left Radio to devote his entire time to newspaper work, but the lure of the "mike" has been too much for him and each time he comes back.

Mr. Ripley gives special attention to auditions and despite his many other duties insists on hearing them all himself. Every Sunday afternoon he gives his audiences a treat with two new voices never before heard over the air.

STATIONS! — ANNOUNCE CALL LETTERS MORE FREQUENTLY

RECENTLY I waited nearly an hour for the station announcement from WTAM, Cleveland, and then just when they got ready to unburden themselves of the much-wanted information, the soda mixer in the drug store just below my home started and I missed it.—Charles E. Woodhull, 1535 Broadway, Detroit, Mich.

SUPPOSE you suggest that each broadcasting station never fail to give its call letters at the beginning or close of each number. Thousands of listeners are disappointed when it is not given. Some stations announce after every number, regardless of the intermitting time and get maximum advertising for the station and city.—R. G. Banta, 30th S.S., and W. Holly, Seattle, Wash.

HAVE WOMEN MORE BRAINS THAN MEN?

YOUR magazine is charming, although sometimes rather exasperating when my favorites are not mentioned. Three cheers for the One and Only Georgia Backus of Columbia, and the talented Minnie Blauman, of the same station. Neither of these brilliant artists has an equal in her line.

Also, it is not always the person who appears at the mike who is the best, as witness the case of Minnie Blauman. She is Professor Exzema Succotash in the *Nit Wits*, but that isn't all. She is also an arranger and director for the Columbia Chain, and is the only woman in Radio who does her type of work. Truly, a glimpse into the CBS will show that it isn't always the men who have the brains. May I ask for a picture and write-up on these stars? (*See March for story about Nit Wits with pictures of these two artists—Editor*)—Julie Gerard, Manchester, N. H.

FROM AN AMERICAN IN GUATEMALA

I HAVE a wonderful small Radio, but it is marvelously clear. I have just heard my 117th station—my range includes San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver, Chicago, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal, and many, many southern stations.—Jessie D. Eltringham, Apartado de Correo 330, Guatemala City, C. A.

THIS FAN INSISTS ON KNOWING WHY PROGRAMS ARE DROPPED

A FEW Sundays ago I tuned in a certain station which carried a very interesting Columbia feature, fully expecting to hear it. To my surprise another program was presented in its place, without any explanations or apologies. May I suggest that it would be a good policy, when discontinuing or substituting a program, to explain to the listener the cause. This, at least, is due to the person who expects to hear his favorite program.—George W. Shepard, Marion, Kans.

OH, WHERE AND OH, WHERE IS JACK SHARPE?

WE MISS the friendly voice of Jack Sharpe from KFDM as much as the beautiful sunshine is missed from the skies on a rainy day in the winter time. I sincerely hope Jack will soon return to some station where we can hear him again—I hear hundreds of fine Radio artists that I admire but none whom I think can equal my old favorite.—Ida Cross Farrow, Elizabeth, La.

QUICK, WATSON, FIND JIMMY GREEN

THERE was something in your February edition that rubbed my fur at just the right angle. It was the letter concerning Jimmy Green and his Orchestra. He has a

Voice of the Listener

couple of boys in his band that make others sound like combination hog callers and fog horns when it comes to singing. And when Jimmy announces he talks like you are his best friend. He has left Albany now and I can't find him—I feel like I have lost my left arm. If you know where he is, please let me know (*His former Radio connections write us that they do not know his present whereabouts—Editor*) — P. H. Kelly, Jr., Box 128, Montgomery, W. Va.

TAKE A HALF HOUR OFF TO READ THIS ONE—IT'S WORTH IT

HERE'S a couple dots and dashes—on an epic: Friday night, January 30th, California Fruit Grower CBS System—coming from local WCCO—This is the California hour—followed a rumble and noise, then—"a wire broke, folks, but we now continue"—. Silence again for a fraction of a minute, then—"this is a WEEKLY FEATURE over this system."

Irma Glynn, WENR, has grown about 1000% in my estimation since I first heard her. Her pre-supper broadcasts for the tots interest me immensely. DARN GOOD! WOS brings us very nice "old-time" fiddling, etc., every so often. Makes you want to stay right with 'em!

Call the Engineer on this one: Why do some stations fade as regularly as clockwork, regardless of their power, while others with small power hew right to the line hour after hour? WHY IS IT?

After tuning all but five of the broadcast channels during the past week, I find that Call Letters are sounded less frequently by small stations than by high power ones. Yet the small stations are usually crowded on local channels, and when you tune one of these clearly you'd like to know who's what, but darn them lo-watters! They'll play, talk, yell, jazz, announce things time after time and let you sit there trying to guess! Must be afraid someone'll steal the letters away if they shoot 'em into the ozone.

With greatly improved transmitter and additional remote controls, WHBY, De Pere, Wis., is a comer. Give 'em a boost some time soon.

Smokey Joe and Teetain on WWL Tuesday and Sunday night programs are still my favorites! Smokey (Ralph Nogués) has represented 22 characters which I heard since last October. And they are not done with 'em yet. They are genuine "Ambassadors of the Air", for they can handle any situation in true O. Henry style, with a pinch of the serious here, a bit of the comedy there, and a surprise ending always. Guess this is enough for this annual letter.—Art J. Hantschel, 226 E. Fremont St., Appleton, Wis.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

I AM mailing the back numbers of the RADIO DIGEST mentioned in our correspondence, directly to Mr. Anderson, director of the New York Library.

If they will serve a purpose to a larger number of people, then I shall feel my sacrifice is not in vain. I really treasure these old copies, but I am also looking forward with pleasure to receiving some of the recent issues.—Mrs. J. F. Foster, 4824 Elm Avenue, Hammond, Ind.

(Mrs. Foster generously responded to a plea from the director of the New York Library for back copies of RADIO DIGEST. We wish to add our thanks to those of Mr. Anderson—Editor.)

LETTERS TO THE AUTHOR OF "NIGHT CLUBS"

CONGRATULATIONS to you on publishing and Rudy Vallee on writing his article on "Night Clubs". It is one of the best and most comprehensive articles on this timely subject that one could find. One can wish for such a person only the best of luck. And the same wish goes for your magazine.—H. J. Crawford, Hotel New Yorker, New York.

DON'T SAY THE NAUGHTY WORD!

JUST received the notice of the expiration of my subscription to RADIO DIGEST and the usual sales argument as to why I should renew the contract. You may recall that I have never of my own free will, ever stated that I desired that you send to me the RADIO DIGEST. This act was forced upon me by the purchase you made of the magazine Radio Broadcast, of which I have been a regular subscriber for many years.

What in h—l you think I can possibly see in your publication is more than I can imagine. The other magazine was full of technical data about circuits, power supplies, data sheets, etc. Your magazine is full of "junk" (as far as I am concerned) about the physique of Rudy Vallee, the mustache of Norman Brokenshire, and the voice of Lizzie Twitch.

I, for one, can positively state that you may never expect to include me as a subscriber of this publication, as long as it is of the type that I have received in finishing out my year on the original magazine.—Charles L. Pattee, 36 Raymond Ave., Salem, Mass.

WE BASK IN FLORIDA SUNSHINE

JUST the other day found your magazine in the library, so went up town at once and got the February issue. I must say I'm afraid the house suffered until I had read it through.

I am too deaf to enjoy the talkies, and I prefer to be alone as much as possible, so the Radio is my hobby. Hardly ever turn it off before midnight as I dread the darkness and can't sleep yet. And I turn it on every morning at 6:30 to get WLW, so you see how I use it. Our little station WRUF at Gainesville is very good considering its size, and they have some very good talent among the studio staff.

This is for the lady who objected to "recipe programs" and said those who haven't a cook in these days eat out. Well, maybe she is jealous of us folks who still love to cook and love our folks well enough to want to learn new foods and new ways of preparing them. I want to express my feelings about people being unfair, because if we all thought alike this world wouldn't be a very interesting place to live-in, would it? —Mrs. Rosamond C. Andrews, 212 S. 14th St., Palatka, Fla.

IT'S INITIATION NIGHT AT THE OLD V. O. L. LODGE

I HOPE by this letter to become a member of the V.O.L. Club.

One of the best programs on the air in New York City is the Radio Scandals Hour over WHN each Wednesday night. Its informality and—of course—its entertainment value, make it good. There are only four artists that appear regularly on this broadcast; the others are picked from night clubs, the stage and the newspaper field. None of the artists rehearses with the others. He may practice his singing, but the ensemble doesn't appear before the hour on which the program appears. Nick Kenny, the master of ceremonies, introduces the artists if they wish, but none know who will be the next one to be called up to the mike. Many laughs result from this, and the general good humor of the program is something worth listening to.—Walter B. Davis, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HAVE been a RADIO DIGEST reader a long time. Please put me down as a member of the V.O.L. club.—My favorite stations are WBEM and WJR.—Joseph E. Miller, 44 Gould Avenue, Denen, N. Y.

WINTER POEM

To-night, I am not at a movie show,
I sit by a wood fire's cheery glow
Oh! what care I for sleet and snow
As long as I have my Radio.

—Mrs. Winifred Coplien,
Brodhead, Wisconsin.

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT "WHO'S WHO" IN BROADCASTING

WE WOULD like to see the feature, "Who's Who In Broadcasting," in your magazine again. It was very interesting and it seems as if there was more information for the amount of space used than in any other feature. (*A new version of "Who's Who" will be issued for RADIO DIGEST readers within the very near future—Editor.*) We wish to congratulate you on the improvement in your magazine. When we receive this month's issue it will complete a year of R.D.'s. The first ones were very interesting but the better quality of paper you are using now makes a great improvement in the pictures and also makes it easier for the eyes while reading them.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jennings, 628 N. State St., Caro, Mich.

THEY'RE WAITING PATIENTLY FOR FLOYD GIBBONS' RETURN

IN YOUR December issue of the RADIO DIGEST you predicted the return of Floyd Gibbons. Many of us have been waiting patiently for his return. How much longer must we wait?—From a group of boys who admire a real he-man, Litchfield, Conn.

I AM writing this for a group of Radio listeners. We all admire Floyd Gibbons so much and were so disappointed when he discontinued his nightly chats. Lowell Thomas is good but can never take the place of Floyd Gibbons.—Mrs. E. J. Dobson, 35 West End Avenue, New Britain, Conn.

YOUR magazine is splendid—I enjoy every bit of it. I do so miss Floyd Gibbons—his nightly broadcasts were an inspiration. The whole world seemed a more cheerful place to live in after he had finished—not so with Lowell Thomas. He is like a continual funeral, for his jokes fall flat. And *Literary Digest* suggests a map to follow him to places of interest. Oh me! what with grasshoppers, ash cans, and the moon coming up over the cow shed, and last but not least, petticoats and laces—he makes the trips pleasant indeed.

Please bring us back our he-man Floyd Gibbons on a nightly broadcast and we will be forever grateful. By the way, Mr. Editor, you did predict his return—we are still waiting. Please tell us when. (*Mr. Editor says: Listen to Floyd on Saturdays on the General Electric Hour and Sundays on the "World Adventures" program—and be patient a while longer*)—A Group of Radio fans, Shreveport, La.

AN EARLY BIRD CATCHES—A WORD OF PRAISE

VINCENT SOREY and his violin, with the dawn of every new day, are in perfect harmony. The Soul of Sorey links Columbia's network from coast to coast—forming a rosary of musical hours. Men may work from sun to sun—but Sorey's music vibrates perpetually.—M. V. Loscalzo, 22 Nassau Drive, Great Neck, L. I.

WHAT THEY LIKE—AND DON'T LIKE!

THE DIGEST used to be a good Radio magazine. You will note I say "Radio" magazine. However, since you begin including fiction stories and articles not relative to Radio, it has become just another magazine to me. (*No fiction has been run since last December—Editor.*) On receiving the January issue I see more of what I would like to see and less of what I wouldn't. Nevertheless, with all my complaining, I still enjoy the old Digest, but would like it to contain more pictures and short articles on people and organizations whom we, on the receiving end, know only as voices.—D. Egan Jamieson, Smith Falls, Ont.

MY YOUNG brother glanced through your November issue and exclaimed, "Holy cow! First thing you know they'll be having articles on crocheted doilies, hooked rugs, advice to the lovelorn. Oh my dear! which is the correct fork to use to tune in WJZ?"

I defended you loyally. But then the very next month you had the hooked rug article! So please go light on cooking recipes, beauty hints, interior decorating, fashion notes. Give us more intimate stories and pictures of the entertainers.

Now for a lot of praise. I always admire your covers, your editorials, Marcella, Scientific Progress, V.O.L., Parade of the Stations, your expose of racketeers, your rotogravure section, Radiographs.

The articles by Doty Hobart, Evans E. Plummer and Alma Sioux Scarberry cannot be beat!—Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwood, N. J.

THOSE ORCHESTRAS AGAIN

ADMIRERS of the famous dance-music dispensers are never lukewarm. For several months an interesting controversy has been raging in these columns over the merits of the various orchestras. Here's another installment.—V.O.L. Editor.

"THE OLD MAESTRO—BEN BERNIE"

I THINK honest differences of opinion are permissible and really instructive, but they can be expressed without becoming abusive. My opinion on the situation (if it is worth anything) is that each of the leading orchestras of the day is really good, but if I had to express a choice, it would be Ben Bernie, "The Old Maestro."—Wallace E. Johnson, Mobile, Ala. . . . Have you heard Ben Bernie play *The Kings Horses*—if you haven't, you have missed something. I want to buy a horse every time I hear it.—S. D. Haynes, Montgomery, W. Va.

VARI-PARTISAN

THE FOLLOWING is my list of the leading dance orchestras in the country—Paul Whiteman, Coon-Sanders, Guy Lombardo, Phil Spitalny, Ted Weems, Jan Gerber, Henry Busse, Wayne King, George Olsen and Duke Ellington—David Smith, 40 Second St., Sharpville, Pa. . . . Being an ardent DIGEST follower, I want to join the chorus. My list would include Paul Tremaine, Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Leo Reisman, Guy Lombardo, Phil Spitalny, Wayne King, Coon-Sanders, B. A. Rolfe and Kay Kizer—Rudolph Anderson, Ludington, Mich. . . . Throw a few votes to Blue Steel. Can anyone fail to be thrilled by his pleasant, "Little Boy Blue talking to you?"—Frank E. Howell, Lynch, Neb.

COON-SANDERS

WOULD like to inform all interested that they can join the Coon-Sanders Fan Club by writing me at this address.—Sylvia R. Slavik, 4723 W. Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. . . . Have any of the others the solid reputation of Coon-Sanders? Have they played for nearly as long a time? Coon and Sanders are the two greatest singers in jazz today, the two greatest dance orchestra personalities.—J. F. Finarty, Jr., The Dower House, McLean, Va.

THE LOMBARDOS

THE soothing manner in which the Royal Canadians play their slow tempo music, makes Guy Lombardo's band the most popular on the air to me—George H. Etheridge, Crossett, Ark. . . . They are inimitable and cannot be equaled.—Lorraine Brunner, 2964 N. 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

RUDY VALLEE

I KNOW many of Rudy's admirers would like to join a club formed in his honor. I should like to take this opportunity of inviting all Rudy's friends to join us.—Dorothy Yosnow, Rudy Vallee Rooters, 386 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . This isn't a "silly-girl" crush, but I must correct some recent false statements. Rudy is so much better looking than any picture of him, I don't see how anyone can think otherwise.—Virginia Menzel, 461 Sackett Ave., Monore, Mich. . . . After all, Rudy writes for this magazine and if he reads all the letters slamming him, how do you think he feels?—Agatha Filippelli, Long Beach, N. Y. . . . When he sings, he sings for the love of singing—that is part of his make-up.—"Duke", Lincoln St., Evanston, Ill. . . . Because I prefer his music does not mean that I cannot enjoy any other program. I listen in on a host of others and thoroughly enjoy them.—Mrs. Parker, Salem, Ohio.



TEMPER!

Its Cause and Cure

Outbursts Are Often Distorted Expressions of Beautiful, Native Qualities

By Miriam Finn Scott

Win broadcasts regularly over the NBC

UNDER the stress and strain of the varied responsibilities mothers have to meet during the day as wives, housekeepers and mothers, it is no wonder that the faults of children assume abnormal proportions—they irritate, offend and hurt us to the point of exasperation. Then we feel it our duty to punish them for their faults in order to bring them into a state of good behavior. We rarely stop to look into the cause of these faults. We punish blindly, harshly and often unjustly, instead of checking the child's faults.

With all due consideration for the overtired and exasperated mothers, as well as fathers, I want to state most emphatically that punishment administered in anger and in fury, does *not* help to check the child's faults. Such punishment often only serves as an outlet for the parent's own uncontrolled temper. To help a child correct his faults, we must, first of all, realize that the fault of a child may be only an unpleasant, twisted expression of powers that are beautiful, native; second, we must realize that the faults in our children are often reflections of our own conduct, habits and shortcomings.

The most common fault in children, and perhaps the least understood, is "temper". Parents have been driven to despair by this error in their children, and the children themselves have inflicted immeasurable misery on others because of it and have had their own usefulness crippled.

Ugly and painful as temper ordinarily is, the qualities which are behind it, if understood, controlled and directed wisely, are capable of contributing to the child's finest development. Behind the temper of a child may be vigorous physical energy, will-power, curiosity, initiative, concentration, imagination, emotional strength.

We must realize that the child who will cry vehemently for the fulfillment of a desire, has an absolute conviction of what he wants; that the child who will go through a violent fit of temper has physical energy, emotional strength, will-power and the power of concentration. The

same child can use his emotional strength in expressing happiness as he can for expressing anger. He can direct these same splendid forces into constructive channels with the proper guidance. It is, therefore, the responsibility of mothers, fathers, teachers—all adults who are responsible for the first years of the child's development—to get hold of this crude, but precious element which manifests itself in temper, and make the greatest possible use of it.

TO PREVENT the development of temper there are two chief points to follow: first, we must begin with the child's earliest days, remove all possible causes of needless irritation. Temper, like every habit, good or bad, may take its start from an insignificant practice, and it becomes an established habit through repetition. Second, we must see to it that from the beginning of a child's life those energies which, when misunderstood and mishandled, result in temper, have opportunities for a free, happy and constructive development through play and occupations.

One chief cause for temper in a child's earliest years is the irregularity of physical habits and the inconsistency of treatment by the parents. The child who has not been given food at regular hours, who has not been encouraged to sit properly at table and to eat his food correctly, will, naturally, be apt to fuss at meal-time, and this will irritate the parents.

To avoid a temper at meal-time and all eating difficulties with your child, it is most important to remember that the child must be seated comfortably, either in his high chair, if he is under two years, with a support for his feet, or at a small table and a little chair that comfortably holds his body. The table could be

painted or covered with oilcloth, which makes it easy to keep it clean; the child's plate, drinking cup, fork and spoon should be attractively placed before him.

Give the food to the child in a quiet room, allowing him to feed himself if he can (it must be remembered that a child gets bored and tired by the monotonous movements of placing food into his mouth). The mother must assist him by feeding him part of the time, with an extra spoon or fork ready for the purpose.

If the child sometimes refuses to eat, remove the food at once. Skipping a meal or two will never hurt your child.

The mother who has been putting her child to bed at a certain hour every day, and who makes it a business to see that the hour is religiously kept, and takes the trouble not to allow any exciting events to happen just before it, will rarely have a struggle or a storm of temper in getting the child to bed. I know a little girl of five who, while her mother was entertaining several friends at tea one afternoon, came in and, to the surprise of one of the guests, said: "Mother, I came to say good night, it's time to go to bed," and kissed her mother and went out.

"How did you ever get Jane to do that?" asked the friend. The mother explained that there had been no difficulty at all; Jane had started that way and had continued the habit.

AS a matter of fact, it is just as easy and convenient in the average household to have a definite time at which the child knows he is to go to bed, as it is to have irregular hours. There are times, I realize, when friends or relatives call and remain for supper and for the evening; the child becomes interested in the visitors and when his bedtime

comes it is often difficult to get the child to bed without making him unhappy and causing him to rebel. To avoid an outburst of temper at such a time, an experience which is always humiliating, both to the parents and the child, the situation should be handled in one of two ways: either occasionally to make an exception, to deliberately allow the child to enjoy in full the half hour or hour beyond his regular bedtime. A privilege of that sort given a child who is accustomed to going to bed regularly, will be treasured and is apt to stimulate in the child a generous and thoughtful response to a request made by the mother. But these exceptions can be of value only if they are infrequent; otherwise the child will assume that the exception can become the rule.

Another way of handling this situation is to make clear to the child in advance of the visit that you expect friends for dinner, but that you will expect the child to go to bed at the regular time; and in order to make it easier for the child to follow his regular program, it must be remembered that children, like ourselves, find it difficult to give up what seems a new and diverting experience.

YOU can prepare for him a little surprise, an inexpensive game or toy which the child has expressed at some time a desire to have. Fifteen minutes before bedtime you take the child to his room, present him with the surprise and while he is absorbed in his new gift, you can quickly get him ready for bed. With a bit of forethought for the child on special occasions all conflicts will be avoided. I want to make clear that this little surprise for the child is *not* a bribe. It is a *legitimate* new interest for the purpose of diverting the child from an over-exciting and over-stimulating experience of being with adults.

Our own thoughtlessness in small things

is often responsible for the bad tempers of our children before going to bed.

"Johnnie, it is time to go to bed." I heard a mother say to her little boy.

"I don't want to," returned the little boy.

"Johnnie, you must go to bed!" commanded the mother.

"I want to ride my cockhorse just once," whined Johnnie.

"You heard what I said, Johnnie."

"But I want to," Johnnie insisted.

"I say 'no!'"

"But I want to!" exploded Johnnie and stamped his foot.

"Just for one minute, then, Johnnie—only one, remember."

JOHNIE pranced off for his cockhorse. The mother, in the meantime, became interested in something else and fifteen minutes passed instead of the *one* the mother had agreed Johnnie was to have on his cockhorse. By that time Johnnie was playing marbles, and his mother again told him it was time to go to bed. Again a struggle ensued, again the mother yielded, again Johnnie began another game, and it was one full hour before poor, tired Johnnie was finally carried off the scene, screaming, his legs frantically kicking.

"He is very bad, I have the hardest time getting him to go to bed," the worn mother exclaimed to me, with never a thought that her trouble was of her own making.

There is no recipe or formula for curing a temper which has become established, that will fit all children, but there are a few points which apply in *all* cases:

First, we must recognize that punishments, such as scolding, sham-

ing, spanking, have practically no curative effect. A child may yield at the moment through fear or pain, but most likely there is engendered in him a furious resentment which will later burst out in an even more deplorable manner.

Second, in handling a child's temper, the parent must be in perfect control of his own temper. He must be very kind.

Third, the parent should always make clear to the child that the penalty inflicted is the direct result of the child's temper—"I will not get dressed," Mary screamed—"I won't, I won't". "Very well," said her mother quietly, "I will give you ten minutes, if you are not ready we are not going to the circus." Mary was not ready and had an afternoon in which to learn that she herself was responsible for missing a joyous experience.

* * *

Mrs. Scott will give readers of *RADIO DIGEST* the benefit of her priceless experience. Write to Mrs. Scott, care of *RADIO DIGEST*, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

* * *

Good news for the children! Uncle Evans is out after a great story for you. He is finding out all about these wonderful Uncles and Aunts who come to you with their voices through the air and your Radio. Did you ever stop to think how important these Voices are? Do you know that many and many little boys and girls are alive today only because they listened to a Radio Uncle who warned them to beware of dangerous games and habits? We're hoping Uncle Ev will have it ready for you in your May RADIO DIGEST.—Editor

A nook in Mrs. Scott's "Children's Garden"—a Veritable Paradise offering fascinating toys and objects of delight to children of all ages.





Hollyhock in bud and blossom—lends grace and majesty

Gardening by Radio

*Program on Planting Sets
Shovels, Rakes and Hoes Agog*

By

THE MASTER GARDENER

Every Thursday and Sunday The Master Gardener broadcasts helpful recommendations over the NBC on every phase of gardening. The Vigoro Programs are sponsored by Swift & Co. An interesting handbook on this subject may be obtained by writing to Dr. G. J. Raleigh, in care of RADIO DIRECT, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.—Editor.

IF YOU follow the suggestions I have presented here, you will have lawns and gardens this year which will be real blessings in your lives. I believe that everyone's life has been influenced in some way by a garden. It may be the garden that we have today. It may be the garden that we tended so patiently a few years ago—before, perhaps, moving to the city. Or it may be the garden of one's childhood. Somewhere, though, back in your memory there stretches a wide, cool, green lawn, where flowers bloom, and all is very beautiful and reassuring.

Isn't it strange then that so many people build one of the most important parts of their homes without a plan? That is why I should like to emphasize the necessity of *having a plan* before you start to work making your garden. I want to suggest that you let no water roll under the bridge before you begin your plan.

Of course, you may already have a garden, and you may be quite satisfied with it. Yet all of us from year to year see how we can improve some small part of the garden area, at least, with little trouble.

At your first opportunity, then, this very day, if possible, give your imagination some play on this subject. Stand at the kitchen window and look out at the back yard. Stand at the front window and survey the front yard. Go out into the street and look at your property as a unit. That is think of the house and grounds together as *home* for that's what they really are, you know.

Then when you have a pretty complete picture in your mind of the whole place, proceed, in your imagination, to set out your trees and flowers and shrubs and vines just where you think they would look prettiest.

As a matter of fact, you will have even more success if you will make a rough diagram of the property.

Your property is your home. Every bit of earth in that home offers you an opportunity. You will be happier in that home, and healthier, and friends will admire it more, if you are careful to take advantage of every chance to improve it. Seize the advantage of every square foot of earth and make it beautiful.

Now for the design of your garden. Perhaps you want a formal garden with the plants arranged in such a way that they will have a definite proportion, a balance, symmetry. Obviously, you can't have such formality unless the area that you are landscaping has formal, straight lines, and has sufficient area or, enough land surface.

As a matter of fact, unless the area lends itself to formality, it's better to have an informal garden. Now, I don't mean to say that an informal garden is one that is haphazardly laid out. Just

take a picture by some great artist. It doesn't resemble a leaf in its symmetry. The figures or the objects pictured, are informally arranged, but the picture is artistic and beautiful. Very often the arrangement of plants in an informal garden requires much time and thought.

Now, of course, no matter whether your garden is formal or informal, you must have a lawn! I feel that I can't emphasize too much the advisability of having a lawn that is beautiful—a background for the other features. The grass must be kept green and thickly matted. The roots should go deep into the soil. It should be free of bare spots. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, you want your lawn to be yielding, soft, resistant to the playful feet of children.

KEEP the lawn open. Don't let it present a conglomeration of shapes and colors. By being kept open, it gives the impression of space, largeness, freedom to the home. By all means don't build small flower beds in the lawn. Keep them at the border lines.

Let me say a word or two about walks. I'll agree with you . . . sometimes they do somehow just ruin the looks of a lawn and garden. But here's a suggestion . . . if you make the walk of stepping stones, and let the grass grow up between, you can tone down the harshness of the walk, curving walks are very nice, but too frequently we see a large curve in a short walk, and that looks a bit odd. Just be natural. Don't try to strain for beauty. Keep your lawn and garden simple and natural.

I'm going to risk a bold statement now. Too many of our homes have too many trees. I'm one of the best friends that

the trees of this world have today. I feel toward a tree almost as I do toward a human being. It has character, stability, poise and beauty. Nevertheless, don't try to have *too many* trees. They are necessary to proper landscaping. But if you get too many of them they shade the other plants. People like flowers too, and shrubs and vines. It's a lot better to have two or three trees for a small house, trees properly placed . . . than to have a lot of trees just growing up with no regard for proportion.

Now, a few words about shrubs. Whether your garden area is formal or informal, it will be advisable to enclose it with shrubs. If you desire privacy . . . and most of us do . . . use shrubs of considerable size, and supplement these with smaller shrubs . . . presenting a banked effect. When you put shrubs at the extremities of your property, you give your home an air of expansiveness. Of course, shrubs also screen your service drives and your foundation plantings.

I find that we Americans are not using vines as much as perhaps we should. Now, personally I like vines. I have noticed how charmingly they soften the lines of a house . . . how beautiful they are on trellises . . . and how effectively they hide all those unsightly objects in our home property which cannot be covered by another kind of plant. But I think the main reason why I love vines is that they give an air of permanence, of age, maturity, serenity to the houses where they grow. I have seen men build a new home, and plant alongside the chimney a rapidly growing vine. In a very short time I have seen that new home bearing the air of age . . . looking as if it had gained the wisdom of many years . . . looking as if it were a place where people did a great deal of living.

Here's where we come to a phase of gardening that allows us the most latitude, that gives us the most pleasure. It is the growing of flowers. There are thousands of types of flowers that we can plant in our garden. If I started to discuss the different kinds that you could grow successfully, many pages would be written.

MAY I suggest very seriously that you do not plant your flowers in beds in the lawn, but at the margins. Plant the taller growing varieties at the back and the shorter in front. There are many fine combinations. For instance . . . one of the tall varieties of the snap dragon at the back, and in front of them, light colored Petunia, and, if you wish, Sweet Alyssum in front of the petunias. Or put some California poppies in front of the taller pit Marigolds. Those are just suggestions. I do want to say however, that there are some flowers that are so outstandingly good that they ought to be in every garden . . . for example, the daffodil, tulip, gladiolis, phlox, dahlia, zinnia and chrysanthemum.

And you don't want your garden to be all ablaze with beauty one month, and dying stalks and stems the next. Select the flowers carefully, with the view to having flowers in bloom every day during the growing season.

At the beginning of this article I emphasized the necessity of having plans for a new house before you let the contractor start building your house. I want to say now that if you were having a house built you would want to be sure that it was being made of good materials—materials that would not fall apart and let the roof drop on your heads. Of course you would. Well, then, if you are building a flower garden, you should be just as sure that you were making it out of good materials.

I REFER now not only to seeds, bulbs and plants, but also to the quality of the soil.

And what has that to do with the growth of a garden? Are plants made out of things in the soil? And my answer is that they emphatically are!

I wish I could walk out into your yard with you and take up in my hand a little

heap of soil. If I could I might explain more clearly to you what I mean by what follows.

Suppose you were building a house. You would need lumber, mortar, bricks and other materials. So in the building of a plant, certain materials are absolutely essential.

A plant must have a certain amount of food substances—potash, phosphorus, nitrogen and several other elements. It must have every one of these essentials to sustain life. These are as vital to the plant as sunshine and air—as vital to the plant as food and water is to man in his daily life.

The soil is the plant's environment from which it derives its nutriment, and the importance of keeping the soil rich and healthy cannot be over-estimated in building a garden.

Healthy plants are important to the success of your garden. Garden! What a word it is! How much it means to us and what an influence it is in our lives. Is it asking too much of ourselves, therefore, to give it just a little time and thought to make it one of the byways of memory to visit in later years? For that is what a garden can be.



The beauty, symmetry and form of this garden are results of thoughtful planning and thorough care



Barbara Gould

THE author has just returned from a trip to many of the important cities in Europe where she has opened her own beauty salons. Her long stay in Paris especially qualifies her to present authentic views on the beauty of Parisian women. Her weekly Radio talks over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Thursday morning have been a boon to feminine listeners.

ARE PARISIAN women lovelier than we are? That provocative question has been ringing in my ears ever since my return from Europe. As perhaps you remember, I went abroad early this year to open beauty salons in several European cities, Paris, London, Berlin, Budapest, Prague, Rome, and Milan. Of course on such a pilgrimage in the cause of beauty I glimpsed feminine loveliness triumphant under flags other than our own. Women all over the world are dreaming of lasting loveliness . . . and are achieving it, too!

I am now going to attempt to answer that impelling question, are Parisian women lovelier than American women?

Traditionally "comparisons are odious" . . . but I think and I feel sure that my readers agree with me that a thoughtful consideration of the comparative loveliness of the typical Parisian woman and the typical American woman cannot fail to yield beauty truths of value to each of us.

And even if it only led some of us to understand why French ladies fascinate our men—why they are such formidable rivals in romance—that would be some satisfaction.

But first of all, what is this "loveliness" we are talking of? It has been hinted by a philosopher to be "a gift of God," by a cynic, "a short-lived tyranny," by a person out of love "an ivory mischief." My own pet description of feminine loveliness is: a triumphant expression of a woman's personality.

So for me the moot question isn't, "Are

Parisian women lovelier than we are?" but rather, "Are Parisian women more eloquently feminine than we are?"

My answer—well, let us consider for a moment the possible ways of expressing a woman's personality.

The voice is one of the important elements in creating an impression. French women learn early and never forget the innate loveliness of their language. Too often American women discount the music that is in our fine English language . . . and just talk. The magic of a truly feminine voice is decidedly one of the fascinations of the French woman—and the lovely charm of it should awaken us to an expression of loveliness.

Another signal mark of loveliness is graceful movement—walking, dancing, sitting. Nowhere in the world does one see such youthful, swift suppleness of figure as among American girls and women.

Their bodies are beautifully built and trained, with just the merest hint of the primitive about them. American women are unrivalled in this claim to triumphant loveliness. I do not like even to mention the importance of "keeping the figure," for it goes without saying that the accumulation of excessive weight means farewell to loveliness.

THE decisive factor in a woman's appearance is her complexion. The American and French complexions differ to a great extent, but each has its individual attraction; the one so characteristically An-

glo-Saxon in its fairness, and the other so Gallic in its wonderful ivory tone. Any comparison here would certainly be odious, that is if each achieves its full beauty. French women have always known this and practised it. American women are becoming more and more convinced, so that now both French and American women are agreed in counting the youthful radiance of the complexion as one of their most precious possessions.

THE proper care of the skin is one of the first beauty duties and one which no wise woman neglects from her iridescent teens through her triumphant forties. When I was in Paris opening my salon there on the Boulevard du President Wilson I was impressed by the faithfulness with which the French women consider their complexion loveliness. I hoped, then, that American women were



An inviting reception room in a Barbara Gould Paris Salon arranged in the modern manner. The rounded walls have an enchantment all their own.

Milady of Gay Paris

She Charms Ze American Gentleman—*BUT WHY?*

By
Barbara Gould

just as faithful in giving proper care to their natively fair and radiant skins, and since my return I have been encouraged about it. Lasting complexion loveliness is every woman's rightful glory.

It has been hinted more than once that American women are the best dressed women in the world, but it is undeniable that the French are the most chic. Certainly a French woman has a genius for wearing her clothes. The chic Parisienne will not hesitate to have her clothes made to suit her own personality. She succeeds better than most of us do—and with less—because by a flick of a bow, a tilt of a hat, some little gay something, she interprets her own individuality in terms of her costume.

ONE of the most precious characteristics of the typical American woman is her glorious individuality, and certainly it would be more than folly to suggest that it is over-developed. We have grown to be as we are because our country has had the fine pioneering history it had and because it continues to grow as it does today. In becoming just what we are we have filled a great need of our country and destiny. But in all this we should cling to the fact that there is a great hint waiting for us over the sea among the French women. In regarding ourselves as individuals we must never forget that to realize fully our worth as individuals we must remain true to our inherent femininity.

As I recall my impressions of actual beauty among the charming French women I have met I realize more and more clearly that actual beauty of feature is not more than a small part of the impression of exquisiteness and magic which they create.

In the same manner I think of the American women whom I know so well, and here, too, there is a mysterious something that cannot be pinned down to any special physical characteristic.

I try to compare the two and I feel that it is quite unimportant whether or not the sum total of French noses is equal in beauty to the sum total of American noses . . . and the same for mouths and eyes.

Not all American women are beautiful. Neither are all French women beautiful. But no French woman ever allowed

unimportant or plain features, drab hair, or anything like that to discourage her in expressing her own particular share of loveliness, however small. We sometimes do! French women are unflinching in improving what should be enhanced, correcting or making unimportant what is less advantageous to their feminine charm.

If I should have to state candidly whether I think American women better looking than Parisian women I think that I would say "Yes, they are." But in the long run it is unimportant, because the aim of every wise woman in reaching the real exquisiteness that is her ideal is not to imitate her next-door neighbor, but to be just as lovely as she herself can be—to make everything about her tell its own story of just what her personality is like. The French woman carries her handkerchief in a way that is bewitching, because it's her own individual way. One woman can use make-up with exquisite effect and another can't because the first woman makes the powder and rouge melt into her natural appearance while the other imposes it on her face. One big difference between one woman's own loveliness and that of another is whether the one is more beauty-wise than the other. Certainly in all honesty the French women are more learned in the ways and rites of beauty than we are. If American women are to realize the full expressiveness of the beauty that is theirs . . . make it count gloriously in their lives, and the lives of others, they must emulate the French women and study how to individualize their own beauty even to the tiniest detail.

American women cherish their femininity, but French women insist upon theirs. I honestly think this difference in point of view is the beginning and the end of the idea that Parisian women are lovelier than we are. In the first place

we seem to have schooled ourselves to expect a minimum of gallantry. We have won our equal footing with men in a hundred ways and sacrificed some of our feminine prerogatives in doing so. French women do not "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam" any more than we do. But they still exact and receive all due homage to their femininity. And you must agree that men love to give it.

The typical American woman, concerned as she is with a thousand important interests—business, philanthropic, civic and otherwise—is the modern woman par excellence. But isn't she a little apt to let these things make her think that she is too busy to consider her femininity very seriously?

DON'T be afraid to be yourself. Don't, above all, follow like a sheep. If your hair is becoming one way don't wear it the way your favorite friend wears hers. It may not suit *you*.

Have the courage to express your own likes and dislikes in every single detail about you. And above all give yourself a good chance to be lovely looking. Get plenty of sleep. Eat wisely. And more than anything else in the world, be happy. Only a happy heart adds that inner something to your appearance which is really the most important thing about it. Let your expression tell a story of happiness and contentment.



The French way of enhancing beauty.

Gallant Art of GAMBLING

Wise Risks—Not Foolish Speculations — are Essential to Success in Beauty, Home and Office

I BELIEVE in gambling. We're all gamblers more or less, you know. We gamble on success, we gamble on happiness, we gamble in one way or another every day of our lives. Our gambling is not with money—it is with something much more precious. We gamble on ourselves.

There should be more gambling of this sort in the world. Gambling, according to the dictionaries, is any transaction involving uncertainty. Sometimes we are too cowardly to risk uncertainty. Our courage is not sufficient to allow us to take a chance on a stake which means everything to us. Examples of this type of cowardice are all around us.

For instance; two highly paid business women of my acquaintance lost their positions last November when their company merged with another concern. The one girl gambled on herself. She took a chance. With some of her hard-earned savings she went to Bermuda for two weeks. When she came back, she was vibrant and rested. From her depleted savings, she purchased a new wardrobe. Then she started out serenely to find another position. She found one, too—and a better position than the one she had lost.

The other girl was afraid to gamble on herself, and after several weeks of frantic job hunting, she worried herself into a nervous collapse. She is one reason why I say sincerely—I believe in gambling.

Here's another reason: One of the most successful men in American industry is an inveterate gambler. His gambling, however, is not on Wall Street. It does involve money because his decisions



"Investing—or gambling, if you please, a few minutes each day is a step towards preserving beauty," declares Miss Ingram. Do this and become a Ruth Collette (above)—of Earl Carrol Vanities.

effect the turnover of large sums, but his gambling is not directly financial. It is primarily a gamble on his judgment.

WHEN he has some very important decision to make, and it seems that an immediate settlement of the problem is vital, this executive goes away for a two-weeks' rest. He always returns with a clearer perspective. He gambles on these periodic vacations and the most important forward steps in his company's history are the result.

There is a form of gambling, of course, which is disastrous and which justly calls forth whole diatribes of oratory. Foolish speculation in the money, time, or beauty market come under this head. Wives

By

FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on the Care of the Skin
Heard on NBC Tuesday Mornings

who grow careless about appearance, about courtesy in the domestic circle are gambling with their own happiness and that of every member of their families. No one condones this type of gambling.

ON THE other hand, there is another form of gambling for wives which deserves no opprobrious comment, which involves fewer risks, and is practised far too seldom. You know wives who are too stubborn to gamble with their husbands for stakes which they deliberately underestimate. The husband wants to make a trip—he needs a rest. He arranges to get away from his business. He wants to gamble a few weeks' time against a fresh point of view. But his wife is sure that it is a reprehensible gamble. She cannot get away. The house cleaning must be done now. It cannot be postponed. The children cannot be left at this time. There are always reasons—indisputable reasons as far as the husband is concerned. The wife refuses to take a chance for an almost certain stake, but by her refusal, she gambles away something else of inestimable value.

"Second wives" are seldom guilty of such culpable conduct, and because they are usually willing to do some justifiable gambling, they call down censure on their heads from the wives who suffer from martyr complexes. The "second wife" may not consider orgies of house cleaning and frantic flurries of preserving so vital to the happiness of the household as the first wife did. Now the first wife undoubtedly sacrificed many things to help

(Continued on page 106)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU

Would you know the time of day?

Dial in.

Like to hear some music play?

Dial in.

Is it market news you crave,
Or the newest way to shave?

How to make the kids behave?

Dial in.

For historical romance

Dial in.

For fox trots for your dance

Dial in.

For health and beauty dope,

For proper use of soap,

For messages of hope—

Dial in.

Is your toothpaste full of grit?

Dial in.

Do you want to make a hit?

Dial in.

If your omelets always fall,
If you're much too short or tall,

If the baby starts to bawl,

Dial in!

If you're stranded in the sticks,

Dial in.

If you just love politics,

Dial in.

If your home brew doesn't brew,

If you wonder if you're thru,

If you yearn for something new,

Dial in.

For the magic in the air,

Dial in.

To throw away dull care,

Dial in.

Let music rest your ears,

Let wisdom quell your fears,

Let smiles replace your tears—

Dial in!

—Helen Mary Hayes, Lincoln, Neb.

Does "WOOF" convey nothing more to your benighted intelligence than the bark of a canine? Well, you're all wet, according to the latest dictionary of Radio jargon compiled by Engineer Irving Reis of the Columbia technical staff. It means a signal to start a program or check the time.

And ON THE NOSE isn't a knock-out blow, it's being on time at the close of a program within three seconds.

SOUP is neither vegetable nor nitroglycerine that the safe-crackers employ, it's electric current, fed to antennae. MOTOR-BOATING is not an aqua sport, it's allowing the volume level of a mike to fall below normal, which makes a "putt-putt-putt" noise.

HOP is not transatlantic, it's merely power supplied to mikes; HITS are non-scoring, they are just noises produced by the man up jarring the mike. DEAD MIKE isn't a cause for a wake, it's an unconnected microphone, while a HOT MIKE is one supplied with power.

O' LIVE THE POOR GIRL ALONE

Three Little Sachs, WABC:

First Sachs: Why is the first olive in a bottle like a kiss?

Second Sachs: I don't know, why?

First Sachs: Because the first one is hard to get. After that they come easy.

—Lyro G. Portridge, Spafford Lake, New Hampshire.

EGGS-ACTLY RIGHT

Heard from WJR, Detroit:

"How do you tell a bad egg?"

"I don't tell a bad egg anything, but if I had to, I'd break it gently."—E. M. Muma, 1007 N. Madison Ave., Bay City, Mich.

"Boners" is a collection of school-boy examination paper mistakes which Clifton P. Fadiman, NBC book reporter, recently reviewed. Here are a few choice examples he culled:

"Solomon had 300 wives and 700 porcupines."

"A polygon is a dead parrot."

"In Christianity a man can have only one wife. This is called Monotony."

And this is reported by a school teacher friend of Indi's: "The dog ran down the street, emitting a series of whelps."

Cash for Humor!

I WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay \$5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, \$3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

IT'S A LOT OF BUNK

Al and Pete:

Pete: Did you know Carnera has a bed seven feet long?

Al: That's just bunk, Pete.

Pete: Bunk! That's no joke—he really has a bed seven feet long. I wouldn't call that bunk.

Al: Well, it's a bigger bunk than the Singer Midgets have.—"Fran," Wayne, Neb.

NOTHING TO SNEEZE AT

While listening to the Westinghouse pioneer station at Pittsburgh, I heard the following announcement, "This is KDK, KDKu, KDKu-choo!" Luckily, the announcer wasn't advertising cough-drops.—Hugh Lineback, 1412 Mt. Olive, Siloam Springs, Ark.

Here's a joke Indi heard yars and yars ago. But in its trip around the world it acquired a new ending. Do you like it with, or without, the last line.

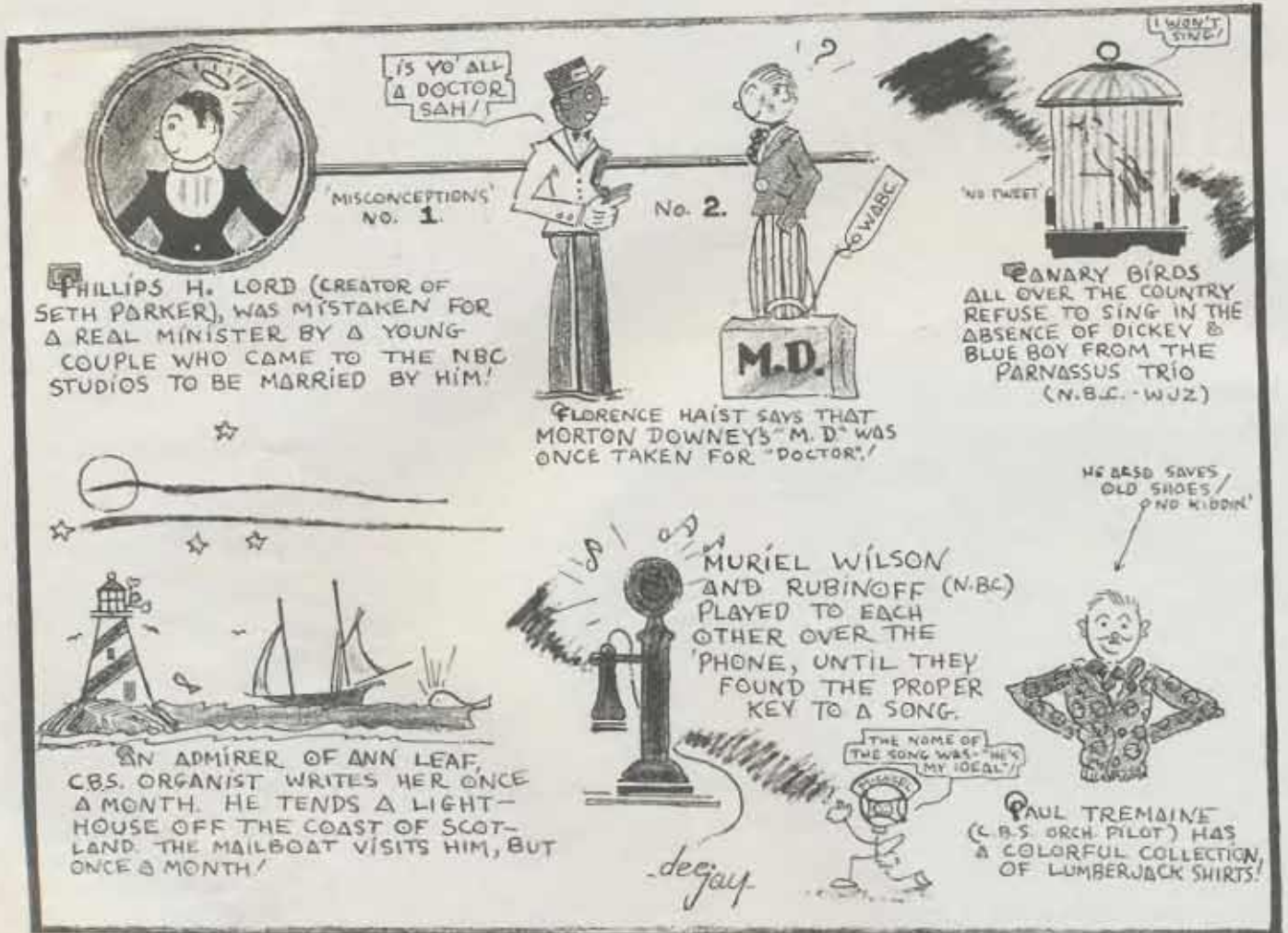
Complaining woman (in a hotel): I can't sleep.

Room clerk: Why?

Woman: Somebody in the room above dropped a shoe on the floor and I'm waiting for him to take off the other.

Room Clerk: Don't wait. The man in the room above has only one leg.—Valentine Sadowski, Buffalo, N. Y.





IT'S A CRUEL WOILD

There's no sympathy for young love out in Iowa. For when authorities at WOI, broadcasting station of the State College at Ames, noticed a daily disturbance caused by a motorcycle passing the studio window at 12.30, they investigated. Sometimes the cyclist rode with cut-out wide open and engine at full roar, other times he would shut off the power, "punctuating" the motor's din.

Finally A. G. (Andy) Woolfries, announcer, discovered that the boy had a girl in a town about 100 miles away who listened in every day at noon. Full motor meant he had received a letter, "punctuated" motor meant he hadn't. Andy switched off the mike as he passed, and he eventually stopped! Proving that all the world doesn't love a lover—if he insists on broadcasting it.—L. R. Combs, Iowa State College, Ames, Ia.

WGY

Crawford: The Radio has certainly simplified many of the problems of our daily life.

Crabshaw: You bet it has. Look at the easy way it has given us to spell such a word as Schenectady.—J. J. O'Connell, 15 Audubon Ave., New York.

CALL TO ARMS

WWJ Early Birds:

Frank: Who wrote the greatest war song, Ernest?

Ernest: Mendelssohn—the wedding march.—Ashley N. Chandler, 1943 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

RADIOTIC PRATTLES

"Good evening, folks. This is the News Hour of the Idiotic Daily News." Get ready, please for time. It is exactly forty-seven minutes past seven, Eastern Standard Time. And remember there is no better time on the market than Eastern Standard. There are certain companies in the habit of giving the time at ten o'clock, and while we do not want to knock anyone, you can't make a mistake in using a nationally advertised time like Eastern Standard.

Reports from Russia, folks, are about the same. Our correspondent wires us: Took a walk the other day and asked a bearded peasant, "How far is it to Moscow?" "About twenty versts," he answered. "Twenty-first what?" we asked him, knowing the unutterable stupidity of the mujik. But we could get no reply, so had to spend the night in Tiflis. That, folks, concludes our little talk on today's news events, so good night all, this is IDN signing off."—Fitzhugh Watson, Philadelphia, Pa.

SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

COME AGAIN WHEN YOU CAN'T STAY SO LONG—WLW announcer bidding farewell to Isham Jones: Mr. Jones, if ever you come again to Cincinnati, you may be sure WLW will give you the air!—Freda Sherman, 713 E. Markland Ave., Kokomo, Ind.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MIKE—On WHO, during the Master Farmers' Convention, one man said of himself: "I have a family of five girls and five boys. I myself am a hog. (slight pause) and cattle raiser."—Mrs. Merrill Pregler, 1506 Auburn St., Dubuque, Ia.

ALL THE LATEST INCONVENIENCES—"Have a Radio outlet in every room," said the Radio announcer, "in order to assure yourself of the greatest in convenience." (It's not so had in print—but oh! when it's vocalized).—Leo J. Jellison, 2506 Windsor Ave., Dubuque, Ia.

PETTING IN THE PARK

Gene Arnold: Have you been pinched yet in your new car, Bill?

Bill Childs: No, but I've been slapped!—Mrs. W. S. McCauley, 415 N. Woods St., Sherman, Tex.

Broadcaster Oil

(Continued from page 47)

National Cavaliers, a quartette of four singers. He is also their coach and arranger. In fact he does everything for them except their washing. Wirges dissipated an otherwise normal mind on growing hairs. A pitiful example of social ambition, he spent hours raising a Tom Thumb moustache, hours that could have been more profitably spent in practicing demented seventh and prostate ninth chords on which he was particularly weak, as who of us isn't. He wanted a set of lip-feathers like Groucho Marx, but they turned out more in the Michael Arlen manner. So he compromised and tried to wax it like Adolphe Menjou. But ah my friends, note how such an obsession wreaks havoc with Art and stifles creative endeavor. (Neat phrase that.) Wirges got to twirling his moustache so that the wax came off on his fingers, and when he tried to play the piano his fingers slid all over the keys. His friends, thinking he was playing passages from the Niebelungen Ring, would invariably get up and go.

I am glad to say that Wirges now wears his moustache dry.

As the stout lady said to the size 16 pajamas, this sort of thing can't go on.

In conclusion I want to say that I am five feet seven and one half inches tall, with blue eyes, curly hair and a slight impediment in either foot. If notified, find owner. Last seen stepping into an elevator on the thirteenth floor of 711 Fifth Avenue, and boy what a good time we had that night. Dorothy wouldn't speak to me for three days—don't say anything to Charlie.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 59)

tists. Then he broadcasts from his night club on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Downey is married to Barbara Bennett, the film actress, and daughter of Richard Bennett. How he met his father-in-law is one of the tenor's best stories. He had been married about a year, but had never met his wife's father. One night he was singing at the Palace Theatre, when in the middle of his song there walked on the stage a distinguished looking gentleman.

Said the intruding gentleman, "Do you know who I am?"

"No," said Downey, half way between anger and amazement.

"Well," said the gentleman, "I'll tell you. I'm your father-in-law."

The audience had a good laugh over the unusual introduction, but Morton Downey hustled his parent-in-law off the stage, saying it was his act and not Bennett's.

Downey is another singer who tried everything else first. He has sold phonograph records. He has sold insurance, or tried to. He has sold newspapers on railroad trains. He has run a little donkey engine in pursuit of freight cars. He says he failed at all these jobs, that there was nothing else to do but sing. His chance came when Paul Whiteman heard him singing in a restaurant and engaged him to appear with his orchestra, and from then on he has been a most popular entertainer both in this country and in Europe.

Downey has opened night clubs in Berlin, Paris, and London. He has sung

comedy songs at a White House dinner. He says he made Calvin Coolidge smile. He has helped the financier, Clarence Mackay, in entertaining the Prince of Wales.

Just now his song *Wabash Moon* is having a tremendous vogue. He always tries to feature some late number in his broadcasts. He is blessed with a photographic memory, and gets the melody and lyrics of a song at a glance.

When he retires—not that he intends to do it very soon—he says he's going to travel. "Dogs and traveling," he said, "they'll take up my time."

But just now, of course, his time is all taken up being the world's busiest tenor.

Marriage

(Continued from page 23)

mind. The ladies all want to know, 'Is he married?' and then, after they learn positively that he is, without a doubt, just another husband, they turn to new and more mysterious announcers to worship."

As far as announcers are concerned, Patrick Kelly, of NBC's New York studios, should be listened to, for Pat is the supervisor of announcers for NBC. Supervisors should, this writer opines, know whereof they talk, so let's listen to what he has to say:

"In my opinion the less the public knows about an artist in a personal way, the greater the admiration the public has for that artist. This applies to Radio artists in particular. Listeners form mental images of the artists and often visualize an artist as a person of such perfection that no living human being could live up to it!"

That totals fifteen opposed to the mari-

Last Chance to Vote For Your Favorite Station in Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

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4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct . . . \$3.00 150 votes

2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct . . . 6.00 375 votes

3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct . . . 9.00 500 votes

4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct . . . 12.00 750 votes

5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct . . . 15.00 1,000 votes

10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year

and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. \$30.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to such tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.



William Braid White

The Enjoyment of Classical Music

*Tschaikowsky as compared to Bolshevik—
"Incomprehensible Organizations of DIN"*

A Monthly Feature By WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music

FINDING myself in New York recently, I decided to hear at first hand a performance of the Roxy Symphony Orchestra, reinforced to two hundred players, at one of the dollar concerts which Roxy has been giving weekly for the benefit of unemployed musicians. The experience was very interesting, and I shall use it here, for two reasons. In the first place the program for that day happened to include part of Schumann's famous concerto for piano and orchestra, as well as the so-called "Pathetic" Symphony of Tschaikowsky. The second of these is constantly, and the first sometimes, to be heard on the air from one or another of the symphonic broadcasts, so that I feel more than ordinarily justified in making both of them in turn subjects of discussion in this magazine. If I can help my readers thereby to take in these two great pieces of highly organized music an interest more living and more full of meaning for themselves than they would otherwise be likely to acquire, I shall have accomplished something worth while.

In the second place, my visit gave rise to certain reflections upon the relation between the production and the reproduction of music, and especially of music highly organized and developed, which I propose to pass on to my readers.

Tschaikowsky and Suicide

Some thirty-seven years have passed since Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky (I use the customary but incorrect French spelling of the name) passed suddenly from the world during an epidemic of cholera in St. Petersburg, as it was then called. He was only fifty-three and at the height of his mental and emotional powers. The circumstances of his death seem to have been somewhat peculiar, and undoubtedly gave rise to a suspicion widely disseminated, that he had committed suicide. All that can be said here about the facts is that Tschaikowsky was a most unhappy man, that he suffered from a distressing malady of the soul, and that he died in circumstances which have never been completely explained.

The sudden death of Tschaikowsky came only a few weeks after the first per-

formance of this *Pathetic Symphony*, his sixth and last adventure in the symphonic form. It had been composed under circumstances unusually pleasant. It had scored a fair success at the first and had aroused genuine enthusiasm at the second, of its performances. The composer's outward circumstances were comparatively prosperous and his personal life more peaceful apparently than it had been for years. All the more surprising, therefore, was the astonishing appearance in this symphony of a final movement which is one long sigh of sorrow and one long groan of mental agony. I shall never forget my own introduction to this work, which began to become known in the United States only during the dawn of the twentieth century.

Wassili Safonoff, of Moscow, had been invited to come to New York to conduct some concerts for the Philharmonic Society and he chose for his debut this very symphony. That season (1904) we had had a succession of eminent conductors, each taking one concert. Safonoff came towards the very end and made a tremendous hit with this Russian music, then so new, so striking and so fitted to the mood of the day. The extraordinary finale of Tschaikowsky's *Pathetic Symphony* was meat and drink to us young men and women, and we almost, so to speak, wallowed in it.

Even today it still has magic to stir the pulses and to make the blood run both hot and cold. The professional musical connoisseurs sneer at it now as outmoded, preferring to invite our attention to incomprehensible organizations of din by contemporary Bolshevik composers. These, we are assured, are now the only genuine article. Happily, those of us who still prefer music which has some perceptible form and some noticeable

melodic structure still find Tschaikowsky very much to our taste.

Tschaikowsky wrote six symphonies, as well as one of the best of violin concertos, two piano concertos, of which one is universally known and liked, some overtures, piano pieces and songs, some operas (of which one, *Eugene Onegin*, has had great success), a lovely string quartet, a magnificent trio for piano, violin and cello, and the delightful ballet suite "Casse-Noisette" or the Nutcracker. His music is Russian, but it is not eccentric. He always said that his hero was Mozart, and he had all the great Wolfgang's ability to write lovely melody. Although he lived during the European ascendancy of Wagner and of Brahms, neither of these giants in any way influenced him. His music stands for himself alone. He combines, as I have said, great ability to invent lovely melodies, with a still greater power over the resources of the modern orchestra and the piano.

Tone Color

Tschaikowsky had a wonderful ear for tone color and knew how to make use of every instrumental voice, in combinations that never cease to thrill the listening ear. Not even Wagner can make the orchestra more lusciously sweet or so gorgeous in array of color. What Tschaikowsky can do with some violins, some contrabasses, a couple of clarinets, an oboe and a bassoon is astonishing. I hope that all my readers who are making a practice of listening to orchestral music on the air will accustom themselves to distinguishing the various tones characteristic of the different instruments.

The pungency of the strings, the smoothness of the brass, the noble openness of the clarinet and the dark silkiness of the bassoon, the bitter-sweetness of the oboe and the pealing martial call of the trumpet, are all so many pigments, so to speak, lying side by side on the palette of colors which the creative musician has at his disposal, just as the painter can spread upon his palette one after another all the tints of the spectrum, afterwards to be combined by him into a thousand and one varying, shifting, lovely shades. The musician can do with tones for the ear what

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

the painter can do with colors for the eye.

Let an oboe sing a tune by itself. We recognize the bitter sweet characteristic quality of its sound. Let a clarinet now join in and at once we have another tint or quality of sound, caused by the mixture of the two characteristic tone qualities. Add to these a group of violins and again the tone-color takes on another hue. A composer who is very skilful in, and sensitive to, the shifting of these tone-colorations can do wonders with an orchestra. No master surpasses, and few have equalled, the Russian, Tschaikowsky, in his command of orchestral tone-color.

I suppose it is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the term "tone-color" is really rather misleading. The word "color" is borrowed from the world of the eye, and only by analogy can it be applied to the world of the ear. Nevertheless what is meant can easily be explained. When one says that one piano has a beautiful tone and another one is tinny or harsh, one is referring to the "quality" or "character" of the sounds, as distinguished from the pitch or loudness of each one. When one observes the smoothness of sound produced by the clarinet or the French horn, and compares it with the sharp peal of the trumpet or the long-drawn-out sob of the violin, one is dealing with the same property. Every musical instrument has its own quality of sound, which distinguishes each of its tones from the same tone produced on another instrument. The same is true of voices.

Why "Pathetic"?

To get however to our symphony. The name "Pathetic" was given to it by Tschaikowsky's brother and biographer, Modest, who says that on the morning after the first performance he came down to breakfast to find Peter Ilyitch already at the tea urn with the score of the symphony on the table before him. Some conversation then took place, in the course of which Modest, the brother, asked whether it were proposed to append a special title to the new work, which already seemed to be the most important his brother had composed. Peter Ilyitch replied that he had intended to call it simply "Program Symphony" thereby implying of course that it had a program or meaning but that the hearer must guess this for himself. Modest objected to this and proposed as an alternative the title *Pathetic Symphony*. To this Peter Ilyitch assented. There and then the new title was written on the score.

It might be well, however, to point out that the word "pathetic" really means that which pertains to or expresses suffering. It is commonly used to mean that which excites sympathy. The first meaning is undoubtedly correct in the present case.

The Finale is certainly gloomy, but it is far more than just that. One may properly call it a magnificent lament, almost a funeral march; but the death it

mourns is not of any mortal man. It is the death of hope, the death of belief, the death of aspiration. Granted that, to one generation which has gone through the World War and to another which does not even know that there was a pre-war world, the pathos may seem to be forced, and here and there artificial. Still, even if one entirely ignores any suggestion of meaning or program, the finale is glorious music. Tschaikowsky never wrote more genuinely moving strains than he gives to the violins at their entrance, in the middle of the movement, with the noble melody of the second theme. The climaxes he builds up are genuine, too, and the whole working-out is masterly.

I grant that a mind wholly unable to see anything in music save bare sound may wonder what commentary like this is all about; but I am not writing for those who can find in music merely an expensive form of noise. Let them listen to Senator Borah or to that Episkopos Oikomenikos at Zion City, Illinois, who



Ernest Hutcheson, concert pianist who has appeared on Columbia Concert programs.

manages at one and the same time to use Radio and to believe that the earth is flat.

Schumann's Lovely Concerto

Schumann's piano concerto was played extremely well by that veteran artist Carl Friedburg, with the masterful assistance of Mr. Erno Rapee and his very large orchestra. A concerto, as I have previously explained, is a "small-size symphony," with a solo part for some instrument written into it. It is intended to give to masters of that instrument opportunities to show their virtuosity. No one ever wrote a better piece of work in this genre than did Schumann. Neither orchestra nor piano is supreme. The empire of sound is

shared between them. The earlier classical concertos were sometimes no more than brilliant solo pieces with a guitarish accompaniment. The later ones tend to bury the solo instrument in the orchestral mass, until one can hardly distinguish it. Schumann draws the line neatly between the two extremes. The themes, moreover, are melodious and charming, the working out is satisfactorily clear and the composer allows both parties to the duel a fair chance to display themselves. This is splendid music, and I hope that it will often be repeated for the Radio audience.

Something to Think About

You all know that Roxy started this series of symphony concerts with an orchestra of double the usual size, and with tickets selling at a flat rate of one dollar, for the benefit of unemployed musicians in New York. There are, unhappily, some thousands of these men out of work in the metropolis alone. The sound-picture must carry the responsibility for the pass to which so many of these skilled artists have come. The musician cannot help himself in face of conditions like those which now confront him. We live in a mechanical age. Its machinery has extended to the reproduction of music on so large a scale that, to the commercial interests engaged in the entertainment business, it has appeared quite feasible to organize a system of distributing this reproduction in such a way as to eliminate the need for flesh-and-blood musicians in moving picture theatres everywhere.

In fact, as the technical state of the reproducing systems becomes more and more nearly perfect, it is certain that this state of affairs will be intensified, until, so far as any one can now see, the professional performance of music will be confined to (1) the groups who play in the picture studios, (2) those other groups which are furnishing music for broadcasting (3) the players in the dozen or so great symphony orchestras maintained in as many great cities and (4) the small body of eminent artists who can draw large audiences by their own supreme skill and genius.

Now probably, most of my readers have never thought of this; but if they will think for a moment they will see that here we have a state of affairs not at all healthy. Music is a living art, which demands for its growth a large organization of composers, performers, and teachers. Music lives only when it is performed. If the demand for performing musicians suddenly dwindles in this manner I predict disaster.

I shall return to this very important question in later articles. For I can assure you that something is going to be done about it. Meanwhile let me close on a word of praise for Mr. Erno Rapee, conductor of the Roxy Symphony Orchestra. He is a capable and masterly musician who does wonders under conditions not very easy for any one.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Television in Chicago

WE settled ourselves in a comfortable chair, our guide pressed a switch, and we found ourselves in darkness

except for a square patch of pale pink light that glowed like a bit of ghostly ectoplasm through an opening in the opposite wall of the room. We watched. The image of a hand appeared in the square of light. The hand held a pencil and as we sat with our eyes glued on that ethereal bit of light the hand began to sketch a picture with bold, firm strokes. The drawing completed, the hand disappeared from the screen and in its place came a man's face. The lips moved, we heard his voice, as he told us that he had just drawn the picture on a sheet of paper placed in front of the television

transmitter located in the television studio of W9XAP, Chicago. As he drew the picture the television apparatus had scanned the scene and then transmitted and reproduced it for us in an adjoining room. The screen on which we saw the image was about a foot square, the light was sufficiently brilliant to enable one to look at it for a long time without straining the eyes, and the detail in the picture sufficiently good to recognize the sketch as a likeness of Lincoln and later to recognize the artist after having seen his face on the television screen. We were, we admit, well impressed by the demonstration.

Not so very long ago a short play written especially for television was transmitted over the television system of W9XAP and the broadcasting station WMAQ, so that those with both television receivers and broadcast receivers saw and heard the actors and actresses in the play. During

the play every effort was made to eliminate extraneous noise. The strings of the piano were muffled. To prevent noise from creaking shoe leather the men played in

with eyebrows and mouth outlined in a brownish red. Seen in person the players with all their make-up in place look like some Halloween apparition; with such make-up a hen-pecked husband couldn't recognize his own wife.

But of more interest than the subject of the play was what we might call the stage technique. By means of a special arrangement of lenses in the transmitter and by the use of several groups of photo-electric cells, it was possible to obtain both close-ups or long shots, like in the movies. First the group of three players might be televised, then a close-up would show just the girl as she spoke her lines, then a switch to a close-up of the man and so forth. A real effort was made to add interest to the program by such

effects rather than to just sit the players in front of the photocells and let them recite their parts. For the close-ups a group of some eight small cells were used; for the long shots there are two enormous cells. The latter are suspended from the ceiling and can be swung to any position in the room.

The demonstration we witnessed was especially impressive in three ways. First we were impressed by the brilliancy of the image, for the light was sufficiently strong to make the picture easy to look at; the light source for this demonstration was a neon tube producing a very strong pin point of light. The neon tube used in the ordinary home television receiver consists of a glowing plate about one and one-half inches square, but the light from the glowing plate being not very strong in the first place and since the process of scanning causes only a small portion of the plate to



Ole Olsen and Chick Johnson bring joy to listener and looker fans of W9XAP, in Chicago.

their stocking feet; the women wore soft sandals and their costumes were of plain, unstarched cotton.

The play was called "The Dream Manufacturer" and it concerned two lovers, Pierrot and Pierrette who, sad to relate, were about to drift apart when the manufacturer of dreams finds them and brings them together again, to live (we suppose) happily ever after. Undoubtedly the closing scene (we didn't see the play) showed them, Pierrot and Pierrette, in blissful embrace.

MAKE-UP, so important in the movies, is just as important in television. Davis Factor, the son of Max Factor, who is the big gun among the make-up artists out on the lots of Hollywood, experimented with various effects. To date best results have been obtained by using a thick coating of grease paint on the face,

of the Radio Arts

Owners of Television and Radio Sets in Chicago
Hear and See Actors in Specially Written Skits

be visible at any one time the image, in the ordinary home television receiver, is quite dull and looked at for any length of time is quite tiring on the eyes. With the point source type of neon tube, all of the light from the tube is available for each point of the picture and, as a result, the image is very much brighter. The point source type of tube has the disadvantage, however, that it requires the use of many lenses in the scanning disc, which makes the cost of such a television receiver so great as to make it impractical for ordinary home use. Also the present types of tubes require a comparatively large amount of power and dangerously high voltages for their operation. But we understand that new tubes of this type have been developed that require much less power to operate them and they may finally be improved to the point where they can be adapted to the ordinary home television receiver.

The second point which impressed us was the detail of the image. In considering the detail in a television image we must realize that the picture is composed of many small spots, the intensity of illumination of each spot corresponding to the amount of light reflected from a given spot on the subject being televised. The greater the number of spots into which the picture is divided the greater the detail; it is for the same reason that reproductions of photographs in this magazine are of better quality than would be reproductions of the same photographs in a newspaper. Many more dots of ink are used to reproduce a photograph in this magazine than are used to reproduce a photograph in a newspaper. The picture which we viewed at W9XAP was divided

vertically into some forty-five parts and divided horizontally into about one hundred parts and so, in effect, the image on the screen of the television receiver was reproduced by some five thousand spots of light. Since the system was arranged to transmit fifteen pictures per second, about seventy-five thousand distinct signals were picked up by the photo-cell every second, converted into electrical energy, transmitted through the system and reproduced at the receiver.

SEATED some ten or fifteen feet from the screen, as we were during the demonstration, the reproduction appeared to the eye to be somewhat better on the large screen than did the one and one-half inch image which we saw later in the small home television receiver. The apparently better detail on the large screen was due, probably, to the fact that the brilliancy and size of the image made it easier and more interesting to look at.

The third point that interested us was

the absence of "flicker." Many readers will recall the early motion pictures and the horrible manner in which they flickered. Many television images flicker in just the same manner, but the image we saw at W9XAP was unusually steady. This is due, we are told, to a system of scanning which breaks up each picture into three parts so that the eye gets the impression that there are many more pictures being transmitted than is actually the case. Flicker is especially annoying because of the eye strain it produces.

The television receiver we have described was designed solely for demonstration purposes. The receivers being sold in the Chicago area for ordinary home reception use the regular small square neon tube that produces pictures about one inch square. The home receiver (and also the demonstration receiver) is synchronized by the use of a motor (known to engineers as a synchronous motor) which can only operate at one definite speed. To start the motor a handle on the front of the receiver is given a twist, after which it automatically

turns at exactly the proper speed. There is nothing new about this motor or its use, for it has been utilized in television receivers at various times during the past few years. It has the advantage of simplicity and the disadvantage that when it is used it is necessary that both the transmitter and receiver be supplied with power from the same power company. It cannot be used with good results when the transmitter, located in one town, is supplied with power from one company, and the receiver, located in another town, is supplied with power from another company. But there are (Cont. on page 107)



Presentation of a play over television station W9XAP synchronized with WMAQ, bringing to fans the visual Radio while simultaneous broadcasting furnishes the words. Irene Wicker, Vinton Haworth and Douglas Hope are the performers. Mr. Haworth is staging such shows regularly for sight and sound fans.

tal publicity. Number sixteen is more or less neutral. He is Don Bernard, NBC production man in charge of Empire Builders and other programs. As such he gets little publicity, so speaks impartially when he says:

"The type of work one does should govern the policy. Romanticists should keep their audience in the dark. Singers of old-time ballads might gain by letting their fans know of their marriage. It depends on the air role."

There are two more neutrals—Adele Vasa and Paul Tremaine, both of the CBS network.

"Miss" Vasa, whose glorious soprano is heard regularly on many programs, takes the stand that the general public is not particularly interested usually whether the Radio singer is married or not. She admits, however, that on concert tours it might be advantageous to let the public believe the artist is heart and fancy free, and holds that a musical-comedy star is dearer to her audience when envisioned as a "happy bachelor maiden." Adele, notwithstanding, having been only recently married, wants the whole wide world to know that she has found her "ideal man" and is "just gorgeously happy".

And Tremaine, the band leader, unmarried, says that if his orchestra can present an enjoyable program, it's all that is necessary, and whether the listeners know his matrimonial status or not doesn't make a bit of difference one way or the other.

There you have it. Now, after you've read what the stars think about you—the public's—reaction, sit down and write a letter to "Mr. Editor," of RADIO DIGEST telling just what you think about it yourself. I'm sure he'll publish the most interesting letters just to set the loud speaker favorites right—if they are wrong.

Marcella

(Continued from page 62)

Lindhe of WFAA, we thank you for the picture of these worthies.

* * *

FRANK KNIGHT received his Radio tutelage from Edward B. Husing and the late John Daniel, both of whom persuaded him off the legitimate stage and actually pushed him into Radio. He was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, May 19th, 1894, the son of the best known barrister and solicitor in that country. Graduated from St. Bonaventure's College and picked up some business training in the Canadian Bank of Commerce. War interfered and after that tried his hand at medicine at McGill University, Montreal. But the call of the stage was loud and alluring and he followed its beckoning tones—until Edward B. came on the scene and showed him the booming opportunities in Radio. And here he is now on CBS.

ONE could write volumes on the unusual dramas which life has played with Radio artists. There is Alma Wall, for instance—born with a diamond-studded spoon in her mouth and a background of ancestors that anyone would be proud of—earning her living through recitation of her own poems in a New York station. She is the lineal niece of Chief Justice John Marshall of Virginia and is related to Thomas Jefferson.

* * *

ANDRE BAROUCH deserted his palette for the microphone. He was born in Paris, August 20, 1906 and educated in the Beaux Arts School. He came to America some thirteen years ago and here he pursued his studies of art. At the N. Y. division of the National Academy of Art he won a scholarship which took him to Paris. When he returned to these shores some months ago he placed his application with the CBS. He came for a position as a pianist, but while filling out the application he wrote "announcer" instead. After the regular round of auditions, confabs and interviews, he was accepted. He speaks several languages.

* * *

MR. AND Mrs. Morton Harvey—known otherwise as The Rolling Stone and Aunt Betty—have severed connections with Radio Station WBBZ of Ponca City, Okla. Does some station need this good act? Mrs. Wm. A. R. of Warm Springs, Ga. writes, "Please tell us about Dot and Dick." "They are the only truly young married couple," says Mrs. McConnell, Jr. of WMAZ, "who live their everyday experiences before the mike as though they were in their own home. Dot and Dick write their own skits out of a varied married experience that stretches back ten years. That's why they can give their listeners little human dramas that provoke genuine laughter and—sometimes a sympathetic tear." Edna Woodward wants to know who is Elizabeth Ann. Martin Campbell, Assistant Manager of WHAS, Louisville, and by the way I expect to get a picture of him for this column one of these days, says that Elizabeth until recently was a child impersonator at that station. She recently married, and left Louisville to make her home in Greensboro, N. C. where she hopes to continue her Radio work. I'll have some private correspondence with your secretary, Mr. Campbell and see if I can't wheedle a picture from her.

* * *

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

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JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON— 8-45 9-45 10-45 11-45 12-45

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR— Walter Damrosch. 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

EMILY POST— 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

RADIO GUID— 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00

CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC— 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00

LIGHT OPERA GEMS— 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA— 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00

BROWNHILL FOOTLITES— 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA— Jessica Dragonetti. 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

THE DUTCH MASTERS— 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

NESTLE'S PROGRAM— 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

NATURAL BRIDGE DANCING CLASS— with Arthur Murray. 8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45

INTERWOVEN PAIR— 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

THE CLICQUOT CLUB— 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

TRUE STORY HOUR— 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES. National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System. Lists stations and frequencies.

IRVIN COBB—ARMOUR PROGRAM 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30

ENNA JETTICK SONGBIRD— 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS— 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

NIT WIT HOUR— 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30

TED HUSING'S SPORTSLANTS— 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

TWO TROUPERS—Marcella Shields and Helen Hendin. 9:45 p.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45

NOBLE SISSLE AND HIS PRINCESS RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA— 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

Saturday

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY SOCIETY CHILDREN'S CONCERT—Ernest Schelling. 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

Continuation of INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES. Lists stations and frequencies.

KEYS TO HAPPINESS— 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30

SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA— Rudolph Bochoe, Director. 1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30

SPANISH SERENADE— 4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30

TED HUSING'S SPORTSLANTS— 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS— 7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30

SNOOP AND PEEP— 7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30

"THE HIGHROAD OF ADVENTURE" Gilbert E. Cable— 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45

WEBSTER PROGRAM— featuring Weber and Fields. 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

THE SILVER FLUTE— 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

BEN ALLEY—Ann Leaf at the Organ. 8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15

FULLER MAN— 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—Early Bookworms. 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA— 8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR— 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

AROUND THE SAMOVAR— 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT— 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list has been corrected from latest issue of the official U. S. Federal Radio Commission bulletin in effect at the time of going to press (February 28, 1931).—EDITOR

K

KBTM.....Panzsgould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.

KCCRC.....Enid, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.

KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.

KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KDFN.....Coarier, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—347.8 m.

KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KDVL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
100 w.—1290 kc.—212.6 m.

KFGA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1000 kc.—209.7 m.

KJJK.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—1170 kc.

KJLW.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.

KJN.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.—354.1 m.

KFAH.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.

KPHB.....Great Falls, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.—234.2 m.

KPHK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—238.9 m.

KPDM.....Beaumont, Texas
1000 w.—500 kc.—535.8 m.

KPDY.....Brookings, S. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.

KPHL.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.

KPRQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—860 kc.—440.9 m.

KPGQ.....Boone, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KPH.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

KPI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.3 m.

KPIF.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KPIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1230 kc.—257.7 m.

KPIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KPIB.....Marshalltown, Iowa.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KPIF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—202.6 m.

KPIJ.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KPIM.....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KPIR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

KPIY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KPIZ.....Fort Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KPKA.....Greeley, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.

KPKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.

KPKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.

KPKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.

KPLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.

KPLX.....Galveston, Texas.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KPMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.

KPNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.

KPOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.

KPOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.

KPFL.....Dubois, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KPPV.....Spokane, Wash.
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.

KPOD.....Anchorage, Alaska.
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.

KPOU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KPOW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KPOZ.....Hollywood, Calif.
250 w.—860 kc.

KPRC.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.

KPRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.

KPSD.....San Diego, Calif.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.

KPSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.

KFUL.....Galveston, Texas.
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.

KPUM.....Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.

KPUO.....Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.

KPUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—238.9 m.

KPVD.....Calver City, Calif.
250 w.—710 kc.—299.8 m.

KPVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KPWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.

KPWP.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KPWL.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.

KPWM.....Richmond, Calif.
500 w.—900 kc.

1000 w. until local sunset.

KPXP.....Denver, Col.
500 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.

KFXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KFXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KFXV.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KPYO.....Abilene, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.

KPYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
2500 until local sunset.

KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.

KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1360 kc.—225.4 m.

KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.

KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—228.9 m.

KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.

KGGI.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGGR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KGGU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KGGX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.

KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGDE.....Pergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.

KGEP.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGGP.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGPI.....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KGFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—209.9 m.

KGPW.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.

KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGGF.....South Coffeyville, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.

KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
500 w. until local sunset.

KGHP.....Pueblo, Colo.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.

2500 w. until local sunset.

KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
250 w.—1560 kc.—220.4 m.

KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGJP.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.

KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
500 w. until local sunset.

KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

KGMP.....Ilk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KGNP.....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.

KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.

KGRC.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.

KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.

KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.

KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.

KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.

KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
2000 until local sunset.

KTKC.....Rad Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

KIDD.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.

KIBS.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—380.2 m.

KIR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.

KLO.....Ogden, Utah
100 w.—1370 kc.—214.2 m.
200 w. until local sunset.

KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.

KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.

KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.

KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.

KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.

KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.

KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.

KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.

KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—1340 kc.—248.6 m.

KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.

KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.

KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.

ENX.....Hollywood, Calif.
50,000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.

KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.

KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.

KOB.....State College, N. M.

20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.

KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.

500 w. until local sunset.

KOH.....Kerr, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.

KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.

KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.

KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.

KONO.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KOOS.....Marshallfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.

KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—421.3 m.

KPIJ.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.

KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.

KPRC.....Houston, Texas
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.

2500 w. until local sunset.

KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—220.4 m.

KPWF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.

KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.

KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—396.9 m.

KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.

KREP.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.

KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.

ERLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.

KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—910 kc.—322.4 m.

KSAK.....Manhattan, Kans.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.

1000 w. until local sunset.

KSAT.....Berkeley, Texas
1000 w.—1250 kc.

KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.

KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.

KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.

KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.

KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KSO.....Clairton, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.

KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—370.1 m.

KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.

KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.

KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.

KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
750 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—240.6 m.

KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.

KTHS.....Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.

KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.

KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.

KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.

KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.

2000 w. until local sunset.

KTHL.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KTUE.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.

KUJ.....Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1800 kc.—199.9 m.

KUGA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.

KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
750 w. until local sunset.

KUT.....Austin, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—199.9 m.

KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.

KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.

KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.

KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
150 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.

KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.

KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.

KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.

KWSC.....Fullam, Wash.
1000 w.—1200 kc.—245.8 m.

2000 w. until local sunset.

EWWG.....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.

KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.

EXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.

KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.

KYWA.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—1020 kc.

KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

W

WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.

WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—259.9 m.

2000 w. until local sunset.

WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—1070 kc.—319 m.

WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.

WABC.....New York City
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.

WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1300 kc.—249.9 m.

WAHZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

WAUI.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.3 m.

WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263.7 m.

WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.

WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.

WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
800 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.

WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.

WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.

WBAX... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBC... Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBBL... Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBS... Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WBBS... Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WBBS... Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBEN... Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—331.1 m.
WBEM... Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WBES... Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WBFS... Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WBNY... New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1330 kc.—222.1 m.
WBQ... New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WBOW... Terre Haute, Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBRC... Birmingham, Ala.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WBRE... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBRL... Tilton, N. H.
500 w.—1430 kc.—206.8 m.
WBRS... Wadesley Hills, Mass.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WBT... Charlotte, N. C.
5000 w.—1090 kc.—277.6 m.
WBTV... Danville, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WBZ... Springfield, Mass.
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WBZA... Boston, Mass.
500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WBZC... Storrs, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
WBZD... Canton, N. Y.
500 w.—1230 kc.—245.8 m.
WBZL... Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WBZM... Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WBZP... Lincoln, Neb.
500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WBZQ... Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WBZS... Camden, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WBZT... Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WBZU... Asbury Park, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WBZV... Rapid City, S. D.
100 w.—1280 kc.—249.9 m.
WBZW... Philadelphia, Pa.
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.1 m.
WBZX... Burlington, Vt.
100 w.—1280 kc.—249.9 m.
WBZA... Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WBZB... Zion, Ill.
5000 w.—1090 kc.—277.6 m.
WBZC... Baltimore, Md.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WBZD... Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBZE... Minneapolis, Minn.
7500 w.—810 kc.—370.3 m.
WBZF... New York City
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBZG... Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—970 kc.—301.9 m.
WBZH... Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBZI... Covington, Ky.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.6 m.
WBZJ... Long Beach, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WBZK... Janesville, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBZL... Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBZM... Calver, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBZN... Pensacola, Fla.
500 w.—1120 kc.—223.7 m.
WBZO... Meridian, Miss.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WBZP... Harrisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBZQ... Yorkers, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBZR... Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBZS... Charleston, S. C.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBZT... Portland, Me.
500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WBZU... Springfield, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WBZV... Tampa, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—245.8 m.
WBZW... Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WBZX... Amarillo, Texas
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WBZY... El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBZZ... Fargo, N. D.
1000 w.—1280 kc.—219 m.

WDBJ... Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WDBO... Orlando, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—267.7 m.
WDBL... Wilmington, Del.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WDBG... Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WDDO... Chattanooga, Tenn.
2500 w.—1280 kc.—214.2 m.
WDRS... Hartford, Conn.
500 w.—1330 kc.—226 m.
WDSU... New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WDWF... Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WDZ... Tuscola, Ill.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WEAP... New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.—434.3 m.
WEAL... Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WEAN... Providence, R. I.
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WEAO... Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WEAR... Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WEBC... Superior, Wis.
2500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WEBE... Cambridge, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEBO... Harrisburg, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEBR... Buffalo, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset
WEBW... Belmont, Wis.
350 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
WEDC... Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEEI... Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WEHC... Emory, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WEHB... Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WELK... Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WEMC... Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WENR... Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.3 m.
WEPS... Auburn, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEVD... New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WEW... St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WFAA... Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WFAN... Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WFBE... Cincinnati, Ohio
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WFBG... Allentown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFBJ... Collegeville, Minn.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WFBP... Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—320.4 m.
WFBM... Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—241.8 m.
WFBP... Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WFDP... Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFDV... Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WFDW... Tallahassee, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.—201.6 m.
WFF... Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—335.4 m.
WFW... Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WFFC... Akron, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WFLA... Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—325.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WFLD... Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGBB... Proserpio, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGBS... Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
WGBP... Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WGBI... Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WGBS... New York City
500 w.—1180 kc.—282.8 m.
WGBM... Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGCP... Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGES... Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—209.4 m.
WGH... Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGHP... Praser, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—230.6 m.
WGL... Part Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WGM... St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.

WGN... Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WGR... Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WGST... Atlanta, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
WGY... Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
WHA... Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WHAD... Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHAM... Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
WHAP... New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHAS... Louisville, Ky.
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
WHAT... Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHAZ... Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHB... Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—950 kc.—348.6 m.
WHBD... Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBP... Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBL... Shelbygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WHBQ... Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBU... Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBY... Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHDP... Calumet, Mich.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHDH... Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WHDI... Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WHDC... Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WHPC... Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHIS... Bluefield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHK... Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215 m.
WHN... New York, N. Y.
5000 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WHO... Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WHOM... Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHP... Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WHAS... Ottumwa, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHBA... Madison, Wis.
500 w.—1210 kc.—234.2 m.
WHBG... Ellam Park, Pa.
50 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
WHBM... Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBO... Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—570 kc.—535.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WHBS... Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHBU... Portnetto, Wis.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHBW... Topeka, Kansas
1000 w.—1300 kc.—216.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WHBY... Utica, N. Y.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WHCC... Bridgeport, New Haven, Conn.
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WHL... St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHLL... Urbana, Ill.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WHLM... Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHLO... Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—560 kc.—330.6 m.
WHLP... Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WHLS... Columbia, S. C.
1000 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WHLJ... Madison, Wis.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WHLN... Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHJAC... Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHJAD... Waco, Tex.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—230.6 m.
WHJAG... Norfolk, Neb.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WHJAR... Providence, R. I.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
400 w. until local sunset
WHJAS... Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WHJAX... Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WHJAY... Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—620 kc.—491.5 m.
WHJAZ... Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.2 m.
WHJBC... La Salle, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHJBI... Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

WJBL... Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBO... New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WJBT-WBBM... Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WJBU... Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJDX... Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WJDD... Moonshart, Ill.
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WJKS... Gory, Ind.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset
WJR... Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WJSV... Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
WJW... Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJZ... New York City
50,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WKAQ... San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
WKA... E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WKA... Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKB... Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKB... Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKB... Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WKBH... La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WKB... Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WKB... Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WKB... New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WKB... Galburg, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKB... Connersville, Ind.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
150 w. until local sunset
WKB... Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
WKEN... Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—302.8 m.
WKC... Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WKR... Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WKY... Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—331.1 m.
WLAC... Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—204 m.
WLB... Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WLB... Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WLB... Petersburg, Va.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLB... Stevens Pt., Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.—313.1 m.
WLB... Olathe, Kan.
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WLB... I. City, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLBZ... Bangor, Maine
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WLEX... Lexington, Mass.
500 w.—1360 kc.—212.6 m.
WLEY... Lexington, Mass.
100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLIB... Elgin, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WLIT... Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—335.4 m.
WLOE... Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLS... Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.3 m.
WLSI... Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLTH... Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214 m.
WLVA... Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WLW... Cincinnati, O.
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WLWL... New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.5 m.
WMA... Casanova, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMAP... S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WMAK... Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—328.3 m.
WMAI... Washington, D. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMAQ... Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WMAV... St. Louis, Mo.
250 w. until local sunset
WMAZ... Macon, Ga.
250 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WMB... Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMB... Detroit, Mich.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WBBD... Peoria Hts., Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMBF... Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1400 kc.—230.6 m.
WMBG... Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMBH... Joplin, Mo.
100 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WMBI... Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.5 m.
WMBJ... Wilkesburg, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMB... Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1370 kc.—228.9 m.
WMBQ... Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBR... Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—218.8 m.
WMC... Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMC... New York City
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMMN... Fairmont, W. Va.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WMPC... Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMSG... New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WMT... Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WNAC... Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WNAD... Norman, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—269.9 m.
WNAT... Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNAX... Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WNBF... Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WNBH... New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNBO... Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNB... Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WNJ... Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WNOX... Knoxville, Tenn.
2000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WNRC... Greensboro, N. C.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WNYC... New York, N. Y.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WOAI... San Antonio, Tex.
50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WOAN... Whitehaven, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WOAX... Trumans, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WOBT... Union City, Tenn.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WOBU... Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.
WOC... Davenport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WODA... Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WODX... Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—214.2 m.
WOL... Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—560 kc.—465.8 m.
WOKO... Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WOL... Washington, D. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WOMT... Manitowoc, Wis.
100 w.—1310 kc.—247.8 m.
WOOD... Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WOPI... Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WOQ... Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WOR... Newark, N. J.
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.5 m.
WORC... Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WORD... Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.2 m.
WOS... Jefferson City, Mo.
1000 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WOV... New York City
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.1 m.
WOW... Omaha, Neb.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WOWO... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WPAD... Paducah, Ky.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WPAP... Clifflide, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—269.9 m.
WPAW... Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WPCC... Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WPCH... New York City
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WPEN... Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WPG... Atlantic City, N. J.
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.5 m.

WPOE..... Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m.
WFOR..... Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WPSG..... State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WPTP..... Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
WQAM..... Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—355.4 m.
WQAN..... Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—440.7 m.
WQAO..... Palisade, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WQBC..... Vicksburg, Miss.
300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WQDV..... Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WRAP..... LaPorte, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRAW..... Reading, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—371.3 m.
WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
WRBQ..... Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBT..... Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRBU..... Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBX..... Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WRC..... Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
WRDO..... Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRDW..... Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WREC..... Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WREN..... Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WRHM..... Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WRJN..... Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
100 w.—1310 kc.—371.3 m.
WRNY..... New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WRR..... Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—361.2 m.
WRVA..... Richmond, Va.
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WSAJ..... Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSAN..... Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WSAR..... Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ..... Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.
WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC..... Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT..... South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WSDA..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSEN..... Columbus, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—371.3 m.
WSFA..... Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSGH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS..... Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
WSMB..... New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSOA..... Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—371.3 m.
WSPA..... Spartanburg, S. C.
250 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1420 kc.—212.6 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WSUL..... Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—580 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN..... Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.

W5YR..... Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—326 m.
WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WTAG..... Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—316.9 m.
WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ..... Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW..... College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTBO..... Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WTFI..... Toxcon, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC..... Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMJ..... Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—204 m.
WTQC..... Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE..... Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ..... Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL..... New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC..... Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL..... Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA..... Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.
WXYZ..... Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—334.8 m.
CFBO..... St. John, N. B.
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CFCA-CNRT..... Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—690 kc.—335 m.
CFCP..... Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
CPCL—CKCL—CKNC
5000 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCH..... Iroquois Falls, Ont.
250 w.—600 kc.—480 m.
CFCN..... Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—335 m.
CFCO..... Chatham, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKCR..... Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CPCT..... Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
250 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFPJ..... Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CPCL..... Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFNB..... Fredericton, N. B.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CPQC-CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB-CNBX, King, York Co.
Ont.
4,000 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CFRC..... Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
30 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHCS..... Hamilton, Ont.
10 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CHMA..... Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—580 kc.—317 m.
CHML..... Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHMS-CNRR, Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHNS..... Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CHRC..... Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHWC..... Pilot Butte, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHWK..... Chilliwick, B. C.
51 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CHYC..... Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CJCA-CNRE, Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.

CJCB..... Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CJCI-CIICA..... Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—335 m.
CJCG-CNRL..... London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX..... Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJHS..... Saskatoon, Sask.
250 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CJOC..... Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CJOR..... Sea Island, B. C.
50 w.—1030 kc.—291.3 m.
CJRM..... Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRW..... Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRX..... Winnipeg, Man.
2000 w.—11,730 kc.—25.6 m.
CRAC—CHYC—CNRM
St. Hyacinth, Quebec
5000 w.—740 kc.—411 m.
CKCD—CHLS, Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCI..... Quebec, P. Q.
500 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK—CJBR—CNRR
Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CKCL..... Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—317.2 m.
CKCO..... Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR..... Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKCV—CNRQ..... Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKPC..... Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKJC..... Wolfville, N. S.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKGW—CJBC—CJSC—CPRY
Bowmanville, Ont.
5000 w.—690 kc.—335 m.
CKLC—CHCT—CNRD
Red Deer, Alberta
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMC..... Cobalt, Ont.
15 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKMO..... Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC—CJBU..... Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—317.2 m.
CKOC..... Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKPC..... Preston, Ont.
25 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKPR..... Midland, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKSH..... Montreal, P. Q.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKUA..... Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580 kc.—317 m.
CKWX..... Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKX..... Brandon, Man.
500 w.—540 kc.—355 m.
CKY—CNRW, Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA..... Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRO..... Ottawa, Ont.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CNRV..... Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.

Cuba

CMCB..... Habana
150 w.—952 kc.—315 m.
CMCD..... Habana
15 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCE..... Habana
100 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCF..... Habana
250 w.—643 kc.—466 m.
CMCG..... Guanabacoas
30 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMGN..... Habana
100 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCO..... Maximao
50 w.—660 kc.—455 m.
CMCQ..... Habana
1000 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMCR..... Habana
2 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCT..... Guanabacoa
5 w.—1487 kc.—202 m.
CMCU..... Habana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMGA..... Colon
300 w.—834 kc.—360 m.
CMGC..... Matanzas
30 w.—1063 kc.—282 m.

CMGE..... Cardenas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMGF..... Matanzas
10 w.—1050 kc.—280 m.
CMHA..... Cienfuegos
200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.
CMHB..... Sagua la Grande
10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHC..... Tuinuco
600 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD..... Caibarien
250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
CMHE..... Santa Clara
20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m.
CMHF..... Camajuan
20 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHH..... Cienfuegos
10 w.—870 kc.—345 m.
CMHI..... Santa Clara
15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
CMI..... Habana
500 w.—815 kc.—368 m.
CMJH..... Ciego de Avila
10 w.—1333 kc.—224 m.
CMJD..... Ciego de Avila
15 w.—1561 kc.—192 m.
CMK..... Habana
2000 w.—730 kc.—410 m.
CMKA..... Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1450 kc.—205 m.
CMKB..... Santiago de Cuba
15 w.—1199 kc.—250 m.
CMKD..... Santiago de Cuba
40 w.—1100 kc.—273 m.
CMKE..... Tuinuco
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMAA..... Guanajay
30 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB..... Pinar del Rio
20 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
CMA..... Habana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBC..... Habana
150 w.—1180 kc.—265 m.
CMBD..... Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBE..... Habana
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBF..... Habana
7 1/2 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG..... Santiago de la Vega
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBL..... Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ..... Habana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK..... Marianao
15 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMBL..... Habana
15 w.—1487 kc.—202 m.
CMBM..... Marianao
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBN..... Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBP..... Habana
15 w.—1487 kc.—202 m.
CMBQ..... Habana
50 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBR..... Habana
35 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBT..... Habana
150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.
CMBU..... Habana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBW..... Marianao
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMBX..... Habana
15 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMBY..... Habana
100 w.—1405 kc.—210 m.
CMBZ..... Habana
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMC..... Habana
500 w.—845 kc.—355 m.
CMA..... Habana
100 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMKC..... Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1304 kc.—231 m.
CMJC..... Camaguey
15 w.—1321 kc.—327 m.
CMQ..... Habana
250 w.—1130 kc.—265 m.
CMW..... Habana
1000 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
CMX..... Habana
250 w.—900 kc.—333 m.

Mexico

XEA..... Guadalajara, Jal.
100.2 w.—1199 kc.—250 m.
XEB..... Mexico City
10,000 w.—895 kc.—450 m.
XEC..... Toluca
50 w.—1333 kc.—224 m.

XED..... Reynosa, Tamps
10,000 w.—961 kc.—312 m.
XEE..... Linares, N. L.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEF..... Oaxaca, Oax.
105 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
XEFA..... Mexico City
250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
XEPE..... Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
100 w.—980 kc.—306 m.
XEG..... Mexico City
2000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
XEH..... Monterrey, N. L.
100 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
XEI..... Morelia, Mich.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEJ..... C. Inares, Chih.
100 w.—837 kc.—350 m.
XEK..... Mexico City
100 w.—990 kc.—303 m.
XEL..... Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
XEM..... Tampico, Tamps
500 w.—841 kc.—357 m.
XEN..... Mexico City
1000 w.—719 kc.—417 m.
XEO..... Mexico City
5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
XEP..... Tamaulipas
200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
XEQ..... Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000 w.—750 kc.—400 m.
XER..... Mexico City
100 w.—674 kc.—445 m.
XES..... Tampico, Tamps
350 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XET..... Monterrey, N. L.
1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
XETA..... Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETP..... Vera Cruz
500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
XEU..... Vera Cruz, Ver.
100 w.—600 kc.—375 m.
XEV..... Puebla, Pue.
100 w.—1035 kc.—290 m.
XEW..... Mexico City
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
XEX..... Mexico City
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
XEY..... Merida, Yucatan
100 w.—547 kc.—549 m.
XEZ..... Mexico City
500 w.—580 kc.—510 m.
XETA..... Mexico City
500 w.
XFA..... Mexico City
50 w.—697 kc.—43 m.
XFC..... Aguascalientes
350 w.—804 kc.—373 m.
XFD..... Mexico City
50 w.—6667 kc.—45 m.
XFE..... Villahermosa, Tab.
XFF..... Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
XFG..... Villahermosa, Tabasco
350 w.—804 kc.—373 m.
XFH..... Mexico City
250 w.
XFI..... Mexico City
1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
XFX..... Mexico City
500 w.—880 kc.—357 m.
XFZ..... Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.

Television Stations

Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.
WAXK..... Wheaton, Md.
5000 w.
W2XBU..... Beacon, N. Y.
100 w.
W2XCD..... Passaic, N. J.
5000 w.
W9XAC..... Chicago, Ill.
500 w.
W2XAP..... Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.
W2XCR..... Jersey City, N. J.
5000 w.
Channel 3100 to 2200 kc.
W3XAD..... Camden, N. J.
500 w.
W2XBS..... New York, N. Y.
5000 w.
W3XAK..... Bound Brook, N. J.
5000 w.
W2XAV..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
20,000 w.
W2XCW..... Schenectady, N. Y.
20,000 w.
W9XAP..... Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
Channel 2750 to 2850 kc.
W2XBC..... L. I. City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XAA..... Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
W9XC..... W. Lafayette, Ind.
1500 w.
Channel 2850 to 2950 kc.
W1XAV..... Boston, Mass.
500 w.
W2XRL..... Long Island City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XR..... Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.
W9XAO..... Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.

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Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 65)

ten by an Italian and a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee. Edgar Leslie is the Yankee, and Harry Warren is the young Italian, whose songs have put him up among the top-notchers of Tin Pan Alley.

The song has appeared at an opportune time, and the thought is entirely different. Warren has done an excellent job on the melody, and there is no reason why the song should not become a fair-sized hit. One of its advantages is that it may be played strictly up to tempo without losing any of its lyrical or melodic value, which is unfortunately not the case in the majority of songs published today; therefore the bands that play all tunes at a bright tempo cannot injure the qualities of this one.

We play it at about fifty measures a minute, and it is published by the Robbins Music Corp.

Love Is My Master

"THE Old Maestro," as Ben Bernie enjoys being called, has picked this song for a hit, and it is the darling of his heart at the present time. A visitor to the College Inn will hear the song three or four times during the course of the evening, and the rich Irish quality of Pat Kennedy's voice invariably will make the diner prick up his or her ears as the song is being sung and played by Ben Bernie's band. It was written by two Chicago boys, Walter Hirsch, and Frank Magine, both of whom are really great song writers. Magine I have known for some time; he it was who wrote the melody of *Baby, Oh Where Can You Be*, and many other fine songs. Hirsch is a comparatively newcomer, even to Chicago, but is doing such fine work that his recognition has been quick and sure.

The song has a delightful change of key right in the middle of it, and although there is a slight possibility of a resemblance to *Body and Soul*, the song is all the more beautiful for the resemblance. I was going to introduce it on the last half hour of our Fleischmann hour, when the line trouble ended our efforts for the evening.

On that particular evening I was Ben's guest at the College Inn, and I cannot recall when I have had a more delightful evening in that capacity. I am happy to know that I made many friends there; I had the pleasure of meeting Rod La Rocque and his very beautiful wife, Vilma Banky. Many were the celebrities present, and everyone took a turn at doing something; we carried on until 5:30 in the morning. A night long to be remembered.

Love Is My Master should be played at about forty-five measures a minute, and is published by the Remick Music Corp.

You're Never Too Old to Go Back to Mother's Knee

BENEE RUSSELL, who seems to have a flair for winning prize song competitions, which he evidenced in his winning of at least two competitions which have given him trips abroad, has written this number very beautiful and commercial. His first was *Song Without a Name*, which the reader probably knows well, and has enjoyed many times over the air. His second song with the same firm of Leo Feist is to be published by them shortly.

This song, which is written in waltz time, is one which he played for me at the Brooklyn Paramount some four or five months ago, and which I emphatically suggested that he have published at once. I was glad to give a warm recommendation to any publisher who felt such a song would be welcome in his catalogue.

As its title implies, it is a typical "mother" song, but the treatment of the subject, and the melody, are extremely well done, and I only wish that I could hear Henry Burr sing this in the same way that he sang that beautiful "M-o-t-h-e-r" about fifteen years ago.

I am introducing it on the Fleischmann Hour this coming Thursday, and I think by the time this article appears the song will be well on its way to popularity. It is published by DeSylva, Brown & Henderson.

I'm So Afraid Of You

THE TWO writers of the quickest hit of the past few years, *Three Little Words*, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, have given us what they term in Tin Pan Alley a "follow-up" song, meaning a song they hope follows the sensational hit in which they have exulted. Rarely does the second song really follow-up the first. Walter Donaldson's *You're Driving Me Crazy* is the best example of a follow-up song. In fact, to my mind it is an even greater song than *Little White Lies*, though evidently the public does not agree with me, in that *Crazy* will not reach the peak of sales that *Little White Lies* did though there may be something in the fact that *Crazy* has come out during the worst period of depression in music buying.

I'm So Afraid Of You is in certain respects just as simple in its notations as *Three Little Words*. The notes are all either quarters or halves, as were the notes of *Three Little Words*. The range is extremely simple, and it is a song that grows on one. My first reaction was one of apathy, but I have grown to enjoy its rendition above that of many other songs. In fact, I am pleased to give it a promi-

nent place in this list of the first ten.

It may be played brightly, which is, as I said before, something in its favor. We play it at about forty-five measures a minute. It is published by Harms, Inc.

King's Horses

SOME of the old veterans of Tin Pan Alley, especially the publishers, are bemoaning the fact that novelty songs are no longer in demand. Many of them, in a certain way, blame me for the apparent general trend of the public to an appreciation and buying of the love ballad type of song.

Time was when such songs as *Bananas*, *Speech*, *Wobbally Walk*, *Wooden Soldiers*, *I'm Wild About Automobile Horns*, and so on *ad infinitum*, were extremely popular and sold into the hundreds of thousands. The *Stein Song* may be called a renaissance of popularity of novelty songs, as it is really just that. Although it was written in 6/8 time, and was a sort of march, it was really a novelty song, being neither—strictly collegiate, drinking, military, or what have you. Therefore it is surprising that one of the most popular songs on the air is the *King's Horses and the King's Men*. It has wended its way over from England, where I suppose its writing was inspired by the annual Lord Mayor's Parade in London. It was my pleasure during my year in London at the Savoy Hotel, to witness this annual feature, which is a parade of pomp and splendor, as the Lord Mayor wends his way down through the streets of London, although I am not very sure just what the reason of the function is.

The song was written about the King's horses themselves, the beauty of their trappings, and it attempts to make you see the parade in all its glory. It seems impossible for me to mention the song without referring to Ben Bernie, and lest I be accused of favoritism, I must once again explain that Ben's band has been the means for me to see the desirable features of most of the songs I discuss in this issue.

He has made a Columbia record of the *King's Horses*, which, for a makeshift recording, as it really was, is a gem. Very often we who record are forced to record a song with no rehearsal or special arrangement of it, just a mere slapping together of the verse and the chorus, with a few impromptu and extemporaneous ideas therein. Sometimes these records turn out to be our finest. The *Stein Song* was one of these. In fact, I have so little time for rehearsing that nearly all our recordings have been very, very impromptu. Ben and his men certainly made an extremely clever record in their *King's Horses*, Ben affecting the sup-

posed English accent which most English people I met over there did not have. Aply seconded by a vocal chorus by all the men in the band, he shows himself to be extremely versatile in making this record.

Phil Spitalny's band does a great job of it, with various men in the band taking choruses in their own particular style and way. Although I received the orchestration from London several months ago before it was published in America, it remained for the Chicago bands to show me the cleverness of the piece. Unfortunately four and five shows a day at the Paramount give me so little time to rehearse and to get the meat out of various songs sent me, that sometimes I must wait until other bands play them for me.

The song should be played brightly, almost like a march, although it is written in 4/4 time; it is published by Leo Feist.

Dream A Little Dream Of Me

THIS is one of the purest examples of a song which, on its own melodic value, arrested my attention. During the course of the evening after my five shows, I visited Johnny Hamp at the Congress Hotel in the delightful Balloon Room with the myriads of lights going on and off, the beautiful room in black velvet against the red glow of these lights. Johnny's band is down at the end, in their very smart attire which is Johnny's own conception of how an orchestra should be dressed.

As we were talking the band played a melody so fascinating that I asked Johnny its name, but he is so rarely on the stand that he himself did not know its name. On being told its name I realized how much I was missing by being out of New York on tour. New York unquestionably is the music publishing center, and the hands there are fortunate in being able to get tunes the minute they come off the press, and then are way ahead of other bands throughout the country in being able to play them first.

The melody writers are newcomers to me, the lyric writer being the most famous writer of lyrics in the entire music profession, namely Gus Kahn. I doubt anyone would care to vie with him for this particular honor. Gus makes little or no claim to melody writing, although I am not so sure that he wouldn't do equally well in that sphere, but as a lyric writer he is second to none, and is the highest paid lyric writer in the profession.

Although, as I say, the melodic value of the song was such that it captured my fancy, Gus has done a beautiful job with the lyrics, and the entire thought of the whole song. Personally I think it is one of the most danceable songs I have ever heard.

We would play it brightly, at about forty measures a minute. It is published by Davis, Coots & Engle. All indications point to a big run.

Little Joe

DURING my visit as the guest of the evening at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, at which Phil Spitalny and his Chicago orchestra are featured, the rendition several times throughout the evening of a very clever song led me to believe that it was going to be a very popular dance tune. Unfortunately its melodic key changes are so intricate that I doubt if it will ever fascinate the little girl who sits at the piano and plays from the sheet copy. Like *Body and Soul* it is bewildering in its sudden key changes, but it is going to be a great record song, and one that will be extremely popular to those who listen to Radio and so forth. In fact, I may be surprised by a big sheet sale; one can never accurately predict what the piano-playing lovers of popular music will buy.

I was very happy to meet, that night, Phil's pianist, who is the composer of the melody of the song, namely Jules Stein. He is a very clever pianist, and if *Little Joe* is any indication of his writing ability he is going to produce some great songs!

Ted Miller, another Chicago boy, is responsible for the very clever lyrics. For the song he has taken the idea of *Mighty Lak A Rose*, and put it into a fox trot, naming the little rose, Joe. The song is the story of the love of a colored Mammy for her little pickaninny, regardless of what the rest of the world thinks of him. Phil has a banjo player who rendered the song so excellently that I instantly qualified it as one of my "Tuneful Topics."

The song should be played fairly brightly, at about forty measures a minute. It has a pretty high range, though people who sing high will have no difficulty in rendering it. It is published by Irving Berlin, Inc.

When the Silver Moon Is Shining O'er the Hills of Dear Old Maine

HERE is a song whose history is somewhat akin to that of the *Stein Song*. As a very young boy I can remember the singers who used to sing with slides in our local movie theatre, singing a song about the silvery moon shining o'er the hills of dear old Maine. The song, very much like the *Stein Song*, has stuck in my memory over a period of almost fifteen years. It is a melody that has been used in many songs. The layman may be surprised when I say that unintentionally, or intentionally, certain strains of melodies have been used in sometimes as many as twenty songs, and there is no such thing as a really original song, because if one cares to take the trouble and go back through the list of songs written over the past twenty-five years, nearly a counterpart, or a similar melody will be found somewhere, or at least parts of it will resemble the new song.

When I first heard *When The Organ Played At Twilight* I thought for a moment that it was *Silvery Moon*. There have been several other songs that have re-

called this song to me. In the middle of the song is introduced the old, familiar strain *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight*, and those professional musicians who are wont to scorn the hilly-billy, and what we term "corny," type of song, would lift their noses up contemptuously at this one, but it is a song that the masses would probably enjoy hearing because it is down to bed-rock simplicity, and its melody is extremely catchy.

A resident of Portland, Maine, a city six miles from my home town, wrote it some fifteen years ago. Although he does not pretend to be a professional song writer, he has written several songs.

As in the case of the *Stein Song*, I have revised the song considerably, to make it just a bit more palatable for the public of today, and I am curious to see whether people of other states will enjoy hearing about the silvery moon of my own state. It is a waltz, and is going to be published by Leo Feist, Inc.

Walking My Baby Back Home

ROY TURK and Fred Ahlert crash through again with one of the most danceable tunes of the season. You re-

**Over the Mountains
from Los Angeles**

559 Miles
on **11**
Gallons of GAS



Think of it! FIVE HUNDRED FIFTY-NINE MILES over rough mountainous country burning only ELEVEN GALLONS OF GASOLINE. Imagine more than FIFTY MILES TO THE GALLON. That is what the WHIRLWIND CARBURETORING DEVICE does for U. R. Gilbert enough of a saving on just one trip to more than pay the cost of the Whirlwind.

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member, they are the boys who wrote *I'll Get By, Mean to Me*, and whose first tune when they arrived back from the M. G. M. studios where they had been writing, was *We're Friends Again*.

They played *this* tune for me in the back of the Villa Vallée one night, and its possibilities were apparent to me at once. In my review of *We're Friends Again* I laid stress on Roy Turk's tendency to write slangy lyrics. Roy writes in the wisecracking—Winchell—Broadway—Times Square sort of vein, and although I flatter myself that I can do that type of song full justice, as critics say I did in my recording of *St. Louis Blues*, or *How Come You Do Me Like You Do, Do, Do?*, in this particular instance I felt that I would feel uncomfortable in singing the song.

Rhythmically the piece has few equals for a stimulus to dancing and tapping of feet. It makes a fine rhythmic contrast on our Radio programs, and the crowds love to sing it with the organ, when it is played in organ fests. I am happy to see these boys crash through with another hit, because they are two of the finest song writers in the profession.

We play the tune at about forty measures a minute, and it is published by DeSylva, Brown, & Henderson.

Don't Shoot! Snap!

(Continued from page 11)

with his head pointing precisely in our direction. He got up on his little hind legs and with his little brown nose swinging excitedly in the breeze just for a moment; he dropped down and started racing back to break up little "Apron Strings" tea party just as fast as he could. Even stranger, he had not covered more than half the distance when Mrs. Murphy and "Apron Strings" were on their feet and then on their hind legs looking in our direction. They could not smell us but somehow "Little Roughneck" managed to tell them all about it, for by the time he was almost to them the old lady started for the alder thickets just as fast as she could go.

I have never in my own mind been able to make a satisfactory explanation and while I don't propose to say that Mrs. Murphy had gathered her two youngsters beside her before they left the home den and told them terrible bedtime stories about their one great enemy, man, I am inclined to accept this as an explanation until someone gives me a better one. All in all, bears are by far the most fascinating wild creatures that it has ever been my good fortune to meet and again I repeat, I am not proud but sorry of the fact that I have killed any of their species.

* * *

Many readers write "RADIO DIGEST was sold out at my news stand." Send \$3.00 for a year's subscription and make sure of receiving every issue.

The Minister Who Doesn't Preach

(Continued from page 25)

minister, made with these men impressed him, I believe, more than anything else has impressed him throughout his life. You can sense it in his speech and action today. There's a simplicity, sincerity and unmistakable directness about him.

I am sure that this Bowers experience was the reason why, years later, when he was preaching at the First Presbyterian church, here in New York City, he opened up a personal contact bureau. He had learned that New York—outside of the Bowery perhaps—did not lend itself to human contacts, and he knew that human contacts were vital to him if he were to do his job well. For Dr. Fosdick, at all times, must be mid-stream in the current of life. He cannot preach to a congregation of people unless he knows the problems confronting them and, multiplied numerically, of course, the problems that confront all of us. And that brings me to the way he works today.

He's in his office in Riverside Church at eight-thirty every morning. He works without interruption, until noon. The mornings are his own. He never makes appointments during the forenoon. He spends those three and a half hours for reading and study and thus he is working directly or indirectly on a sermon. After luncheon he usually lectures, several days a week, at the Union Theological Seminary. Other afternoons, however, are devoted to personal conferences with all kinds and types of people on personal problems. These are the conferences that bring him his richest rewards—his understanding of life.

For rest and relaxation he likes to read and walk and occasionally play golf. He's a moderate smoker—one cigar a day is enough. He's married and has two daughters—both students at Smith College, and his favorite reading, I should have told you, is biography. His residence is around the corner from the church.

He cannot deliver a sermon on an abstract theme. He has to have some question or problem of life, and he tries to interpret it in terms of the individual. He doesn't try to be oratorical or eloquent. He thinks the ideal of preaching is animated conversation.

The favorite story of his family—that is, story concerning him—has to do with an incident at his first parish, which was in Montclair, New Jersey. There was considerable discussion of Dr. Fosdick in the home of one of his parishioners and finally an old colored woman, working for this family, expressed a desire to hear the preaching of this man that everyone in the house was talking about. Her mistress said, "Well, why don't you go to church and hear him?"

So, off to church went the old colored woman and, oh yes, bear in mind what I

told you at the outset about Dr. Fosdick's most distinguishing physical characteristic—his shock of curly, wavy hair. Well, when the colored woman returned after the services, her mistress asked her what she thought of Dr. Fosdick, and this was her reply:

"Fo' de lawd, ma'am, his very hair do declare him to be a man of Gawd!"

But those of you who know him, and know his work, can go far beyond that description. I wonder just what it is that makes him great; for he is great, I think. Is it because he knows life? Is it because he can interpret it so honestly to the rest of us? Is it because of the quality of sincerity in his voice and the fact of its existence in his soul? One could answer all of these questions in the affirmative, but that would not be the entire story. You have to go deeper.

He has, I believe, one outstanding quality and that is, the power to give. He gives of himself. There's a steady stream of persons—men and women—to that little reception room on the eighteenth floor of the Riverside Church.

And these troubled wayfarers find in him a receptiveness to hear them—to hear their stories and, having told them, they are conscious of a receptiveness within themselves to hear him. And that's when he gives! He gives, out of himself, all that he has to help others. And that, I am sure, is his greatness.

Are American Women Happy?

(Continued from page 16)

before he joined D. W. Griffith's company in Hollywood. It was when his interest turned to the writing of scenarios that he was introduced to Anita Loos and they entered upon their famous writing partnership which led to marriage.

Miss Loos attributes courtesy and respect for each other's opinion as a personal recipe for her happy marriage.

"If husband and wife would treat each other with the same courtesy and consideration as they do to strangers", she said, "it would pay them greater rewards and give their marriage a better chance of enduring. The necessity for living in small apartments these days, causes them to get on each other's nerves very quickly. They lose respect for each other's privacy and before you know it, they become rude to each other. They say things which they don't mean, but which nevertheless draw them further apart.

"If husband and wife would insist upon courtesy from each other right from the early days of marriage, it would help tremendously to smooth the course of their matrimonial bark."

* * *

Do you agree with Miss Loos that American women are unhappy? Read what Cosmo Hamilton, famous playwright and author, has to say about it in the next issue of RADIO DIGEST.

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High-Hatting Hollywood

(Continued from page 46)

Martan arrived just a moment ahead of Jack Benny, who was to be master of ceremonies.

The minutes sped past. It seemed that the hour of nine o'clock, like a living, conscious thing, was sweeping upon us. Finally a warning "Two minutes!" was shouted from the cage. There was a bustle of last minute activity. Like sailors at a life boat drill everyone hurried to his post. "Thirty seconds!"

Thirty seconds and we would be on the air! You'd think the Kentucky Derby were about to start. Everyone was tense. . . . Charlie King, Blanche Sweet, Jack Benny and all of them, from the boy with 'phones clasped over his ears and with his arm upraised ready to give the signal from the cage above, to the world prominent stars themselves. Sam Wineland, with his baton raised above his head, kept his eyes glued on the boy at the table. The moment was fascinating.

Suddenly the boy's arm jerked. Sam Wineland's baton came down with it, as the orchestra broke into the pulse-quickening strains of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "signature song". The spell was broken. We were on the air.

The orchestra swung into a fast jazz number. A moment later the doorkeeper opened the stage door quietly to admit a diminutive young lady in a smart tan sports suit. It was Bessie Love, big as . . . or, to express it more aptly, little as . . . life. She was accompanied by her husband, the popular young business man, Charlie Hawks.

The pair tiptoed across to the broadcasting set, smiling greetings to numerous

friends. But the jazz music was too much for Bessie. She retired behind the huge screen and went through some dance steps the like of which never graced screen or ballroom.

Later in the hour Charlie King was singing one of the famous songs from *Broadway Melody*, assisted by the orchestra and chorus.

There is a gripping fascination to these "movie" programs that is individual and entirely unlike anything else on the air.

But that is enough of this program. When we had gone off the air the entire group, even the few of us who were non-participants, relaxed with a sigh that showed the tension we had been under and of which we had scarcely been conscious.

What has all this talk about the Hollywood sound stages and the studios to do with the Radio program? It unquestionably is a vital part of the broadcast . . . perhaps solely through the romantic appeal of hearing something direct from Hollywood. There is magic in the name.

Puppy Love

(Continued from page 49)

has happened to his playmate and relative.

He misses Lobo during the play hours in Central Park; he misses him in the country, for then Lobo used to jump over high fences and bark a challenge to the younger dog, as if to say, "Let's see you do that." And he misses the harmless bites and nips Lobo used to torment him with at their home. Professional jealousy never crept in.

Only once did Moore resent the presence of Lobo. A couple of years ago, more or less, Moore was courting a college co-ed in sunny California and Lobo

became jealous of his master's attentions. The girl became equally angry at Lobo's impudence; he would decline—and it is the one instance of disobedience—to leave his master while he was walking with the girl.

When Lobo's death was announced, tributes came from far and wide, from the Radio audience, friends and celebrities. Murray Roth, vitaphone production man; Miss Eva Clark, operatic soprano, and Rudy Vallee, all wired consolatory messages. Moore says that he received some 500 telegrams and letters.

Moore himself was so grief-stricken that members of the orchestra were hard pressed to keep the ball rolling. The master preferred a quiet, solemn funeral for Lobo, a funeral that did not even witness the playing of a single air by Lobo's orchestra. So Lobo was buried in a New York dog cemetery—and now there is a movement on foot to place a fitting marker over his grave.

He was a famed dog, second only to Rin-Tin-Tin in the eyes of the American public. Had he not amused many people—to say nothing of frustrating dogs and cats—by his barks over the air? He played the roles of an Eskimo malamute and a bloodhound, and, furthermore, it is a fact that he won the favor of the President of France and American Ambassador Walter Edge in Paris. Also he was photographed in several movie shorts.

When Lobo won the favor of the President of France he saved a delicate moment for Horace Heidt and his Californians. The scene was the stage of a fashionable Parisian theater, the curtain was up. But the orchestra was not seated and a superimposed platform was inconveniently small. For a moment confusion reigned in the hearts of the orchestra members, all men with college educations, but Lobo, with the mind of a child of nine, stepped forward and bowed and wagged his tail. The French liked that and Lobo had saved the moment.

There was nothing Lobo liked better than a good big bone. Likewise he relished raw meat, and it was that which led to his death. Lobo and Lobo II were both fed raw meat one Thursday night and Lobo II immediately took ill, but recovered in a few hours. Lobo did not become ill until the following night.

During that night and up to the next Monday morning, when he finally died, six veterinarians were in attendance. Lobo suffered four hemorrhages and failed to sleep during the length of his illness.

Nick Kenny, a New York Radio editor and columnist, wrote a little verse entitled *The Empty Chair*, at the time of Lobo's death. In conclusion, he wrote: "But if there's a dog's heaven

Up there in the skies,

We know good old Lobo is there."

No, Moore did not have any insurance on Lobo.

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Thompkins Corners

(Continued from page 19)

MATT: He ain't a tramp, Bill. There's somethin' fine about his mind. He can do us some good, if we'll listen to him.

BILL: Well, I'll hurry along and git everybody out.

And Thompkins Corners forthwith is a-hum with telephone calls, door bell buzzing, street corner confabs in preparation for a scintillating session with Shakespeare. The whole town is in a fervor of artistic uplift under the ministering hands of Mr. Worthington Mitchel.

Mr. Mitchel, revived and invigorated by food and drink, deploras the fact that his wardrobe is missing. But Matt is undismayed as he says:

MATT: That's all right. I've got a Sunday frock coat you can use, along with a shirt and some studs for the occasion.

MITCHEL: Ideal. Just the thing for an informal reading. I shall do my utmost to make the excerpts wholly understandable.

MARTHA: You men go ahead and I'll get things straightened up here.

MATT: Come on, Mr. Mitchel. We'll get ready for the show.

MITCHEL: Lead the way, mine host. Once more doth Worthington Mitchel tread the boards for the multitude.

(Band is heard in distance)

MARTHA: Heavens, Mr. Jones. Here comes the Firemen's band. I wonder how they're managin' without all the instruments playin'.

MRS. JONES: Sometimes I think, my dear, that there is nothing our menfolk can't do.

(Crowd enters)

MRS. STEVENS: Say, Marthy, what on earth has Matt Thompkins dug up now?

WATTS: Well, Bessie, maybe he's goin' to exhibit one of the family skeletons.

MRS. STEVENS: When I picked up the receiver and heard that telephone operator, I rushed right over.

MRS. JONES: I understand Mr. Thompkins has a Shakespearean reader as guest of the evening. I wish I had brought my unabridged edition as reference. Oh, I do hope he reads nothing from Othello.

MRS. WATTS: Oh, is that what we're here for? Good 'eavens, that's the most excitin' thing that's happened to me fer a long time. Readin' from Shakespeare! Oh, I'm all a-flutter.

MATT: Now, folks, if you'll all get yourself a seat—wherever it's most comfortable for you, we'll go ahead with a little treat we got tonight. First of all, I want the band to play a fanfare to announce somebody who's comin' in from the parlor. All right, boys . . .

MITCHEL: Why, Mayor Thompkins, this is overwhelming.

MATT: Folks, that fanfare was in honor of our guest here who's got a little surprise for us tonight. I was goin' to

save it till tomorrow night, but our guest has to be off to another city by mornin' and I thought we could listen right here and get just as much good out of it as anywhere else, providin' we all listen. Our friend is a distinguished Shakespearean actor and he will read us some of the speeches from his plays . . . that is, Shakespeare's plays.

(Applause)

MITCHEL: Kind friends, your tribute is appreciated.

MRS. WATTS: My ain't he elegant . . .

MRS. JONES: He reminds me of Sir Henry Irving . . . that marvelous man . . . whom we saw in London at the beginning of the century.

MATT: Now everybody be quiet . . . Mr. Mitchel will address us now.

MITCHEL: Dear people of Thompkins Corners, I stand before you tonight in this quaintly lighted room, a servant of the art of the theatre. I hope that my offerings fall upon receptive ears. The first excerpt will be that famous example of logic and philosophy, the advice of Polonius to his son Laertes who is returning to France after coming to Denmark for the coronation of the dead king's brother.

Give Worthington Mitchel credit, he did know his Shakespeare. He swept into majestic cadences; he moaned, he thundered, he wept and stalked across the slightly creaky boards between the cracker barrel and the end of the counter that supported the cheese case. His audience listened in rapt admiration. He bowed and they burst into wild applause as Mrs. Jones stepped forward with outstretched hand.

MRS. JONES: Oh, that was charming . . . charming . . . perfectly charming.

MATT: Mr. Mitchel, I can't tell you how much we have enjoyed your recital. I know each and every one of us got a heap of pleasure and thought out of it. That Shakespeare sure did know how to use his words—no wonder he's considered the greatest play writer.

MRS. STEVENS: My, I like to cried durin' that last speech.

MATT: Now, folks, these two fine readings complete the program for the evenin'. Mr. Mitchel will visit us again in the near future. He'll bring a company of fine actors with him and put on a regular big production for us. While the band is playin' another tune I want everybody to leave some offerin' on the counter so's to show Mr. Mitchel a little concrete appreciation. All ready, boys.

(Band plays)

MARTHA: Why, Matt, we got fifteen dollars and twelve cents here.

MATT: Well, that's real nice—more'n I expected.

MRS. JONES: Oh, Mr. Thompkins, I want to leave this check for ten dollars—I didn't bring my purse with me—the one I keep my money in. He, he. And Mr. Mitchel must be invited to bring his company here as soon as possible.

MATT: Thanks, Mrs. Jones. That sure

is a fine total . . . twenty-five dollars and twelve cents. The spirit must have moved all of us up several notches.

MITCHEL: It was a very attentive and . . . er . . . appreciative audience . . . Reminds me of a reading I did at Scranton some years ago.

ELMER: (Interrupts) Gee, Uncle Matt, am I late? I didn't mean to be . . . honest.

MATT: My goodness, I forgot all about you. You get right in there at that homework. You got away with it this time, but you won't do it again.

ELMER: Aw, Uncle Matt . . . Sneed and me was—

MATT: Never mind Sneed and you . . . get right in there.

MITCHEL: A . . . twenty-five dollars and twelve cents . . . er . . . very good, very good . . . and there wasn't a single line of advance publicity. Very good.

The Gallant Art of Gambling

(Continued from page 82)

her husband succeed and frequently the second wife acquires the comforts which the first wife deserved. When you look into such cases, however, you often find that the first wife could have made life happier for her family and for herself if she had been willing to shed her martyr complex and do a little justified gambling.

You know women, too, who refuse to gamble on beauty. They lack the sporting instinct to take a chance even on a "sure thing". They will not wager the few minutes each day required for the preservation of beauty in spite of the fact that their rejection inevitably makes them come in losers.

Beauty, business, marriage, life itself—all are gambles and judicious gambling is, after all, only another term for common sense. If you would win a prize in this lottery of life, you must occasionally take a chance. When the time comes, as it does to everyone, when you must gamble or go down to certain defeat, gamble gallantly—bet on yourself.

Free booklets on *The Care of the Skin* by Frances Ingram will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

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London Salutes Lincoln

(Continued from page 29)

that Lincoln was a fool, and that the problem was how to make his folly as inoperative as possible.

Late at night he called on his Secretary of State, McClellan, then Commander in Chief, is out. They wait, and at length the General returns out of humor, hears that the President is waiting for him, and goes straight to bed. Lincoln returns home, and his Secretary remonstrates with him. It seems to Lincoln not to be a time for making points of etiquette and personal dignity. He adds, "I will hold McClellan's horse if he will win me victories."

There are two characteristics that we have clearly to realize if we would understand Lincoln. The first is at the very heart of his essential greatness, a lesson which history teaches us with unwearying patience and one which is yet unheeded by many active members of society, is that the truly great man is not the extremist, however devoted his courage or picturesque his personality.

The other characteristic of which we speak is Lincoln's loneliness of mind, a thing worthy of the Greek tragedians. In administrative affairs he was anxious, even at times unduly anxious, for advice, and in the routine of office he could sometimes be a little careless in the choice of deputies, but in the formation of principles he consulted nobody. When a decision involving fundamental principle had to be made, the period of Lincoln's speculation would be a long one, and while it lasted his most intimate associates could tell nothing of what he was thinking. Then suddenly his intentions would be stated in unequivocal terms, and that was an end of the matter. This gave easy play to detractors and the opportunities were freely and not always scrupulously taken. But Lincoln's justification was that his conclusions truly were founded upon principles, and that his intellectual understanding of principles was in the sphere of action the finest in the country. It is a justification that has now made a noble and durable impression upon mankind, and America has given a hero to the world.

Television in Chicago

(Continued from page 89)

other methods of synchronization that do not have this disadvantage although they are usually more complicated; in any event it does not seem that synchronization is one of the major problems of television and we feel the engineers at W9XAP were wise to use the simplest system so that they could spend their energy on more important phases of television.

These home television receivers are being sold, we are told, by about one hundred stores in Chicago; at Marshall Field &

Company, the largest department store, a television room has been constructed and is open to the public during all the television broadcasts. It appears that television has taken hold in Chicago more strongly than in any other part of the country. Those to whom we talked stated, however, that the experimenter, the Radio fan, still composed the major part of the television audience. But the regularity of the television programs from W9XAP, the variety of the programs, the definite efforts being made by the station personnel to make them entertaining, and the direct tie-up between W9XAP and WMAQ have all made the programs interesting.

Without being derogatory and without desiring to underrate in the least the excellent work being done at W9XAP, for we feel that they have done an unusually complete job, especially in the organization of interesting program material, we must give consideration to whether the methods being used represent distinct advances or are matters of detail. Though we wish it were otherwise, careful consideration of the results being obtained indicate that no really new important ideas have been incorporated in the television transmitter or receiver the features of the system are matters of detail, refinements in the transmitter and receiving equipment.

We do not mean that refinements are not worth while, but we do feel that refining our present methods of television will not bring it any closer to realization.

But the history of science exhibits torch-bearers all the way down through the centuries. So let us hope that out of the tremendous amount of thought being devoted to television someone will find the missing link needed to solve its problems.



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Ben Bernie

(Continued from page 7)

his duties the task of watching German acrobats on the Orpheum circuit.

While in New York, and while the war was still being waged and the German acrobats were still tumbling around unsuspectingly, Bernie became very interested in a certain violinist by the name of Paul Whiteman, then leading an orchestra in a night club and well on his way to national fame. After work, Ben would go to the night club and watch the famous leader and his orchestra and at times they would hold long conversations together. Bernie was interested in orchestra work and became more so steadily. Whiteman encouraged him greatly and gave him many pointers which Bernie has not forgotten.

The new train of thought in Ben's mind took root and developed into a resolution and then into fact. At the height of his career as a vaudeville performer, Bernie left the stage and organized a dance band par excellence. (Half of the men he chose at that time for his first band are still with him.) Then back to the Keith Orpheum circuit with his band went Ben Bernie and made of himself a very, very passable maestro beloved of thousands. It was the be-

ginning of the Bernie we know now.

His travels took him hither and yon through the country and finally back to New York again. Fate again loomed great on the horizon and as usual, Bernie met the great lady half way. The Hotel Roosevelt was just on the point of opening a new grill room where there was to be dancing and entertainment. The worthy managers of the hotel bearded the lion in his den and pleaded touchingly for the services of Ben Bernie and his orchestra for opening week. Bernie had never played for the dance before but he thought that it would do no harm to try for a week.

Needless to say he was a success. He was the type needed and he was remarkably resourceful when it came to the entertainment. In fact—it was at this time that Bernie used to introduce his numbers from the floor and post-script them with a suave, smooth—"I hope you like it." And he was most sincere about it. He hoped the patrons of the Roosevelt did like it. And they did, for it was not until five and a half years after the opening of the room that Bernie again was assailed with the itching heel and departed bag and baggage for London.

Of course, many things happened in those few years. In the first place, Ben quickly became a diminutive orchestral "Big Shot" in New York. Don't take me too literally—Ben is not a really little man—but tho' in stature he is quite normal, he somehow has not become deflated with egotism and self importance. He is modest, quiet and self-effacing to the extent that one thinks of him as little. But to go on—

Save for Vincent Lopez, Bernie was the only other orchestra leader in the city of any really great fame or importance. It was before the advent of Radio, of course. And then the maze of twisting dials, hoarse static and aerial cluttered roofs became evident. Bernie was immediately placed on the air at WEA and the name "Old Maestro" became as common a name as bread, butter or salt.

It was but a little time after this that Bernie took his tunes to London and put the dancing shoes on the British. He was so popular there that the Islanders paid him the compliment of asking him to be the first American orchestra leader to broadcast his band over an English chain.

Back in the States, Bernie continued on his way, crossing the continent and coming back, always finding new friends and few enemies. Radio advertisers paid as high as they could for his services as master of ceremonies on their programs of dance music. Rudy Vallée and Guy Lombardo, now "big shooting it around" as Bernie puts it, looked on the happy Old Maestro with thankful eyes because it was he who more or less gave a boost where a boost was needed. Vallée had gone through his apprenticeship already and Lombardo was in debt for the success of one song.

Out on the West Coast Bernie and

his band created a sensation that few other eastern orchestras have been able to accomplish. In fact, most eastern bands go out to the Golden State, play one or two months and then pack up their instruments for a warmer climate. But Bernie had a warmer welcome and left only because a previously made arrangement called him East to Chicago.

There we find him now, in the smartest dance place in Chicago, the College Inn. Wielding the same wicked bow, cracking the usual wise cracks and making the usual friends among both cafe and Radio fans. And, speaking of Radio fans—your writer was privileged to read a wire that came to Ben one night—reading—"Why didn't you say good night, to-night? I can't sleep until you sing *Au Revoir, Pleasant Dreams*." Of course the lady was a perfect stranger, but somehow, once we have heard Ben say good night in that pleasant crooning voice of his—we, all of us—strangers not excluded, wait for the good night.

Coming now to what is responsible for Bernie's rise to fame and fortune, we lay greatest emphasis on his charming personality and good fellowship. He is primarily a showman, of course, but then too, a poor orchestra with a good leader would not make much headway. He stands in front of one of the most perfect organizations for the dance that can be found. Their method of playing is an outgrowth of one of Ben's pet theories. A theory for which almost every other dance orchestra leader in the country has been hailed. Perhaps Bernie doesn't care very much where the credit goes. But your writer believes in being just.

When Bernie was playing on the stage with his band he used the new slow tempo to his music that made it more adaptable to singing than the half ragtime so popular in those days. Bernie tried it on the dance floor and found it good. But there were difficulties. The young people caught on to the new time as young people have a way of doing. It was sweeping the country. The middle aged couples looked their dismay and the older people, used to lovely old waltzes, seemed more pleased than not to find a fox trot that was as slow as a waltz.

Bernie allowed himself to worry about the middle aged couples and finally found out the reason for their antipathy to slow music for the dance. They had been born and bred in ragtime. "But," he explains, "as the young people are really the dancers, I continued with the slow tempo. It was new and different to them and it pleased them."

Let us sum up the story with the two most important features of Bernie's career—the two new feathers in his cap. He is Brunswick's leading orchestra, recording at least a record a month and often two. And he has just placed on the market two of the loveliest new songs of the day, one, his theme song, *Lonesome Old Town*, and the other, his signing off song, *Au Revoir, Pleasant Dreams*.

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