

★ Radio Digest

October

15 Cents



Dorothea James

Can a Wife Help a Star

James Melton

Phil Dewey

Ben Bernie

Mama's OLD TIME Tea Cookies

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Ralph and Hal



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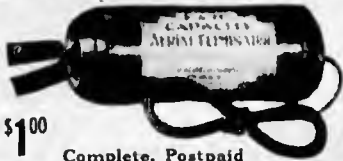
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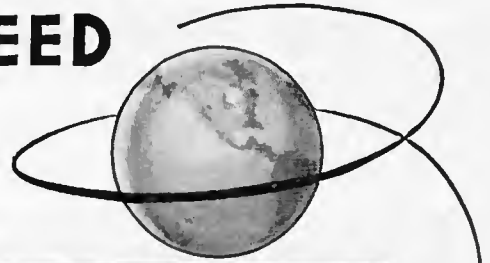
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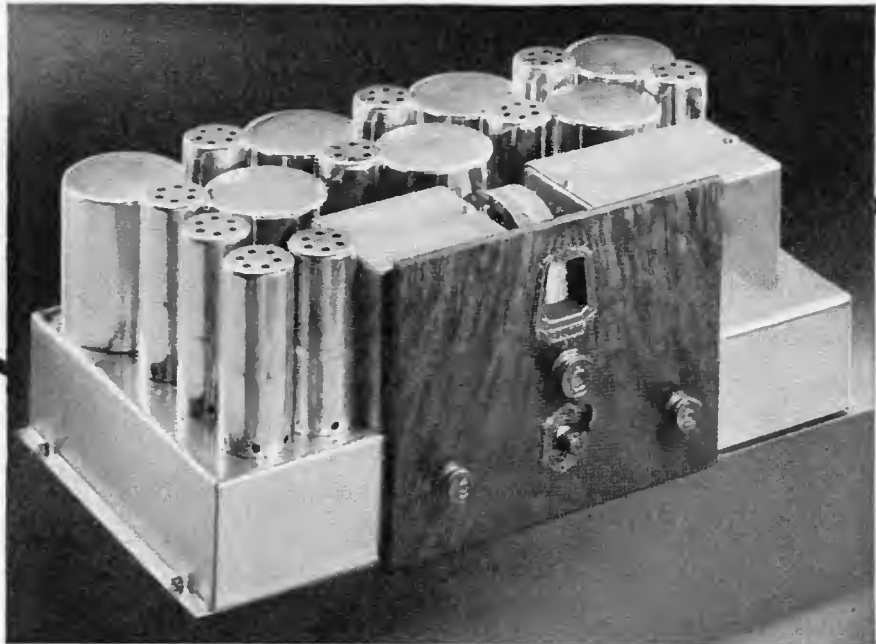
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TWISTS and TURNS

With Radio People and Programs

BY HAROLD P. BROWN

THESSE are the days when Radio-land is all agog over new programs, ambitious auditions, new faces and new voices, old stars in new roles and new stars in old roles. Some of the lesser lights are staged for added lustre. Others who had all the glory a year ago have waned.

Where are Crosby, Columbo and Downey? Their voices do not span the skies today as they did a year ago. Crosby is due almost any minute in a great radio movie that has had no end of advance notice because of the names of many luminaries who were in the mike spot a year ago. Once he has seen big money in radio he can see nothing else, it is said. So when the show comes to the screen Crosby, the hero, will be known only as a now-and-then broadcasting artist. He is arguing with the Columbia executives as to what he should get for broadcasting on sustaining while waiting for a commercial that will pay the fabulous money he earned last year.

COLUMBO was making \$5,000 a week last year when he came to take a favored spot on the NBC network. His one commercial only lasted a few weeks but he made good money with his orchestra and in his theatrical engagements. The program department doesn't have a nibble for his services this season. But he is not starving. The popularity he gained during his ascendancy on the air has created a demand for his services in the night life of New York and its environs. He too has become only a now-and-then broadcasting artist.

DOWNEY, Wons and Renard are history. Downey and Kate Smith were big cards in the CBS deck last year. Kate is still going strong although the moon these days barely gets to the rim of the mountain before it subsides for the station announcement. Downey's vacation from the air seems to be no nearer an end than it was six weeks ago. There have been rumors that he might switch networks but the rumors are denied from authoritative quarters. In the meantime his name shines brightly on the theatre canopies along Broadway. Wons is back with

his scrapbook and his old friends who have followed him from WLS, Chicago; WLW, Cincinnati and now at WABC, New York, are still with him.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR over the American airway is Ed Wynn. In spite of the growing popularity of more serious drama Wynn's inanities hold the dials at 9:30 every Tuesday night. Wynn is a veteran showman. He doubted his ability to hold a radio audience and approached his task with the greatest of humility and deference, which is an attitude not so very common among the notables who have won their laurels behind the footlights. I have watched him through rehearsal and then—a couple of hours later—doing his stuff for the radio audience. His show is staged in the Times Square studio. He has all the elements for a regular stage production, even to putting on his clownish costumes. One of his personal stage traditions he has had to abandon. In his radio show he never finds occasion to sit down on the floor. He trots out to a reading stand (somewhat suggestive of a preacher's pulpit) and reads his script, with Graham McNamee standing close beside him. He gestures and grins at the audience from time to time, but when the scene ends he trots back to the wings with his funny hobble. Each time he comes out he appears in a different costume. The theatre is always "sold out" for four weeks in advance. Even the most favored friends of broadcasters, sponsors or the artists find it difficult to get a ticket sooner than that. Of course no money is paid for admissions.

NEW YORK theatrical critics have credited the current trend toward radio drama to the tremendously forward and vital police stories heard every Tuesday night on the Lucky Strike Hour. The president of the American Tobacco Company who personally supervises every one of his elaborate and costly productions has stated that these police dramas are his best bet. D. Thomas Curtin is the author who not only ascertains the facts but writes the scripts. We take particular pride in asserting that fact because we predicted something like this for Mr. Curtin from



Russ Columbo—among the missing

the time that we heard his first broadcast as a late Sunday night sustaining feature from NBC studios.

HOW do you like Ray Knight in that Wheatenville series? Yes sir, and there's a radio fellow who is just now getting his real stride . . . Jolly Bill and Jane recently celebrated their fourth anniversary on the air—and Jane is getting to be a big girl . . . Jessica Dragonette is as sweet and sincere personally as she sounds on the air. She looked like a fairy princess out of a story book on the night of her return to the air after her vacation. . . . I happened to be one of the happy throng that welcomed Guy Lombardo home at the Roosevelt on Sept. 27th. . . . He had been playing at a small inn near his summer home on Long Island so he would have it convenient to play around on the sand and enjoy his motorboat . . . He turned down lucrative tour offers . . . Money is incidental for Guy. . . . The late Summer and early Autumn have brought two fair soloists to the Manhattan air maestros. . . . The first was Jeanie Lang from Los Angeles, now with Jack Denny on the Waldorf and a real sensation. . . . The most recent is Irene Taylor from Chicago, now with Paul Whiteman on the Biltmore, also a hit. . . .

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 you are an announcer
 you are a continuity writer
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 you are interested in any
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RADIO ART is issued semi-monthly—twenty-four times a year.



WALTER O'KEEFE

"Watch the birdie, Barney!" So Barney is all set to go. Walter named his Scottie Barney after Barney Gallant of Greenwich Village fame.

“OKAY America!”

*In Which Walter “Toots” O’Keefe is Hailed Upon
The Magic Carpet*

By Peter Hilton

HELL call you “Toots” no matter who you are. And you won’t resent this personal address. Perhaps it’s the offhand way in which he delivers it or the twinkle of the eye that accompanies it. At any rate when Walter O’Keefe calls you “Toots” you like it. And there are countless other little things like that, that comprise the marvelous personality that is Walter O’Keefe and constantly endear him to those with whom he comes in contact.

After he’s first met you he’ll talk about his dogs. He loves ’em. Barney, a jet black Scottie, is named in honor of Barney Gallant, proprietor of the famous Greenwich Village showplace where Walter held down his first job as master of ceremonies. The other is a beautiful Chow called “Chinkie.”

The dogs are insanely jealous of each other and in order to show no favoritism, Walter is obliged to pat both at the same time, one with each hand.

He doesn’t know just when or where he picked up the expression but for a long, long time he has been using “Toots” on his friends. When asked to define it, he said, “Darned if I know, myself, exactly what I mean. However I use it pretty much in the same manner you would ‘pal’”. It really is a term containing the quality of affection. There is something bouyant, too, in the way he says it. But then, again, every thing about Walter O’Keefe, is bouyant—his speech, his manner and his programs.

Way back in 1914 when he made his amateur debut at the Poli Theatre in Worcester, he turned to a stage hand and said confidently “I’m ready, Toots,” and with that the curtain went up and the contagious O’Keefe personality took its toll of his first theatre audience. After a few brief introductory remarks he turned to the orchestra director in the pit and said “Toots, Let’s go!” and they went to the tune of “It’s a Long, Long Way to Tipperary.”

To the world at large the war was the most important event of the day but to Walter O’Keefe it was secondary to

the epochal occasion at the Poli Theatre, the night he disclosed his untold gifts to a waiting world. Even today, he admits he was a sensation, and this same modesty has never left him.

The next milestone in the life of Walter (Toots) O’Keefe was his advent to Notre Dame. Previous to this he had written a number of selections that he felt certain, would set Tin Pan Alley ablaze. With the drafts of these first lyrical attempts safely deposited in the waste basket, he arrived at South

HERE is a little introduction to that cheery voice which you hear three times a week dispatching the Magic Carpet hither and you around the world. And if you think Walter O’Keefe’s job is a cinch you should sit in at a rehearsal or see him during a regular broadcast with thousands of miles of nerve-end wires to watch and see that no hitch disrupts one of the world’s most expensive broadcasts.

Bend, Indiana, destined to become the school’s official chanteur of Irish ballads, class poet, and close friend of the late Knute Rockne, who tried desperately but vainly to steer him away from the stage.

After graduation in 1921, there came newspaper and advertising jobs—then along came infantile paralysis and he was out of the running for a year. A year well spent, apparently, for while lying in bed, he continued his lyric writing, adding the final polish to those brilliant, witty songs which were later to set the town talking.

Back on his feet, O’Keefe joined Texas Guinan, only to be later lured to Florida by Ben Hecht and J. P. McEvoy. The sand didn’t sell, but two songs devised along the way did—then he hit his stride as master of ceremonies at Barney Gallant’s Club. His lyrics for a musical comedy “Just a Minute” added more fuel to the O’Keefe popu-

larity blaze—then came his first song hit “Little by Little,” followed by “I Love Love.” And last season he was one of the bright spots in “The Third Little Show.”

And now he has taken to the air, piloting the famous Lucky Strike Magic Carpet hither and yon in pursuit of the prize orchestras of the day. He has saluted Berlin and Buenos Aires and all the largest cities in this country. In turn he has been gay, serious, clowning and mimicing. The Carpet gives him ample room to display his talents and this he has done profusely and effectively as indicated by the volume of fan mail that greets the completion of each program.

Hundreds of people who had heard him introduce and popularize “The Man in the Flying Trapeze” in the “Third Little Show” asked that he sing it on one of the tri-weekly programs. He obliged. The veritable shower of mail with which he was deluged afterward caused Mr. Sponsor to become the least bit wary lest friend Walter steal the show entirely.

At one time, when asked about his gags, Walter is reported to have blithely answered, “The best gags are taken from real life just as the best dialogue is sometimes nothing more than remembered, or in comedy, exaggerated conversation. Where do I get my ‘gags’? Sometimes they are a gift from an actor who can’t use them. Sometimes I pluck them out of the blue in the zero hour between dawn and morning. Sometimes I invent them. Sometimes I steal them. No, I never buy them. Say, a fellow has to draw the line somewhere. Yes, you can resuscitate a gag. The life of a gag is about three generations, but the last generation bears about as much relation to an original gag as a flapper to a mid-Victorian grandmother.”

It’s a man sized job to pilot the huge Carpet three times weekly and keep one’s self supplied with fresh material as he will tell you, but Walter manages to do it—and do it well. He is a one man show by himself.

JACK BENNY AND ETHEL SHUTTA



NOW listen, Jack, you old salt, don't let your eyes go roving toward those sirens on the other page. Look, here's Ethel, and remember your business is to persuade everybody to drink Canada Dry. . . . These two are high among the bright spots of the current programs.

AHOY there, matey! Irma Glen at the wheel! And don't ever think this fair pilot of the Pepsodent organ can't handle a ship in a storm! Are you listenin', Jack Benny?

JANE FROMAN



IRMA GLEN

OOH-HOO! C'mon over! And wouldn't you just love to come on over and haul a rope or twirl a sail, or whatever they do on a yacht like that on which you see the prize beauty of the NBC networks. Jane Froman is another Chicago star.



Scene in the CBS main studio in New York where the actors in the March of Time are in the midst of a broadcast.

Time MARCHES ON

By F. W. Wile, Jr.

STATESMEN and soldiers, musicians and ministers of state, candidates and captains of industry, politicians and popular idols sporting, flying and entertainment worlds—all of them keep in step with the inevitable March of Time. Their activities, their personalities, their strengths and their weaknesses, are graphically portrayed in Columbia's weekly feature—the "March of Time."

The idea of dramatizing news events was conceived by Fred Smith, pioneer Cincinnati radio director and producer. In the spring of 1931 the programs reenacting current happenings were put on the air. They "clicked" instantaneously—"acme of radio production," said one critic; "perfect radio program," wrote another. A year later the sponsor decided to discontinue the series. However, the listening audience was not to be denied. Demands for its return were insistent and William S. Paley, President of the Columbia network, arranged for the March of Time to be heard as a sustaining program.

There are more people behind the scenes of the March of Time than perhaps any other radio feature. No less than seventy persons, on the average, are required for the actual presentation. An orchestra of some twenty players under the direction of Howard Barlow has the difficult function of serving as a musical curtain. Given fifteen seconds between various scenes, Barlow has to close off one scene and supply the proper emotional atmosphere as well as

define musically the geographical locale of the following news reenactment. Fifty actors and actresses or more are used each week to take part in the various incidents that are dramatized.

The purpose of the March of Time is not to present spot news "scoops" over the air. On the contrary, the director of the program takes for granted that the listener is familiar with the scenes that are to be dramatized, in outline at any rate, from his reading of newspapers and magazines. The March of Time attempts to recreate the various episodes so that each member of the radio audience can experience the thrill of having witnessed the events as they actually transpire.

In order to reproduce as accurately as possible and to achieve the maximum of realism in the reenactments, a great deal of research is necessary. This applies both as to facts and personalities. The burden of this work falls on the shoulders of two young men: Donald Stauffer, who directs the production of the March of Time, and Thomas Everitt, who writes the script.

PROBABLY the most distinctive development in the way of a radio presentation has been The March of Time. There are dramatic aspects to almost any piece of news that breaks into print. Here is a program that stands as one of the top-notchers of all time. Mr. Wile tells you how it is produced.

Both of these men are newcomers to radio. Stauffer was never interested in broadcasting until he was called in to assist in the direction of the dramatized news in its early stages. Previous to this, his only dramatic experience had been with the Princeton Triangle Club. After graduation he had tried his hand in the old book business and later at writing. Everitt never held a job before he became author of the March of Time. He was fresh from four years of college in four different countries, having taken courses at Yale, Oxford, the University of Munich and Grenoble University. His cosmopolitan education as well as a good deal of travel in the United States and abroad, serve as an excellent background for the work he is doing.

The story of a March of Time program in the making is an interesting one. The broadcasts are heard on Friday nights but the first step toward formulating the program is not taken until Tuesday. By that time, Everitt has surveyed the news and the most important episodes are written in draft continuities. Stauffer then busies himself with the all important task of selecting his cast. One of the outstanding features of the program is the faithfulness with which the voices of world personalities are simulated. A large panel of the most versatile and capable radio actors is at Stauffer's call. They have spent many weeks in mastering the voices they use on the air. Frank Readick's characterization of

ex-Mayor James J. ("Jimmy") Walker of New York is possible because he studied the city executive's speaking style thoroughly. On every occasion that the Mayor was scheduled to make a public speech, Readick was to be found in the audience. Likewise, he never missed an opportunity to hear him on the air or on a news-reel. This is true for other members of the cast. Ray Collins traveled down New York Bay to be in the party welcoming Premier Laval when he came to the United States last year. Consulates and embassies of foreign countries are consulted when their national figures are to be portrayed.

In every case Stauffer coaches the actors in their impersonations. He has a remarkably keen ear, and once he has heard the voice of a distinguished person, its memory stays with him. Thus he is able to give valuable pointers to "radio ghosts" of presidents and kings. From Tuesday until Friday of each week, Stauffer goes without sleep. In addition to selecting his actors, he has to arrange the music with Howard Barlow and devise sound effects with the cooperation of Mrs. Ora Nichols.

Actual rehearsal starts on the March of Time on Thursdays. It lasts for six hours and then a preliminary audition is given. The March of Time board of strategy listens closely. "What is the matter with Gandhi today?" "Ramsay Macdonald doesn't roll his r's that much." "That bombardment preceded the Japanese seizure of Jehol." "The music must definitely show that the next scene is in Constantinople." "Cut out the Brazilian act—late news gives a different angle." Such are typical com-

Fridays, 8:30 to 9:00 p. m.

Scripts prepared by: Tom Everitt

Direction: Don Stauffer

Casting Director: Thomas Harrington

Orchestra under: Howard Barlow

Cast:

WILLIAMS ADAMS

as Franklin D. Roosevelt and others

TED DI CORSIA

as President Hoover and others

FRANK READICK

as James J. Walker and others

TEDDY BARGMAN

as Josef Stalin and others

WILMER WALTER

as Samuel Seabury and others

PORTER HALL

as Benito Mussolini and others

PEDRO DE CARDOBA

as Alphonso of Spain

ALFRED SHIRLEY

as Ramsay MacDonald

CHARLES SLATTER

as Alfred E. Smith

ments. As a result it is not unusual that the entire script is re-written Thursday night, but the day's experience is not lost. Friday morning six more hours of intensive rehearsing and then another hearing is held. The actors give the interpretations that are desired but many changes have to be made. A line here is getting the wrong emphasis, this fact is lost unless the actor is on stage more. Last news developments must be taken into consideration. It would not do, for example, to dramatize the struggle of revolutionists to seize control of a South American government without checking the latest reports. If at the last moment the rebels are driven off, that, too, must be included in the dramatization.

A FINAL meeting of director and actors takes place an hour before air-time. New lines are given and others are deleted and in some cases an entire scene is revised. Up to the last minute Stauffer is busy perfecting sound effects and arranging cues with Barlow and Mrs. Nichols.

The studio engineer, Dick Stewart, literally has his hands full during this spectacular program. Four to six microphones are employed when the March of Time is on the air and Stewart never has a moment to take his hands off the controls. An average broadcast has no less than two hundred microphone cues for which he has to turn something on or off during the thirty minutes the news is being re-enacted.

The "March of Time" is unique among radio programs in that it effectively combines the two great offerings of broadcasting—entertainment and education. There is drama which thrills, for no fiction can be as exciting as the plays produced daily in the theatre of events. These happenings are both comic and tragic and the "March of Time" does not "touch them up"; it reenacts them as they occur. On the side of cultural value much can be said. The news is made to live. The personalities who make the news are no longer distant and imaginary figures. They are heard as flesh-and-blood beings who have to deal with human problems. Current happenings are given a new significance and every individual that hears the program is bound to feel that an event, whether it takes place either in his home-town or the Antipodes, has a meaning for him.

1932-33 will be long remembered in world history. In our own United States we have a Presidential campaign of utmost importance. Business, industry and agriculture are in difficult positions. Germany on the verge of civil war, the Far East smouldering, India and Russia for the moment quiescent but likely to explode at a moment's notice, European nations watching each other with envy and suspicion constitute the line of parade for the "March of Time." New personalities will vie with older established ones for power. These struggles and the events they inspire will be re-created on the air waves from week to week—as time marches on.





James Melton is captain, and Mrs. James Melton is first mate. Together they sail away from the maddening throngs of Manhattan.

YES, in capital letters, if you take the case of radio's most popular tenor, James Melton.

Kipling said something about "down to Gehenna, or up to the throne, he travels fastest who travels alone" and a long line of opera stars have held that to be successful an artist must have no other love than his art.

But the success of James Melton's romance hurls a very emphatic lie to all those statements and proves conclusively that a wife is not only an aid to an artistic success, but a great help to it.

For Mrs. James Melton is the other half of a highly successful vocal firm, yet she does not sing on the radio or in concert. She is the one-woman organization that has brought the height of success to the musical firm of "Melton and Company."

In addition to being the lyric tenor with radio's greatest male quartet, Melton is a soloist on two or three big radio programs every week over the National Broadcasting Company's chain and when he has a night off he is dashing hither and yon to give concert recitals. In the back of his head—in the back of the two heads of "Melton and Company" lies a dream of several years spent in operatic study in Europe and a grand opera career to follow later.

Melton sings, but as might well be imagined, there is a lot more to being a radio star than simply stepping up to the microphone. There are rehearsals, sometimes as many as a dozen a week, and all sorts of business and fan correspondence to be kept up, as well as the handling of hundreds of copies of various songs. Many singers

Can a Wife Make a By EARLE

have what they call "personal secretaries" who are supposed to do this work—which may account why a job of that kind is not exactly permanent. All you have to do to lose a job like that is to make one mistake. Because if a secretary tells a singer he is to be at Rehearsal A when he really should be at Rehearsal B, all kinds of catastrophes may follow.

When Marjorie Louise McClure became Mrs. James Melton she sensed an immediate task of helping organize young Jimmy so that he and the world could get the most out of his voice. She saw a myriad of tiny details, all of them important in themselves, that somebody had to master. And who, she asked herself, should be better fitted to take care of them than an artist's own wife?

First there was a daily bundle of fan letters that came in every day. All sensible artists answer their fan mail, because today there is little of that old-time matinee idol rave spirit in the fan mail. Few letters come these days that are written by girls who have gotten "crushes" on either a singer's voice or his picture, or both. The fan mail James Melton gets today is friendly, sometimes critical fan mail, commenting for the most part on his vocal achievements or his delivery of a certain song. Several of his correspondents send him a critical commentary after each radio performance, and whose letters he values highly because they give him a listener's reactions in an impartial way.

Most of these fan letters get a nice little note in prim Spencerian handwriting signed by "Mary Booth Lawrence," secretary to James Melton. And that is the non de plume of Mrs. Melton.

The pile of letters each day has to be sorted. Some are from old friends who were classmates at the three colleges Melton attended. Some are from friends he knew when he was playing saxophone in various bands in the South while he was working his way through school and hoping some day to sing a part in a Broadway musical comedy. These letters are answered by Melton himself.

Then there are music bills—and in a singer's life these are many and often quite high—which are paid by check by the efficient "secretary."

When he sings with the Revelers, their director, Frank Black, has a librarian who sees that the quartet members get their individual parts for the songs they sing. But when James Melton sings in solo appearances—these are becoming more and more as the weeks roll by—the business manager of "Melton and Company" looks the songs up in a cross-index file system she set up herself, and gives them to her husband every morning.

When he was only doing one solo appearance a week, it was a simple matter to have an accompanist come out to his apartment and run over the songs with him. But when the solo appearances grew to several each week, it became increasingly difficult. So Marjorie Melton, who hadn't touched a piano since she was a small child, began taking piano lessons again. In a month's time she was

Help a Man Career?

FERRIS

able to accompany him while he rehearsed most of his songs.

It is easy to imagine that a singer who is on the networks about ten times a week has a pretty full day, from the time he arises and until he takes part in his last program often late at night. But when you consider the many tasks that his wife performs for him daily, you also get a pretty fair idea that her day too, is full.

Mrs. Melton hears every song that her husband sings on the radio. When he is on the air, say on a Monday evening, you will find her perched on a chair beside the loud speaker with a pad and pencil in hand, noting this nuance, and that top note and giving him an unbiased criticism of his singing after he has returned home.

THE MELTONS live in a penthouse on Riverside Drive that overlooks the majestic river and there is a spreading roof terrace where they sit in summer under the stars and relax. It is furnished by a hand that allowed both beauty and practicality to guide it. But in the corner of the living-room, you will find a very practical desk, and what might appear to be an antique hall cabinet beside the desk, is really a neat and efficient file of sheet music—all the thousand or so songs that comprise James Melton's solo repertoire—available at a moment's notice—if you look at the card index file first.

The business of the firm of "Melton and Company" has seen to that.

After you learn of the business efficiency Mrs. Melton possesses you are rather startled when you see her. Your first thought is of a Dresden china creature of exquisite coloring, with aqua marine eyes and golden hair. You notice those eyes and their firm, unwavering expression, and you can understand how she has inherited a business sense from a father, who devoted his life to the automobile industry.

When she talks, you get a picture of the other side of the family—her novelist mother, Marjorie Barkley McClure, of whom she is justly proud. If you browse about the penthouse a bit, you will find copies of her mother's works in a bookcase, standing beside a few books by modernists and several detective novels.

Marjorie Louise McClure was getting ready to go to college when, with her mother, she attended a concert given in Akron at the home of the rubber magnate, F. A. Seiberling. She had been told the soloist was to be a handsome young tenor, then "Seiberling's Own Tenor," James Melton.

When he stepped on the stage the first thing she said was, "Hasn't he lovely teeth? I'd like to be his dentist."

She chatted with him a few minutes that evening and the next afternoon was interrupted in her task of making sandwiches by two callers. One of them was Melton and they made plans then that he was to return to Akron in a week for a house party. At that house party they became secretly engaged.

She went to Bryn Mawr, and he went to Europe with



This is the unseen but not unsung heroine of the Melton success combine.

the Revelers. Both of them will tell you that that summer was pretty miserable for both of them.

When he returned from England, she met him at the boat, and they began to look for a penthouse overlooking the Hudson. They found it, announced their formal engagement, and went about the business of getting married.

The story might well end with, "And so they were married, and lived happily ever afterward."

But just a little bit more can be said than that.

And so they were married, and lived happily ever afterward, and while they were living happily ever afterward, they formed the marital-business partnership of "Melton and Company" and today the stock in this concern is well above par with no likelihood at all of it ever changing its status.

Which is another way of saying, "Yes, a wife is a help to a successful career—even for an artist."



Pat Barnes

PARTICLES OF SOUND

By Charles E. Young

HAVE you within the past year noticed how much more interesting radio drama has become? Did you ever try to figure out how it has come about? Probably not. It may interest you to know that you have been psycho-analyzed.

A certain name, a certain voice attached to that name, move into your consciousness from your loud speaker. Behold! You envision a definite personality. There has been no description—just a name and a voice—and there you have a person.

A kindly, fatherly voice with a bit of good advice as to what you should or should not do and the chances are you have at your side a definite character with whom you have become acquainted through previous broadcasts.

On another occasion you are in the midst of a tense dramatic situation. Someone has said, "Go! Get out! There's the door! I never want to see you again!" You hear no words in reply, but you hear a footfall, a stumbling tread across a room, the latch on a door clicks, there is a sigh, perhaps a rusty hinge tells you the door is being slowly opened, then, after a pause, closed with a quick short slam. Not a word has been spoken through all this action but your mind's eye has seen everything . . . that's the kind of radio drama production Pat Barnes of the Chicago NBC studios and other forward radio dramatists have been doing.

Barnes has been delving deep into the psychological effects of sounds. He has a great repertoire of voices in his own throat. Each voice speaks and acts according to the type you have come to associate with it through listening without seeing, except through your mind's eye. He is not satisfied with leaving his characters to the sole interpretation of his own imagination—he goes out in the street and finds the people he is going to impersonate and studies them. Then he re-creates them in particles of sound for your imagination as you listen.

Thus it appears that the radio artist has now reduced the business of producing a drama for broadcasting to well-nigh scientific perfection. The atoms have been taken apart from the molecules and put together again to achieve just exactly the desired effect. Sounds of action are created with just the right shading and diminuendo to agitate the brain cells of the listener to create the scene in his mind demanded by the author of the play. Particles of sound impinge on particles of mind to set the stage and the visible action—such is the idea of Pat Barnes. That is why he takes forty-five minutes to rehearse the opening and closing of a door.

Your greatest thrills by radio will come to you in the dramatic productions you hear this new season of '32 and '33.

YE OLD MAESTRO

By Leonard Stewart Smith

IF BEN BERNIE were Nathan Hale that famous quotation would sound like this:

"My only regret is that Rudy Vallee didn't sign me up when he worked for me. Yow-za."

That was what the Old Maestro told me when I went to congratulate him on his promotion to the sophomore class at the Alma Malta, which on September first transferred its campus activities to NBC.

The Old Maestro was in a happy mood. That was very apparent because he said he'd pay for the lunch. He was in a very happy mood. Eugene Conrad, who is credited with having thought up at least forty per cent of the new jokes heard in the shows, on the radio and in the movies, was along, too.

And it wasn't long until Conrad and I got the catch in this lunch business. Bernie was going to try and keep us laughing so hard and long we'd forget to eat. He began something like this:

"Ever since Osborn, Ah've been a Crosbytween a success and a failure. Many's the time I've been Downey and outie, but . . ."

I said:

"Ben, please. This has got to be serious. Your audience wants to know why Alma Malta is keeping you around for another year, doubling your salary and taking an option on your services for a third year. Why? answer me that."

"Well," welled the Old Maestro, "That's pretty hard for me to understand, but as long as they are willing to credit me with having had a part in increasing their sales ten times during the last year, why should I try to figure it out?"

"It was during the Summer that I got an inkling of how things were going. The boys and I were making one night appearances through the country and at every stop I met Blue Ribbon malt salesmen and sales managers. They would rush up to me and hug me until Pat Kennedy and the boys dragged them off. And they'd point to their new cars and say: 'See that? you bought me that.'

"'Well,' I'd say, 'you're selling a very good product, that everybody wants.' They'd come back with, 'It was you who convinced them they should try it.'

"Well, it was pretty hard to believe. I took it all with a grain of salt."

"You took it all with a grain of malt, huh?" asked Conrad.

Ben ignored it and went on.

"Well my contract was to run out in September and I heard indirectly that the program was to be switched to the National Broadcasting Company chain, but not a word about me, until one day, there arrived without any comment the new contract at double the stipend. You could have knocked me

(Continued on page 48)



Ben Bernie

GOOD MORNING JUDGE!

JUDGE GORDON, the suave, even voiced gentleman who talks so smoothly and expertly to the ladies about cooking and the preparation of delicacies for the table is no sissy. Not by a jugful. He's a regular hard-riding, quick-trigger able bodied be-man.

For all that he talks so easy and graceful to the ladies he can speak the language of the range and jerk a bad man off a cayuse without sweating a pore.

Sounds like a story, doesn't it? Wanna hear it? All right, Judge, let's digress from the line of cream puffs and fricasee of chicken livers and tell about the old days when you rasted gold and silver bullion through the bandit lines down in old Mexico. What do you say? Gather 'round folks; Judge Gordon's got the mike all to himself.

By Judge Gordon

NO, I wasn't born and raised in a grocery store. When I came into this radio business it seemed as though all the things I ever did just happened to fit into the plan. Back in 1909 I was a student in Harvard. But I came to the conclusion in about the middle of the first semester that I wasn't suited by nature or disposition to go on with it. So I looked at the \$75 I had at my disposal, took cognizance of the approaching Christmas vacation, and set my own course, which was not precisely according to the Harvard curriculum.

I rode the cushions down to New York and there I landed a job on a boat bound for New Orleans. That was living. From New Orleans I drifted into Texas and across the border into Mexico, and on to Chihuahua.

There I met a mining engineer, a Britisher, and made my acquaintance with a sway-back horse. We trailed through the mountains to San Pedro in the State of Durango. The country and the people were plenty wild. We couldn't get a wagon over the trail so we simply hired horses of a German and established a sort of depot at the rail head in Rosario. We could ride a horse

through to our camp and mail him back. By paying a fee to the mail carrier he would drive the horse back to the owner.

It was like the stories of old Spain. I landed a job as an assistant foreman at a mine where both silver and gold were brought out of the ground. The Mexicans also would bring in loads of ore for us to sample. We would take out one from every twenty shovelfuls. When President Diaz was driven out the country was tossed into turmoil. Bandits sprang up in every direction. We had plenty of excitement getting our silver bullion to the Wells Fargo office, 120 miles away. That's where I learned to handle a gun in the true Western fashion. We would plod along during the day with our weapons in plain sight. At night we would sleep in the same room with our stack of silver and gold bars.

All bandits became Revolutionaries. But to show fear toward one of these chaps is fatal. One day a rebel leader,

whom I knew by the name of Juan, came tramping into town with his gang. There were about twelve of them—all armed. Juan was crazy and kept yelling "Matales!" (Kill them). He brandished an old six-shooter. But my partner and I just looked at him calmly, perhaps a trifle reprovingly. His eyes were bloodshot as he had worked himself up to a frenzy. But he must have realized nothing would be gained by killing us as we were the ones who kept the mines open and gave employment to the people. We had already hidden our best cattle and horses. So there was nothing for them to take except some bullion and a few cans of soup. They were about to go when a poor luckless peon happened to stick his head around from behind a wooden wall. Juan could not resist the target. His aim was fatal.

By the way we had an old Spanish woman with our outfit who certainly knew her tortillas and frijoles. I watched her work and I want to tell you she had it down to a science. You couldn't blame her for being proud of the things she could whittle out of the coarsest kind of cornmeal. And enchiladas to make your mouth water. Let me tell you one of her best—

THAT, ladies and gentlemen, was Judge Gordon (shhh! Don't tell—his real name is Judson Strong) who comes to you each morning, except Sunday, at 10:30 EDT, over the NBC-WJZ network.



Judge Gordon (center) famous A. & P. food expert with a few "loaves" of gold and silver bullion which he helped transport through a bandit infested section of Mexico. Bold bartender he was.

TARKINGTON

Writes for Radio

BOOOTH TARKINGTON becomes the first famous author to write especially for radio in a new series of sketches presented over the NBC-WJZ network by the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company. Mr. Tarkington has been interested in radio drama for some time, and this series substantiates his claim that stage technique and craftsmanship may profitably be applied to radio drama.

This series, which began Wednesday, September 21, and which will be heard Wednesdays and Saturdays 10:30 a. m. EST, is entitled "Maud and Cousin Bill" and represents incidents in the lives of a typical American boy and girl and their families.

A new type of radio-dramatic technique is to be employed for these presentations, entailing the use of a special microphone which for the first time in radio drama, creates the "third dimension" of depth.

The production is under the direction of Winnifred Lenihan of stage fame, and many Theater Guild plays.

SPORT WAVES

By
Ray B. Prescott
On the Air

McLarnin vs. Leonard.....October 7
(Madison Square Garden)

Kid Chocolate vs. Lew Feldman.....October 13 (tentative)
(Madison Square Garden)

CBS Football Schedule

This program is to be announced by Ted Husing, nationally popular sports announcer, and assisted by Les Quailey as an observer.

The complete schedule follows:

September 24.....Columbia-Middlebury (New York)

October 8.....Northwestern- Michigan (Ann Arbor)

October 12 (Columbus Day).....

.....Boston C.-Centre C. (Boston)

October 15.....Army-Pittsburgh (West Point)

October 22.....Yale-Army (New Haven)

October 29 (tentative) Notre Dame-Pitt (Pittsburgh)

November 5.....St. Mary's-Fordham (New York)

November 8 (Election Day).....

.....C. C. N. Y.-Manhattan (New York)

November 12...Notre Dame-Northwestern (So. Bend)

November 19.....Yale-Harvard (New Haven)

November 24 (Thanksgiving).....

.....Penn-Cornell (Philadelphia)

November 26.....Army-Notre Dame (New York)

December 3.....Army-Navy (Philadelphia)

December 10.....

.....So. California-Notre Dame (Los Angeles)

December 17. California-Georgia Tech (San Francisco)

The above announcer and his assistant will broadcast from the Wrigley Field on the third game of the World's Series.



Margaret West, a talented Texas girl whose friendship for her fellow citizen, the Vice-Presidential nominee, induced her to speed to New York to add yippee to the Roosevelt-Garner campaign. Al Smith's Empire corner store is seen in background to right. Miss West sings over several Eastern stations—also writes.

Marcella

"Sees all, hears all, tells all."

FOR the benefit of "Jennie," who has asked for a paragraph or two on Isham Jones: This lanky, red-haired young man who looks more like a mid-Western farmer than a composer of tuneful music, comes from Coaltown, Ohio, which, as its name signifies, centers around the mines, and boasts of a population of about three or four hundred people. His father was a mine boss, but at home, a music-lover who played all the string instruments.

Isham first displayed his talent for music when only five years old, when the youngster changed keys with his father, while standing on a chair sawing away at an old bass fiddle. When still a boy his parents moved to Saginaw, Michigan, where he learned the use of musical instruments—eight in all. Isham left high school to work in the mines, writing music and practicing at night.

His first endeavors in the song-writing field met with unexpected success. He composed a march for the band contest of Saginaw—"Soldiers of the Sea," which won the band first prize for "originality in choice of a march."

While serving at a training camp during the war, he wrote "You're In the Army Now," which incidentally has become the theme song of army life. Isham Jones is one of the few orchestra leaders who actually creates his own tunes; he has won considerable reputation as a song writer—among his recent numbers being: "If You Were Only Mine," "I Can't Believe It's True," and "Let's Try Again"; his first success "Swingin' Down the Lane" was followed by "The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else"; and many others; and the greatest seller of all is the ever-popular "I'll See You In My Dreams."

Hello•Bob (from Minneapolis)! It is some time since you wrote to me, but you see I haven't forgotten you: Regarding H. Paul Johnson, formerly of KSTP, St. Paul: We are glad to hear he has been successful; in 1929 we knew that he was an interne at a sanatorium, and that he was married, but have been unable to get any further information about him.

As for Arthur Snyder, formerly of WCCO: it has been impossible to locate him, or to get any information whatever regarding him. It would seem he is just lost to the radio world. Toddles is still hunting up Al Sheehan of WCCO for your benefit. We'll give

you the information next month maybe.

I suppose you have heard Walter Winchell may come back on the air again with the Lucky Strike program. Yes, Ben Bernie is married. No, we are not planning just yet on another most popular announcer contest. Perhaps sometime in the future we may hold another; but we are glad to know you like them so well. I will have to ask you to watch the Question & Answer column for some interesting facts on Thomas Dunning Rishworth. Many thanks for your comments.

Mrs. William Roberts, of Avoca: This is just to confirm the statement in a previous issue of Radio Digest—that Helen King is married to John Mitchell. I believe you may have misunderstood the statement over the radio.

Fred Hufsmith, tenor, was the soloist on the McKesson Musical Magazine program, Mrs. T. E. Powers. We are very glad to know you liked your first number of Radio Digest, and hope it will continue to interest you.

Dear Beatrice Cayon: I am writing you through the column this month because your letter was mislaid. Sorry, too. No, Vinton Howorth evidently does

(Continued on page 27)

LANNY ROSS CAN ALSO RUN

By F. E. Riis

MANY radio stars rise and fall in the time it has taken Lanny Ross to rise slowly and undramatically to a stable fame. He might have achieved it in less than the four years he has taken, had he not steadfastly refused to lend himself to any of the more fantastic schemes by which radio stars seek evanescent popularity.

Said one New York radio critic, "He organizes no paper admirers' clubs; he kisses no orphans for the benefit of the cameras; he neither slaps casual acquaintances on the back nor stabs them; he has no swarm of secretaries, and gets all uncomfortable when waylaid by gushing females. Yet Lanny has a stronger hold on his audiences than many other highly-touted artists, is welcomed into circles that others couldn't break into with a pickaxe. And the radio world respects him for it."

If any young man in this country is well prepared for success in life, Lanny Ross can match his claims for versatility. In terms of his prep school grid-iron glory, he qualifies as a triple-threat man. Lawyer, athlete and radio singer, he is second only to the famous "doctor, lawyer, Indian chief" of childhood fame.

Besides his well-known ability to sing charmingly, Ross can defy the world's best middle-distance runners to catch him, and in the event he ever becomes entangled in the toils of the law he may argue his own case before the jury for he holds the degree of LL.B. from Columbia University.

Ross lost his first name, "Launcelot," at the Taft School in Watertown, Connecticut, where he

A lilting tenor voice and a snappy pair of heels were the double gifts presented by Dame Nature to Lanny Ross. You see him here ready to go as the crack quarter-miler of Yale.



streaked down the field for touchdowns. "Launcelot may have been a gallant knight," his schoolmates protested, "but the name just doesn't sound right after a long cheer." So Lanny it became, and Lanny it remained. Lanny doesn't mind the name, but questions its propriety many years hence when he acquires the dignity that comes with age.

Because necessity has always been the mother of resourcefulness, young Ross started his career as a professional singer at the age of six. His actor-father and pianist-mother put him on a train for Vancouver, B. C., and school. He promptly spent his dinner money for a toy.

"Boy, you'll have to sing for your supper tonight," the conductor said to him facetiously.

Little Launcelot took the conductor's remark literally, mounted a seat at the end of the dining car, and sang the popular automobile song of the day, "Get Out and Get Under." He sang other songs, too, and passed the hat. As a result, the boy had supper, breakfast, and left the train in Canada with \$1.65 in his pocket.

Even after that first flush of financial success, Lanny didn't intend to sing his way through life. True, he was soloist on both the Taft School and the Yale University Glee Clubs, but he was get-

ting a Bachelor of Arts degree as well.

His fleet legs carried him to the national indoor 300-yard championship and to three victories over Ray Barbuti of Syracuse, the Olympic 400-meter champion in 1928, while he was an undergraduate at Yale, and sports critics predicted an even greater future for him, if he cared to have it. Membership on the American Olympic Team in 1928 was Lanny's for the asking, but that unfortunately happened to be the same year in which the Yale Glee Club was planning to make a concert tour through Europe.

LANNY thought long and well, and in the end passed up a chance for Olympic laurels in favor of the glee club trip. He didn't care so much about the trip, as admittedly many of his classmates did, for he had sung his way around the country and to Bermuda and Nassau with the club, and the novelty had worn off for him. He simply preferred to sing rather than to run in Europe. Besides, he had run in England the previous year as a member of the Yale-Harvard Track Team which beat Oxford and Cambridge.

But he hadn't banished track completely from his mind, for he carried a schedule of the Olympic track events with him as he went abroad.



Lanny and his mother.



"TO THE LADIES" SAYS TITO

By H. S. Cole

House of Guizar was headed in the wrong direction.

At the age of sixteen, I believe, the tall and somewhat timorous young gentleman betook himself to The Parents and suggested that music was his calling. What they told him, in other, and more explicit words, was that a young Mexican gentleman belonged in a University not, for the love of Heaven behind footlights.

Accordingly, Tito went to medical school, accepting his fate with a suggestion of Latin philosophy. Mere submission, and ensuing hours in the laboratories of the University of Mexico were not, after all, a satisfactory solution. Tito was unhappy—with the exception of the time he could snatch for his guitar. He studied music too.

When he was twenty, he went to his father again. . . . and this time the young man's pleading was reinforced by a more deadly earnestness. This time, the parents assented, and told young Tito that if he must have music, he would have good music. They sent him to Italy where he studied two years at St. Mark's Academy in Milan.

TITO returned to Mexico City and sang for three weeks in opera. He sang magnificently. His parents were delighted. . . . At this point in the narrative Tito's face lighted in a particularly significant grin. . . . "It closed in three weeks" . . . he explained. . . . "And you know why? The people like much better popular music."

Thereafter, with an I-thought-so reaction, Tito ventured upon a career of his own making. He sang the lilting, romantic Spanish tunes now so popular.



Dorothy Thomas of Dallas.

THIS troubador of Old Mexico has been winning greater popularity day by day with his voice. He also is a fascinating conversationalist because of his mixed Spanish and English.

IF YOU want to have a truly difficult, but charming conversation, go up to CBS, New York, some time and talk to Tito Guizar. He is a young man about twenty-eight with a bearing that suggests a touch of temperament, a touch of kindness, a touch of humor and—this above all, a touch of Mexico.

You've heard him—yes? If not, you've missed some tangible romance—a glimpse of Mexico, even. His is the sort of singing to make one stare wistfully out of the window at the moon, and see, in one's imagination, a patio bathed in moonlight, clicking castanets, a pleading lover and somewhere behind a shuttered balcony, a listening señorita who is becoming rapidly acquiescent.

I was ever so sorry I couldn't speak Spanish, for I'm sure he could have expressed himself adequately in that language. As it was, I had to content myself with vague snatches of English aimed at me in staccato succession, accompanied by an obvious hope that I would derive from it a snatch of meaning. However, with gestures, and rising and falling intonations, I discovered that Tito was born in Guadalupe, a small Mexican town which bore an inheritance of serenity.

Tito's mother and father were both

amateur musicians of note and it was his mother who first discovered the beauty of his voice, and proceeded to give him his early training. This, she thought, would be of use to him later on.—To while away his idle moments, and perhaps, entertain his friends. It was decreed at an early date that young Tito was to be a physician. A medical career had been prescribed, and had he mentioned music as a profession, she would have lifted her hands in horror.

This, Tito conveyed to me in regretful syllables. "She said I had an unusual voice!" he exclaimed, but followed that by a violent shrugging of the shoulders. "But that is—mother!", he said adequately, and gave me to understand that his mother's dictum did not necessarily brand him as a prodigy.

Tito says that when he was quite, quite a small child he would stand up on a box and pretend to sing to an audience—imitating the gestures, the grand inflections, and the appalling volume of those singers he had watched out of the corners of his mimicking eyes; then, having rendered the song with exaggerated elegance, he would stop and bow right and left to an imaginary audience solemnly entertaining himself for hours in that fashion. Obviously, the embryonic physician of the



Ann Leaf

THIS diminutive mistress of the mighty Columbia organ puts on overalls like a common laborer when she goes to work. When people look at her standing the full height of her four feet, eleven inches, they wonder how she can manage such a tremendous instrument. "But it's easy—just too easy," laughs Organy Ann.

THE CYPHER

WHEN is a eypher not a eypher? The answer is, when it's something. Ask little Ann Leaf, the CBS organist, what the *something* is and she will tremble and grow pale.

It's the supreme dread of all pipe organists, so don't ever let anyone tell you a eypher is nothing.

To a pipe organist the eypher is that distressing note that keeps on going when it should have been gone and forgotten. It is caused by some tiny particle of dust or other obstruction that prevents the air valve from closing once it has been used in the course of a musical presentation.

"Nothing the organist can do can stop it," said Ann, when she was questioned. "All interpretation is halted for the menaeing note pervades the melody. The or-

ganist can play only in one key until the expert fixes the pipe. It is the one haunting fear of all organists. Yes sir, a eypher is indeed SOMETHING, a great big something when it happens to a pipe organ."

Miss Leaf has been playing the organ for the past ten years, the organ with four sets of keys for her hands—with twenty possible combination pistons on each board; and a pedal board for her feet. Her hands are so tiny by comparison with the great mechanism they control it seems incredible. Yet one touch of her little finger sends a thrilling note from Times Square, New York, to Los Angeles, where she began her career. She does not fear this mighty organ, she only shudders at the thought of the dreadful eypher. But while we are on this subject of mathematics did you ever hear of— (See next page)

THE HEAVENLY TRIANGLE

A LISTENER could conjure up plenty of illusions about "The Sweethearts of the Air" or the Heavenly Triangle . . . and that impertinent-looking little person, Ann Leaf, who coaxes such thrilling chords out of the organ in the Paramount console. Ben Alley and Helen Nugent have sung over 2000 love songs to each other. For years Ben and Little Organ Annie have broadcast their Nocturne, a romantic and beautiful program. All three are now united on the Charis program over WABC-Columbia. All three work harmoniously together. They are old friends . . . Ben and Helen remain single and show no signs of living up to the melodious sentiments which sound so convincing when they merge in song.

The friendship of Ben and Helen is of long standing. They met first in Cincinnati where Ben was studying at

the Conservatory of music, singing meanwhile over WSAI as the Blue Grass Tenor. Helen, a graduate of that same Conservatory, was drafted by the station from the Cincinnati Opera Company, of which she was contralto soloist. After their first duet appearance, they were featured together on that station for three years, billed simply as "Ben and Helen."

Then Ben came to New York, landing a part in the summer show, "Padlocks of 1928." Late in January, 1929, he was signed as staff artist at Columbia—and was delighted to find that Helen Nugent had signed two weeks before! Again, they were united in song, and for two years were featured together in such programs as Burns Panatela, La Palina, Majestic Theatre of the Air, "Sweetheart of the Air," and many other programs. Ben, Helen and Ann, divinely musical—The Heavenly Triangle.



Ben and Helen

BEN ALLEY and Helen Nugent. They have been singing love songs to each other for years. They came from the same home town to win fame and glory in New York. And still they both remain single. Ann Leaf, Helen and Ben play and sing together for the joy of a nation. Some people call them The Heavenly Triangle.

LETTERS TO THE ARTIST

Dear Phil:

By Marcella

LOVE in the moonlight, the stock in trade of the crooning tenors and whispering baritones who make fervent amorous advances through the microphone to the invisible public, brings nightly thrills and romance to millions of feminine hearts, all the way from New York to Hollywood and back. A new kind of romantic adventure with a novel sex problem has been made possible through the radio. The stage kisses and calcium lighted embraces of the movie stars, once the chief solace of love lorn maidens, have a strong rival in the sentimental songster of the ether waves.

Take Phil Dewey, the soulful baritone of the Revellers Quartet, hero of more than thirty commercial programs, a farm boy from Indiana who has brought to the air some of the romance of honeysuckle and moonlit nights "on the banks of the Wabash, far away." Fan mail?

"How I'd love to be your one and only," sings Phil, unaware of the effect he is producing on the feminine population of thirty states. This is a challenge. The letters pour in.

"Thank you for your nice thought on the General Motors program last week," writes a love sick stranger from Indianapolis who signs herself—Mabel. "I couldn't think of anything nicer than being your 'one and only.' Your hat wouldn't fit if you knew what I think about you. Oh what I would give to be that 'Eight O'clock Sleepy time Gal' you sang about. Last week the announcer said you came from Indiana. It's just beautiful now on the Wabash River and it kind of adds to the beauty to know that you came from there."

"I'm not trying to carry on a flirtation with you," writes another smitten young lady, S. S. J. from Duluth, Minn. "But I am crazy about your voice and I want you to write to me. I promise, that if you do write me, I will cremate every page after it has been read. Why should you hesitate to correspond with me? All I know of you is what I see in your picture (cut from a newspaper) and what I hear in your sweet voice. I try to picture to myself what you look like. Tall and dark, I'm sure. Playful, sometimes and maybe a little mischievous at times. How's that for a description? Please—

will you (or won't you) write me? It doesn't matter whether it is a long letter or just a short note. Just a line or two will do. But please do write."

"Don't think me rude," pens a co-ed from the University of Illinois, "but can't we be friends and have a personal correspondence? I admire you immensely because you are a blond. I am a brunette. Perhaps, that is the reason.

OUR Marcella stepped into the room just as Phil Dewey was opening his mail. She looked over his shoulder, and here are some of the precious bits that have come from the 40,000 susceptible maidens who imagine Phil sings personally and directly to them.

I have long straight dark brown hair and big brown eyes. The girls in my sorority all think I am very pretty. I am something of an Italian type. Please let me have a nice long letter, and if you won't do that send me your photograph."

Picture a dimly lit parlor, a few copies of movie and confession magazines carelessly thrown aside, a photograph of a famous radio singer in a silver frame on a nearby table, and a young lady listening in. Through the loud speaker comes Phil Dewey's voice in "You're The One I Care For." Then the writing desk is opened and another fan letter is born.

"I used to love to go to parties, but now I'm tired of all that. You have made a great change in me. Now I am very happy just to stay at home and listen to your lovely voice, your wonderful singing and the perfectly stunning songs you sing. Where do you find them all? And after you are through singing I dream for hours and I take your picture in my hands and hold it for the longest time—just looking at you and wondering if you're as nice as you seem."

"Every Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday, believe it or not, I have a date with you," writes a girl from Seattle. "When anyone asks me to break one of

these dates with you (via the radio) he has to be pretty convincing. I haven't seen anyone yet with charms superior to yours. As long as you sing like you do I'll be with you every time you're on the air. Do you know, you're the only blond I ever wanted to know? You're so sweet. I hope you don't mind my writing to you like this. I just can't help it.

"I love your picture. What I admire most about it is the serious expression. I know you are wonderful—just from seeing your picture—and hearing you sing. Would you like to know what I look like? I'll try to picture myself as others see me. Deep blue eyes, wavy black hair, parted in the center and a short straight nose, something like Greta Garbo's. My feet are smaller than those of the girls I know and I have long thin hands, like a pianist's. My mouth is very nicely shaped. I'm five feet five inches tall and weigh one hundred and ten pounds. Does that appeal to you?"

"You sound just like someone I used to know," writes a Chicago girl with a sad memory. "He used to sing 'I Hear You Calling Me.' Won't you please sing it on one of your programs? The Chevrolet hour next week will be all right. It will make me think of him, as you sing just like he did. I can't wait for the nights when you sing. If you only knew how much it means to hear you. It's just like I was hearing again, the boy I used to know."

"My friends have been telling me," a very young miss from Dallas, Texas confides, "how wonderful you are, but I never thought you would be so grand. Last night I heard you for the first time, and the way you sang 'Deep River' made my heart go pitapat. What a voice! I have never seen you. I haven't even seen your picture. But I would like to know you. Would you drop me a line and send me your picture? I hope you have wavy hair, because I just love men with wavy hair. I am strong for it. In other words it is my weakness. So I hope you have it. I would love to see you sometime, but I don't go to New York very often. If you will send me one of your pictures I will send you one of mine."

The crowds that in days long past used to watch the stage doors of the-

atres to have a look at celebrities entering or leaving the places of amusement now haunt the broadcasting studios. The corridors are filled with hero worshipers. Those program sponsors who permit guests to listen in during a broadcast have crowded audiences.

"For weeks I have been trying to meet you," a Brooklyn girl confessed in one of her letters to Phil. "I have waited outside the NBC studios to see you come out. Once I got into a Palmolive hour. I almost went up to you without an introduction. Would you think it rude of me, if I just spoke to you sometime? Or shall I phone you?"

"I am a poor farm girl," said one of the fan letters from Kansas. "I read in a paper that you are a farm boy and that makes it easier to write. The long winter nights are lonely, but we have a radio and that makes it better. You don't know how good it is to hear your voice every week. I never miss it. I don't suppose you will answer this letter. Maybe you don't even read such things. But anyway when I sit back in my chair and hear you sing, it brings beautiful dreams. And I hope that sometime I can meet someone like you. But how can you do it, living on a farm ten miles from town like this?"

"I HAVE said I would never write to an actor or a singer or a movie star," writes a young thing from Flint, Michigan. "I never thought I could be so foolish. But here I am, writing to you. I just can't help it. Your voice was so beautiful tonight. It is like hypnotism. I just can't resist it. The way you sang 'Oo That Kiss' tonight sent chills up my back. I don't know what you look like, but I admire your singing so much. Would it seem presumptuous of me to ask for one of your latest photographs? Please autograph it and it will make me very happy."

"I have been listening to your voice for several years and think you are about the best on the air," another fan letter reads, coming from a small town in Vermont. "I went to New York a few years ago, and am thinking strongly of coming again. I have an aunt in Jersey City. When I come I'd love to see you. Where shall I get in touch with you—at the NBC or at your house? Please let me hear from you at your earliest convenience."

"While I am not in the habit of writing fan letters," writes a lady from the far West signing herself, Ruby. "your singing gives me so much joy, pleasure and happiness, that I want to let you know about it. I can hardly wait for the hours when you sing. Something in your music makes me forget all my troubles, makes me feel more strongly than I have ever felt before. The spell



Phil Dewey has many devoted listeners

that you cast takes me away from the everyday world of washing dishes and sweeping floors. When you sing I imagine you standing before the microphone, tall, straight and handsome. I have your picture. I cut it out of a newspaper, so that I know you are handsome and fine. If it is not asking too much, will you please send me a real photograph, so that I can have you with me all the time?"

"Your singing gives me such a kick," reads a communication from G. R. of Sioux City Iowa, "that I can't resist the temptation to tell you. I suppose you get so many letters from girls that they bore you, but please take mine seriously because I mean every word I say. When your voice comes over the air it just does something to me. I sing myself, and imagine that I am singing with you when I hear you. Sometimes I hum an obligato, just like we were doing a duet together. Wouldn't it be grand if we could some time? For me,

I mean. Honest, I have fallen in love with your voice and don't know how I would live through it, if you didn't come every Sunday to start my week right."

"I have fallen in love with your voice." That is a very common phrase in the vocabulary of the writers of sentimental fan mail. It expresses appreciation for the new radio technique. It is just what the interpreters of the amorous songs of the day expect. With the exception of a few humorous and dramatic programs, the most popular attractions on the air are interpreters of popular music. "Slushy sentimental drivel," it may be, to sophisticated men and women. But to the far off lonely girl in the small town, it is something sent from Heaven for her special enjoyment. Song writers sense the pulse of their public and they are outdoing each other in a fight to say "I love you" with novel and original twists of words. Their success depends on the fan mail, just as much as does that of the singer.

TUNEFUL TOPICS

By Rudy Vallée

LET'S PUT OUT THE LIGHTS AND GO TO BED. This issue of *Tuneful Topics* is being dictated down in the extreme humidity of Atlantic City, while we are doing our five shows a day and a three-hour dance in the evening on the Steel Pier. There is something about five shows a day, with very short intermissions in between, and nowhere to spend them, that destroys all initiative and kills the spirit. It is going to be a little difficult for me to talk entertainingly about my selection of songs this month, but fortunately having some good songs to discuss it will not be as difficult as some of the issues have been.

Herman Hupfeld, otherwise known as "Dodo," who, may I repeat, has given us "Sing Something Simple," "As Time Goes By," "When Yuba Plays the Rumba On the Tuba," lives in Montclair, N. J., and does a great deal of entertaining. His house is fitted in modernistic style and it is one of his keenest delights to have it filled every evening with the elite of the music and theatrical world. It was after one of these parties that he surveyed the usual aftermath of such an evening—cigarette butts on the floor, piano, and everywhere, empty cocktail and highball glasses, everything as live parties always leave things—it was then that the idea came to him to write LET'S PUT OUT THE LIGHTS AND GO TO BED. What could one do further than cleaning up the room and finally retiring? So he incorporates in the melody and lyric of this song one of the most catchy ideas and melodies I have received in a long time.

He played it for me months ago, telling me he was going to put it in a show. I begged him to let me have it as my signing-off signature, as I felt it was unusually refreshing. We introduced it several weeks ago to the keen delight of most of our radio listeners. I am sure you will like it.

NBC censors felt that "bed" was a bit suggestive, although the story is most homespun and simple in its simplicity. However, it has been necessary, in deference to their wishes, to change it to LET'S PUT OUT THE LIGHTS AND GO TO SLEEP. We play it quite slowly, and it is published by Harms, Inc.

WE JUST COULDN'T SAY GOODBYE. Again Vallée is late in discussing a hit song, only because it has been months since I have dictated *Tuneful Topics* due to the rearranging of the summer issues.

Harry Woods, on his way through Detroit when we were playing there with Paramount-Publix after "Scandals" had closed in Chicago, played the tune for me. Peculiarly enough he was being taken on a tour with Jack Robbins of the Robbins Music Co., with Robbins, as he calls it, "romancing" Woods; that is, Jack Robbins works on the idea that a songwriter, if put in the proper atmosphere of relaxation, entertainment, and enjoyment of life, can write, and Robbins hoped that after this tour Woods would present him with another "Little Kiss Each Morning" or "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain."

Paradoxically enough, before he had gone on the tour, Woods had presented Keit-Engel with a song which has become all the vogue. As he played it for me at the Book-Cadillac in Detroit, I felt it would unquestionably click with Mr. and Mrs. Mass Public. Personally I did not feel that I could do justice to it, as there was something about the song that irritated me, in spite of the fact I knew it would be extremely popular. I knew there would be enough other bands who would be able to play it and present it just as well as we. Time has proven that I was correct, and the American public enjoys dancing to it and singing it as they have few songs.

Keit-Engel are very happy about it, and unquestionably the tune should be played slowly as it is a rhythmic composition.

LOVE IS THE INTERLUDE. My good friend, Michael Keane, of Boosey & Co., publishers of the better type of music, the semi-classics and the classics, such as the "Kashmiri Song," and "Your Song From Paradise," is ever on the alert to find me something in his semi-classics which we may present in the popular vein. I believe he struck a most beautiful waltz ballad when he mailed me a copy of LOVE IS THE INTERLUDE.

Evidently its composer, Lucas, is a great pianist, and the original melody

was one of his piano compositions, but it is a perfectly wedded melody and lyric, and one of the most lovely things I have ever attempted to sing. We play it as a waltz, and if you have heard it I think you will agree with me that it is a fine composition.

SAY IT ISN'T SO. Irving Berlin writing again—and this time writing what looks to be a real hit. At first I was inclined to think he had made the song a little too beautiful and "rangey"; furthermore, I am always opposed to the unhappy type of song, believing that Americans, unlike the Latin temperament, prefer happy endings to their songs, stories, plays and films. To be sure, there is still an element of doubt left in this song, although unquestionably there must be some reason for the question and the plea of the lover.

We are reording this song this coming Friday, and personally I think it will be one of the best records we will ever make, as the arrangement of it by the young man who now makes our Olsen & Johnson arrangements, is a fine one.

Berlin is certainly to be complimented on this fox trot. We play it quite slowly, giving almost a minute to the chorus.

BALLYHOO MUSIC. Norman Anthony, creator of the idea of the "Ballyhoo" magazine, has evidently had it in his head for a long time to see a revue on the "Ballyhoo" idea. Thus, with Russell Patterson, Lew Genzler, E. Y. Hapburg and Bobby Connolly, he has assembled a fine cast of revue favorites, including Willie and Eugene Howard, Jeanne Aubert, Lulu McConnell, Bob Hope and Vera Marshe, and they have put together what I think is a most colorful, refreshingly new and original revue.

As I saw it in Atlantic City, its blackouts were the weakest part of the show, but the finale of the first half, along the same lines of "That's Why Darkies Were Born," is sure to bring down the house. I understand the show opens in New York tonight, and I hope by the time this reaches you that it has become the perfected show it should be.

Certainly the tunes from the show are outstandingly fine musical comedy selections, and are well done in the show. The publishers expect a great deal from RIDDLE ME THIS, which begins the second half of the show, and continues as a sort of theme. The gambling, roulette and dice idea is well-staged around the song, and one does not forget it easily.

Jeanne Aubert, in a beautiful garden setting by Russell Patterson, sings, to a very handsome love, THRILL ME,

the lyrics of which, together with HOW DO YOU DO IT, were considered just a bit too daring for radio, and I was called upon 45 minutes before we went on the air the night we played them on the Fleischmann Hour broadcast, to rewrite parts of the chorus in deference to the wishes of the NBC censors; so those of you who heard the lyrics on that Thursday evening were not hearing the original songs.

As a fourth song which is cleverly done in the show, they have I'M FALLING OFF THE WAGON, which is extremely rhythmic and bright, though I doubt if any four of the songs will have a great popular vogue. Songs for revues seldom do: "Lucky Day" and "Birth of the Blues" were exceptions. The songs are well done in the show, however, especially HOW DO YOU DO IT, with a gorgeous lighting effect and a dance that is unforgettable.

It goes without saying that the BALLYHOO tunes are published by Harms, Inc.



As Rudy says, it was a hot night when he prepared *Tuneful Topics* for this issue. He's dressed here for the occasion. Oley Olsen and Chic Johnson, the comedians, provide the laugh obligato for the Fleischmann Hour.

STRANGE INTERLUDE. Way back in 1931, we were on a Paramount-Publix tour which brought us to Chicago, and eventually to the College Inn, where we were Ben Bernie's guests. During a conversation at the table with the old Maestro, he told me of a new song that Phil Baker had given him as a melody. They have subsequently, with Walter Hirsch, written lyrics for it, and persuaded the firm of Miller Music to publish the song.

STRANGE INTERLUDE is a better instrumental dance tune than a singing song, though Hirsch and Bernie have done a fine job on the lyrics. Just what its chances are for becoming a hit from the melodic standpoint is a question, as the melody is a tricky one, yet one for which the public may or may not fall. We get a lot of requests for it, which should prove something. Contrary to many of the bands, we play it quite brightly, even though there are many notes. I think it sounds better that way.

IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL. The young man who has recently been chosen professional manager of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, publishers of this song, made a notation on one of the copies he sent me, that it was his first pick; if his subsequent selections are to be judged from his selection in this case, he will certainly prove a valuable asset to the firm. Joey Stool certainly knew what he was about when he selected IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL, presented to him by Harry Barris and Arthur Freed.

Barris, it will be remembered, is the diminutive pianist, orchestra leader and

entertainer who, with Crosby and Rinker, was one of the Three Rhythm Boys. In fact, he was the peppiest and most colorful one from the standpoint of action, playing the piano. He has been making many motion picture shorts in California, coming East recently, evidently with songs to place with publishers. He succeeded in placing this one with DeSylva, Brown and Henderson.

Arthur Freed is considered one of the finest lyric writers in the business, having written such hits as "Pagan Love Song," "Broadway Melody," and many others. Barris' first song was "I Surrender Dear," and "It Must Be True," both of which he delivered to Crosby before any of the rest of us had even heard of them.

This song is one of the best, and has proved to be extremely popular with the dancing and radio public. Although someone has remarked the lyric is rather trite, it fits the melody beautifully, and I think the boys have turned out a good piece of work.

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY PLAN. Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, both of whom are successful dabblers in musical comedy and revue, namely "Three's a Crowd," and "First and Second Little Shows," wrote a song for the "1st Little Show" which has only recently come to light. Both gentlemen are extremely capable in this particular field, and this song, which peculiarly enough has caused a great deal of comment, was written long before it reached

the public, and shows their originality.

It has often been referred to as "The Blue Pajama Song," though its exact title is I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY PLAN, the simple story being that of a young man who bought blue pajamas before he discovered that the young lady of whom he had become enamoured was already married.

Our recording of it is not all it should have been, having been made at seven o'clock in the morning, with yours truly suffering from an infected foot and directing and singing with difficulty. However, that will have no effect on the popularity of the song itself, and I think all the hands are tumbling all over themselves in an effort to program it. We play it quite slowly, and by this time it will have been drummed into your ears by many orchestras. Harms, Inc., are the lucky publishers.

I'LL NEVER BE THE SAME. The writers of "I'm Thru With Love" continue on in the unhappy vein of unrequited love, or love which turns out to be not love. . . . Gus Kahn and Matty Malneck, the latter the violinist with Whiteman and assistant conductor, and Kahn the Chicago lyricist whose home is a shrine for all the melody writers in the country who go there and spend weeks with him in an effort to collaborate on a hit song.

I'LL NEVER BE THE SAME is a beautiful melody, and Kahn has conceived a fine thought for this melody, the result being a song which presently

(Continued on page 48)

GHOSTS!

By Betty

IT WAS almost by accident I learned that George Frame Brown believes in ghosts.

We had been together several hours. He had told me of many things in his career, of his boyhood in Seattle, Washington, around the grocery store operated by his father—the store which gave him the inspiration for his radio act “Thompkins Corners.” We covered everything, from delivering groceries for his father (and incidentally meeting the folk portrayed in the radio drama); through washing dishes in San Francisco and Denver; through being night porter in a hotel in Pittsburgh; through days at sea as a deck hand on merchant ships; Indiana University and the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris; and his degree in architecture; the theatre as an actor, and author-actor of “The Skid Road.” We ran the gamut of his experiences.

I had run out of questions and, I presumed he had run out of answers. Surely no one person could have had more thrilling experiences packed into thirty-two years than George Frame Brown had related.

But through it all there was never a hint of superstition. Just an inch short of six feet tall, and weighing 175 pounds, George Frame Brown has gray eyes that are always laughing. Those eyes make you feel they would not let the mind behind them believe anything those eyes could not see—clearly. Certainly not ghosts.

Brown had just finished telling me of the first broadcast of “Main Street” over WOR in Newark in 1926. That was the beginning.

How the little drama written around his father's store and the folk who came in to buy, and to pass the time of day and to exchange experiences, caught on with the folk who lived in crowded New York tenements and pent houses that make clouds detour; and also caught on with the folk who could see themselves in the broadcasts. They all sent letters to the author-actor; how he had switched to the National Broadcasting system, over which his play has been broadcast for more than four consecutive years—the longest period any dramatic sketch has been on the air—and lastly how he fashioned the stage play, based on the radio sketches, and with which he is now on tour—a tour which will take him to every town in the country which

really boasts a theatre large enough.

I was just about to put away notes and pencil when it occurred to me that he had changed the name of his play from “Real Folks of Thompkins Corners” to just plain “Thompkins Corners.” I asked why.



George Frame Brown in everyday life.

He laughed.

“No particular reason, I guess,” then he paused. “You see . . . well . . . that is another story, but not now.”

I persisted.

“Well, originally I wanted to change the name to Thompkins Corners, U. S. A., but I dropped the U. S. A.—on

advice.” Such cryptic evasion was unusual.

“Advice?” I asked. “From whom?”

“You’ll laugh,” he said, “A numerologist.”

I didn’t laugh.

“I know quite a few who consult numerologists,” I said trying to be sympathetic. “They seem to help a lot.”

“This one told me the play would not be a success as Thompkins corners, U. S. A., but that if I dropped the U. S. A., it would add up to a lucky number, so I made the change.”

“Is that, your only superstition?” I asked.

“Oh, say, I’m not superstitious,” he hastened to reassure. Numerology is one of the newer sciences. I am convinced that numbers play a vital part in a person’s life. No, no I don’t believe it is bad luck to walk under a mirror or break a ladder—(he was growing very excited)—nor do I throw salt over my shoulder to prevent a fight after I’ve spilled some. No, nothing like that. Nor do I think believing in ghosts is . . .” He stopped short. He had said too much.

“DO YOU believe in ghosts?” I asked.

“Now you will laugh,” he answered. “But you would believe in ghosts too, if you had seen them, seen them, yes, even almost felt them. I’ve had several experiences with ghosts. One I discount, the others I cannot.”

“I discount the experience during the war. That may have been a dream. Sometimes I think the whole war was a dream. I was a casualty and was lying in an old stable adjoining a castle. I had had a touch of gas and was lying smoking waiting for the ambulance which was to take me back to a hospital. I was dozing and awakened to see a peculiar light shine through a window high in the wall. It was lavender in color. It took the shape of a woman’s head—a face I did not recognize—with hair worn long down the back. The light came toward me and as it passed, just as plain as anything I heard the name: ‘Maurice, Maurice.’ Just twice, then it was gone. Half hour

George Frame Brown Believes In 'Em, *Because He Saw One!*

Lloyd Walton

later I was on my way to the hospital. I never returned to the stable or castle to make inquiries. I don't know if I dreamed it or not."

He lit a cigarette, taking lots of time to do it. Then with a deep draft, he looked straight at me and with studied words said:

"I'm positive about this one. Nothing, absolutely nothing can convince me that this was not a ghost."

He paused again, as if waiting for me to express a doubt and then leap upon me with the proof. He began slowly:

"It was in Woodstock, New York, in the studio of Robert Chanler, the artist. He is dead now. I had been spending the week end with him. One evening—my first in the studio—I was sitting in the living room with a young lady. She was reading some of my hobo poetry. I had a book.

"Chanler's was a beautiful living room. An old house, it had a spacious fireplace in which was burning a comfortable fire which threw so much light on the room that other lamps were not necessary. It was an exceptionally high room at one end of which was a stairway—the most graceful I've ever seen. At the top was a balcony which extended the entire length of the room and afforded entrance to the sleeping quarters on the second floor.

"Except for the crackling of the logs on the hearth the room was silent. An old grandfather's clock, near the foot of the stairs, struck eleven. That was the first thing that occurred to me as peculiar. I had been in the room for several hours and I was sure that it hadn't struck the hour before that time. Unconsciously I glanced up from my book and as I did a boy—of about ten or eleven, in night gown and bare feet was descending the stairs. He walked to the door, opened it, walked out and closed it after him. I glanced at my companion.

"George, did you see that?" she asked.

"I bolted out of my chair and rushed to the door. Opened it, and there, instead of a boy in his night gown, was Chanler, returning. Believe me, I was

never so confused in my life. I mumbled something and started back into the living room.

"The girl sat transfixed. She was as pale as—no I can't say as pale as a ghost because this boy we had just seen had a beautiful complexion, the rosiest cheeks I have ever seen.

"It was Chanler who spoke the first words.

"Well, well, eleven o'clock," he said. "I'd hoped to be back before then—to, ah, save you just such a situation."

"You mean?" I started, and then because I didn't know what I wanted to say, I stopped.

"GEORGE, my boy," he went on. "You have just seen a genuine one hundred per cent ghost, if ever there was one. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it.

"About fifteen years ago there lived in this house a doctor, his wife and their boy of 11. The doctor was prosperous, the wife was beautiful and their boy the pet of everyone within

himself. Patient after patient slipped away; poverty, loss of this home preyed heavily on the doctor's mind. He returned home one night at eleven. As ever, his wife was at the door to meet him. Instead of the usual kiss he greeted her with shots from a revolver. The boy, asleep on the second floor was awakened, came to the balcony, came to see what was the matter with his mother, lying there on the floor. He crossed the balcony in his night shirt and bare feet. His father killed him too, and then himself.

"That was on a Saturday night. So every Saturday night the old clock, which doesn't strike at any other time tolls out its eleven chimes, the boy crosses the balcony, descends the stairs and disappears. That is, every Saturday night when the room is quiet. You, two, haven't been doing much talking in my absence, it seems."

"Chanler laughed. But the girl couldn't, nor could I."

Nor did I.

▼ ▼ ▼

Marcella

(Continued from page 17)

not use the alias Harold Parks when announcing. They are two individual persons. Their voices may sound much the same, but they do look entirely different. V. Howarth is Jack Arnold, as you state, on the Myrt & Marge program, and H. Parks is an announcer.

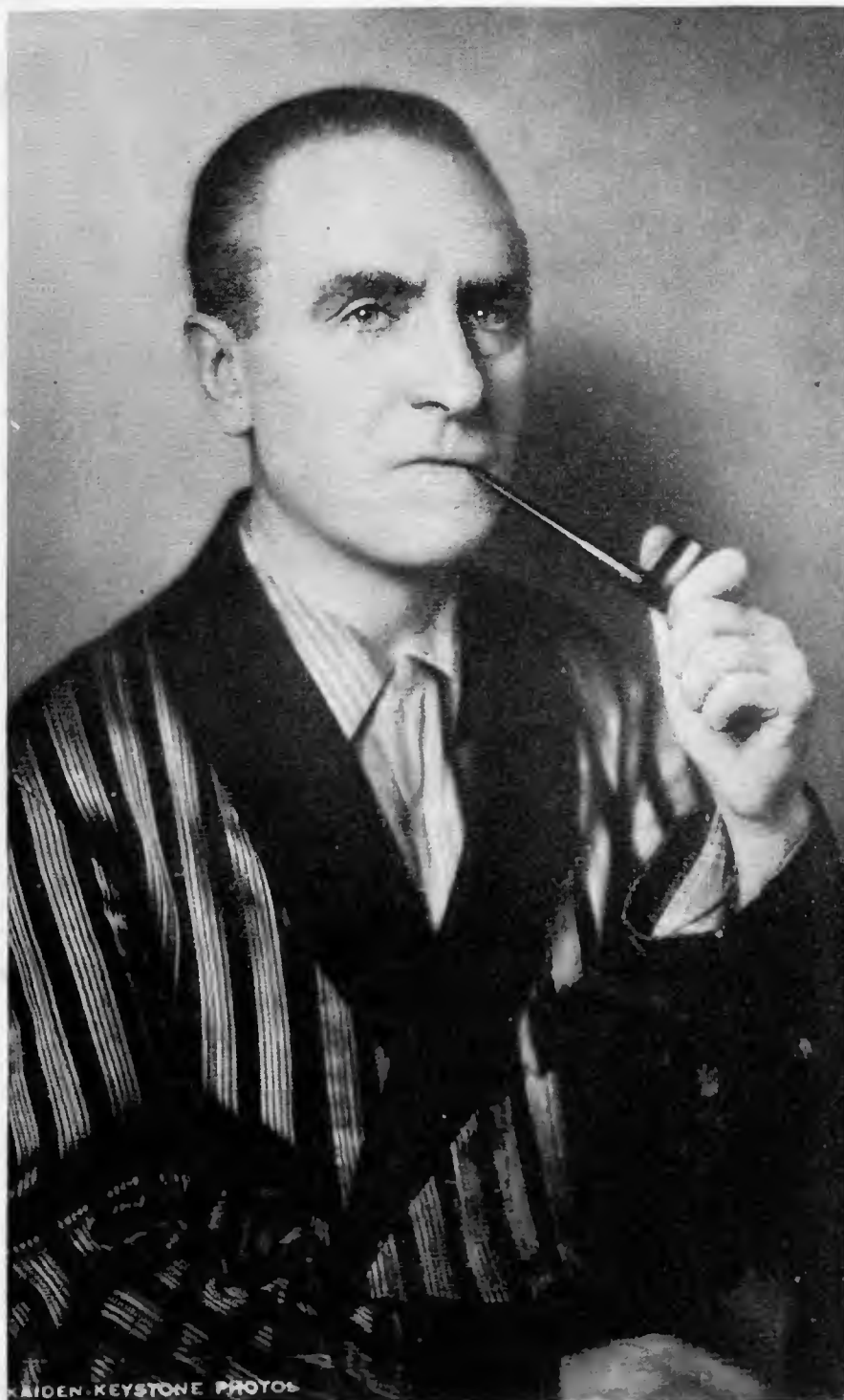
Hello Mrs. J. H. Reese! You are no doubt surprised to hear from me, and I hope happy. Regarding Charlie Rineheart's Orchestra, I'll write you later. As for Hal Kemp—he may be reached at Station WREN, Kansas City. Some time ago we did run a photograph, small one, of Pat Binford, and because of our rush to get the magazine out at this time, we are unable to print another, but will probably favor you with one in a later issue.

Wonder if Kay Frey has forgotten she asked us what instrument Bing Crosby plays? Well, he has played the drums, and, by the way, his birthday is May 2. Up to the time I had to send this column to press, Toddles had not returned with Russ Columbo's birthday date. Guess we'll have to write to you—his age is 24.



In his "Thompkins Corner" character so popular on the air.

miles. They lived apparently happy. They had many friends. Long hours, hard work, and the doctor had a nervous breakdown. His beautiful young wife nursed him back to apparently good health. He started out again to recoup his fortunes. But his old patients shunned him. They were afraid of a man who had been so near the brink



Sax Rohmer

WITH the addition of Sax Rohmer to the list of great authors who have turned their talents to radio, it is evident that radio drama will reach a new high peak within the near future.

Mr. Rohmer, who arrived from England to supervise the aerial dramatization of "Fu Manchu," joins a notable list now writing for the air, including Booth Tarkington, Lulu Vollmer, Fannie Hurst, J. P. McAvoy, Arthur B. Reeve, among others. The series which Edgar Wallace started shortly before his untimely death, continues to be one of the most attractive features on the air.

Few novel readers or movie goers who are not familiar with the insidious character which Mr. Rohmer has created in "Fu Manchu," who made his air debut over CBS on Monday, September 26.

MENACE of the *OCTOPUS*

New Thrill Drama on CBS

BEGINNING their fifth consecutive year on the air, the sponsors of an "Evening in Paris," during the past four years one of radio's outstanding musical presentations, have departed from this type of entertainment and inaugurated a series of mystery dramas called *Mysteries of Paris*. This new program occupies the same time as the previous *Evening in Paris* hour, namely from 9:30 to 10:00 P. M., Eastern Time, Mondays, over the Columbia Network. The first in the series was put on the air on Monday evening, September 12th.

Briefly the new *Mysteries of Paris* are concerned with the exploits of the daring American heiress, Patricia Barlow, and Cyril de Joinville Montgomery, a titled Englishman and a member of the secret service, in pursuit of "The Octopus" a mysterious, sinister and apparently all-powerful leader of the Paris underworld. While each episode in this chain of adventures consists of a complete story in itself, yet the continuity of the entire series is maintained and each drama features the same leading characters, the heroine and Nana, her maid and chaperone, the Englishman and, of course, "The Octopus."

Having decided to change over this entertainment from straight music to drama, the House of Bourjois, sponsors of this program, assembled a notable cast. The part of Patricia Barlow, the heroine, is played by Miss Elsie Hitz. Miss Hitz has won wide-spread distinction as a dramatic actress, both on the stage and later in radio. She played the lead in a number of outstanding New York stage productions including "The Butter and Egg Man"; "The Spider"; "Reckless Women"; and was the leading lady in that dramatic thriller "The Cat and the Canary" when that production went on tour. She also succeeded Helen Hayes in the Chicago production of Booth Tarkington's "Penrod." Miss Hitz has been featured also in a long list of popular radio dramatizations and is well known to audiences as one of the foremost stars of the air.

MR. JOHN McGOVERN is the hero of the new *Mysteries of Paris*. He of course is Cyril Montgomery, "the mysterious Englishman with the scar on his cheek." Mr. Montgomery has also won distinction both on the Broadway stage and in nation-wide radio dramatizations. Among the outstanding stage productions in which he has played are "He Who Gets Slapped," "The Glass Slipper," "The Devil's Disciple," "Taming of the Shrew" in modern dress; and also the modernized version of "Hamlet." His best known performances on the air are in "Sherlock Holmes," "Danger Fighters," "The Shadow" and the "Crime Club."

Of course the weirdness and the numerous thrills of the *Mysteries of Paris* are offset by comedy relief and this is provided by "Nana," the heroine's old-time nurse, maid and general factotum. This character is brilliantly played by Miss Agnes Moorehead. Miss Moorehead is a daughter of Dr. John H. Moorehead of Boston, a Presbyterian minister. She is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and also of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Like the other members of the cast Miss Moorehead has



"**T**HE OCTOPUS"—who is he? That point is one of the mysteries which has not yet been disclosed and which for the present, at least, is to be left to the *Mysteries of Paris* audiences to puzzle over.

appeared on the stage in important Broadway productions. Her dramatic roles in radio are in "Mystery House," "East of Cairo," "Sherlock Holmes" and "The Silver Flute." One of the highlights of Miss Moorehead's career was her 27,000 mile tour with Seth Parker in which she enacted the role of Lizzie Peters.

The orchestra which supplies the musical background is under the direction of Mr. Billy Artzr.

Broadcasting from

The Editor's Chair

TEN YEARS OLD!

Radio Digest is proud to stand among those comparative few who have remained staunch through a decade of changing times so significant in radio history—and world history.

It has watched a score of contemporaries come and go. There will be others. Some of them will also come and go. Many skeptics from the date of its first issue have predicted a similar fate for Radio Digest. But still this spokesman for the listener continues to carry on through bad times and good. It seems to have a favored destiny.

During the past two years Radio Digest has centered its activities in New York, in the very heart of the whole radio world. The nerve centers of the great networks are within but a few steps of the door where Radio Digest assembles its information for the lovers of radio who dwell in all parts of the world.

In these past two years the editors of Radio Digest have watched public broadcasting grow from a curious amusement to a great predominating vehicle of entertainment and information. Those who are close to the inside workings have come to recognize that radio is a prodigious show—a mighty stage whereon one may find something of interest any hour or minute of the day or night. There is no curtain, although one small sector here or there may grow dim briefly, and even as that sector fades another overlaps. One Radio Digest reader recently wrote that he had kept his set going continuously for more than two years, without once shutting it off.

Thus it appears obvious that radio is a show, and true to the traditions of Showland it is a show that must go on.

Among those who foster the show the most successful are they who recognize the fundamental principles of true showmanship. The failures are the ones who lose sight of those principles. One great merchandising organization which recently celebrated the eighth anniversary of its oldest program—and it has several—reported that its pioneering type of program (orchestral music in the evening) was not directly a money-maker. The programs that sold goods were the morning ones which provided frequent change and a substantial amount of informative prose. The producers have made a study of the wants of the customers to be approached.

ONE of the most successful radio salesmen over a period of years is Henry Field of KFNF, Iowa. Mr. Field has made his station at Shenandoah a living thing. It is part of the very life of Henry Field. Hundreds of thousands of his listeners come to visit him each year. Recently they nominated him for the United States Senate. Yet Radio Digest can turn back to its files and show the letters of angered and indignant citizens who protested volubly against Field's methods of selling over the radio. They were horrified that he mentioned prices over the air. But he was not swerved. He knew that fundamentally he was right.

"What would the great mail order houses do without mentioning the prices in their catalogues?" smiled Mr. Field in answer to some of these objectors. "When you describe an article for sale, and perhaps stir up an interest on the part of someone to buy it what is the first question asked? You know what it is. They ask, 'How much is it?' Why, that's the climax to the story!"

Perhaps a little belatedly the larger broadcasters are beginning to recognize this truth. The Columbia Broadcasting System first conceded that a price mention can be made without seriously upsetting the morale of the listeners in general. As seemed quite probable

the National Broadcasting Company too surrendered to the demand and followed Columbia's example a few days later.

The newspapers, of course, have made violent protest against price mentioning. One should not blame them too severely as for years that has been the monopoly most important in the bulwark of their financial stability. But as we progress with the times it is inevitable that some must suffer because of the changes and readjustments. A new machine throws thousands of laborers out of work. They must find new employment, perhaps a new trade. Whole industries must sometimes be wiped out by a new invention. Those who are alert will look at facts squarely and meet each new crisis with some newly conceived resource. In the end, as has been frequently declared in these columns, there will be a natural wedding between broadcasting and the newspapers.

So must it be with radio and those enterprises with which it seems to come in conflict as the years roll on toward another decade. The law of the ages will decree the survival of the fittest ideas in programs, and in winning and holding a great public audience.

Radio Digest also must face this inexorable law. The eternal drama is the struggle for existence. Let us hope the first ten years have been hardest for all of us who have marched shoulder to shoulder with the progress of radio during this period. Let us be charitable and hope that all who are here today will be here at the next Tenth Anniversary; that all of us will have learned new lessons, and achieved at least some of the more noble of our objectives of today.

Radio Digest foresees ever new and ever greater things for radio; radio is destined without question to be a factor of paramount importance not only in the field of entertainment but also in the more serious spheres of culture, education, religion and the building of human character. Radio Digest will find it both a pleasure and a privilege to help broadcasting march forward to its ever greater heights.

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found an article dealing with the growth of radio drama, and the refinements that have come by test and by trial. It seems that those who have made a study of the subject have proceeded to analyze causes and effects with the same cold-blooded exactness as the laboratory chemist or the physiologist who makes a graph of the effects of a drug on the heart-beats of an animal. Perhaps that is as it should be if we are out and out materialistic. It is not illogical to search for causes when we are so deeply concerned with results or "effects."

The radio dramatist must set his stage in the mind of the listener without the aid of vision. His formula therefore reduces all action, all scenery to the common denominator of sound. His whole problem must be measured by that factor. The author of the play has accomplished no more than half the task. He has put down the track but he has not supplied the vehicle on which the listener is to ride. That is where the producer must go to work. He must be both artist and artisan, knowing how to create voice and machinery of action to achieve a definite result through the medium of sound. Because he has made such good progress along this line, has made it an object of scientific treatment, we are listening to air drama today where we had no patience for it a year ago.

Ray Bill.



PATRICIA ANN MANNERS

WHAT do you want Patricia Ann Manners to do? Play comedy, character or emotional roles, write a script or sing? Miss Manners, "Gwen" of the Myrt and Marge broadcasts is so "all-around" she not only does everything, but does it well. She came to radio in response to urging by Reinald Werrenrath, after a successful stage career which included 62 weeks in "The Student Prince" and 40 weeks in "My Maryland." When not working she raises canaries, and is never happy unless she has a canary octet around her home.

I HAVE just finished reading my first copy of your most wonderful magazine. My only regret is that I have not been able to read it before. Or, perhaps I should say, that it was a new one on me. I live way out here in Sunny Southern California and in the mountains, so don't often go into town. I went up to the local general store after a book of some sort. After looking them over, I had about decided to go home without anything to read, when way down in a far corner what should I see but Radio Digest. After glancing through it a while, I gave the clerk the fifteen cents and I must say I have enjoyed every bit of it. I wonder if I could join your VOL Club? I certainly hope you will accept me as a fellow member. If you do why you will hear from me as often as possible. Here are a few of my reasons for liking Radio Digest—first, because it is all truth and no bum fiction; second, because it is the most interesting radio magazine that I have ever read; third, because it is in a condensed form, but very easy for even a child to read, and understand. Now there, Mr. Editor, how about some dope on the stations out here in the West Coast? . . . Wishing you great success in your wonderful magazine—the Radio Digest. Just a satisfied reader of R. D.—Ralph Goff, Eekener Pass, Campo, California.

WHEN I get in deep water, I keep my mouth shut—when I read Radio Digest, I keep my mouth open in amazement at the really outstanding and extremely interesting articles.—Stanley Patton, Dallas, Texas.

I HAVE been a reader of the Radio Digest ever since the first copy, and I have certainly enjoyed every copy during that time. The whole book is so interesting. I was so pleased when you started giving the sets of pictures of the announcers, and I hope you will continue to do so, as I admire the announcers, as well as the artists. They always try so hard to make a program pleasant. . . . Your book is perfect in every way, but I was so sorry when you reduced the size as it was never big enough for me, and I was always sorry when I had read it through. Here is good luck to the Radio Digest and long may we have the copy.—Mrs. Wm. J. Hill, Morris Plains, N. J.

FOR three years we have read your wonderful magazine assiduously. We would, however, prefer to pay two bits and really get a quarter's worth of Radio Digest. . . . May you enjoy much continued success.—Five Girls from Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit.

FOR many months I have been reading and enjoying Radio Digest, and up to the present moment I haven't written a word in regards any item I have read in your publication. However, your editorial in the Summer issue, entitled "Broadcasting from the Editor's Chair," inspires me to write my viewpoint in regards advertising over the air.

The advertising put on by either the National or the Columbia chain, in connection with their programs, has never in any way been offensive to me. I listen to the good qualities of the various products advertised in exactly the same spirit that I listen to and enjoy their programs. I think it is nothing but fair to do so. But, to my mind, what ruins so many programs, and leaves a bad taste in your mouth, is the local station (thru which the chain program is coming to you) who, hardly be-

fore a chain program has finished—and often times before it has finished—comes in with a tiring talk of some product on sale locally. We have one station here in Atlanta which does that almost continuously. During the few seconds' intermission in a chain program allowed for station announcements, they will often come in with some local advertising matter entirely foreign to the product which is paying for the time, very often causing you to lose the beginning of the next fifteen minutes. As an example, last night before the Arabesque program was entirely over, this station broke in on them, advertising some kind of a tea guaranteed to reduce fat people and make them slim once more. Now, if that isn't tragic and an imposition on the listeners who really love the Arabesque half hour, I'll just leave it to you to be the judge. This may not be typical of any other place, but to me, advertising matter reaching one while in this frame of mind is the most boring and tiresome of all, and really does no one any good. Too, most generally local announcers are not able to put things over in the same finished way that the expert chain announcers do. Perhaps that is the reason we listen to them and turn off, as often as possible, the local stuff.

As far as huying products advertised over the radio, I personally have bought several of the advertised articles from listening to their good qualities over the radio, and in no case have I found them to be different from the way they were advertised. I purchased Sciberling tires entirely on the merits accorded them over the radio. Texaco Gas is something more recently advertised that has been sold to me entirely over the radio. (To be honest, however, Graham McNamee could almost convince me that I should huy most anything just from the enthusiasm he brings

with him into each of his programs. He seems sold on the product himself, therefore not a hard job to convince his listeners that he has a good thing to sell.) Also, my father purchased Interwoven Socks in this manner, and now buys nothing else. In fact, we had never heard of Interwoven socks until we heard of them over the radio. Likewise, Vaseline Hair Tonic (which, incidentally, will certainly make hair grow when nothing else will) was first bought from the sales talk over the air. I could list others, but I won't burden you with them, but just out of a spirit of fairness, I wanted you to know that the attitude of the man in New York who made it a rule never to huy any article advertised over the air, is rather an isolated case. Personally, I listen to this form of advertising more quickly than to advertising in magazines or newspapers. Say, this all really sounds like I am in the advertising business myself, doesn't it? But, I am not, and the above mentioned firms are not handing me out anything either. Tho, I must confess, it sounds like it.

I wish that you would sometime publish in your magazine a picture and write-up about the Arabesque players.

Let me again tell you how very much I enjoy reading Radio Digest, and I wish for it all the success possible.—Gladys E. Peper, Atlanta, Georgia.

ENJOY every word of your wonderful magazine—especially your VOL column. Also, Rudy's "Tuneful Topics." His literary ability coupled with his "swelling" radio personality, surely makes his articles interesting to read. Keep up the good work "Rudy"! I am looking forward to hearing Nellie Revell back on the air, and here's hoping you had a pleasant vacation, "Nellie." Tell us all about your vacation in the next issue. I'm sure it would prove very interesting, especially if it was a pleasant one.

I wish "Marcella" or someone of your representatives would interview some of the new radio discoveries, especially Harriet Cruise (WBBM) and Jean Boaz (originally of WLW and WRRG, but now vacationing in New York). They're both marvelous singers of blues songs and look like two real discoveries. By the way, where is our Sylvia Froos? Haven't heard of her since "Richman Brothers" program left the air.

Although your magazine has been much smaller in volume lately, it still proves to be a source of real enjoyment for "yours truly." So here's hoping to fill up the discarded pages with the two interviews mentioned above.—Eugene Cain, Chillicothe, Ohio.

I CANNOT praise Radio Digest high enough, but I would like to see it back to its old price, twenty-five cents. I sincerely believe you could give us fans more pictures of the cafe orchestras, such as Ben Bernie, Vincent Lopez, Guy Lombardo, Herbie Kay. Please, radio fans, why don't you write to me and express which orchestra you like the best of the four and why? The fan who writes the best letter will receive a prize. Grab your portables,



Gene Austin, balladier, is heard by wire, wireless and wax

Listener

fans, and a stack of paper, write your masterpieces, and I'll assure you a pleasant surprise. Always a booster for Radio Digest.—Lela Hunsinger, Mays, Indiana.

I HAVE read Radio Digest since 1929 and it truly surpasses all radio magazines. Under its wonderful covers comes those facts we always want to hear about our favorite artists. What is all this ballyhoo I heard about Rudy Vallee? It is certainly disgusting. Here in this letter I want to pen, in my insufficient way, some of the wonderful qualities of Rudy. Surely Radio Digest could not be wrong in having him write so important articles. No, surely not. They know the best and many thanks to them for giving the listeners and readers the best. No one knows his subject as well as Rudy. No articles in any magazines are so well worded or present the material in such a fine way. The superb, intellectual gentleman, who week after week has truly brought sunshine into millions of hearts these last years. Such a person is one who has the listener at heart. Here's to the best interpreter of modern music, the most intellectual of his kind, and a most remarkable gentleman, Rudy Vallee. Congratulations for the wonderful picture of the ace announcer, Graham McNamee, also the finest. Here's a hand for a full page picture of him. I hope to see my view of Rudy presented to VOL readers, now that I have read theirs.—Miss Blanch Hall, College Springs, Iowa.

I HAVE been a reader of R. D. for four years and although I get a great deal of enjoyment from the VOL, this is my first attempt to get a hearing. Like a great many other R. D. readers, I am most interested in pictures and articles about orchestras. The all-star line-up picked by P.C., C.A. and B.C. of N. Carolina, was all right, as far as it went, but it was not complete. Here is my choice, all directing their own orchestras:

Piano—Earl Hines
Drums—Abe Lyman
Banjo—Harry Reser
Fiddle—Murrice Sherman
1st Saxophone—Wayne King
2nd Saxophone—Art Kassel
3rd Saxophone—Paul Tremaine
4th Saxophone—Rudy Vallee
1st Trumpet—Charlie Agnew
2nd Trumpet—Clyde McCoy
Trombone—Louis Panico
Bass—Peter Greco
Director—Paul Whiteman
Entertainer—Ted Lewis
Vocalist—Joe Sanders
—Harold Adkins, Fayetteville, Ark.

JUST three years ago Radio Digest merged with two other magazines to form the present publication. It was then that I first began reading the Digest, and during the ensuing years I have watched it with interest. At first, I was very much pleased with it because I could always find something about one of my favorite artists. But changes have taken place. I have watched your magazine decrease in size from one hundred twenty-five to one hundred, to the present fifty pages. Likewise

the price has decreased from thirty-five to twenty-five, to fifteen cents. And likewise has my estimation of this magazine been lowered in proportion to these reductions. The main reason is that you have slighted old favorites in promoting publicity about newer stars. One of the chief instances of this neglect is a favorite of long standing with the radio audience, a gentleman whose five years with the N. B. C. are a tribute to his genuine ability and genial personality. I mean Henry M. Neely, the "Old Stager." Many, like myself, have heard and enjoyed him ever since his radio debut, have wanted an article about him in your magazine, and have eagerly looked forward to one promised six months ago on the VOL page, when one of his admirers voiced a plea for such due recognition. Your failure to keep faith with us has been a deep disappointment. Only by supplying the desired article can your old standing be reinstated.—Frank Higgs, Fairfield, Conn.

I HAVE been reading your magazine for some time and I surely enjoy it very much. I was sorry when the size was cut down but perhaps it can be added to in the future. I like practically all types of programs and personalities except Rudy Vallee and Lowell Thomas. Some of my favorites are Guy Lombardo's and Wayne King's orchestras, Kate Smith, Morton Downey, Johnny Marvin, Colonel Stoopnagle and Bud, Amos 'n' Andy and Mildred Bailey. I like Soconyland Sketches and Death Valley Days. I think Arthur Allen, Parker Fennelly, Virginia Gardiner and Elsie May Gordon are ace high in their professions. As for Seth Parker, I think he is one of the most remarkable of radio characters. I am hoping to see articles and pictures of my favorites in your pages soon.—R. W. H., Clayton, New York.



Sylvia Froos one of the youngest solo stars on the CBS net

HAVE been a reader of your magazine for months, and enjoy the Voice of the Listener department very much. Of course, I know you must have had a story on that popular artist, Ben Bernie, long ago. However I scan the pages of your magazine each month for news of him, and wish you would please run another story soon.

I want to take exception to an article in your June number. My blood boiled when I read Dolly Dearborn's criticism of America's beloved old maestro, and had to wait until I cooled off a little before writing my opinion. I considered it most unkind and unjust. I realize that Miss Dearborn is a critic and just must criticize, but because she happens not to like a certain artist is no reason why she should be so unkind in her remarks. I venture to say Mr. Bernie is one of the best loved men on the air, and I know there are *scads* of people who feel as I do about that write-up.—Lulu Hargus, Little Rock, Arkansas.

AFTER much consultation, careful planning and such, our Sophomore Club has agreed on a teaching faculty the average high school pupil would be more than satisfied with. We are ardent radio fans as well as Radio Digest readers. How about the following? Principal—Kate Smith; Dean of Girls—Rudy Vallee; Dean of Boys—Harriet Lee; English Instructor—Frank Knight; French Instructor—Andre Baruch; Singing Instructor—Morton Downey; Cooking and Sewing Instructors—The Boswells; Mathematic Instructor—Buddy Rogers; Dramatic Instructor—Tony Wons; Art Instructor—Ruth Etting; Gym Instructor—George Beuchler. How is that arrangement? Sincerely,—Peggy Moore, Omaha.

WHAT would the thousands of radio fans do without Radio Digest to tell us about our favorites? I purchase your magazine each month and it has proved its worth many, many times. I have only one objection. There are not enough photos of Art Jarrett. He has the most beautiful tenor voice on the radio—and I am not the only person who has this opinion.

Is there a club in his honor? I would be interested in joining one if it were is. Would I be asking too much if I should ask you to send me the names and addresses of clubs (their secretaries) for the following people: Art Jarrett, and Ted Weems, Wayne King, Earl Burnett, Joe Saunders, Russ Columbo, and Horace Heidt orchestras? Thanking you in advance, I am,—A Radio Digest Fan—Hazel Holland, Perry, Iowa.

WHY does not Radio Digest become Isham Jones-minded? To my mind, he has one of America's greatest orchestras, and I would like to see an article about him with pictures. Also, if anyone is in the field for all-star orchestras, how is this one?

Violins: Paul Whiteman, Dave Rubinoff, Ben Bernie, Jack Renard.

Trumpets: Louis Panico, Mickie Alpert, Louis Armstrong.

Trombones: Buddy Rogers, Thomas Dorsey.

Saxophones: Rudy Vallee, Carmen Lombardo (of Guy Lombardo's orchestra), Jimmie Dorsey, Frankie Gifford (of Casa Loma orchestra).

Drums: Abe Lyman.

Pianos: Eddie Duchin and Frank Black.

Bass Fiddle: Isham Jones.

Guitar and Banjo: Andy Sanella.

Vocalists: Jack Fulton, Four Eton Boys, and Ruth Etting.

Let's hear from other readers.—Walter Dodd, Jr., Brockton, Mass.

TWO TROUPERS PART

Helene Arrives in California

IN THE last issue you read the beginning of the diary of Helene Handin as she bade farewell to New York and her trouser pal, Marcella. She sailed southward and through the Panama Canal. Here she writes Marcella of her arrival at her new post, KFI, Los Angeles.

HELLO WILD EYES: Another day of rush trying to get our concert together. At the last minute we had to scramble around for costumes and various other accessories. One of our passengers, a big kid, we call the "big galoot" is just a natural born clown and you can't go wrong if you dress him up as a girl—mustache and all—and let him cavort around. What a time tho, trying to get dresses and costumes to fit him as he's about 6 ft. 2 and weighs at least 180. All my helpers worked hard tho and so at eight o'clock we were set and ready to go.

After the overture by the ship band we had an Apache dance with the "galoot" as the girl, dressed in a pink linen dress and a very small fellow as the Apache. Truly I laughed until my throat ached. If you can visualize this huge boy dragging himself across the floor and grabbing the little fellow's leg, as they always do in that dance you may get some idea of how funny it was. I followed that with my radio burlesque and what a grand time I had kidding some of our most famous radio programs. I had a regular mike and chime and an announcer and also yodled a couple of numbers, and having a very charitable audience—I went over big. A talented little ten year old girl followed me in a clever tap dance in costume, then our skipper, who is quite noted for his sea chanteys, sang several of them for us and ended with a straight number as an encore.

They all loved it and wanted more. The "big galoot" followed in a Spring song burlesque which was another knockout. They had draped him in two sheets with a green sash around his waist, a ribbon in his hair, shoes,

socks and garters and a basket filled with wilted celery, as flowers. Everyone laughed until the tears came. Another tap dance by our little girl and a violin solo followed, then some songs especially written for the occasion with a lot of kidding about the trip and personalities—very clever and no mistake.

Then the master of ceremonies aided the Purser in awarding the prizes for the past week, amongst which was mine for my costume,



Helene Handin can cavort on typewriter keys as well as the stage.

masquerade night. It was a surprisingly good show and I was very proud of being chairman. I forgot to tell you that it has turned cold again and we were all dressed in our fur coats after the concert, out on deck. We are out of the tropics now and it will be cool from now on. I dragged out the old sequin creation for the occasion tonight as I wanted to live

up to my cognomen of Diamond Lil. I certainly didn't expect to take it out of moth balls this trip. A nice big blanket on my bed looks good tonight and I'm ready to roll into it. Honest to good Pete, I came on this trip for a rest and I never worked so hard in my life—just for fun! Goodnight!

"Gloria"??

Hello Lovelocks: I've spent much of the day typing. Have my first program for KFI all typed and ready to go. Incidentally it times perfectly, and that's something! "I hope they like it."

THIS afternoon I was invited up to the bridge and took along the young man with the bashful complex, and the Capt. showed us everything of interest. Some view from up there. The farewell dinner was tonight, and it was quite elaborate. Later I was a guest of Captain Roberts—a very special privilege—at the first cabin concert, but the less said of it the better. (Meouw.) The Captain's chanteys was the only thing worth while—oh yes—and a big talkie magnate was master of ceremonies, and all I can say is, that he should stick to being an executive! I had a waltz with the skipper and then "Young man step on his pants" who had accompanied me, and I went back to our deck and sat out in the chilly eve as long as we could stand it, the moon being beautiful—'n' everything! More subsequently.

Helene.

Friday the 13th.
San Diego, Cal.

Hot fried radishes! what a thrill when I saw Cal. this morning. I had to go in and pack tho, dog gone it, and I thot I'd never get all my debris into the old wardrobe trunk, after being spread all over for two weeks. Finally tho, I achieved the impossible after which I heaved a sigh of relief and went up on deck to watch us steam into S. Diego. Some sight and I felt like singing "California Here I Come." I'll write more from KFILA.

Helene.



FRANK MUNN, tenor of the American Album of Familiar Music program, Sunday evenings, 9:15 p. m., WEAF. Although singing since a boy, only started the study of voice when twenty-five. Abandoned the study of mechanical engineering for a professional career. Stout, five foot nine, brunette and single, age—about thirty-six. Also does concert work.



"If your voice can charm girls and fish, you are wasting your time and talents selling flour," said a newspaper man to his friend, **RALPH KIRBERY**, one day while fishing. Since then Ralph has become popular as "The Dream Singer," heard nightly, except Saturday and Sunday, at 12 midnight, over WEAF network. Single, six feet tall, brown hair and eyes.



RICHARD MAXWELL, NBC tenor, at one time sang bass regularly. While a student at Kenyon College, Galli-Curci set him on the right track when she informed him he should be a tenor. Richard is really "John" in the Sunday at Seth Parker's program, over WEAF, at 10:45 p. m. He comes to the radio with three degrees: A.B., M.A. and Ph.B., and wears a Phi Beta Kappa Key, awarded at Kenyon College.



If you love those big out door men from the open spaces, then **JOHN L. FOGARTY** is your man. Began singing to the mountain peaks in Montana, with his pony and his dug fur companions. More fair than dark, broad shoulders, stands 5 feet, 11 inches, has blue eyes; age about 30; when he is in a crowd, he listens more than he talks. His tenor voice may be heard daily, except Sunday, at 8:45 a. m., over WJZ network.



DEANIE JANIS

... **R**IGHT you are, she's a screenio right from Hollywood to the Columbia Broadcasting System. When you hear her singing on the program with Harry Sosnik on that Tuesday night melange have this picture before you. She is able to back up any ideas you may have as to her beauty just from hearing her voice. She sings from WBBM, Chicago.

KHJ Celebrates Tenth Anniversary

*Key Station of Don Lee Chain
Started in Tiny Room With Speech by
Uncle John Daggett—Then and Now!*



Leo B. Tyson, Manager, Don Lee Broadcasting Station

THIS year has been an auspicious one in the history of broadcasting. It has seen the celebration of tenth anniversaries by several of the country's leading radio stations. In this latter division, on April 13 this year, KHJ, the Don Lee Station in Los Angeles, was a prominent celebrant.

Ten years ago that day, in the tower of the Los Angeles Times, there sprang into being the broadcasting station that was destined to grow into the powerful influence in the Radio World that KHJ has become. As principal Southland outlet and key station for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and key station of the Don Lee Broadcasting System, KHJ is now recognized as one of the vital factors in American radio today.

A decade ago! In that tiny room in the Times Tower, April 13, 1922, Uncle John Daggett spoke words into the microphone of KHJ, and it wasn't much of a mike either. There was a 100 watt transmitter in the same room, and if anyone moved from his appointed spot the body capacity al-

tered the frequency and wavelength. Crystal control, indeed!

In place of the endless array of scratchy phonograph records previously put on the air, KHJ that day produced the music of a small orchestra. Two grand opera singers were on the inaugural program, along with James Foley, the poet, a comedian from the Orpheum Theatre, and Harry Chandler, publisher of the Times, spoke a few words on the occasion, predicting great things for the new venture. Uncle John, of course, bossed the ceremonies and kept people from becoming tangled up in the wire scattered over the studio floor and around the transmitter.

In that ten years of continual broadcasting there have been many changes.



Raymond Paige, Musical Director and Program Manager for Don Lee—Right: Lindsay MacHarrie, Don Lee Production Manager

Don Lee acquired the station and made it a mighty link in the Don Lee Broadcasting System; it has become affiliated with CBS, and is one of the largest such establishments in the country, covering the entire second floor of the Don Lee Building at Seventh and Bixel Streets.

Also in those ten years, the station's power has been increased tenfold. There is an ultra-modern television station operated in connection with the plant. A large and versatile group of staff artists aids in the production of high-standard programs. All departments have kept pace with the times.

KHJ initiates many broadcasts for the entire United States, in its capacity of key station for the Columbia Broadcasting System on the Pacific Coast.

Now, in its tenth year, KHJ stands as the achievement of an ambition of Don Lee, and Harry Chandler of the Times, as the fulfillment of a promise and to the men behind the scenes falls the difficult task of maintaining the high standards. There is Leo B. Tyson, manager of the Don Lee Broadcasting System; and Raymond Paige, musical director and program manager; Lindsay MacHarrie, production manager; Paul Rickenbacher, studio manager; Van C. Newkirk, traffic manager; Harold G. Peery, chief engineer; Ernest G. Underwood, technical director; Harry R. Lubcke, director of television; Thomas S. Lee, manager artists bureau; L. F. Mawhinney, director of publicity and a host of others.



WGY—Schenectady, N.Y.

Voice of the "House of Magic" Closes
Decade of Broadcast Progress

WGY, the voice of "The House of Magic," reached its tenth milestone, this year. In ten years the station has won a secure place in the affections of a large audience, not only through the consistently high type of program output, but as the promoter of unusual in broadcasting and as the laboratory for the radio engineer. To paraphrase "the gossip of today becomes the news of tomorrow," through WGY, "the experiment of today becomes the commonplace of tomorrow."

The research laboratory of the General Electric Company, familiar to Floyd Gibbons' fans as "The House of Magic," is within a stone's throw of the studios of WGY and through close association with the laboratory, the Schenectady station has been privileged to offer its listeners many unusual broadcasts.

Of all the broadcasts inaugurated by WGY probably none was more spectacular than the conversations between Adolph Ochs, publisher of the New York Times, and Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Mr. Ochs sat before a microphone in Schenectady and chatted with Admiral Byrd, newly arrived in Dunedin, New Zealand, nearly two years after his departure from the United States in quest of adventure and achievement in the Antarctic. This was not a simple two way circuit, using two powerful short wave transmitters, such as is now generally



Dynamic Lowell (Jumbo) MacMillan, the Kendall Sportcaster of WHAM, Rochester, who takes the air six nights a week at 6:00 o'clock. His six feet, three inches, explain the nickname. Plays every game he describes save football. Tried that in college, but a tractor changed his plans.

used in international telephone communication. Dunedin had only a low-powered, long-wave transmitter. Wellington, 500 miles north of Dunedin had a long wave transmitter. The problem was to get a signal from Dunedin to Sydney, Australia, 1400 miles to the east, where there is a short wave transmitter which dependably reaches the United States. With the generous co-operation of Amalgamated Wireless Australasia Limited of Australia and the New Zealand radio officials, Dunedin was connected to Wellington by telephone lines and fifty miles of submarine cable. The long-wave transmitter 2YA, at Well-

ington, then bridged the 1380 mile water gap to Sydney and 2ME, of Sydney, rebroadcast to the United States, W2XAF, one of WGY's powerful short wave transmitters completed the 21,000 mile circuit to Dunedin.

The Sydney-Schenectady short wave circuit has produced many other interesting and out-of-the-ordinary broadcasts from time to time. For example, the joint inter-continental Rotary meeting of 1931, when the Rotarians of Melbourne, at dinner at 10:00 p. m., joined the Rotarians of Schenectady, at breakfast. Each club sang its favorite songs and then the clubs, nearly 10,000 miles apart, joined in the singing of "There's A Long, Long, Trail Awaiting."

On the same circuit, Wing Commander Charles Kingsford-Smith, after completing the east-west passage of the Atlantic via plane, greeted his mother in Sydney; Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, the latter a native of Australia, talked with friends, and Post nominated his round-the-world flying partner for the knighthood; Tom Hayes, of South Manchester, Conn., talked with his brother John, whom he hadn't seen for fifty-six years; Sir Hubert Wilkins, on the eve of his submarine voyage to the Arctic, chatted with friends. An added, and wholly unscheduled novelty, one morning in 1929, was the meow of a cat in Sydney and the answering call of Kilowatt, the feline pet of the Schenectady station.

Spectacular broadcasts of this nature are frequent at WGY.



THE "SUNSHINE HOUR"
WITH MYRON J. BENNETT.



FEATURING:-
HAZEL JOHNSON,
"MEMORIES HOUR"

For your information, Myron J. Bennett's cartoon concerns the announcer who conducts the Sunshine Hour, a very popular feature, which incorporates considerable personality. The one big feature which has made it popular is the poetry which is read during the period and the choice of music selected.

Hazel Johnson, star of KFYZ. Her program is a fifteen minute period per week during which time she endeavors to play the requests of her listeners for popular numbers brought out during the past ten years and if she fails to play them she sends said listener her photograph. Her average mail runs between three and four hundred letters per fifteen minute broadcast. The announcer for this program is Frank Fitzsimonds.

KPO—San Francisco

RADIO in San Francisco, in 1922, was a very young infant. There were eleven stations broadcasting from various sections of the city, all on the same wave length, which necessitated a system whereby each station took turns sending out to enthusiastic amateurs the thrilling strains of music—mostly from phonograph records—to be “picked right out of the air.”

J. W. Laughlin, of Hale Brothers Stores, Inc., was one of those enthusiastic amateurs. He listened whenever he had time to each of the stations, but he got tired of the records. It occurred to him that here was a medium whereby public service and institutional advertising could be combined advantageously by a firm which was enterprising enough to make its programs a bit different from the others already on the air—and so Station KPO, atop Hale Brothers store in San Francisco, and now the key-station of one of NBC's two Pacific networks, was born.

The license to operate the new broadcasting station whose transmitter still stands on the roof of the department store, was granted on April 17, 1922. Radio broadcasting was an informal affair directed in each section by a radio supervisor whose job primarily was supervision of wireless telegraphy to and from ships at sea. The managers of the eleven stations already broadcasting had to meet in conference and allot the newest addition to their membership its broadcasting time. They decided to give KPO an hour a day—from 11 to 12 o'clock noon. With a grant of 100 watts of power “the Voice of San Francisco,” as KPO then called itself, spoke its first piece.

THOSE were the good old pioneer days of broadcasting. KPO's first studio was a quaint little spot compared with the studios of today, according to Mr. Laughlin, who likes to look back on the days when “his baby” was taking its first steps. The single room where the broadcasting took place was a cubby-hole whose walls were heavily draped, to avoid the very overtones so much sought today. The microphone was a horn-shaped affair which stood on the piano, and one end of the room was filled with the equipment deemed necessary in those days.

For three months KPO continued to send out programs in its 100-watt voice from this room. Then, on July 8, 1922, power was increased to 500 watts, and three studios were constructed to meet the new regime of all-day broadcasting. From the very start of its existence, a definite policy of “live talent” marked KPO's programs, and Mr. Laughlin



This was a swanky broadcasting station when KPO, now the key-station of one of NBC's Pacific networks, was born, more than a decade ago. The microphone was a megaphone reversed; the walls were heavily draped “to avoid over-tones” and the trusty water-pitcher stood by to assist speakers whose throats got husky with excitement of talking right out into the air!

smiles as he recalls the many problems that involved.

“We sometimes brought singers long distances for a single program,” he says. “Often when a famous operatic or concert star arrived he or she would announce that this was a first-time experience with the microphone and the studio manager and the engineer would have to spend hours teaching the star how to sing in the studio.”

In spite of the fact that from KPO's inception until management and operation of the station was taken over last July 1 by the National Broadcasting Company, Mr. Laughlin gave it the closest personal attention, he departmentalized it from the beginning. In other stations the manager frequently was the chief technician, chief announcer and sometimes an entertainer also. From the start, Mr. Laughlin delegated KPO's various branches of work to specialists. When the grant of 500 watts gave it full broadcasting time, he sent to Chicago for “the best radio engineer there.” Curtis D. Peck was the engineer who arrived—and he is still at KPO. Similar care was exercised in the selection of the various studio managers and other personnel who have been associated with this station. Mrs. Jean Campbell Crowe, now with the NBC Artists Service, was program director at KPO for seven years, and many stars now high in the radio firmament made their microphone debuts with her.

Alice Gentle, one of the first famous singers to “go radio” came to San Francisco to sing in concert and was persuaded to appear at KPO; went away, and then returned to become a staff artist. Allan Wilson, tenor; Eva de Vol, soprano; Nathan Abas, noted violinist and director of the Abas String Quartet, and other well-known singers and musicians have been with KPO for many years. Rudy Seiger and his Fairmont Hotel Orchestra have been heard over KPO ever since July of 1922, which probably strikes a record for uninterrupted broadcasting by one orchestra. Not a single change has been made in the personnel of the group in that time.

TED WHITE, NBC tenor, made his first radio appearance at KPO, and Gypsy, who now interviews stars in her “Personal Close-Ups” program heard over KPO Wednesday evenings, sang over this station with her sister Marta in a “Gypsy and Marta” duo which was one of KPO's early headliners.

KPO was the second broadcasting station in the country to install a pipe organ, and the first to broadcast football and baseball games play by play. Don Thompson, noted western sports announcer, made his debut on KPO.

Standard music as opposed to jazz was a policy of this station from early in its history, and one which was adhered to through the jazzmania age.



Dr. Diamond's Medicine Show of the Air. WOAI listeners are "sold" on these clever artists

WOAI—San Antonio

BACK in 1922 when radio was very much in its "infancy," the Southern Equipment Company of San Antonio, who were then wholesale distributors of automotive supplies and equipment and electrical supplies, after a study of markets, decided that there would be a small volume of business to be derived from the sale of radio receiving sets.

The sale of these receiving sets was hampered by the lack of a radio station in this territory, that would provide the

listeners with regular programs. Consequently, to promote the sale of radio receiving sets, and also for the purpose of better acquainting the public with the Southern Equipment Company, negotiations were made for the construction of a station. September 14, 1922, a license was issued and WOAI was soon receiving mail from all parts of the United States, Canada, Mexico, and several Central American Countries, as well as Cuba. The programs were purely entertainment features, or rather, it was considered entertainment in those days.

Early in 1928, February to be exact,

WOAI became affiliated with the National Broadcasting Company, carrying programs over both the red and the blue networks. WOAI was then, and still is, the terminus of the NBC networks in the Southwest, and is depended upon by listeners thruout Mexico, Central America, etc., for their chain programs.

In October, 1929 WOAI was granted a construction permit to operate on 1190 kilocycles, full time on a cleared channel, a 50,000 watt station. A site was chosen by engineers of the Radio Corporation and in September, 1930, WOAI put its 50,000 watts on the air.



Longhorn Luke and his Cowboys, popular feature of WOAI

KQW—San Jose, Cal.

RADIO Station KQW is located in the very center of the richest agricultural section of Northern California and occupies a unique position among radio stations in that part of the State.

It was founded in 1908 and is a pioneer in radio broadcasting. In 1909, Dr. Herrold constructed a huge "carpet" aerial containing over 11,500 feet of wire and suspended it between two seven-story buildings in San Jose and immediately established records for both telephone and telegraph communications. During succeeding years, work was confined to the perfection of means of modulating the voice impulse in the antenna circuit and Dr. Herrold finally solved the problem. His work, in what was eventually to become Station KQW was carried on by many others. In 1912, two-way communications by voice with occasional presentation of music was established between the Garden City Bank Building in San Jose and the Fairmount Hotel in San Francisco. This was the first two-way broadcast by radio, and was accomplished by Dr. Herrold in cooperation with George Davis of Oakland. In that same year, the first

Frankie "Half Pint" Jaxon



Every night at 7:00 CST . . . The Half Pint and His Hot Shots make their appearance on WJJD, Chicago, and many the listeners in the Middle West who have learned to sing with Frankie. Started on WJJD on Dec. 7 and clicked right away.

receiving studio in the world was established in San Jose and daily broadcasts were inaugurated. There are perhaps several hundred persons in this vicinity who listened to the 1915 programs of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco as they received considerable publicity and people were urged to listen to them. Entry of the U. S. into the World War and the consequent censorship of all radio transmitting and receiving sets forced a temporary suspension of experimentation and broadcasting but immediately thereafter, work was resumed and the call letters of KQW were first assigned to this station in December, 1921.

In 1925 the rights were transferred to the present organization and it pioneered another movement in building a station that would be of real service to rural California. At that time, it was determined that a radio station, to be successful and of real service and value to the listening audience, would have to be built along the same lines that are followed in building up a magazine: regularity of features and presenting programs of clean inspirational, helpful high type so that a loyal following might be had for each hour of the day. This policy has resulted in Station KQW enjoying the reputation of having the largest regular audience, as a station, of any station in Northern California. The policy, established in 1925, has been strictly adhered to, and has proven highly successful.

^^^

KFJF—Oklahoma City

THE Chieftans Quartette, well known musical group from station KFJF headlined the list of over seventy-five individual stars, plus four orchestras which entertained on the birthday party of station KFJF recently as the station celebrated its ninth anniversary in a nine hour broadcast which started at six P. M.

According to Gordon Hittenmark, director of the program, and Charles Belfi, studio director, all the radio artists that have ever been on the station in the nine years were sought in order that they might renew their acquaintances with the many listeners of the station, and many of them were present.

The Chieftans were officially made members of the Pawnee Tribe of Plains Indians at Pawnee, Oklahoma, a short time ago at one of the Tribe's Summer celebrations. Gordon Hittenmark, chief announcer, also was crowned a chief, making him chief in two ways.

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KFBB—Great Falls, Montana

AS we look back over the progress of radio and of Station KFBB, it seems almost impossible to believe that only a span of ten short years has passed. Beginning as a little fifty watt station with its equipment mounted on a table, KFBB made its first broadcast early in July, 1922.

The first studios of KFBB were built in the furniture department of the Buttrely Store at Havre, later moving to Great Falls. At this time, the studio also housed the transmitting plant and was a room about 12 x 14. It was thought at that time that the broadcasting room must be absolutely dead and to accomplish this, heavy draperies of flannel were hung from the ceiling, completely surrounding the room.

It has been the lot of KFBB to have many interesting experiences which can be attributed to the wide open spaces it serves. In the winter of 1928, KFBB received notice from a hospital, saying that a patient was very low and that a blood transfusion would be necessary if the life were to be saved. This young man's parents lived forty miles from Havre and the roads were drifted full and blocked with snow. KFBB broadcast the message and the father, sitting in his home forty miles away, heard it and through the assistance of neighbors and friends was enabled to reach the hospital in time to offer his blood to save the life of his son.

At another time, KFBB was instrumental in the capture of two murderers. Word was received from the sheriff's office that these men were at large in Montana and a message was put out to



Aunt Harriet proves to my entire satisfaction that the onion has Spanish blood, says the Wife Saver at WINS.

attempt to apprehend the murderers. A lady living over ninety miles away heard the message and quickly drove to town to wire the sheriff's office here that the murderers had slept in her home the night before and had left early that morning going towards Cut Bank. Bob Gordon, Sheriff of Cascade County at that time, started out immediately and soon had captured these bandits. They are now serving time in the penitentiary for the offense.

^ ^ ^

WINS—New York

ALLEN PRESCOTT, the Wifesaver of Station WINS, has an amusing line that is making a hit with the kitchen listeners. Here is a sample:

"Hello Girls, My Aunt Harriet, the she empire builder, having gone through the complete study of music in four easy lessons, the history of Physiotherapy, its causes and effects, and how to balance yourself on skis and ride your bicycle at the same time, has given up the world and returned to her household duties with a bang. A bang, as a matter of fact is no word for it. She has declared that the creation of the home is woman's greatest work . . . trans-Atlantic flights notwithstanding . . . and to that end she has dragged me to the microphone to report her truly startling discoveries in the housewifery art.

"That's bad enough (involving me, I mean), but my poor Uncle Joseph, who has been quietly drinking his luncheons and dinners for years, has been dragged out of his dignified semi-coma

and made a victim of a series of household experiments that would make your hair curl. They didn't make Uncle's curl because he lost all he had left the night he brought the horse upstairs after the local firemen's dinner. But that's another story, as the fellow said.

"What I really wanted to tell you was that if you have a household problem, we will, Aunt Harriet and I, be delighted to solve it for you any Monday, Wednesday or Friday morning, at ten-thirty through the WINS microphone. At that time we let Aunt Harriet out of her cage and she stands right behind me as I offer you valuable (I hope) information. You want to do things in the most scientific manner, don't you? Well, Aunt Harriet is the one for you.

"Listen, girls, have you ever had a leak in your gas pipe? No, don't answer me, I'll tell you. When the gas pipe leaks on or in the joint; in the case of it being in the joint, you get your hat and coat and go home; but in the case of it being on the joint, you have to take measures or else you are liable to wake up with a decided over-supply of gas. An over-supply of gas never did anything for anyone, including most of the balloons that I've met. As I was about to say before the wind came up so strong . . . to stop a leak in the gas pipe moisten common soap (the commoner the better) and press it tightly over the leak . . . or if you are fussy, use a paste of yellow soap and whitening mixed with water. This will ease off the gas situation until such time as you can strike up an acquaintance with the neighborhood's best looking gas man . . . and I gas you'll like that. (Continued on page 48)



James Marr, who recently scored a hit as "Hubert," the tramp, in "Joe Palooka," radio skit on the Columbia network.



Charles Umbach, baritone, age 23 years, was a child performer appearing with the motion picture luminaries of the old Vitagraph studios. He is also a pianist, and was accompanist for Anna Contossa (his sister) star of Henry W. Savage's productions.

Dramatic protege of Lou Tellegen played principal parts in stock in "Seventh Heaven," "The Constant Wife," "Lady Windemeres Fan."

Was acclaimed an outstanding television type at the last Radio Fair in Madison Square Garden, New York. He was guest artist on Radio Digest's broadcasts over Columbia System. Now broadcasting in semi-weekly radio program, "Song Stories" and "Mauve Memories" over WINS and on concert program over WMCA. Has also appeared in vaudeville with Parson and Hawks, the Parson of the trio being "Jingle Joe" broadcasting over WJZ.

WFAB—New York

BERL and Shmerl . . . The Jewish Amos 'n' Andy . . . clever Yiddish team of entertainers . . . appear twice weekly over station WFAB . . . Saturdays and Sundays at 9:30 p. m. EDST . . . And each Tuesday and Thursday at 6:30 p. m. EDST . . . from Station WRAX in Philadelphia.

These boys, who prefer to remain incognito, were stars of the Yiddish Theatre who saw the light in time to assail the battlements of radio . . . and according to the response they are getting from the Jewish speaking and listening public, they arrived on the air at the psychological moment. Their letters state that their fans await each broadcast breathlessly and only wish they were on more frequently.

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Assistant Program Director, CBS.

(Continued from Summer Issue)

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And that's no idle boast. Just "ask the guests who stop here."

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Not only the newest hotel in New York but the most centrally located.

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1000 HOMES UNDER ONE ROOF
IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE

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The New
EDISON HOTEL
47th St. West of B'way, NYC.

I ONCE knew a man who was happiest when he was whitewashing his barn. He had conceived the idea of adding ordinary laundry blueing to the whitewash in order to achieve a more brilliant degree of whiteness. He was so interested in his experiment that he was entertained, and while his friends and neighbors were exhausting themselves on the fairways of neighboring golf-courses, he manipulated his whitewash brush with ecstatic enjoyment.

Assuming at this point that we are in accord as to what constitutes entertainment, another all-important factor in this business of broadcasting is to be considered. This factor is competition, and always intrudes regardless of whether the appeal is directed to men, women or children. This ever-present problem requires the utmost nicety of judgment. The question is, does a program have characteristics that will hold the attention of an appreciable portion of the radio audience at the identical time that other interesting programs are being broadcast. To clarify this point, I will use an exaggerated example:

Suppose, if it were possible to so annihilate time, that we could announce a broadcast by Napoleon Bonaparte or Pontius Pilate in person. Can you, by any stretch of the imagination, conceive of any radio set in America being tuned to any other program at the time of such a broadcast? This fanciful illustration simply magnifies the necessity for striving toward the superlative. It further serves to illustrate my belief that quality is, in the last analysis, the factor upon which the success of any type of program is dependent. Further, if it developed that Napoleon failed to sustain his subject in an interesting way, or that Pilate had an impediment in his speech which made him difficult to understand, the novelty of their presentations would be insufficient to maintain general interest throughout a series.

Therefore, to compete consistently in an effective way, a program simply must have quality. It must have attributes that will maintain its position among the group that comprises the field at the time the broadcast is presented. And it makes no difference to whom the appeal is directed—men, women or children.

I am daily approached by individuals who are sure that they have ideas which

can be developed into a perfect radio program.

For the most part this assurance is born of their personal interest in their particular subject. Psychologists, for example, are sure that they would achieve a tremendous audience from among radio listeners. I agree with them. But while we may well consider three or four million people a tremendous audience, this number is but a drop in the bucket in its relation to the estimated forty to fifty million listeners potentially available on a nation-wide hook-up. For clarity, let me set down the two factors thus far developed, and add the third.

First—quality; second—competition; and third—universality of appeal. This last is equally important with the others.

For instance, if six toupee manufacturers elected to use radio with the idea of inducing the bald-headed men of the nation to purchase their wares, the program of whatsoever type, with the standard of quality that exceeded that of its competitors would undoubtedly prove most effective, but certainly any program devoted to the promotion and sale of toupees would be woefully lacking in universality of appeal.

Perhaps I have placed undue stress on underlying principles to the neglect of indications developed thru audience mail.

Our Research Department, thru its examination of millions of communications, and thru the results of carefully devised questionnaires, could estimate the feminine response to many widely diversified programs. But in the last analysis, it invariably resolves itself to the question of quality, irrespective of type. The beauty expert, salon, jazz or symphony orchestra, the exponent of domestic science, the personality singer, the comedy and dramatic sketches, the opera stars and favorites of screen and theatre, each and everyone, thru the quality of their performance, and quality alone find their rightful places in the minds of the radio audience . . .

Static Condensators

Westinghouse Oil Tank static condensators. Maximum operating voltage 2300, 60 cycle. \$4.75 each

M. Miller

938 N. Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Radio Romanies

Thousands of Listeners Join WBAL's Romany Band. Care-free and Happy, They Wander the Aerial Highways of Romance and Adventure.

IT is Tuesday night, 10:30 o'clock, E. S. T. At WBAL, Baltimore, Md., the signal is given by Michael Weiner, conductor, to his gypsy band and immediately the cloak of conventionality is discarded as the Radio Romanies saunter forth from the broadcasting studios for their weekly stroll down the Romany Trail.

Listeners in many sections of the East



Michael Weiner.

feel the thrill every Tuesday night of living the "brave life—the free life" of those people who follow the "path of the sun, the four winds their only walls, the sun and moon their only sovereigns." One's blood tingles as one hears again the stirring gypsy melodies which have come down through the ages and have been imprisoned in song and musical script by such famous composers as Dvorak, Lehar, Keler-Bela, Brahms, Kalmann, Scharwenka, Jenő Hubay, and others; also various folk tunes so embedded in the history and traditions of the gypsies that they are nameless and composerless their melodies apparently having no actual origin or definite beginning, being merely the natural musical expression of a naturally musical and poetic people.

Like most regular radio features, WBAL's Romany Trail has its theme song which is the Gypsy Love Song

from Lehar's operetta "Gypsy Love." With the first strains of this popular gypsy melody, founded on traditional gypsy folk music, listeners turn the keys in their locks and find themselves out on the "star-lit trail" where "laughter, love and music" sweep away the cares of the day. Elsa Baklor, concert soprano, is the soloist for this program. Miss Baklor herself came from that section of the Old World where the gypsy strain is deeply rooted. Most of her girlhood she spent in Vienna and in rural sections in Hungary; consequently she has been literally steeped in the traditions and folk lore of this picturesque people. In fact, many of the songs which she sings in the original tongue, she learned while a young girl from the lips of these people themselves. Michael Weiner, conductor, is also a product of the Old World, having come to America from Vilna, Poland; there-



Elsa Baklor.

fore, he, too, is familiar with the gypsy strain and knows their music as few in this country do. The continuity for these broadcasts is written by Broughton Tall, supervisor of the literary research department, WBAL, and a well known local playwright and contributor to theatrical and musical magazines. Mr. Tall's four act drama "Mme. Bonaparte" broke all previous box office records when it was presented here.

The DON LEE Broadcasting System

extends

Heartiest Congratulations

to the

RADIO DIGEST

upon the completion of one decade of fine service to the radio industry through the medium of its pages—

KHJ Los Angeles	KFBK Sacramento
KFRC San Francisco	KMJ Fresno
KGB San Diego	KWG Stockton
KDB Santa Barbara	KERN Bakersfield

California Unit of Columbia Broadcasting System

*"Covers the State Like the
Sunshine"*

THE TARKINGTON
CHILDREN ARE
ON THE AIR

The Great
Atlantic & Pacific
Tea Co.

Presents

Radio's Newest Feature

"MAUD AND
COUSIN BILL"

Written by

BOOTH
TARKINGTON

Dean of American Authors

Directed by

WINIFRED
LENIHAN

Famous Theatrical Director

Heard Twice Weekly

WEDNESDAY
AND SATURDAY

10:30 a. m., E. S. T.

A feature of

"OUR DAILY
FOOD" Program

NBC-WJZ Network

PACIFIC COAST ECHOES

By W. L. Gleeson

MANY of the artists formerly on the ever popular Blue Monday Jamboree, heard regularly every Monday evening on the Coast Division of the Columbia network, have accepted connections elsewhere; but the Blue Monday Jamboree goes on bigger and better than ever. The veteran Harrison Holliday seems to be able to keep the Jamboree a fine show regardless of the talent appearing, which just bears out the old saying that a good production man with amateur talent produces a far more entertaining program than high class artists under the direction of a mediocre production man.

The Richfield "News Flashes" continue to set a new bedtime for Pacific Coast radio fans. You can hear in almost every home: "let's sit up until 10:00 o'clock and hear the news items given by the Richfield reporter."

KNX, which could well be called the "West's Station," because of its tremendous coverage, will now with its new 25,000 watt power serve all the Western States like a local. KNX has almost matched popularity with local stations in many sections—as far as a thousand miles from Los Angeles.

KSL, the Salt Lake City, Utah, station is another of the Western stations that has phenomenal coverage, in the past. With only 5,000 watts it was the most popular out-of-town station in San Francisco, Oakland, and Los Angeles, and will now with its 50,000 watts power be tuned in regularly all over the West. KSL is deservedly one of the most popular stations of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain regions.

KFAC, Los Angeles, with its new connection with the Los Angeles Herald, promises to become one of the outstanding stations of Southern California, and with the support of the Herald it should have no trouble in doing this.

KROW'S dramatic program heard each Thursday evening at 9:30 featuring the Pemm Players, is fast approaching the professional quality so badly needed in dramatic offerings over the air. More attention to rehearsals invariably shows improvement. Too much sameness holds this production back.

The Gilmore Circus, which came back on the Coast NBC, after a short suspension, is a program that is unique for holding the interests of children both old and young. Regardless of our age, we just can't help getting a big thrill when we hear the reproduction of that circus atmosphere, the caliope and everything. Let's hope it stays this time.

The NBC dramatic presentation over the Coast Orange network, Wednesday evenings (One Man's Family) is beyond a question of a doubt the best dramatic program presented in the West over the air. The reason being that it's handled in a natural human-like manner, whereas most attempts at drama over the air are stilted because of the fact the actors and actresses try to "put on the dog," instead of portraying their parts as the characters would act in natural life under actual conditions. It is this natural human acting that has kept "Amos 'n Andy" popular so long. More such human interest effort is badly needed on the air.

Western programs still have a long way to go to catch up with the Eastern air fare. The Eastern station operators seem to have learned business methods and broadcasting technique far ahead of their Western brethren.

KOIN, Portland, Oregon's popular station, can be proud of the performances for the American Legion.



Four and five hours a day around the piano plus an unusual ability to arrange novel harmonic settings of popular melodies is partially responsible for the great success of The Three Orphans heard from WTAM, Cleveland, O., in local and NBC network programs. The three orphans are Mel Garry, Dot O'Day and Larry Walker.

CHATTER

ADDDED to the honor roll of stations going a decade is WDAE, Tampa, Florida, oldest station in the state . . . Dr. George Halley, one of the most popular announcers in the Middle-west, three years with KMBC, is heard nightly from the Plantation Grill at the Hotel Muehlbach . . . Barbara and Bob, in real life Mickey Gibbins and Russell Olson, get the dial twisters with their close harmony from WHO-WOC, Davenport, Iowa . . . More harmony—this time from KFEQ, St. Joseph, Missouri, in the persons of Boyd Martindale and Harvey Hayes . . . The Capitol Theatre, New York—popularly known as Major Bowes and his Capitol "Family"—holds the distinction of being the first theatre to broadcast a radio program. November 19, 1922, was the date. This tenth anniversary will be celebrated on November 20 of this year which also marks its 520th consecutive air performance. . . Eleven years ago this month Warner Brothers station KLS (remembered by many as 6XAM) received its license to broadcast, establishing the first broadcasting station in the eastbay. Its transmitter had an output of five watts; its programs, local talent and phonograph records. Today it is one of the most modern stations on the Coast; remote control to the Fox Oakland theatre.

KELW welcomes home two old friends—Frank Gage and Billy Haynes, Mora's Singing Chefs. They will be heard every morning from 10:15 to 10:30 . . . Few microphone personalities in California can equal the record of H. A. Roberts, KFRC's "Bobs"—dean of sports writers in San Francisco—for continuous appearances before the mike. The 10th of August marked his 271st program. . . David (Babe) Westgate, well known over stations in Oklahoma and Kansas, early this year won the first award for clarinet in the Southwestern College annual music festival, in competition with forty-two cities. A year ago he won first place in the state of Kansas. . . The Daney Sisters, popular harmony pair, have returned to WJAY, Cleveland, with a brand new program of song hits and patter—Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 4:15 p. m. . . H. C. Connette, NBC dramatist, San Francisco, was an actor at one period of his life; played with Viola Dana in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" . . . Ben Klassen, tenor of the same network and city, heard transcontinentally in Rainbow Harmonies, was a bank clerk before he took up singing as a career . . . Timidity and self-consciousness are the twin worries of most of the folks who find it difficult to talk freely, according to Ethel Cotton whose

Every Good Boy Deserves Fun

LOOK! Easy as A·B·C to learn music this way



Just see how easy it is! The lines are always E-G-B-D-F. Memorize the Sentence "Every Good Boy Deserves Fun"—and there you are! Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is e. Whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is g. And the spaces are just as easy to remember. The four spaces are always F-A-C-E. That spells "face"—simple enough to remember, isn't it? You have learned something already! Isn't it fun? You'll just love learning music this fascinating way! No long hours of tedious practice. No "tricks" or "secrets"—you learn to play real music from real notes.



cost of only a few pennies a day! You simply cannot go wrong. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest.

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So simple are these fascinating "music lessons" that even a child can understand them. You do not lose a minute with unnecessary details—only the most essential principles are taught. And at an average

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Send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Kraus; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
Instrument..... Have You Instrument?.....

"Cultural Conversation" series is broadcast twice a week through the NBC-KPO net work from San Francisco . . . Gene Autry, heard on the Sears, Roebuck broadcast over WLS, Chicago, finds that his yodeling cowboy records sell rapidly in England and Australia. . . . Mac and Bob, blind boy duo of WLS, use the Braille system while reading in their spare time, Victor Hugo and Longfellow being their favorite authors . . . Al Riee, the second tenor of the Maple City Four, staff quartet of the same station, once conducted the official orchestra for the Prince of Wales, during his travels over Canada.

HAL O'HALLORAN, announcer of WLS National Barn Dance, began as a pie salesman . . . Grace Wilson, same program, "Bringin' Home the Bacon" girl, was once a child prodigy of Richard Mansfield . . . Phone query to NBC! Woman called the San Francisco studios to ask if a message could be broadcast to her son, who had just left for Burlingame, a suburb there. "Is it important?" asked the NBC operator, thinking a matter of life or death might be involved. "Important? I should say so!" declared the mother. "I have an errand for him to do for me on the way home." . . . A box of home-made jam arriving at the same studios for

H. C. Connette, from a listener of his "Memory Lane" and "Golden Legends" series, was just another reminder that flattery can be very sweet . . . William C. Stoess, Musical Director of WLW, Cincinnati, personally conducts several of the station's most popular broadcasts, among them, his NBC network broadcast each Friday night at 12:15; "Curtain Calls" on Wednesdays at 10:00 p. m. and Sundays at 6:30 p. m.; Cotton Queen Minstrel, Mondays, 8:15 p. m., and San Felice Hour, Wednesdays and Fridays, 8:15 p. m. . . . Helen Spring, nationally known stage and radio actress, remembered for her work in last winter's revival of "An American Tragedy," in "Friendly Enemies," and in "Six Cylinder Love" on the legitimate stage, and for her performances over NBC and CBS coast-to-coast networks, is now being starred in the "Puddle Family" series, new dramatic feature originating in the Studios of WLW, under the sponsorship of the Oxydol division of the Procter & Gamble Company . . . A fact is that you are not "in" with some of the younger generation if you are not a Salerno Fan. In the South Shore district of Chicago the fans publish a mimeograph paper each month, the "Salerno Serenaders," for members.

WINS—New York

(Continued from page 42)

"Under the heading 'Is Your Piano Pleased with its Home Life?' we bring in a harmonious note on how to clean the keys. Take a little of your husband's hair or any other old piece of muslin and dip it in alcohol (a delightful idea on the face of it) and clean the keys. In the case of very yellow keys, that is those with a Chinese tinge, use flannel moistened with cologne water. It seems that ordinary water turns them yellower (the sissies).

"Now once again to baby . . . s'help me. To clean white woolen toys, my Aunt tells me, use paste made with white starch and cold water. Just enough water to dissolve the starch . . . rub it well over baby's soiled toy and lay it aside until it is dry, and believe me you'll want to. After baby mauls it four or five times, and you repeat the process, it will finally dry from the sheer heat of your temper.

"Thereupon, my pets, you brush off the toys and everything will be as clean as a pin, including Baby, whom you've had to bathe in the meantime. You are foolish to try it girls, but don't say I didn't warn you.

"There's nothing like a change of subject, I always say, and then sometimes I say, there's nothing like a change. What do you think of cutting off old bottles? I don't mean giving the stuff up, I really mean cutting off the bottles. A bottle may be cut off, so a friend of mine who is an old witch tells me, by wrapping a cord that has been saturated with kerosene or turpentine around it several times at the point to be cut. Then you set fire to the cord, burning yourself the while . . . at the same time holding the bottle in a horizontal position, turning it slowly so that the heat is uniformly distributed. Just as the cord finishes burning, you plunge it, and I mean plunge it, into cold water, tapping the bottle where it is to be broken off. You then walk slowly to the window and throw the whole thing out including the water. This leaves your neighbors puzzled, but you know what you are doing, so the heck with it.

"Thank you very kindly, I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did, and that you'll be listenin' while we consult the Muse (grand nephew to Museum) over the air. Well as the undertaker says Ups a Daisy."

^ ^ ^

Ye Old Maestro

(Continued from page 15)

over with a crooner. And besides they will let me make ten guest appearances during the year on other commercial programs."

Ben wanted to put in a word for the boys.

"I've got a great bunch. Pat Kennedy, for instance. He's been with me six years. I got him first as a kid, fresh out of the Hell's Kitchen district of New York. And when I say fresh I mean FRESH. Up to the time he came with me his chief fun was fighting. Anybody—larger than him or not—he didn't care. He's sure a grand boy.

"Now there's one thing I'd like to get straightened out about Pat. He isn't a real crooner. He's a . . . well . . . a mongrel crooner. He never got high enough to be a tenor and never sunk low enough to be a barytone. He stopped just in time and gave radio one of its most pleasing voices. I think it is the best on the air for popular tunes, but maybe I'm a little bit prejudiced in Pat's favor. After all I was his first public.

"How do you like Frank Prince? Now there is a real crooner. But he didn't come from Hell's Kitchen. He came from the University of Wisconsin by way of a bond dealer's office. He couldn't sell bonds, so he sells songs. And before I go let me sing praises for little Dick Stabile, the greatest alto saxophonist in the country. Dick is the Fritz Kreisler of the saxophone."

Here I asked: "How can you call yourself a judge of talent? Didn't you pass up Rudy Vallee?"

That is when the Old Maestro made his paraphrase on Nathan Hale, and went on:

"To this day there is a card in our office that reads like this: 'Rudy Vallee: voice, fair; saxophone, fair; nice personality; led band at Yale.' Rudy just didn't sing loud enough to please us. But we've learned our lesson. He's a great guy and a great entertainer."

While Ben Bernie is listed as a New Yorker, like most New Yorkers he wasn't born in New York City, but in Jersey. For the last three years he has been established in Chicago, whence he will continue to broadcast as a sustaining feature from the Sherman House this winter. But it was in New York where he first sprang to fame during four years in the grill room of the Hotel Roosevelt, and while writing songs with Phil Baker. It was here that Bernie became the first band to have a theme song—one everyone remembers—"My Buddy."

It was during this time too, that he last appeared over the National chain—"when WEAF was a one tube station" he puts it. It was during this time that he and Baker used to turn out song hits by the score. "Pretty Little Baby" was the last of these for

six years until recently, when the pair collaborated on "Strange Interlude."

And the Bernie-Winchell feud?

"Well, I guess that's all over for a while," said the old Maestro. "Gee, it's funny how that caught on. It all started when I sent him a telegram, kidding of course, with a little dig in it. He came back at me and the war was on until Walter took sick and went to the coast. He couldn't take it. Everybody, everywhere I went on my tour asked me about it. Some even suggested that we fight it out in the ring.

"Well, the climax came in August, when I was up at Saratoga attending the races. Walter was there and we exchanged greetings.

"How about giving me a couple of winners,' he said to me. I said, 'sure, play Number 16.' He did and Number 16 paid ten to one. Walter made himself about \$3,000.

"Now the funny part of it was, I had meant to say 'play Number six,' a horse that didn't even place. As a matter of fact Number six was the horse I was playing. So I guess Walter won the feud."

"I didn't know," said Mr. Conrad as we were leaving the restaurant. "that you went in for the sport of kings. I thought your favorite sports were redheads."

I hurried back to Radio Digest to get this to the Editor, so I don't know what happened.

^ ^ ^

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 25)

is No. 1 with the Robbins Music Corp., and which seems to be doing well for them. You hear it everywhere, though whether that sells copies is another question. We play it quite slowly as we did "I'm Thru with Love."

THREE ON A MATCH. More and more are songwriters searching for catch titles, slogans, household phrases, and the popular superstition of three on a match has furnished Raymond Egan with his title for a song which he has written with Ted Fiorito, pianist and orchestra leader now playing on the California Coast in San Francisco. They left the song with DeSylva, Brown and Henderson. It is one of these unhappy type of things, appealing mainly to the elite mind, the sophisticated type of music lover, which makes its chances for being a hit rather doubtful. It is the unhappy thought of an individual who realizes there is someone else who, as the third on the match, is slowly pushing him out of the picture. A little difficulty in singing due to its upward trend in the first phrase, still a song that we enjoy presenting. It must be done slowly.



FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Radio Broadcaster

Would you, too, like a big pay BROADCASTING job?

Men and women of talent get \$3,000 to \$15,000 and more a year. Amazing new Floyd Gibbons Course trains you for highly paid Broadcasting position

HAVE you a good speaking voice? Can you sing, act, write, read, direct or sell? If you can, then here is your chance to get into the newest, most glamorous, fastest growing profession in the world. For now a remarkable new course in Broadcasting Technique prepares you—right in your own home—for the highly paid position you want. This fascinating Course was developed by Floyd Gibbons, famous "Headline Hunter of the Air," to bring you the training necessary to fit your natural talents to the microphone.

Think of it! Now you can have the training in Broadcasting technique that makes Radio Stars. In just a few short months you can capitalize your hidden talents for the microphone—cash in on your natural ability—prepare to earn many times your present salary. For no matter what branch of Broadcasting you are qualified for, the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting will train you in the technique of Broadcasting and prepare you for the highly paid position you want.

Opportunity for you in Broadcasting

No other profession in the world today offers you as many opportunities for quick success and large pay as Broadcasting. For Broadcasting is forging ahead so rapidly that there is a never-ceasing demand for new talent.

Millions are spent over the air every year. Last year advertising alone spent more than \$29,000,000, while Broadcasting companies spent many times that amount for talent. Staggering as this amount is, even more millions will be spent this year than last—more talented and trained men and women will be needed at large pay. You, too, may be one of these—you, too, may be paid from \$3,000 to \$15,000 and more a year—if you have talent and are thoroughly trained in the technique of Broadcasting.

If you can act, if you can sing or talk interestingly, if you can write, if you have any hidden talent, you should get your share of the millions spent every year over the air.

Train Like Radio Stars

Any Broadcaster will tell you that talent alone is not enough for success over the air. You have to be trained thoroughly in every phase of Broadcasting technique.

Too many performers and writers who were successful in other fields have failed when confronted with the limitations of Broadcasting—simply because they were untrained to meet the conditions of the microphone. Yet others, unknown until they actually Broadcasted, have risen to quick fame—performed and written for millions of listeners—made their names a household word—earned almost unbelievably large pay—simply because their natural talents were supplemented by practical training.

Now, thanks to this new, fascinating home-study Course, you, too, may have the same kind of training that has made fortunes for the Graham MacNamees, the Olive Palmers, the Amos and Andys, and the Floyd Gibbons. Now you can take advantage of Floyd Gibbons' years of experience before the microphone. Right in your own home—in your spare time—without giving up your present job or making a single sacrifice of any kind—you can train for a big-paying Broadcasting position, and acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars.

First Complete and Thorough Course in Broadcasting Technique

The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting offers the first complete and thorough home-study Course in Broadcasting technique available. It trains you in every phase of Broadcasting—qualifies you to step right into the studio and take your place among the highly paid Broadcasters. A few of the subjects covered are: The Station and Studio, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice, How to Make the Voice Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Build a Radio Personality, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and many of other vitally important subjects.

Jobs like these, often paying from \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year, are open to men and women of talent and training.

Announcer	Advertising Director
Singer	Publicity
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Excellent positions are open to talented men and women who have mastered the Technique of Broadcasting. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself for a big-paying job in Broadcasting.



about our Course and how to turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful professions in the world. Send today for your free copy of "How To Find Your Place in Broadcasting." See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2K61, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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An interesting free booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. It tells you how to prepare for a good position in Broadcasting. It tells you all



THEY ACQUIRED AVOCADOES

... AND COOLER SMOKE

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

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

