

Radio Digest

November

15 Cents



Marilou Dix

Cherrio and the Dragons

Lawrence Tibbett



Singing Sisters



Georgie Price

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THE OLD TIMERS

Ralph and Hal

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Let's try G5SW, Chelmsford, England. Get it any day between 3:00 and 6:00 P.M. Hear peppy dance music from the Hotel Mayfair in London (Yes, those Britishers furnish music that's as "hot" as any orchestra in the States). Then, too, there are world news broadcasts that tell listeners all over the far-flung British Empire the news of the day in the homeland. At 6:00 P.M. (Midnight London time) it's thrilling to hear "Big Ben," in the House of Parliament, strike the hour of midnight in a sonorous voice.

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Tired of Germany? Then let's jump to Spain on our "Magic Carpet." Here's EAQ, Madrid. Hear the castanets and guitars! Always typically Spanish music from this station between 7:00 and 9:00 P.M. You'll enjoy EAQ doubly because they thoughtfully make their announcements in both English and their native tongue.

Opera Direct from the Eternal City

Want a quick trip farther south? Here's Rome—IRO. The lady announcer's voice is saying, "Radio Roma, Napoli." From here, between 3:00 and 6:00 P.M. daily, you'll hear grand opera with its most gorgeous voices and with the finest accompaniments.

So you want to hear what's doing on the other side of the world now? That's easy, let's get up early and pick up VK2ME, from Sydney, Australia, any Sunday morning between 5:00 and 8:30 A.M., or VK3ME, Melbourne, any Wednesday or Saturday morning, between 4:00 and 6:30 A.M. Hear the call of the famous bird of the Antipodes—the Kookaburra. There'll be

an interesting and varied program, music, and always a talk on the scenic or industrial attraction of the country.

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TWISTS and TURNS

With Radio People and Programs

BY HAROLD P. BROWN

HAVE you heard the Maxwell Showboat program? Of course you have, and you liked it. It's one of the best please-everybody programs yet produced, thanks to the sponsor and thanks to Tiny Ruffner who knows how to stage a radio show when he has the money with which to do it. And it's going to keep going for 52 weeks. It marks a trend toward the longer programs and greater variety.

Lanny Ross is the hero of the story, and Lanny Ross is the hero's real name. Tiny Ruffner, however, did something with the character, and with the character of the sweetheart, which nobody else ever thought of for radio. He used two specially trained voices for the same person, and that was real artistry in radio dramatic character building.

Lanny has been winning popularity by leaps and bounds. His voice is superb and he has a likable personality that gets over. All who participate in the program are genuine artists—and there are 58 on the list. Pick Malone and Pat Padgett as Molasses and January are great favorites in the East and now they are getting their chance to become great radio characters nationally. Charles Winger, as Captain Henry, and Jules Bledsoe, and the Hall-Johnson Singers are great and made-to-order for a showboat program. At the premiere everybody was in costume. The picture in the center of this page shows Lanny Ross as he appeared that night when the photos were taken.

HOW do you get all those complicated ideas for the Snow Village sketches," I asked Arthur Allen one night after his broadcast. "Want I should tell you 'bout that?" responded Mr. Allen who is much better known to you as "Uncle Dan'l." We were in the press relations department of NBC in New York. To look at Allen you never would suspect he is the visualized sep-

magarian in Snow Village. In fact he appears slight and dapper, neatly but not flashily dressed. You'd say he might be a junior banker or a bond salesman. But the minute he speaks you hear "Uncle Dan'l" himself from the inside.



Lanny Ross

"Why don't you get the man who writes the script to write you how he does it?" he asked. He volunteered to put it up to William Ford Manley. And now we have just heard from Mr. Manley so that you will read all the low down on Snow Village in your next Radio Digest. And you'll be surprised to learn that it's not all just imagination.

TALK about spreading education by radio—let's take off our hats to that grand old school master of the air,

Walter Damrosch! It's nine years since he first stepped before a microphone. Now he has just resumed his fourth year teaching a class of 6,000,000 young Americans how to understand and appreciate the best that is in music. It was a real "first day of school" when he spoke to his class Friday, Oct. 14, at 11 a. m., EST., "Good morning, my dear young people." He has the capacity to envision this great panorama of school rooms before him as he speaks. The mechanics of the studio are all blurred out. He is the enthusiastic and devoted schoolmaster before his pupils. In many western cities where the program comes before the regular school day begins children come an hour early to hear him and the NBC Symphony orchestra under his direction. Damrosch as a personality has become an American institution. Children who have come to know him as the voice of a great man will be proud to speak of him to generations yet to be born.

ONE of the most salutary social benefits of radio is the abatement of race prejudice. Color or creed seems to make little difference to the listener so long as he is getting what he wants from the program. Take the case of The Three Keyes recently given a place on the NBC schedule. G. W. "Johnny" Johnstone tells me that he happened to hear them over some small station in Pennsylvania which he had tuned in at his home by accident. He was convinced they were worthy of network attention and sold his office on the idea. So the Three Black Keyes stepped almost over night from obscurity to national fame. Did it turn their heads? Not a whit. Major Bowes booked them in October for his Capitol theatre on Broadway. That was just something funny for The Three Keyes, nothing to be excited about. Old timers who have been on the stage for years building stage personality stood in the wings and fairly

gaped at the nonchalance of these humble sons of Africa. With absolute simplicity they stepped out and did their bit, and the way in which they did it brought the house down in the most prolonged applause of the whole show. Their instantaneous acceptance seems to rival that of their predecessors, The Mills Brothers, on the Columbia network who also have triumphed in a tour of stage presentations. Radio is giving unknown and undiscovered colored its first opportunity.



NANCY MILLS WHITMAN

YOUNG women who live within the golden circle of the gilded social set have cast aspiring eyes toward the radio studio. Parents frown on the theatre. The concert and operatic stage are in such a rarified atmosphere that a young girl must make very elaborate preparation if she hopes to carve a career in these arts.

But radio is different. And now the debs with really fine talent are being heard on many of the most popular stations. Among the recent aspirants in this line is Miss Nancy Mills Whitman of Brookline and Boston, Mass. She is one of those on the select list who have been heard with the Jack Denny orchestra on his Debutante Hour, which resumed broadcasting at the Waldorf-Astoria, Oct. 27.

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Lawrence Tibbett

HERE is a good life-like portrait of Lawrence Tibbett the Californian who went East and made good with the Metropolitan Grand Opera in New York, and subsequently became world-famous as one of the greatest of baritones. He is now busily engaged in rehearsing for the new opera, "Emperor Jones."

He Loves Mountains!

Just Give Lawrence Tibbett a few tall Peaks to Climb and He'll Be Perfectly Happy—His Life Has Been Like That as He Ascended Artistic Heights

By John Rock

TIBBETT night was ladies night on the air last season when the great operatic baritone served the Firestone hour so handsomely and expensively. But you'll never get a Firestone to say he wasn't worth the money. Hook up that Tibbett voice and that Tibbett personality with a classy tire in the public mind and you have something deluxe in radio selling.

Although the blondes and brunettes preferred Lawrence Tibbett the mere male in the audience was not unhappy. Tibbett is a regular he-man, masculine through and through. His boundless energy, his voice, virile physique, his typical American spirit of independence gave him that something which centered the dials on the hour set for his arrival. He has climbed to the heights just as he used to climb the mountains that he loves.

Well, the opera season is almost here again. The success of last year's presentation of Metropolitan Opera by radio has assured its return to the air again this year. And Lawrence Tibbett will be heard therewith.

Since his return from Europe a few weeks ago he has been applying himself to rehearsals of Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" which, as you probably know, has been set to music on the grand scale by Louis Gruenberg. By "applying himself" we mean *applying* himself in the Tibbettian manner, which is nothing short of 97.44 application. Tibbett is a terrier for persistence in following through on what he sets out to achieve. He had his little vacation across the sea, yes call it honeymoon if you like; then he came back ready for business. He was, of course, deluged with calls by phone and in person by his too fond admirers from the day he checked in at the Savoy Plaza. Now, a leading baritone with a brand new opera on his hands can't literally be everywhere and do everything at once, ardent biographers to the contrary notwithstanding. And a Lawrence Tibbett with the traditions of pioneering Americans for his background can't and won't turn high hat, even for grand opera.

But rehearsing is a job, just as much of a job as plowing a field—and some

who've tried both say it's even more. You have to watch the furrow and keep your hand on the plow handle, even though the plow is a prop and the furrow is a dingle of footlights along the front of the stage. That's why the Tibbetts checked out of the Savoy Plaza and moved into a quiet little apartment over on West Fifty-seventh street. (Don't think we're going to give their secret away by revealing the exact number.)

LAWRENCE TIBBETT always knew he could sing. The World War interrupted his plans for a little while but he persisted in his determination to climb, and then he was suddenly—over night—up the grade and on the pinnacle of fame. He has kept his head level through it all and remains the typical American as he was born.

NOW if you want to know a little more about the Lawrence Tibbett background, conceding, of course, that if you are a genuine Tibbett fan you probably know more details than we do. He's a regular Westerner. His forbears trekked the ghastly trail of the covered wagon during the Gold Rush of 'Forty-nine. His father, William Tibbett, was sheriff of Kern county, California. Lawrence was born in Bakerfield, November 16, '96. Before Lawrence had become more than a really small boy his father was shot down and killed while in pursuit of an outlaw. His grief-stricken mother gathered her small brood about her and moved to Los Angeles. It became the passion of the mother's life to give her children greater cultural opportunities. She sang, and she taught her three boys and a girl—to sing. All children had exceptional voices, a definite inheritance from their mother.

As for young Lawrence his voice was the strongest part about him. Physically he was somewhat handicapped. But he had a fierce and determined will. He made up his mind that he could make himself strong by plenty of exercise, and plenty of outdoors. He made good progress, and as he grew older he acquired a fondness for the mountains, and mountain climbing. Pinnacles were his delight. Three times he has climbed the 10,000 feet to the peak of San Jacinto, near Palm Springs. It's an all-night hike to reach this peak in time to see the sunrise. He loves a horse and today he reckons among his fondest memories the time he served as a cowboy on his uncle's ranch in the Tejon mountains. And still, while we are with Tibbett on the mountains, it is worth mentioning that when he sings for the sheer joy that is in his soul he asks for no better place to do it than on the topmost crag of the highest mountain around. Give him an echo from an opposite peak and his joy is supreme.

Naturally someone wants to know when the Tibbett clap began to have operatic yearnings. It began in his adolescent youth when he looked with longful pride upon his older brother, Jesse, who was a star in a local musical stock company. Ah to be a star with a musical stock company! Why must some people have all the luck! Just to be born with a singing voice—that was luck! He might have a voice himself. Well? And then a stranger who heard him singing with the other children in school said, "That Tibbett boy should have his voice trained. It's getting good." The teacher told Lawrence and Lawrence said, "If you really think it's worth training I'll train it." And that was how it started.

His first conception of a good voice was one that would produce the greatest amount of volume. Quality was taken for granted. To pour his soul into his voice gave him an intense feeling of exaltation. He would become great, an actor, a composer, a writer . . . he would conquer the world one way or another. A great magnetic force generated within

(Continued on page 48)

SINGING SISTERS

THIS is a hard year for the families who only have one or two sisters, because it takes three to have a harmonizing trio and harmonizing trios are sitting on top of the world. People like to hear them and there should be more of them because so far all the trios do pretty much the same stuff, following the astonishing success of the Boswell Sisters.

While only three Sister trios are shown in the pictures here do not take it for granted that there are no more. They are heading for the key stations in New York from all directions, even hopping off the boats just in from England, France, Germany, Russia, Spain and South America.

But no matter where they come from the most of them have to stand to one side for the soft voiced sisters from the Southland. It's born in them, a plaintive sweetness, engendered by growing days under sunny skies where Jack Frost never comes to harden the vocal cords with his icy breath.



PICKENS & PICKENS & PICKENS

“WE lead a happy life, we ‘slim Pickens’, as someone has dubbed us,” said Jane Pickens, recently. “We are happy because we can sing. We have been singing ever since we were old enough to coo. It was part of the plantation life down in Georgia where we lived. It seems only a little while ago that we were children tagging along behind the negro workers in the field as they wielded their hoes in rhythmic unison through the cotton rows. They would sing and rock their bodies in time with the leader who worked ahead of them: ‘Rock, rock, rock, jubilee!’ was a phrase they would repeat over and over again.” In spite of training by the best of teachers the Pickens Sisters still go back to those early impressions when they make their arrangements for broadcasting over the NBC network.

Jane, Patti and Helen—a row of Pickens f'm Gawja.

CONNIE, MARTHA & VET

THESE pioneering Boswell Sisters have become so well known to practically all radio listeners it seems superfluous to biography them. Their dad did not bring them up to be harmonizers—he had them booked for high-brow classics. But one day he had to leave New Orleans for a trip to Florida. And while he was gone these torrid little daughters hopped over the fence and with the aid of a saxophone browsed on the luscious hot tunes of the levee. Nothing in music was ever written just right for them so their familiarity with academic music made it possible for them to do their own arrangements. Then they were invited to sing at WSMB. After that they found other engagements and when their dad got back from Florida he was the most astonished man you ever saw. But he surrendered and they went from one success to another—North, West to California and finally to New York where they scored their greatest radio triumph. They still do their own arranging and have a repertoire of about 400 songs. You hear them in Chesterfield programs.

Martha, Vet and Connie, and every one of 'em a Boswell (up till now, anyway). That name "Vet" stands for Helvetia.



X & X & X

IF YOU know your algebra you know what that "X" stands for—the unknown quantity. For some reason or other these "Three X" Sisters don't want their names published. The question as to whether they can harmonize or not is pretty well known, as they had not been on CBS a week before they were sought for records and movies. But they had to go to Europe to gain their first recognition. There they were acclaimed in a whirlwind tour of harmony and cross-fire chit-chat. Reading from left to right they are: X, X and X. You're welcome to the information. X is the prettiest.



Cheerio and

By ROSEMARY

SEVEN years ago out in California a certain man was walking down the street to his office. On the way he dropped in to see a friend. "How are you, old man?" he said. "Hope you're feeling better."

And he stayed to chat a few minutes, and when he left the friend said he did feel better and thanked him for the visit.

Nothing remarkable in that, is there? The certain man went on walking towards his office, feeling a glow because he'd been able to do some one a kindness. It came over him that there must be a lot of sick persons in the world, and not only sick persons, but sorrowing persons, lonesome persons, down-hearted persons, worried persons—all of them in need of just such a boost as he had a little while ago given to his sick friend. He wished he could by some magic means reach all those persons, give each one of them some comfort.

Nothing remarkable in that thought either. At times we have all wanted to be knights to the rescue, have all wanted to go out and save distressed damsels from the dragon. The remarkable thing is that this certain man did something about it.

He went to talk to his friend, Ray Lyman Wilbur, then President of Stanford University, and now Secretary of the Interior. Probably the conversation went something like this:

"You know, Ray, there are a lot of folks in this world who can't make physical daily dozens every morning but who need mental daily dozens to start their day so that it will be easier to go through it."

"More than that, as we physicians know. (Dr. Wilbur is a past president of the American Medical Association.) When a doctor goes to his patient he has to carry something with him that isn't in his black bag, and that he didn't learn in medical school. But it isn't only his patients that need what we're talking about. Lots of persons, in good health, are what we call 'sub-normal' on one morning or another. They need some outside spur."

"Why can't I reach those people by radio?"

"You can. And I will help you. It would do an immense amount of good." *(There is a legend abroad that Cheerio instituted this program in memory of his mother who had been an in-*

LAST season Miss Drachman, as an expert in historical research, had occasion while examining old books and files to become well acquainted with the man whose voice is that of Cheerio. She was greatly impressed with his absolute sincerity and noble purpose. This article is the result of her observations.

valid. The facts are that when this interview with Dr. Wilbur took place, Cheerio's mother was in good health. Before the first program actually went on the air she had been stricken in her last illness, and thus became, by a dramatic turn of fate, the most important member of that audience for whom he had conceived his service.)

And so, to the air! The rescuing knight on a new kind of steed. Have at thee, dragon! Every morning over a California station that certain man was there to send out his message of cheer and comfort and courage to the "somebodies somewhere" who had need of what he had to give.

"Cheerio," he called himself. "Cheerio"—meaning "Good Luck" and "Aloha" and "Keep a stiff upper lip" and a whole lot of other heartening things like that.

The program was simple. A few inspirational poems, some wise sayings, some sound and simple philosophy—the whole strung together by a chain of gay nonsense and delivered in a voice that was sympathetic and intimate. The response was immediate. Thousands of letters proved how needed was this daily

mental dozen, these sword-thrusts at the dragons.

Then after he was well started, another friend, no less a person than the then Secretary of Commerce and Chief of Radio, Herbert Hoover, heard this good will broadcast. At once he said to Cheerio that he, like any successful business man, should have a wider market for his goods. It made no difference that his goods were for gift not for sale. He should have a larger field. He should be on a national hook-up, reach hundreds of thousands where he now reached thousands.

With Hoover's encouragement, Cheerio came to New York. He got to the high officials of the National Broadcasting Company.

Said Cheerio, "I want to kill dragons." Oh, no, he didn't say it in just those words. But he told them about his idea, his program that would reach the shut-ins, the sick, the down-hearted, the afflicted. He explained it all very carefully.

What puzzled the broadcast officials was that this certain man wanted to give his services and wanted to remain anonymous.

"What," they asked, "no cash, no glory?"

CHEERIO told them he wanted neither, that his salary would be the letters of his listeners, that his fame he'd receive as Cheerio and not under his own name.

"All right," they said, "put on your program. We'll give you fifteen minutes over one station, W.E.A.F." They were surprised that he wanted early morning time. They said no one listened early in the morning. But Cheerio knew that the time for mental daily dozens was the first part of the day.

He got together several artists who were willing to be fellow dragon-slayers. There was Russell Gilbert, a business man who had at one time been in vaudeville, and who said he thought he might manage to sing a few songs and tell a few jokes every morning on the

the Dragons

DRACHMAN

program before he had to be at his office. There was Geraldine Riegger, the deep-voiced contralto, a pupil of Madame Sembrich.

On March 14, 1927, quite unheralded, the three of them went on the air in their little fifteen minute program from 8:30 to 8:45 on just one station.

That was over five years ago. The original group of three has grown to sixteen. The soprano, Mrs. Russell Gilbert joined her husband during the first week. There is Pat Kelly, the tenor, and Harrison Isles with his orchestra of seven—the "Little Peppers" as they are called—Miss Elizabeth Freeman and her two singing canaries, and Loyal Lane who works the controls. Dr. Crumline, general executive of the American Child Health Association, comes in every Thursday to give a talk on child health. For years his association financed the office expense connected with the Cheerio program for the sake of the good that comes to children from the inspiration given to their mothers during that quarter-hour.

The time has been increased from fifteen minutes to a half hour and the stations from one to thirty-five, taking in practically the entire NBC network for the eastern and central zones. From Canada to Florida, from Maine to Texas, at 8:30 eastern time every weekday morning, listeners may tune in to Cheerio for help against their particular dragons.

And what dragons Cheerio scotches! Anyone who listens to the programs and hears some of the letters read knows that.

LITTLE dragons that are more annoying than harmful. For instance, the dragon called "Oh what drudgery housework is!" Writes one woman: "I don't mind doing the dishes now. I carry my loudspeaker into the kitchen every morning."

The dragon called "That tired feeling." "I am a busy night nurse and I hurry home every morning to hear you, and feel so cheered up after the strain of the night," writes another.

The dragon called "The blues." "I used to get so low that I'd be clean in the cellar before hubby came home. Now he gets a pleasant 'hello' instead of a grunt."

The dragon called "Never having any time." "If it weren't for Cheerio my family would be running around with safety pins holding up their pants. That's the time I darn and sew."

The dragon of loneliness. "I live in the house for old ladies in Atlanta, Georgia. You should see me getting up early so as to have my room in apple pie order when you enter. For I play like you all come to see me and I like to have my room ready to receive you all."

The dragon of ill health. "When I was eight years old, Old Man Infantile Paralysis paid me a visit. I was left with two legs, one side, and one arm paralyzed. But thank the Lord he did not get all of me. I have still got one good arm and my head left."

The dragons of great affliction. "Twenty years ago this Thanksgiving



CHEERIO has his helpers to paint the morning sky with sunshine. From left: Wallace Magill, Geraldine Riegger, Lovina Gilbert, Patrick Kelly and Harrison Isles—and the Canaries.

Day a son was born to me. Then in August, 1921, when not quite three years old, the boy was kidnapped. In all the years since I have never found him." And from another letter, "I have lost my wife and little girl and have been unemployed for eight months. Do you wonder why it is so hard to smile? But I always tune in now before I go out looking for work."

Those are only a few of the letters that show the work that Cheerio and his Cheerio family are doing. Hundreds of thousands more have come in to prove how needed was that spiritual pick-me-up that is now available on the air every weekday morning at 8:30.

And no one can guess how many dragons are killed with the mere writing of those letters. It's a method of "getting it out of one's system," a method approved by both doctors and psychologists.

The letters are answered, too. Perhaps not with a mailed reply. But over the air comes a message in Cheerio's clear, understanding voice. "I am speaking to you," he says. And happily "you" in the English language, is both singular and plural. Each listener may take his words personally.

Cheerio takes no money for his services. It is a labor of love. NBC furnishes the network and is now paying the artists, although for a long time the Cheerio studio family worked for no pay or for very little pay.

Nor will Cheerio let the program be sold to a sponsor. The Cheerio hour is meant for "somebody somewhere" who might need help in starting the day right. The commercial element is kept out of it. Cheerio believes that the sincerity of purpose which started this service is the rock upon which it continues to stand—the freedom from any other purpose whatever is the ever-present guaranty of that sincerity.

FOR the same reason Cheerio wants to be known only as "Cheerio." Not because he wants to build up a great big mystery about himself, and so gain a sort of reverse publicity, but because the hallyhoo which is a part of any publicity—what he eats for breakfast, where he buys his ties, what he looks like, what his hobbies are, etc., etc.—would, in his opinion, interfere with the good that the program is now doing.

The reason for his impersonality is as simple as that, although many have tried to find a catch in it.

As Cheerio has said himself over the air, he is a man who is fortunate enough to have become a channel through which comfort and courage can flow to innumerable somebodies somewhere. Just as some other men have become channels through which a grand piece of music, or a fine painting, or a great

book reaches innumerable persons. The musician, the painter, the author would all fight against anything that would spoil their work. So Cheerio fights to retain his impersonality. He knows he does most good that way, is more helpful to more people by being just a voice.

As one woman says, "I have such a fine picture of you in my heart I don't want it spoiled. Every day I see you in a different way." And from another letter: "My good husband is a sea captain, and each morning when you say, 'Be happy all day long,' then, Cheerio, it seems my good husband speaks." And from still another: "You seem a Peter Pan. I imagine you dressed that way with a beautiful dark blue velvet cloak thrown around you, the cloak covered with silver stars, the border of misty ermine clouds."



Sunbeam, one of Cheerio's little trillers.

Naturally there are many rumors about him. "They say" he is a very wealthy retired business man. "They say" he is a minister. "They say" even that he is a prominent politician who will some day reveal himself and run for president. And a little girl writes, "Mum says you are Santa Claus and that when you leave the studio you hurry to your office to make me toys." Cheerio never affirms or denies such rumors, although it is likely that the one about Santa Claus tickles his vanity.

The scheme of the Cheerio hour is the birthday breakfast. To this imaginary birthday table are invited all those whose birthday is on that day. The special guests are the famous ones of the past and present and they are honored by having their works read, or their songs sung, or their compositions played. But not only the famous are at this birthday breakfast. Every "somebody somewhere" whose birthday is on

that day is sitting in spirit at the birthday table. And those birthday guests whose age is ninety or over are given special mention.

The "Gay Nineties," Cheerio calls them, and over the air go greetings to "somebody's dad in Canton, Ohio," and to "somebody's grandmother, ninety years young, in Brookline, Massachusetts," and to "somebody's uncle, a Civil War veteran, in San Antonio, Texas." Only the birthday guest's residence is given, but as each city is mentioned, one can see the birthday guest beaming with joy and pride.

FOR those who attain the grand age of one hundred the name is given. "Our guest of honor, Aunt Martha Hopkins of Newcastle, Maine, is quite a remarkable youngster of one hundred today. Three rousing cheers. Hip, hip, hooray!"

That's another dragon that Cheerio is scotching, the dragon of old age. Listeners of sixty and seventy feel like two-year-olds after hearing so much about the gay nineties and the hundred year youngsters. As some one wrote, "We used to think our mother was old, but now we've taken her down off the shelf, dusted her off, and told her she's nothing but a chicken." And another woman wrote, "I'm sixty. I was feeling old but when I heard your birthday party for hundred year old Grammy Wilkins, I said, 'Old, my goodness, I'm just a little more than half her age and she's young yet.'"

Anniversaries are celebrated, too. "The Honeymoon Special," Cheerio calls his list of those who have been married for fifty years and over. Those who have been married sixty years and over are mentioned by name.

And there is a horoscope, too, and a special birthday wish in which everyone joins. "Ready. Concentrate. Everybody wish," says Cheerio. A gong is struck, and over the land in thousands and thousands of homes listeners are sending out their good wishes. Who can calculate what that wave of good will is doing?

And another dragon nailed to the mast is the dragon of selfishness. Writes a listener: "The first day I wished for happiness for myself, the next day for my family, the next day for the whole world."

Of course there are those who do not have, or think they do not have, any dragons to be scotched. And to these Cheerio is nothing more nor less than the bunk. What they don't write in and call him! "Pollyanna." "Sob sister." "Professional cheer-up." "The complete bore." "Peddler of pabulum." "The hot-air king." "Nothing more nor less than a dull aching sensation in the neck." "Someone adoring the sound of

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Queen of the Air

JESSICA DRAGONETTE continues to reign supreme as the best loved singer in the Realm of Radio. Portrait shows her as she appeared on the Edison Fiftieth Anniversary program in the frilly-frillie's of the Seventies.

Highlights

PAUL WHITEMAN has again established his leadership during the current season and by the time this reaches you he will have launched his new program, the Buick Travelers from WEAF over an all-nation network. With him will be his charming entertainers including the especially charming Irene Taylor who joined the NBC in Chicago last year. Paul met her there and upon his return to New York succeeded, only a few weeks ago, in having her annexed to his staff. The three Sundays that Whiteman left the air for his rehearsals in Carnegie Hall brought an avalanche of mail from protesting listeners in all parts of the country. The new Buick Travelers series will take up the period formerly utilized by the General Motors for their Parade of the States, which concluded Oct. 17th with the forty-eighth and final tribute of the series. The program begins at 9:30 p. m., EST, every Monday night and will continue along the high standard maintained by General Motors on all of its programs.



Irene Taylor



Paul Whiteman

in Halftone

SAX ROHMER himself came over from England to make sure that his famous characters in the mystery stories of Dr. Fu Manchu should have the best possible interpretation in their radio dramatization over the Columbia network. John C. Daly, veteran British actor, is taking the part of Dr. Fu Manchu by personal endorsement of the author. All other characters are equally well chosen. Miss Sunda Love who has been assigned the part of the beautiful slave girl.



John C. Daly



Sunda Love

"Give Me Air,"

By LEONARD STEWART SMITH

"ONCE upon a time," said Georgie Price, between bites into his curried chicken a la Sardi. "I used to love to see my name in lights over a theatre. But not today. I'd much rather see it in the 'Today's Best Programs' box on the radio pages of the newspapers."

That was Georgie's way of answering the adulations which were being heaped upon him as we sat in the famous New York rendezvous at luncheon the day it was announced that Georgie Price had broken the house record for the season at the Paramount Theatre. The management announced that a total of \$68,000 had been paid in at the box office during the week by persons anxious to see Georgie Price.

During the luncheon everybody in the place stopped by the table to congratulate Georgie. But it didn't seem to make any impression on him.

So I remarked: "How can you keep from getting swell-headed after the marvelous things all these people are saying about you?"

HE LAUGHED, and so did his radio representative, attorney, and adviser-general.

"It doesn't mean anything," said Georgie. "Once upon a time it would have meant a lot. But now they shouldn't be congratulating me. I haven't done a thing. The radio has been responsible for it all. That box office record should be credited to

radio, not to me. The thing that gives me a kick out of it all is this: It confirms the rumors that I have achieved success in radio. And for



At first all that Georgie Price wanted was a chance at the air. No sooner did he get it than he wanted to get at the gold in the mint by running for the Sec'y of the Treas.

that I am glad, and feel very, very well repaid for the year I devoted trying to get into radio. What a year!"

I wondered if I had been hearing straight. That Georgie Price, one of the biggest names in vaudeville, a standard, sure-fire headliner for years, had had to devote a whole year to getting into radio. I had presumed that the only reason Georgie Price had been so slow in getting into radio

was the fact that he, like a lot of other stage stars, had purposely kept clear of the ether. But he soon convinced me that I had heard rightly.

"It was a picture no artist could paint," Georgie went on. "Imagine if you can a man ducking out through back doors at his home and his office to avoid theatrical managers pleading for his services, only to go sit on someone's door step and beg that person to let him in. That was me trying to get into radio."

"I WONT go so far as to say that they had never heard of me. Oh, no. They have some real showmen in radio. But they knew me only from the stage. They knew I could sing a song, do comedy, do impersonations, or go into a dance. They admitted—those that did talk to me eventually—that I was sure live on the stage. But, for radio, that was a different story. To radio Georgie Price was just a pest

who was liable to be waiting in the reception room when they came in in the morning, went out or in at lunch or when they went home at night. I was to them what the theatrical managers were to me.

"Well, that went on for a year. Oh, several times I almost clicked during that time. I gave several auditions. After one, several of my auditors came to me and assured me I had the contract easy. That was the last time I ever heard from that would-be sponsor. An artists' representative who happened to be in the studio

Says GEORGIE PRICE

that day told me I had nothing to worry about. If this program didn't come through he could get me 501 radio contracts, and that was the last time I heard from him until after I had been on the Chase and Sanborn coffee and tea programs, and then it was to drop into the studio and tell me he knew I would be a success on the air.

"It was all very funny how I finally broke in. It was right here in Sardi's. My manager and I were having lunch. He is Cantor's and Jessel's radio manager. You know Cantor, Jessel and I grew up in show business together. But we'll come to that later.

"I asked my friend to give me the answer to the riddle. How was it, I wanted to know, that Cantor and Jessel could have such an easy time getting radio listeners and I couldn't. And at the same time I admitted to my friend that I had as much talent as either one.

"Well, you never saw a man blow up so quickly."

He paused to smile at the manager, who interjected:

"All I asked Georgie was how he could mention himself in the same breath with Cantor and Jessel."

"That's all," Georgie continued. "Then he told me I was handling myself all wrong, that I was a pretty good business man, but that radio didn't think a business man was worth what I was asking for my services as an entertainer.

"Well, we ended up bad friends. I was insulted, and deeply so. Never before had I been cut so badly. We parted in a terrible huff. I know I never wanted to talk with him again, and I guess he was of the same mind.

"We didn't meet again for several days, until after I had had another slap from radio. I never felt lower in my life. I went for a walk in Central Park. I had tried to see several radio executives that day without success. Almost unconscious of my movements I had left the park and was walking down Broadway until I found myself in front of the Paramount Theatre building where my friend has his offices. I went in. I guess he was as much surprised to see me as I was at being there.

"I admit I was all wrong," I said to him, "now you go ahead."

"And he did. Within two weeks after that I was signed for the Chase

and Sanborn tea program. That is Georgie Price was signed up, but it was a far different Georgie Price than I had ever known."

The manager laughed. It was not, he explained, an unusual case. Georgie was not the first star of the stage to find he had to change himself entirely to make good in radio. He didn't seem to think it strange that Georgie had met a stone wall, while within two weeks after the walk in the park, he was set for the air.

"He should have taken that walk a year ago," was the manager's only comment.

"Speaking of taking a walk," went on Georgie, "reminds me of the first time Eddie Cantor ever sang a song."

Of course he was going back quite

LIKE most stage stars Georgie Price couldn't understand why he was not acclaimed at once when he tried to get himself a radio program. It took him a year to find out he had to start out all over again. But once he had humbled himself to that state of mind it did not take him long to climb to the top.

a few years to the days when Georgie, Eddie and Jessel were growing up with Gus Edwards shows. Georgie was like a son to Edwards in those days. Their association even today still is more of the father-son relationship than that of former employer-employee.

THIS season the act was a kid party in honor of Georgie and Lila Lee. Cantor was a waiter in blackface, spilling things and doing general blackface comedy.

"But Gus didn't think he was doing enough," Georgie said. "One day he took Cantor aside and said 'all the other kids are doing specialties, so you'll have to.'

"What can I do?" asked the bewildered Cantor.

"Sing a song," Gus answered.

"What, with my voice. Why they'll throw things at me."

"If you keep moving fast enough they'll never hit you," Gus told him.

"So Eddie went out to do a song.

I'll never forget it. The title was 'Start the Victrola' and from the first lines of the verse till the last line of the chorus Eddie kept running back and forth across the stage. Well, he had some catch lines in the chorus, and one day he heard some one laughing when he sang those lines. So he stopped his running and listened to the laughter, almost forgetting to finish the song. That was how Cantor developed his style of singing, running up and down during the most part and standing in one place while he renders the catch lines. He's never changed from the first time he sang until today, except, of course for the microphone."

Georgie has made a study of how the various artists he impersonates got their styles. He has gone very deeply into the subject, especially regarding the 20 stars he can take off in a moment's notice. He found, he said, that the styles are not original with the present day users in nine cases out of ten, but merely adaptations of styles they had liked when they were starting out.

There is probably no one in show business who knows the fabulous brothers Lee and J. J. Shubert, as does Georgie. He told me his favorite story about these two, who though brothers and partners sometimes go months without speaking to each other and even try at times to get the best of one another.

The Shuberts, besides owning shows and theatres, have several excellent apartment house properties in Manhattan. It was in one of these that Georgie desired to reside several years ago. He went to the renting agent and was shown just the apartment he wanted. But the rent—\$300 a month—was out of the question. He went down to the Shubert offices. Here is the way I reconstruct what happened.

Georgie—Good morning, Mr. Lee.
Mr. Lee—Hello, Georgie.

Georgie—Say that renting agent at the Johnson apartments certainly has a nerve asking \$250 for an apartment.

Mr. Lee—You bet he has, Georgie. Tell him I said to give it to you for \$200.

Georgie—Thank you, Mr. Lee.
Mr. Lee—Not at all, Georgie.

(Curtain is lowered for 30 seconds
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BOBBY BENSON

SOoooo! You thought all that talk about Bobby Benson, being the youngest member and the hero of the H-bar-O Rangers was the bunk! You thought it was just story-talk that you hear over the CBS broadcasting system from Buffalo every Monday, Wednesday and Friday right after you get home from school. Well, looka this! What?



Mrs. Johnny Marvin

(Read about Johnny on the opposite page)

That's Bobby Benson himself a-settin' on the fence, and that beside him is his trusty steed, Silver Spot! So you wouldn't believe it, huh?

Well sir, you know how the story goes about him bein' the heir to that H-bar-O ranch, and how the villains are a-tryin' to beat him out of it. And boy oh boy, does he have adventures! Look at him! Why that little bunch of chaps and sombrero is only ten years old. But don't he look like a regular Tom Mix in the bud! Course you shouldn't know this but up where he goes to school in Buffalo the teachers and all call him Richard. But some of the boys call him Dick and that's really just about as good a name if not even better'n Bobby. His whole name is Richard Wanamaker. Course you can't tell how that name Wanamaker stacks up out there where the Indianas 'n' cowboys are. Which would you rather be a Benson or a Wanamaker? But what's that got to do with this radio program? You wanta listen to it. Comes on at 5 o'clock. Hook 'em cow! Hey, Haf, don't you get fresh when a breeze blows up an' drag the little Boss off that corral palin'!



BE A BARBER

and

See the World

Says JOHNNY MARVIN

BY EARLE FERRIS

RADIO has a singing son of the plains, a barber who bought a ukulele and started out to see the world. His career might match that of the leading character in Edna Ferber's "Cimmaroun" or the leading character in the motion picture epic "The Covered Wagon." He is Johnny Marvin whose vocal tricks and agile guitar and ukulele strumming carried him many a long mile and now have made him one of America's best loved singers.

Neither his mother nor his father know exactly where Johnny Marvin was born because he was brought into the world in a covered wagon on a pine tree trail somewhere along the border of Oklahoma and Arkansas. His mother to this day says that he was born in one state and his father, in the other, so that when he gets a passport to go abroad, as he did once to sing before the Prince of Wales in London, he merely fills on his passport, Johnny Marvin, United States.

After his family had settled in Butler, Oklahoma, and he had started out life very prosaically as a barber in a small Oklahoma town, he began to play the guitar and for many nights his father and he rode twenty-five miles and back to play for square dances, earning the magnificent sum of two dollars and a half between them for playing five and six hours at a clip. One day he heard that a Hawaiian who was playing in a Hawaiian musical act had died at Clinton, Iowa. He hurried to that city and took his place, playing the guitar and the mandolin in Culligan and Hawkwell's Royal Hawaiians, in which they were all Hawaiians except Marvin. He gave that up later and returned home only to feel the lure of the wanderlust again, and working at his trade as a barber he made his way to St. Louis. While he was in

St. Louis he was offered a job taking care of a trainload of mules that were headed for South Carolina and he accompanied the mules from St. Louis as far as Washington, D. C., watering and feeding them. With his old guitar tucked under his arm he played it in Washington, to make his way to New York. He had four dollars and bought a round trip excursion ticket for three dollars and a half, selling it for two dollars and a half when he got to New York.

In two days his money ran out and although he had a room at Fourteenth Avenue and East Third Street, he sang on the street corners with his guitar to get enough money to eat while he answered ads for barbers. Each time he applied for a position they looked at his youthful face and decided he was too young. But finally a hairdresser on Eighty-sixth street in New York offered him a job shampooing ladies' hair. In a year's time he saved five hundred dollars on a salary of ten dollars a week and his tips. He sewed all but twenty dollars of the money into his vest and expressed his clothes ahead to St. Louis. With four sandwiches and two bottles of pop and wearing overalls over his new blue serge suit, he worked his way on trains to St. Louis, getting a job there as a barber until he saved up enough money to pay his way back to his old home in Butler, Oklahoma. There with the three hundred and fifty dollars he had left he bought the town barber shop.

BUT the wanderlust still called—another Hawaiian troupe needed a Hawaiian, and since he played a guitar, he became one and traveled with the troupe for a whole year getting twenty-five dollars a week and expenses. He went back to



Johnny Marvin

Butler, Oklahoma, again and joined the navy in 1918, spending thirteen months at San Diego where he doubled as a member of the band and as the company barber, at old Balboa Park for the duration of the war. After the war he went to San Francisco and got a job as a barber next door to Tait's Cabaret, a place largely famous to musical circles as having been the spot from which Paul Whiteman was fired.

It was in San Francisco that he met Charlie Sergent who had also been one of the many four Hawaiians with whom Marvin had played. And together they organized a vaudeville act, known as the Sergent Brothers, which they played in until 1921. He played vaudeville steadily until 1924 when he met the famous vaudeville act of the Four Camerons and was hooked on the same bill with them over a long while. On Christmas day in 1924, playing on a bill at Erie, Pennsylvania, he met a prima donna in an act owned by Frank Richardson, the old motion picture star. She was Edna May. Two months later she became Mrs. Johnny Marvin.

Later the Marvins left the Four Camerons and Johnny Marvin took his jazz band through the middle west, starting a tour in Omaha, and in two months he was flat broke. He scraped enough money to send his wife on to New York, and instead of paying the band, he gave them his old

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By PETER VAN STEEDEN

IN PREPARING a program which shall prove pleasing to the greatest percentage of his listeners-in, the radio dance orchestra leader must keep foremost in his mind the fact that he is playing not for a group of musicians, but for a number of people whose occupations may run the gamut from butcher to candlestick maker.

In order to give them the sort of music they really want, your leader must therefore know people, not merely as indefinite "members of an unseen audience," but as living, breathing human beings. No matter how wide his radio experience, it is insufficient unless the orchestra conductor has made a large number of personal appearances, during which he has watched various types of people respond to varied selections at different hours of the day and night.

"But," you ask, "won't his fan mail give him a definite indication of what the public wants?"

The answer is: It affords only a slight indication. It isn't nearly as definite a sign-post on the road to public preference as you would naturally expect. Here's why.

There are, generally speaking, two types of fan letters. One is written by people who are really interested in the program, and who try to help the broadcasters by making pertinent suggestions as to numbers they wish to have included in future presentations. Sometimes the writers of these serious letters tell us which selections they liked, or did not like. Their letters are always very welcome.

The other type of fan letter comes from the "souvenir hunter." This person writes a letter very similar to the one I have just described, and usually requests an autograph of the conductor.

Now, if the serious-minded individual particularly likes the broadcaster's program, he too may request a photograph. So there is really no way in which the leader is enabled to tell whether the writer of a "fan letter" is expressing an honest preference, or is just prefacing a request for a picture with a few polite phrases.

Because fan mail is not a reliable barometer of public preference, a back-



Peter Van Steeden

PLEASING the PUBLIC

Orchestra Leader Says "Know People"

THERE'S many a young orchestra leader with big ambitions working hard and hoping eventually to make the big chains and national recognition. Here's a message from a young man (Van Steeden is only 28) who has already achieved unusual success. He's on the WEAF network Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. He spends 24 hours making arrangements for each 15 minute program. He keeps prepared four weeks ahead of his schedule. Then there are two dress rehearsals to match up all ends and make sure that time and action are perfectly synchronized. He is an authority in his field.

ground of stage or dance work (preferably both) is required in order that the radio dance orchestra leader may please the majority of his audience, during the greatest part of his program.

By way of illustration, let me quote a bit from my own observations. When

I played in Whyte's Restaurant, I kept carefully collated statistics on the ways in which patrons at various hours reacted to my music. I found, for example, that people prefer slow, dreamy waltzes or languishing ballads in fox-trot tempo around dinner time. As the evening progresses, they like to have their music grow faster and "botter," until in the late evening hours we are interspersing a far greater percentage of torrid tunes in our programs than we do at the start of the evening.

The way to do it is to give them plenty of "blues" and what might be called "jungle jazz." I don't know whether it's the tricky flutter of the brasses, the over-accentuated rhythm of the drums, or the use of the special mutes that fills the late listeners full of pep, but I do know that when they're listening after midnight, they want their music cannibalistic.

This is even more true of the radio audience than in the case of the other types for which I have played. You see, the radio listener has all sorts of music at his finger-tips. If he wants

slumber music, it's readily available at the twist of a dial. So it's my job as a dance orchestra leader to provide the sort of dance music

that will keep the greatest number of listeners contentedly tapping their toes at any given hour I go on the air.

Of course, a program, even though early, is seldom without one or two fast numbers, or if late, without a couple of dreamy selections, for the taste of the minority must be considered too. But, as a general rule, the basis just outlined enables the orchestra leader to please the largest proportion of his public.

IT'S all based on the old rule for success in any line of endeavor: In order to please people, you must know them from personal observation. And if you are in doubt about knowing the audience to which you are playing it is time to check up and find out just the kind of a listener you do know and understand. When you have arrived at that conclusion figure that there are many thousands of other listeners of the same type. Then play your very best to satisfy that kind of a listener. Keep him in mind, think of him (or maybe it's a her), imagine this known listener tuned into that loud speaker. By this maxim you will find at least one public that is pleased.

This is the first of a series of articles by Peter Van Steeden. In his next, the NBC dance orchestra leader will give conductors who are just getting their start, a few tips on how to "break into the big time."

Lovely Lady —

Catherine Mackenzie Called on an Editor to Sell Him an Article—and He Married Her—now She Does Air Column in CBS

IF YOU glance at her picture, you will know at once that Catherine Mackenzie is exceedingly attractive. Novelist, newspaper woman, commentator and conductor of the women's air column (Catherine Mackenzie Entertains) over WABC-Columbia, one of the most captivating speaking voices of radio belongs to her. She has that rare gift—disarming informality, a sense of humor that won't subside, lavish charm, and a genius for choosing the right subjects for her audience. She will interview anyone from an eminent actress to an eminent senator's wife in such a way that you feel both Miss Mackenzie and her subject are sitting in your parlor and sharing their interesting viewpoints.

But now—meet her more specifically. As accurately as words can do it. She is slender and gracious, with carefully shod feet and expressive hands. Her hair is brown. The eyes are grey-blue, direct and humorous. The smile is slow and broad.

She was born (she will tell you proudly) on Cape Breton Island, of sturdy Scottish Highland ancestry. She arrived on her father's Election Day, which was quite a coup d'état, considering. He held political office, and the family was a prominent one in Baddeck, the Shiretown of the County.

As a literary lady, Catherine Mackenzie published her first opus at the age of nine. Once, she was paid three dollars for a poem, and promptly purchased additional copy paper and a large box of candy. Vanity, however, was whaled out of her by three "interested" brothers, all older than herself.

Scholastically, she made her mark at Baddeck Academy, later at boarding school. She wanted to go to Cornell University, where her oldest brother was an instructor. That was in 1914. She wanted specialization in history and English. The world war snapped short her schooling.

Three brothers, stalwart, handsome youths, joined the Canadian colors, went overseas with the kilted Cape Breton Highlanders, C. E. F. All three died in heroic action.

Catherine Mackenzie turned to profitable pursuits for life work, became associate with Alexander Graham Bell's experimental laboratory in Canada, displayed unique abilities, won the approval of Alexander Graham Bell, became his

experimental assistant and confidential secretary.—All this at the mature age of 18!

For eight years radio's first woman "columnist" toiled at Bell's side. Her days were packed with research, experiment, writing. At night she read current events, works on politics, philosophy, the arts and travel to the bearded veteran whose name flies on the white and blue flags above every building of the five billion dollar American Telephone and Telegraph Company (Bell System).

While with Alexander Graham Bell she wrote all his personal and business letters. (Although she knows no shorthand.) Knows far more about Bell than many of his business associates. Considers him an outstanding genius, a great humanitarian, lovable friend.

DURING this service, Catherine Mackenzie's pen traced authentic notes on the outstanding career of her distinguished employer. After his death she wrote the life of Alexander Graham Bell—a volume replete not only with detailed observations, facts and chronology, but a penetrating and unbiased judgment on the man and his work. It won her instant fame.

"I traveled with Mr. and Mrs. Bell wherever they went in those years," she related, "and always worked feverishly. Mr. Bell was a dynamo for work. Anything from twin-bearing sheep to submerged hydrosurfaces. On trains, ships, houseboats or in the Dupont Circle home of the Bells in Washington—he kept eternally busy, and so did I.

"In Scotland our party went to Inverness so that I could see the Highlands. There I fought, bled and died from one end of the country to the other. This was the more generous of Mr. Bell, since we had a standing feud on the subject of the Highlands and the Lowlands. (The Bells are a Lowland family.) He insisted that Highlanders were barbarians. I maintained the Lowlanders were little better than the English!

"The peak of my career came when (in Scotland) I addressed a native in Gaelic and he replied, 'Ah, you're from Lewis' (in the Hebrides). I had been taken for an American in England, and I almost died of joy."

Catherine Mackenzie's first writing



Catherine Mackenzie

"job" in New York was with Bruce Barton. Subsequently she received an assignment to do publicity for a Canadian province. Wrote all her own copy, did the typewriting, sat up all night captioning photos, mailing, stamping them.

Aside from this she wrote feature articles—she calls them "pieces," for The Christian Science Monitor, The New York Times, New York Sun, New York World and other leading newspapers. Has written for National Geographic Magazine and other travel periodicals.

Approaching Edward Hale Bierstadt, her favorite editor, critic and author, one day with a travel story, she discovered herself loved and in love. Bierstadt, member of a fine old New York family, was then editor of the magazine, Travel. They were married shortly thereafter. After six years, she still says her husband is "the most charming and gifted man I ever met."

RADIO'S DARK TOWN



Here are the Three Keys to harmony—a piano, a voice and a guitar. Slim and his magic guitar is in back; then comes Bob Bon, the sugary tenor and Bob who makes those ivory keys hop up and down so melodiously.

SPECIAL COLORED

"H A-D E-H O-de-dee-ummm-um—waddy-daddy-doo—" sing the black chanters of the air and all America is amused. North, South, East and West. It's the 1932 edition of the songs the black folk sang when brutal white traders snared them like wild animals from their ancient homes in African forests, brought them to America and made them slaves to hew wood and till the soil.

Tunes that the negroes sing of their own contrivance today are actually traceable back to the folk songs of the jungle which have been handed down from generation to generation. The time rhythm, even what may have been words from old Guinea are woven into the weird strains and tom-tom rumble so popular in Harlem of New York, South State street, Chicago, and dark town rendezvous in metropolitan sections all over the country.

Cab Calloway, slim, willowy, clean-cut features with some of the graces of the Caucasian aristocracy that blended into the blood of his ancestry, showing in his eyes and nose and brow, is the king of this new fad of "scat" singing. In fact he is said to have originated the name "scat" to designate it. He has the ever-present good nature of his race, and he is capable of drowning himself in the ecstasy of the rhythmic tooting and drumming of his band.

HE was one of the first of his race to achieve fame over the radio. But the Mills Brothers who first were heard from WLW at Cincinnati and then over the Columbia network, last year, really brought attention to the peculiar adaptability of negro harmonizing to radio broadcasting through their amazing vocal imitation of a jazz band. They really are very young men and although they jumped almost over night from porters and bootblacks to the two and three thousand dollar a week class they have kept their heads and their money through the sage advice and cooperation of good management. They were the first colored entertainers to win real sponsorship on a national network. Their tour of the theatre circuits has been surprisingly

SUPPLEMENT

HARMONIZERS

successful, because of the air fame that preceded them.

Latest of the species to win fame is the trio recently discovered by the NBC and called The Three Keys. An official of the National Broadcasting Company was browsing around the dials at home one night when he came suddenly on a small station in Pennsylvania which had picked up the three colored boys playing in a black and tan resort in Chester. They had gained considerable local reputation so the broadcasters had

decided to give them a fling on the air. The NBC man recognized at once that this trio were key singers to a new fad and it was not long before they were brought to the studios at 711 Fifth Avenue. Their promise was immediately fulfilled.

The next step was to Broadway where they played in the Capitol theatre and stopped the show. They were a sensation on the stage, and doubtless will duplicate the success of their colored predecessors.



CAB CALLOWAY who originated what is called "scat" singing so far as it is known to radio listeners. He was born in Baltimore but rules the night gaiety of Harlem.



THE MILLS BROTHERS: Left, Herbert (saxophone), Donald (hot licks), Harvey (trumpet), and John (tuba).

Marcella

"Hears
All
Tells
All"

Editor Lee Writes

JUST as Marcella was pondering over the many requests for information on fan clubs, whom do you suppose lit on her windowsill, all dressed in beautiful autumn feathers?—why, Marcella's Little Bird and under one of those beautiful wings she carried a letter.

Together we read it through and decided it was just what some of our friends have been watching for, and we had better quote some of it. Miss Jacqueline Lee is the author, who stated she was "twenty years of age, with a high school education, and very much interested in writing. At present I am running a fan club, and putting out a little monthly paper." (She enclosed one for our inspection, and I am going to quote some interesting things from that too.)

The name of the paper is "Buddy Rogers News Monthly," and the copy we received was Volume 1—Number 5, October, 1932. Here is the Editor's Column—"As you can see, I am inaugurating a new system this month—or rather, trying it out. That is having the papers facsimile-type-written. This should eliminate the possibility of their being so late in reaching you. The time I spend in typing them all has not recently been planned right, and you have received your copies very late, for which I am exceedingly sorry and I express my apologies. However, I hope you will give me another trial. Under the new system I hope the papers will be out by the fifth.

"I must admit that I was disappointed at the response (or, rather, lack of it) to my plea for new members. Not a 'prospect' did I receive from one of you. However we will forget that, and I'll hope you will keep trying. A monthly increase in our membership is absolutely essential for the success of our organization.

"Comments on the paper in its new form will be appreciated. If you don't like it, don't hesitate to say so. This is your club and I want it to be to your liking."—Jacqueline Lee.

Miss Lee has a story in the paper on an interview she had with Buddy, backstage at the Valencia Theatre, at Jamaica, Long Island, which will be concluded in the November issue. Also, there are two columns of "This and That," including such items as Frankie Parrish possibly joining the

Vincent Lopez orchestra while Buddy is on the coast; Buddy's purchase of a new Cadillac, and his decision to send his DuPont out to his Mother, which, sad to relate, was smashed beyond repair on its journey there; Buddy's pride over a letter received from a fan in Oklahoma, which was written on linen and enclosed in a linen envelope; and other items, which Little Bird is trying to tell me I cannot mention because there will not be room to answer all the inquiries she has been working on. There is a "Birthday Column" in the paper too, and a list of some of Buddy's foreign fans. Jacqueline's address is: 53 Park Boulevard, Malverne, New York, and I am sure she will be most happy to hear from you.

I thought my Little Bird, Toddles, hopped off that window sill rather quickly—of course, it is rather cold there now, but the speed used was just to snap this letter from the mailman. Well, here is the letter:

Everything's All Right

"Please extend my sincerest apologies to dear Toddles. I really had no intention of hurting her feelings. I like her, but s-sh—I thought she didn't like me, the way she stared at me that day I ruffled your hair—I felt she disapproved of me. (The former letter had knocked Toddles for not getting out some information fast enough.) Also give her my thanks for trying so hard to get me what I wanted—and still want.

"Have made up my mind that—short of hiring a detective—it is useless to try to find out anything about Leo Reisman. However, I know he receives and reads his fan mail, so he must be real. I've also seen a cartoon made of him while 'in action'—that is, conducting his orchestra. I also know he won't go near a 'mike' unless he is paid in advance for his performance. Beyond that I can only guess—and as one guess is as good as another—I'll guess that Leo Reisman is something of a hermit-crab, part Jew, part Scotch, with all the canny secretiveness of both races—who has a secret hideaway to which he scurries after each brief visit on the 'air waves.'

"Yes, Marcella, I did see and read that story (as you call it) in the April issue of RADIO DIGEST. It is that particular article and the picture accompanying it that caused me to

pester you and dear Toddles with all my questions.

"How do I know Mr. Reisman reads his fan-mail? I've written to him. Asked him for his photograph and a brief biography of himself. Do you know he won't even send me his picture?—the 'old meany!' After I had called to my command all my resources of wit, flattery, and what-not—even tried to bribe him for a picture—what do I get—a telegram saying: 'You interest me strangely. Send me a picture first, then I will think everything else over. To a fan of mine—from a fan of yours'—signed—Leo Reisman!!!"

"What would you have done? Being of a very obliging nature—at times—and wanting very badly what I wanted of Mr. Leo Reisman, I did the best I could. Not having any photographs of myself (I'm camera-shy), or the price of having my picture taken—I did the next best thing. I propped up a mirror on the table in front of me so that I could see my face in it, took a pencil, drawing paper and a trusty eraser, and proceeded to draw my own 'mug.' The result was a fair counterfeit of my face, if I do say so myself. Sent it to the exclusive Mr. Leo Reisman—but he evidently didn't like it 'cause he let me down—gee! Isn't the floor awfully hard when you hit it unexpectedly?"

"Could you or Toddles find out anything about Miss Lee Wylie (? about the spelling) and Madame Marcus—the two women on Leo Reisman's program?"

"I wonder could you give me the lowdown on Phil Dewey? A short biography, making sure of the height, weight, age, and the color of those eyes. Do his children number two or three, and what are their sex, names, and ages? And—where is that little brute? He was with the Revellers, but he hasn't been with them for some time now. Isn't he doing anything now, or is he really the baritone of the Men About Town or Round Towners—what do they call themselves—anyway, the trio that has Frank Luther as one of its parts, and did have Woodyard (another ? for spelling) as the baritone? Did Dewey and Woodyard change places, or what? Honest—I'm puzzled! (It's "Men About Town" and Darrell Woodward.)

"As for your answering my questions through the RADIO DIGEST, Marcella darling, I send you stamped, self-addressed envelopes for your answers because—I am impatient at best—I want my questions answered now not next month, and, if you don't answer as soon as I think you should, please don't blame me if I try to have my

(Continued on page 46)

YOUNGEST RADIO MAESTRO ON NETWORK ONLY 17

By Ten Devlin

CAN you remember back—not so terribly long when the world suddenly was electrified by the news that a World War was on? That was in the summer of 1914. Now, along about Christmas when blood was flowing like water all up and down the lines Mr. and Mrs. Al Harrod of Little Rock, Ark., announced the arrival of a baby son.

That baby, born under the regime of President Wilson, is none other than the same Buddy Harrod whom you now hear announced daily as conducting the Cardinal orchestra from Broadway over a CBS-WABC network. Well, you veterans, the younger generation certainly is growing up!

Buddy tries to make himself look much older than he really is. In fact he thinks just because he will be 18 next December 24, he might as well be called 18 now. His father, now deceased, bequeathed to his son a natural understanding of music. The senior Harrod formerly was trombone player with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Sousa's Band, and Arthur Pryor's Band.

Buddy actually began to play the violin at the age of four. By the time he was in high school in Little Rock he not only was director of the high school band but also was assistant director of the 153rd Infantry Band.

Getting on in years and experience he thought before it got too late in life he would go to New York for a little study and look-see. He proceeded forthwith and promptly introduced himself to the celebrated instructor, Karl Andrist. That was way, way back in 1930. Would you believe it, he is still studying with Andrist! But eventually his palm began to itch for the old baton that he used to swing with the regiment in Little Rock so he got himself an orchestra of a dozen men and now they're keeping the crowds happy in one of those swank Oriental restaurants on Broadway in the theatrical district.

People began ah-ing and oh-ing about him and his Cardinal orchestra, so last September Columbia signed him up for a daily broadcast at noon—12 to 12:30. Then, besides that, he is on again every Friday night from 1 to 1:30 and on Saturday night from 1:30 to 2:30—a rather late hour for a youngster. But you must realize that Buddy Harrod is really quite grown up and sophisticated now. He is holding down a man's job.



Buddy Harrod the 17 year old Broadway maestro.

But this jazz stuff is only a passing phase for Buddy Harrod. He'll tell you that with apologies. He says to the interviewer, "Along with my violin study I am taking a course of legitimate orchestra conducting."

ALTHOUGH young Buddy Harrod may speak of his present style of conducting as something not quite legitimate he does not feel that radio won't figure in his plans. No matter how ultra or classical his future style of conducting may become it will be acceptable to radio listeners.

"We are all looking ahead to the better things in music," he said, "and radio is just the thing that creates this interest. The flashy, temporary things come and go over night but the worth while music endures. It is fundamentally great in its appeal. The general mass of the listeners comprehend that. They welcome and enjoy music of the better kind today which they quickly would have tuned out three or four years ago. By the time I am 30 it may be that the whole idea will be so radically different we will all look back to the music of today as something distinctly of a by-gone age."

RADIO HER LIGHT

WHEN I wrote to you (Nellie Revell) some time ago, saying how much I was enjoying your programs on Wednesday nights, I had not yet begun taking *Radio Digest*, but the more I heard about it, the more interested I became and so finally purchased a copy. Though I was not able to read it myself, as I am without sight, my sister, who always shares the use of her eyes with me, read me the articles and told me about the pictures. Both of us liked the magazine so much that we have been taking it right along since February. I would appreciate having it mailed directly to me, and so am sending one year's subscription.

Being very much of a radio fan, I have learned to recognize many of the announcers by their voices and now, thanks to *Radio Digest* I know from description what they look like. That section of the magazine devoted to letters from listeners is very interesting.

I am glad that some of the winter programs are coming back on the air. I like the Chase & Sanborn Hour, the Parade of the States, the "Cop and Robber Stories" on the Lucky Strike Hour, Sherlock Holmes, the Goolyear program and many others. The Revellers are just great, and I never miss any of their broadcasts.

Here is something for that Q. & A. box. I would like to know if there is any regular program at present on which James Melton is soloist (not regularly). I think he has the most beautiful voice on the radio, and would like to hear him more often. Wish we might have a picture of him in the *Radio Digest*. (Oct. 1932.)

We have finished with the Summer issue, and are eagerly awaiting the next one.

With thanks and best wishes for the future success of this worth-while magazine.—Marie Thibeau, Bangor, Maine.

ARE ALL CROONERS MALE?

THIS is my first try at VOL, and I hope it is a successful one. I got quite a kick out of VOL in the Summer edition. It was unusually interesting.

First of all, I would like to correct an impression that a certain Pittsburgh R. D. Club seems to have, that all male singers are crooners. If anyone on the Pacific Coast should hear Donald Novis called a crooner, I am sure there would be a battle in store for the person who made so erroneous a statement.

I would like to compliment Miss Winifred Stabler on her excellent suggestion of starting an Orchestra Gallery when the Announcers' Gallery is concluded. If it is not possible to present pictures of the full orchestras, I think it would be a great stunt to print photos of the leaders and their featured vocalists.

Please let us have an article on Isham Jones and his outstanding orchestra. Excluding the Lombardos, Isham Jones is incomparable, and I sometimes wonder if even the Lombardos are as consistent for good entertainment.

In closing I would like to give my idea of the All Star Orchestra:

Piano—Eddie Duchin
Banjo—Harry Reser
1st Trumpet—Clyde McCoy

Voice of the

2nd Trumpet—Lebert Lombardo
1st Saxophone—Wayne King
2nd Sax and Clarinet—Ted Lewis
3rd Saxophone—Carmen Lombardo
Trombone—Abe Lyman
Bass Violin and Tuba—Isham Jones
Violin—Joe Venturi
Guitar—Eddie Lang
Drums—Isham Jones
Vocalists—Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey, Eddie Stone
Leader—Isham Jones
Yours for that Orchestra Gallery—
Tom Hennion, Ventura, California.

LET'S BE BROAD

I FEEL so sorry for the poor Mr. William E. Bryant who wrote to the general manager of the CBS. Why did not the manager change all the programs for Willie? Surely the other fifty million listeners who like Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee, Ralph Kirbery, and others, would like to please him. What is wrong with some people? There are always two types of programs, and if a person does not enjoy one, he is free to tune to another. I, too, like both kinds of music, and enjoy hearing Lawrence Tibbett, but I also like Bing Crosby.

I would like to see a big write-up for Donald Novis and Paul Whiteman. Donald Novis, I believe, deserves more credit at this time than any other singer.

How about giving the California readers of *Radio Digest* a little more information on their own stations. KHJ has very good programs and some of the most popular. May we have some information and a pic-

ture of Lindsay MacHarris, KHJ's production manager. It seems that all station letters in the *Radio Digest* start with W—let's have a few K's.

Just one more thing. Surely a large percentage of *Radio Digest* readers like music. Can we not do as Rudy Vallee suggests? Let us buy more phonograph records, and more sheet music. And as for Mr. Bryant, he could buy some Victor Red Seal records. I am not "over" wealthy, but I do manage to buy three or four records a month, and at least two Red Seal. After all, the song writers must have some encouragement.

You might publish *Radio Digest* twice a month. It is inexpensive and very interesting, especially "Tuneful Topics." An interested R. D. reader.—Ervin Atkins, Fresno, California.

ASK COL. STOOPNAGLE

I HAVE waited as long as I can. I read *Radio Digest* constantly for a long time, and never have I seen a word concerning Sam Herman, xylophonist. There is an artist who gives a program that is really different and worth-while, and whose appearance we anxiously await.

Xylophonists are very few and far between down here, and a great audience awaits a good one. We have heard Sam Herman a great deal, and would like to know a little more than just his being a great xylophonist. I hope you will think a picture and write-up will be an asset to your magazine. Yours sincerely—E. M. Mason, Houston, Texas.

OKEH, MR. OSBORNE!

AS AN ex-radio-writer, may I congratulate *Radio Digest* on its fine features and excellent and capable material. It gives us each month a bookful of novelties and worth-while reading, combined with plenty of pep.

I want, too, to add my voice to the clamor on the VOL pages. First, may I nominate the ace headliner of the air for the winner of the Male Beauty Contest—suggested by your readers—namely, Will Osborne. He is the only band leader now conducting who is truly "kind to the eyes."

My only sore spot toward *Radio Digest* is the fact that nothing appears about this truly worth-while maestro. He and his ace musicians go unnoticed in the *Digest*, while others of lesser merit are applauded—and fan letters to the editor prove of no avail in securing what many want. I sincerely wish some of these ardent fans could handle assignments—interviews with these idols, and after a few months they would agree with me, that to date Will Osborne was the only one found worthy of the praise and admiration bestowed upon him.

My very best wishes to *Radio Digest*, and a long printed life, cheerio.—R. Moriarty, Plattsburg, N. Y.



Billy White whose tenor voice is heard with Frank Westphal's Orchestra, CBS, Chicago.

Listener

SHOULD FEEL BETTER

I HAVE been reading the *Radio Digest* since February, and find it quite interesting. I like seeing the pictures of the announcers, but find the *Voice of the Listener* pages most interesting. I like to see if other folks like the same voices and programs that I like.

I regret to know that the McCravery Brothers programs are not at present on the air, and miss them very much. I think their voices and songs are just lovely. And they are so helpful and inspiring that everyone who hears them should feel better. Hoping to hear the McCravery Brothers back on the air soon.—Melina Benoit, The Glades, N. B.

ANOTHER "ALL STAR"

IN the last issue of *Radio Digest* there was submitted to VOL an All Star Orchestra. However, it did not appeal to me, so I am sending in my All Star selection:

Saxophones—Guy Lombardo, intact.
1st Trumpet—Victor Lombardo
2nd Trumpet—Ernie Birchell of Wayne King
Trombone—Mike Durso of Rudy Vallee
String Section—P. Whiteman's violins and bass
Pianos—W. Gross and C. Burwell of R. Vallee
Banjo—Harry Reser
Drums—Joe Plotke of Maurie Sherman
Leader—Rudy Vallee
Co-Director—Wayne King
Soloists—Ethel Shutta and Fran Fry, in addition to Rudy Vallee, Ernie Birchell, Carmen Lombardo, and Joe Plotke.

In my opinion, a sweeter combination could not be named. Every member is a finished musician and the singers are something to rave about. If it were possible to bring these artists together, waltzes, semi-classics, and light, popular fox trots would be the predominating types of music played.

Mr. Vallee and Mr. King have similar tastes in music, both preferring the slow, sweet kind, so this would assure co-operation between them. All in all, I would like to see anyone pick a more perfect combination.—H. A. Nelson, Rockford, Ill.

LOGS 580 STATIONS

SINCE writing to you before, I have increased my log to 580 stations, with about 300 verified. On a Majestic, Model 24 Superhet, I have heard every state in the Union, 17 stations in Cuba, 15 in Mexico, 22 in Canada and 1 in the Bahamas. My verifications include 10BQ (7½ watts) Bramford, Ontario; 10AK (15 watts) Stratford, Ontario; 10BP and 10AB (both 25 watts) Wingham, Ontario, and Moose Jaw, Sask., respectively; KFFM (15 watts) Greenville, Texas; WNBW (10 watts) Carbondale, Pa.; WHBC (10 watts) Canton, Ohio; VAS, Glace Bay,

N. S.; VPN, Nassau, Bahamas; 51 verifications from the Pacific Coast; 15 being stations of 100 watts or less.

I would like to see many letters in the DX column, and would like to hear from Mr. Paul McAfee and Mr. Frank Howell, also any others who would care to write. Yours DXingly.—J. R. Pruitt, Shelby, N. C.

HALL, NEXT MONTH

CONGRATULATIONS on the *Radio Digest*. I have been getting it for a long time, and would not miss it for the world. I do wish, though, it were larger, as *Tuneful Topics* and the VOL are great.

I would like very much to see pictures, and, if possible, articles on George Hall and his Hotel Taft Orchestra, his vocalist, Glenn Cross; Isham Jones, Harold Stern, Freddy Martin, Noble Sissle. They are my favorite orchestras. As for announcers, Fred Uttal and Ted Husing.

One more request—how about Tito Guizar—that delightful chap who sings Spanish songs over the CBS network? Would like, too, to see an article about him. (Oct. 1932.) Does Bing Crosby broadcast any more? If so, please tell me when. (Only occasionally.) My friends and I think the CBS has the best programs. Not so much classical music. In my opinion, popular music makes a bigger hit. Here's hoping you print this letter, and I wish *Radio Digest* all the luck in the world.—Kay W. Marshalltown, Iowa.

NAUGHTY DOLLY DEARBORN!

I HAVE been a constant reader of your interesting magazine for many months.



Ruth Lyon, NBC, soprano, knows how to go and stir up something for herself when hungry.

and should count it a distinct loss to miss a single copy of it. However, I have not found but one reference to my favorite radio personality—the inimitable Ben Bernie, and I am writing for a little information regarding him. . . . We were just a little peeved at the clever Dolly Dearborn's reference to him in your June edition, under the heading "Blue Ribbon Mad." She not only has a "perverted" sense of humor, but she lacks imagination as well. Has it ever occurred to her that when he repeats song titles, he is playing a request number for which the title may have especial significance to the person who requested it? He, therefore, emphasizes it by repeating it one or more times, with particular emphasis on a certain word, or words. As for his laughing at his own jokes, don't we all do quite a bit of unnecessary laughing in the course of conversation, not because we think we have said something funny, but just to make the conversation seem lighter and more pleasant? I like to hear him laugh. I think he has an intimate, infectious sort of chuckle, which is altogether delightful. As for his orchestra, we consider it one of the best, if not the best, on the air, and he has more good soloists than any other single orchestra in the country. We have only one criticism to make, however, and that is he does not feature Frank Prince often enough. His voice is by far the most appealing and his singing apparently effortless and, therefore, the most pleasing to his radio audience. Pat Kennedy has a fairly good voice, but he sings as if he is straining every vocal cord to the breaking point, thereby succeeding in making the other waves sound like troubled waters with his quavering.

At any rate, Ben Bernie is our favorite radio feature, and we have missed his Tuesday evening broadcasts immeasurably. He has been an ever welcome guest in our southern home for many months.—Tela Smith Miller, Suffolk, Va.

LEAPING SCRAPBOOK

JUST a hint to let you know that my enthusiasm for radio has not waned. Nor has my radio scrapbook been put on the shelf. It is growing by leaps and bounds. Just received a letter in German from the Rundfunk-Gesellschaft of Berlin, Chartenburg, Germany, together with five lovely photos—one of a studio in Frankfurt, one in Ehrenburg, and two of Berlin; the other an airplane view of the city, showing the Broadcasting Building. I am mighty proud of my collection of photos and letters I receive from the artists, and stations. Hope to receive many more in the future. Sincerely, a *Radio Digest* Reader.—Mrs. Frank M. Taylor, Westfield, N. J.

ALICE, WHERE ART THOU

SINCE the days when it was considered "the thing" to wear head-phones every night, I have been a reader of *Radio Digest*, and in all that time I have never made a request for anything, but now I am going to ask you for a favor.

There is a young lady on the "Evening in Paris" program—Miss Alice Roman—who is, to my mind, about as lovely a contralto as there is on the air, and I think she deserves a write-up in your dandy magazine. Ray High, Sellersville, Pa.

TUNEFUL TOPICS

By Rudy Vallee

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC. Messrs. Rodgers and Hart, gentlemen of the elite school of songwriting, that is to say the Park Avenue "class" crowd, who are best known for their "And Then My Heart Stood Still" from "The Connecticut Yankee," and subsequently "Here's How," have been shipped to the Coast to write music for various great personalities, one of their first being that great Frenchman. Everyone who has seen his picture, "Love Me Tonight," seems to feel that the boys have done a great job in giving him the type of song he needs to best express his very unique personality.

The song, which is played continuously throughout the picture, and is introduced in a very unusual manner, with various persons in the picture each taking a phrase or a few measures of the song, is **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC.**

The first night I sang it on the Fleischmann's Yeast Hour I was unaware of what the second chorus had in the way of lyrics, and was into them before I realized that they were extremely humorous. I could not hear it, but I was told that the audience was convulsed with laughter as I came to the lines about scrubbing my back and having a troop of children, but it is a cute song, and one hears it everywhere. Mr. Chevalier may be very thankful for his assistance from Messrs. Rodgers and Hart.

Larry Spier, of Famous Music, Inc., publishes the song, and being of the type best suited to being played slowly, we do it in that manner.

THREE'S A CROWD. Warner Brothers, in their effort to dramatize successfully in a photoplay, Rian James' indictment of orchestra leaders who sing softly, supplied Donald Novis, (who really does the singing in the picture, "The Crooner," while David Manners raises the megaphone in a way which would antagonize most anyone,) with three or four songs, none of which I thought were really outstanding. Irving Caesar sent me one of them months ago, and the first time I would have sung it was when I was in the throes of laryngitis in Baltimore. It was "Sweethearts Forever."

Outstanding from the picture, evidently, from the requests which phonograph dealers have received, is **THREE'S A CROWD**, which is supposed to imply the plot of the story. I did not care very much for the song as

it put me very much in mind of "Oh, Baby, Where Can You Be," published by Irving Berlin, Inc., some years ago, and which was one of the first songs with which we identified ourselves.

However, the Columbia Phonograph Company felt that in view of the demand from dealers, that I record it, which we subsequently did. Our arrangement by my good friend, Elliot Jacoby, was one we enjoyed recording, and which I think made a danceable record. All the tunes in the show are published by Witmark, Inc., who are the publishers for Warner Bros. We play **THREE'S A CROWD** quite brightly.

ME MINUS YOU. Paul Francis Webster and John Jacob Loeb, with whom I wrote "Two Little Blue Little Eyes," and who are two of the most energetic, college-type of boys dabbling in music-writing and doing a good job of it, surprised all of us with their very lovely "Masquerade." And now they have gone for mathematical observations in music—a song which is really a successful attempt at injecting something relative to numbers and figuring into melodies and thoughts.

Rarely does the use of anything of such an abstract nature in a song turn out successfully. This is one that did. Abel Baer, who wrote part of the song with the boys, is evidently helping them on the high road to success.

Leo Feist are the publishers (it is also one of our recordings), and we play the song about as brightly as we play **THREE'S A CROWD.**

NIGHTFALL. Peter de Rose, Charles Harold, and Sam Lewis...

The old King of Jazz, Whiteman himself, selected this song and is really responsible for its introduction to the rest of us in the profession. It had something to do with "inspiration" under the Whiteman banner, but has taken the name of **NIGHTFALL** under the banner of Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., the publishers. It has one of the loveliest verses it has been my pleasure to sing in a long time—a story which leads to a chorus in which the lovely one is compared to nightfall, beautiful settings of scenes, and all that is lovely.

While the verse may be played brightly, the chorus should be slowed down, due to a few phrases where someone saw fit to inject many words in one measure. Yet with all its hasty rendition by many

of the bands, the tune is a lovely one, and is constantly heard.

SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN. A little late again in discussing the outstanding song of the moment. I am very happy to see Little Jack Little and Ira Schuster, whose nom de plume of Jack Siras fools no one along Tin Pan Alley, finally get a good song. Ira Schuster was formerly associated with Witmark, Inc., and teamed up for years as a sort of Damon and Pythias with Bob Miller of the same firm, and was finally let out by Warner Bros., subsidiary of Witmark. Whether or not he placed the song with them before he left I do not know, but I do believe that Witmark are very happy that they secured the song from the man who once worked for them, as it has been their chief claim to fame during the past several months.

Joe Young has always been associated with so many hit songs that I feel it hardly necessary to place another feather in his cap. He seems to go from one hit to another, demonstrating his right to an executive capacity in the songwriting world and American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

I am very happy that Little Jack Little has come into his own after the writing of many songs, including "Jealous," with this, a real hit for these times. It is the type of song that the big mass public, especially in its ballroom dancing, really enjoys, the type of song that Master Downey does best of all.

We can take little or no part of the bow for its popularity, as we have scarcely done it. I am very happy to see that a waltz can climb to that outstanding prominence; when most hands will not play them.

SOMETHING IN THE NIGHT. There are men in the "back row" of the music world who never bask in the glory which they so richly deserve. They are the arrangers, the men who take the melodies and harmonies and elaborate on them so wonderfully as to make the tune almost another tune. One of these young men is Helmy Kresa, who has been associated with Irving Berlin, Inc., for many years. "Hiding In the Shadows Of the Moon" was one of his first and best tunes, and he has followed it by another tune. He seems to lean toward the hours after dark for his inspiration, hence **SOMETHING IN THE NIGHT**, which might lead you to believe a sort of spooky tune, when in reality it is a beautiful, slow-moving burst of love, a song that grows on one as he hears it on nearly every radio program.

Again Joe Young, and Paul Weirick must be included in those who helped Helmy complete the song.

IF YOU WERE ONLY MINE. Isham Jones has been turning out the rhythmic type of tune as one turns out Fords in a Ford factory for the past several months. I am happy to see him finally lean toward the beautiful, smooth-moving type of melody.

With Charles Newman of Chicago, with whom he also wrote "The Wooden Soldier and the China Doll," and several other tunes, he has given Robbins one of their best bets, one which they have been hammering on for the past several weeks—IF YOU WERE ONLY MINE. Ever since "I Wouldn't Change You For the World" Isham seems to have started the vogue for the rhythmic type of song, which has given us so many others of its ilk, songs such as "My Extraordinary Gal," "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye," "I Can't Believe It's True," and so many others, but he shows his versatility by shifting to this type of song which, personally, I enjoy doing best of all.

MMUSIC FROM "FLYING COLORS." I am sorry that I cannot pay these tunes the musical tribute I would so much have liked. After their wonderful score of "The Band Wagon," I really expected that Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz would give us something unusually good. They attempted another "Dancing in the Dark" as they wrote ALONE TOGETHER, which is unquestionably the best song of all their songs from the show, although I would like to hear them as they are performed in "Flying Colors," where I could see and hear the development of each tune. Certainly, however, LOUISIANA HAYRIDE and SMOKING REEFERS will never reach first base in mass popularity. SHINE ON YOUR SHOES makes a fine rhythmic dance tune, but it is ALONE TOGETHER which will achieve what little prominence the music from the show eventually attains.

Bennie Krueger's beautiful saxophone rendition of it a few evenings ago on the Chase and Sanborn Hour showed me more than ever the tonal beauty of the composition. The show has a mixed chorus of white and colored girls, and I am very anxious to see it because with such a cast as Clifton Webb, Charles Butterworth, Tamara Geva and Patsy Kelly it should be another Max Gordon success. At least, it has my best wishes.

The songs are published by Harms, Inc., and we play ALONE TOGETHER slowly and SHINE ON YOUR SHOES brightly.

ALL AMERICAN GIRL and ANYBODY'S COLLEGE SONG. With the coming of the football season come America's Tin Pan Alley writers to give us the college type of tunes. Two of them deserve hasty mention in passing.



One of the country's most popular dance orchestras, Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees, becomes an exclusive Columbia Phonograph Company feature by the terms of a contract signed by Rudy Vallee, it has been announced by H. E. WARD, President of Columbia, shown here with MR. VALLEE. Recordings of several selections have already been made under the new contract.

ALL AMERICAN GIRL by Al Lewis, who with Al Sherman wrote "99 Out Of A Hundred," "My Heart Belongs To The Girl Who Belongs To Somebody Else," and so many others, borders very closely on another song that Feist published some time ago in which I had a hand, "She Loves Me Just The Same," but its melodic construction is entirely different, although the girl has the various football players at all the various colleges. It is nothing really outstanding, but it is a cute little song for the season.

Herman Hupfeld, however, really steps forward with one of the cutest songs for the college season that I have seen in a long time. We are playing it next Thursday on pseudo-all American program. It is called ANYBODY'S COLLEGE SONG, and in it he burlesques and kids the idea of college and college songs. He has the boy running the wrong way with the ball,

everyone getting hoarse at the football games and asking each other what they have on the hip—really a cute song and a cute idea, and one which I know we will enjoy doing.

ONE LITTLE WORD LED TO ANOTHER. Remick, Inc., have a song for which I am sure the Lombardos are deeply grateful—ONE LITTLE WORD LED TO ANOTHER. It is their type of song first, last and always, and although others of us may attempt to do it, the Lombardos will really play it as it should be played. I had it on tonight's program, only to have it crowded out as the program went on. Where it would have been followed by Mr. Hoover's speech, it remained unsung and unplayed. We will, however, do justice to it some time in the future, as I think it is one of the best rhythmic type of songs that Isham Jones and Charles Newman have written in a long time.

It has a tricky middle part which gave me some worry before I finally mastered it, but its rendition last night by the vocalist in Johnny Johnstone's orchestra in Baltimore as we drove away from the city heading toward New York, with the radio in our car going full blast, was exceedingly fine and "sold me on the tune" 100 per cent.

This concludes our discussion of songs for the month. As the boys buckle down for the winter season we will probably get something really outstanding. I regret that we did not have anything in that class this month. So long!

RUDY VALLEE'S comments about the current songs in Radio Digest are considered important as an indication of trends in music popularity. Mr. Vallee makes no claim to being infallible but his average of selections for winners stands high. If you are interested in music at all Tuneful Topics, appearing exclusively in Radio Digest, should be read regularly.—Editor.

Broadcasting from

The Editor's Chair

ROXY has a vision. When Roxy has visions the bankers, the contractors, and the stone masons get into a huddle. Roxy's visions have a miraculous way of turning into tangible realities. And now Roxy is brooding over the debut of Radio City, which he states will take to the air about December 1st. At least that part of it will become reality over which he has already visioned and which he will dominate, the Roxy Theatre, RKO International Music Hall, and the Roxy broadcasting studios.

Roxy's latest vision is the new style of radio entertainment which he hopes to create for a world of listeners—and when he says "world" he means *world*, as this Earth, this planet with its own private music of the spheres. To a representative of RADIO DIGEST Roxy (less intimately known as S. F. Rothafel) stated that he hoped to bring to radio entertainment a definite style which it has never known to date. He was not specific as to details, perhaps he has not clarified his own thought entirely on that subject. However, he stressed the fact that science has opened up new possibilities for refinement. New transmitting and other devices have been perfected. Out of past experiences new and more effective methods may be employed. In the course of the interview he stated:

"These new ribbon microphones give us so much greater latitude in perfecting the thing to be presented. The artist does not have to worry about the mechanical details of just where he is to stand, and just how far he must have his mouth, or his instrument, from the sensitive diaphragm of the mike.

"These new microphones are veritable mirrors for sound. They can be placed anywhere within reasonable distance and they will reflect just exactly the sound that is created, the same as a plate glass mirror reflects an image. That is one of the new gadgets that will be very helpful for us to design and style our radio programs. Of course we will have the greatest of artists, great voices, great instrumentalists performing for a world of listeners. These international concerts will be held every Sunday at 12 noon, New York time, with Leopold Stokowski conducting. Facilities will be provided so that they will be heard in both hemispheres."

Thus we have a glimmer of the new cycle that is to carry radio entertainment out of the somewhat bewildered condition of its present phase, and signs of what is to come are already apparent. There is a praiseworthy trend toward dramatization, also a slight abatement of the prolonged and exaggerated plug, and there seems to be a ready desire on the part of all concerned to go along toward the new style which is about to spring into flower from the fertile brain of Mr. Rothafel.

JACK DENNY who has been something of a rebel against the accepted trends on the part of broadcasting orchestras returned a few days ago to his post at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, where he will resume his debutante programs. Mr. Denny has New York's Four Hundred with him, because it affords many a charming bud of the social set to try her artistic leanings and undoubted talents before a great cosmopolitan audience without brushing elbows and skirts with persons not considered desirable by anxious dowagers. If the young thing demonstrates unusual genius before the radio audience there will be time enough to consider the possibilities of

a career. Miss Gloria Braggiotti, a Boston blueblood, has sailed for Rome and other European capitals to bring new candidates to the debutante program.

NOW and then in the editorial columns of some of our great newspapers we find pungent

letters from readers who slam at radio with the most amusing though idiotic tirades. Some interested person sends us a clipping of such a letter published in a Chicago newspaper which reads in part as follows:

"It is said that some of the announcers gag at the fladdoodle they are compelled to chant at the behest of the radio advertiser. A large section of the public shares this nausea. One of the potentates of broadcasting tells us that the sale of a radio set is the sale of a seat in the theater of the air. Picture that gentleman's reactions if he bought a ticket for a stage performance and found it heralded, interrupted and concluded with advertising patter! If actors took such liberties as do the broadcasters the audience would wreck the box office. Yet this is precisely the radio owner's grievance under the grotesque conditions that now obtain. He feels that he was gypped when in buying his radio he bought his seat in the 'theater of the air'."

Such argument is almost too ridiculous to notice. The writer assumes that once he has purchased a radio receiver the world owes him endless amusement. By the same token if he should buy a piano the world should send him its greatest musicians to sit down and play for him without further compensation. Otherwise he has been "gypped" by the piano salesman. How unhappy such a disjointed mind must be in a universe where so many millions of his fellow beings find so much to enjoy from their "theatre of the air"! To think of fighting the institution of broadcasting by such methods is like trying to sink a battleship with feather darts. But for all of that, there is no doubting that the vociferous critics of advertising on the air have done much to force the pace for program excellence and for true refinement in what may be termed "the technique of advertising on the air."

ARMSTRONG PERRY is blustering and making faces at the American Plan of Broadcasting again. At this writing he is in Spain sending his barbed cablegrams right and left from the international conference on radio at Madrid.

Mr. Perry likes European travel and he picks out the most interesting spots from which to inform the set sitters back home how much better European radio is than American. For example he says in one message: "European governments are gradually taking over the operation of their radio broadcasting systems after unsatisfactory trials with private systems . . . The primary purpose of broadcasting in all these countries is to raise the educational and cultural level of the people. A comparison of the prosperous condition of broadcasting in Europe with the American slump is a convincing case against the American system."

These expensive junkets about the globe are on behalf of the National Committee on Education. If Mr. Perry can work it right by getting his messages printed in mediums hostile to radio there is a hope so much dissatisfaction can be stirred up, and so much pressure brought to bear the present American plan will be disrupted and broadcasting will go back to its chaotic condition of a few years ago. Then the government will take control, the educators will be able to force through their bill to grab 13 per cent of all American broadcasting channels, and a bureau will be established in Washington with a lot of soft jobs for politically minded pedagogues. Peter P. Eckersley, former chief engineer for the British Broadcasting Co., who has declared recently "I do not hesitate to say that the American programs are the most amusing, most varied, most interesting, the most diverting and the most educational of all."

RAY BILL.



Jackum Photo, NBC

The Country Doctor

(Phillips Lord, NBC)

PHILLIPS LORD is a real "Country Doctor" whose soothing voice and kindly philosophy bring peace to millions of listeners. Here he is compounding new "medicine" at his country home on Long Island.



LOIS BENNETT

LOVELY LOIS BENNETT known to radio fans all over the country as the Armstrong Quaker Girl. She appeared on Nellie Revell's "Voice of the RADIO DIGEST" program NBC-WEAF and Nellie felt poetic about her, called her "like a Dresden China Doll," or "hirc-a-brac."

"I Would Describe Her as a

DRESDEN DOLL"

Says Nellie Revell

"The Voice of RADIO DIGEST"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Picture this scene: A small studio on the fourteenth floor of the National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York. Nellie, plump and motherly, sitting at a reading desk near the window of the control room. A microphone is on the desk. Before her is George Hicks, a bright young man, well groomed, especially fond of Miss Revell as his mentor and friendly advisor. He announces the program. In another chair sits Lois Bennett, comely and attractive just as she is described later by Nellie to her audience. Others are in the room. And now you are listening to *The Voice of Radio Digest*:

"I'LL TELL you, George. I've got inside information. The next President will be a man with two 'o's' in his name."

"Oh, Oh!" George exclaims.

"And his name also has a 'v' and an 'e' in it. Yes, and an 'r'."

"Hoover!" guesses George.

"Roosevelt!" laughs Daly.

Thus Nellie adheres to the best traditions of the Oracles. Then she explains that she has ideas on how to conduct a campaign.

"I would take a very beautiful singer with me," she says. "One that would be such an eye-ful she would hypnotize the customers. I'd have such a singer as Lois Bennett. You remember her, George, on the Armstrong Quaker program?"

"Indeed I do!" George snaps right back with a sideway smile toward Lois who is blushing a little and looking in her lap. Nellie crooks a finger for Lois, who glances up just in time to note it, and introduces her to the listeners. Lois sings "The Moon and I" from the "Mikado." Then you who were listening heard Miss Revell describe the charming young woman:

"There were so many inquiries about Miss Bennett while she was away on her vacation I have seized this opportunity to have her on my program.

"Lois Bennett has been on radio

nearly four years. * * She was born in Houston, Texas, but raised in Oklahoma City, and went to High School there. * * Her parents still reside in Kansas City, where her father is a contractor. * * She came to New York to study music under Percy Rector Stevens. * * Made her first professional debut with Carrie Jacobs Bond in a vaudeville vehicle. * * Then she joined with the Winthrop Ames opera company singing Gilbert & Sullivan roles. * * She received an offer to go on radio and has been on it ever since.

"And now I expect that you are all wondering just what the lady with such a charming voice looks like. * * Well, if I were less of a reporter and more of a poet, I would describe her as a Dresden China doll. * * Or a dainty piece of bric-a-brac. * * She has the prettiest red hair . . . not fiery red . . . oh, I should say sort of bronze-like. * * And she has brown eyes. * * And the pinkest complexion. * * And she's only five feet two in height and weighs about . . . how much do you weigh, Lois?"

"Oh, I guess about 120, Nellie," Lois replied. Miss Revell cast a roving eye over the singer and continued:

"LOIS is wearing black and white tonight. * * But with her coloring she is lovely in brown. * * You know, the red hair, brown-eyed girl who wears brown so beautifully. * * Well, Lois is one of them. * * Has a little bit of a foot . . . encased in a dainty little slipper and a chic hat with the very latest silk which is tipped down in front and tipped up in the back . . . and she really does look like, as I said before, a piece of bric-a-brac. * * How did you come to go on the stage, Lois?"

The singer seemed a bit flustered recalling her first experiences and said:

"And mother had promised the committee of church women that I would sing a song for them . . . so I

was all dressed up in sashes and curls, and rehearsed for weeks in front of a mirror. * * And the eventful night came. * * Mother stood in the wings with me. When my turn came . . . she just pushed me out on the stage and told me to do my song and dance number."

"And were you scared?" asked Nellie.

"Was I scared! * * Oh, I was terrified. * * And then suddenly everything went into oblivion and I found myself singing and dancing perfectly oblivious of the audience and I got so interested that I forgot to stop. * * They had to come out and get me."

"Not with a hook, I hope," Nellie smiled.

"No, it wasn't with a hook. * * But I can still hear that applause."

"Well, you've had plenty of applause. * * I've heard you sing at the Gilbert & Sullivan opera . . . and you got plenty of applause."

"None that ever sounded as good as that did."

"Well, did you continue on the stage then?"

"NO, WE always called that mother's debut on the stage. * * Mine came later after I had studied for some time . . . and was invited by Carrie Jacobs Bond to sing her song on a concert and vaudeville tour."

"What kind of songs do you like best, Lois?" Lois thought a moment.

"Well, of course," she replied, "I prefer the classical and semi-classical . . . like the Gilbert & Sullivan roles . . . but I also like ballads because I know my public likes ballads . . . and naturally we can sing better if we know we are pleasing our public. * * But I really like 'Look for the Silver Lining.'"

"Will you sing it for us?"

"With pleasure." And Lois sang "Look for the Silver Lining." Miss Bennett sat down and Nellie said:

"Thank you, Lois. * * Well, I don't

blame you for liking that lovely song.

Thus Miss Revell takes the modest little singer by the hand and leads her into your home where in all likelihood she had hitherto been known simply as a name and a voice.

THE next week all sentimentality was cast aside and Nellie presented Ray Perkins whose nimble wit was a good match for her own. This she staged as a man's program and chose a live subject for her theme—an election campaign. She's the candidate and explains things to the *New York Gazette* on the telephone as the scene opens:

"Oh, hello . . . good morning . . . sure I expect to be elected. Why not? I've got a good campaign manager . . . Why, his name is Perkins . . . Of course he's got a first name . . . It's Perkins . . . Well, he says Perkins isn't his last name . . . He says he was a Perkins six weeks before they named him Ray . . . So Perkins was his first name . . . Yes, he's the man on radio . . . that one-man show . . . Raymond Lamont Perkins . . . Born in Boston in 1896 . . . later came here and was graduated from Columbia . . . was always a musician. Yes, that's the same one . . . the one who was on the Three Bakers . . . Fleischmann's Yeast . . . and the Pineapple program. Yes, he's the one they used to call the Old Topper. Yes, that's why I selected him for campaign manager . . . I think he'll be a great asset . . . He's already got a high hat . . . and a gardenia . . . and a cane. Looks like a fashion plate and can make fine campaign speeches . . . Certainly you can have pictures of him . . . either with or without the hat . . . How tall is he? Oh, he's five feet five . . . and he weighs 150 . . . and he's got the bluest eyes and very blonde hair . . . He's married and lives in Scarsdale and has a boy and a girl. Oh, you're welcome . . . good-by."

SO RAY PERKINS is to be the campaign manager," observed Mr. Hicks.

"He sure is," answered Nellie, looking down at the announcer. "Any man who has been in radio since 1925 and always on a sponsored program must be great."

"Ray was once in the advertising business, wasn't he?"

"Yes . . . and later he was the head of the Music Department of a film company. He has been playing the piano since he was six years old. You know Ray writes most every song he sings on the air."

"The whole Perkins family is clever," mused Hicks.

"Yes . . . one sister, formerly on the stage, has married and retired . . . but his other sister, Grace, keeps on writ-

ing best sellers . . . You know, she wrote 'Ex-Mistress', 'Good Night, Nurse', 'No More Orchids', and several more of the lurid literature type just what you'd send to a maiden aunt . . . if you wanted to kill her."

The door opens softly and red-eared young man enters. Hicks says:

"Here's Mr. Perkins now."

Perkins continues his chant about being kind to your foes when Nellie stops him.

NELLIE REVELL, as "*The Voice of Radio Digest*," has won a distinctive place for herself on the NBC programs. For more than two years she has been heard every Wednesday at 11 o'clock p. m., EST, over a WEAJ network. Her three weeks vacation this past summer caused thousands of fans to write inquiring what had become of her. There were even a few indignant telegrams demanding an explanation for her absence.

Next month you will read an article in *Radio Digest* by Miss Revell about her two very dear friends, May Singhi Breen and Peter DeRose. —Editor.

"Don't you dare say Barbasol on this program!" she commands.

"Why Barbasol is my sponsor," Ray explains. But Nellie insists.

"I don't care. *Radio Digest* is my sponsor—it's America's greatest radio authority . . . full of pictures, stories and news of radio stars—but I'm not going to mention it on this program. This is a political campaign."

"Oh yes . . . you're running for Congresswoman At Large or something," smiles the sorrel-top.

"Yes, and you're going to be my campaign manager."

"Well, what's the first thing to do?"

"The first thing we have to do is to raise funds."

"That's easy. I'll get you a tin cup and some lead pencils. And as a last resort . . . you could sell apples."

"Not me. Even Eve . . . a much better-looking and younger woman than I am and with no competition at all couldn't sell them . . . she had to give them away. Your job is to raise the funds . . . I'm only the candidate. I spend them."

"Won't we have funds? Now the next thing you have to do is to make some good speeches."

"I couldn't make a political speech. I wouldn't know what to say."

"Well, sister, you don't have to say anything . . . they're campaign speeches."

"No, you'll have to do most of the

speaking. You have a flair for hooey."

"You've got a marked talent along the line of hooey yourself, Nell. Especially Ballyhooey."

"No, you'll have to be the ballyhooligan in this campaign. You do the worrying. I'm just the candidate."

"All right. I'll call myself the Happy Worrier."

"And wear a brown derby!"

"I don't like derbies. Suppose I wear a beret?"

"You'd look cute in a beret. You're not the type."

"Yeah, all my friends would give me the razzberet."

"We have to have a campaign slogan."

"I've got one. 'If you don't vote for Revell, you ain't done right by our Nell.'"

"We have to hand out campaign cigars."

"Sure we will. What this country needs is a good campaign cigar."

"What this country needs, Ray, is a good campaign. And somebody's got to kiss the babies."

"What for? Babies haven't any vote."

"Oh, you gotta kiss babies, young man, every candidate does."

"All right, Nellie, you kiss all the young babies . . . and I'll kiss all the girl babies' over 16."

WHAT is this . . . a kissing campaign?"

"Here's another thing, Nellie, be sure in your speeches to promise to do something for the farmer."

"Yes, and I think we ought to do something for the farmer's daughter, too . . . it's about time she got a break."

"And be sure to denounce any pork barrel bills."

"Sure, anyhow, some of my listeners don't eat pork."

"Well, make it kosher pork. You're going to be everybody's candidate. This campaign is going to be different and satisfy everyone. In other words, whenever an issue comes up you're going to take a stand on both sides of the question."

"I might even hold debates with myself."

"And talk on both sides."

"Like a phonograph record, Ray—Listen, am I a Republican or a Democrat?"

"Neither—I mean both. You're a Republicrat."

"Can't I be a Democrican?"

"All right, Nell. We'll start a new party. And we'll call it either the Republicrat or the Democrican party. I haven't decided which."

"Well, meanwhile we'll just refer to it as that certain party."

"There's nothing certain about it yet, sir."

"Sounds to me like a wild party. I

don't want to get mixed up in any wild parties."

"Don't worry, Nell, I'll see that you get home all right."

"Why not make this a singing campaign . . . and you sing . . . 'Seeing Nellie home' . . . or something like that."

"Or sending Nellie Home, you mean."

Whereupon Mr. Perkins gave his inimitable interpretation of the Nellie Revell theme song. He was quite pleased with his efforts and said:

"Now, Nellie, that ought to be a sure vote-getter."

"Sure," replied Nellie, who was less optimistic, "for my opponent. Whose campaign manager are you?"

"Say, your election's in the bag."

"Yes, that's what I'm afraid of . . . and maybe they won't untie the bag."

"Now you have to have a campaign committee. Let's put on the forgotten man first."

"All right, Ray, I was hoping you would be him."

"Oh, I won't let you forget me, Nellie. I'll tie a string 'round your finger."

"No sir, this campaign is going to have no strings attached."

"Do you think we could dig up a forgotten woman?"

"Well, I'm the kind of a woman that men forget."

"You may be gone, but you're not forgotten, Nell."

LET'S get on with this campaign committee, Mr. Manager. Who else have you forgotten?"

"We got to have George Hicks and Art Daly on the list."

"Absolutely."

"Hey, fellows, come on . . . wake up, old tops, you have a guest on your program."

"MY program, if you please," corrected Miss Revell with emphasis.

"You're on Nellie's campaign committee, boys."

"I don't want to be in politics," whined Daly. "It would simply kill my mother if she found it out."

"We'll let you do all the clean work. I'll do the dirty work," Ray argued.

"Is there any clean work in politics?" asked Nellie.

"I'll go in under an assumed name," suggested Hicks.

"Who else have you got on this committee?" asked Nellie.

"How about Mickey Mouse?" Ray considered.

"Oh no . . . I'm afraid the opposition would bribe him with a piece of cheese," objected Nellie. "Anyway, I prefer Wallace Beery."

"If you pick Wallace Beery . . . then I've got to have Constance Bennett," argued Perkins. To which Nellie replied:

"Tell her to bring Dick Bennett, her father, along. Who else now?"



HERE you see Nellie Revell as she appeared at the microphone while describing her guest artist, Lois Bennett, as "A Dresden China Doll."

"Ed Wynn . . . the Fire Chief . . . how about him?"

"Sure, and his fire horse, too," agreed Nellie.

"This is the only campaign committee that has a horse on it. We'll have to give a big horse-warming."

"That's great. If I lose, I won't have to walk. I'll ride the horse back."

"And say, Nellie, you've got to spruce up a bit if you expect to get the male votes."

"Listen here, young man, are you insinuating that I'm not a perfect 36?"

"Well, Nellie, you will admit that you are what they would call a stylish stont. And I really think if you dyed your hair blonde you'd get more votes."

"No, I'll just stay off the gold standard."

"You ought to use a lipstick, too, Nellie."

"All right, what do they cost?"

"I don't know. I was never a lipstick."

"Well, the first bill I'll introduce will be to cut the tax on cosmetics," Nellie proposed. "What this country needs is a good nickel lipstick."

"What this country needs, Nellie, is a good nickel," corrected Ray.

"Well, all I've got so far is a headache," observed Nellie.

"That comes of your trying to think."

"You'd better sing a song, Ray."

Once more the dapper Mr. Perkins lifted his best yodeling croon. A frown gathered on his brow as he concluded. "Say, it looks to me as though I'm doing all the work. Aren't you going to do anything?"

"Sure, I'm going to recite a poem," said Nellie. And she concluded her program with one of those epics, which she finds to fit any occasion.



Rita Gould

RITA (BURGESS) GOULD, RKO headliner and musical-comedy star generally receives her share of those four lucky stars when mentioned in the critic's columns; and judging from this picture why shouldn't she? She warbles the popular songs and has a way of putting that charm right through the air and out of the loud speaker into the living room. Rita premieres soon on a new commercial hour. Her air record includes such programs as "Vitality Shoes" and "Evening in Paris" over the CBS network; also "Shell Oil Hour" on KPO in San Francisco. She has had a considerable run of programs through the WEAf net, but is best known to the listeners for her 153 broadcasts on the RKO Theatre of the Air while on tour.

WOC Looks Back

*Pioneer Station Developed Into
Great Institution in Ten Years*

By LYLE FLANAGAN

WOC began as a plaything . . . the dream of a visionary, and has grown to be one of the greatest institutions in radio broadcasting in the United States today. About ten years ago, this "visionary," Dr. B. J. Palmer, of Davenport, Iowa, became interested in radio through one of the men in his office. He sent emissaries to visit the broadcasting studios of the then-existing station 9-BY at Rock Island, Illinois, and these emissaries reported back to Dr. Palmer that they thought radio might be used to broadcast entertainment as well as lectures to those people who had graduated from his school of chiropractic. The doctor immediately became interested, but his thought went farther than mere interest, and, as he, himself expressed it, on the occasion of the tenth "birthday party" of the station at the time of the dedication of the new studios of the sister station WHO, Des Moines, last spring: "We have always concerned ourselves in utilizing the air as a community organization for community good, believing that was the only legitimate excuse for being on the air."

SO, AT the outset, Dr. Palmer decided that, should he purchase the station then for sale, he would give the listeners only the best in every line of talent that could be procured. Thus WOC began with a good start, when it was purchased from Robert Karlöwa of Rock Island and moved to Davenport.

With the purchase of WOC began a long list of "firsts" of which the Central Broadcasting Company is justly proud. Under the old call letters of 9-BY, this station can be considered among the oldest stations in the United States. Robert Karlöwa broadcast by voice just twelve hours after the ban was lifted by the government following the war, and continued to broadcast weather reports and phonograph music on a regular schedule. The call letters WOC were granted February 18, 1922, just a few days after the call letters KDKA were granted to the Pittsburgh station. Nevertheless, because of the 9-BY broadcasts, WOC maintains that she is the oldest station in the United States.

The sale of WOC from one man to another and its removal from one town to another, and, more than that, from

one state to another could not be consummated until some one in authority had sanctioned the act. Since this sale of a radio station was the first of such sales to be made, and the move was the first to be accomplished, the action was the first to test the power of the United States government in regulating radio broadcasting. The government, heretofore, had granted licenses, but no test had been made, until this time, of whether or not the Department of Commerce, in whose hands authority had rested until recently, could or could not regulate the sale of a radio station. The sale of WOC brought one of the first tests of the government's power in controlling radio.

IN MARCH, 1922, the sale to Dr. Palmer had been consummated and sanctioned, and the removal of equipment was begun. At that time, WOC had a very "spacious" broadcasting studio, as studios in those days went, for the entire equipment, that is, transmitter room, control room and broadcasting studio were all placed in a room 14½ feet long, 5½ wide and 6 feet high in the Palmer School Building. It was not long before Dr. Palmer realized that this was all wrong, and that, if the best programs, which he had promised himself and his public, were to be sent out from WOC, they must have ample space and refined surroundings. Consequently, he began a series of developments which ultimately resulted in the excellent broadcasting equipment the Central Broadcasting Company now has.

With this progress, new ideas sprang up, and the station improved almost faster than the visions of its founder could be made and realized. One of the first of these new ideas, which origin-



Eleanor Talcott, beautiful star of the microphone, whose contralto voice is heard every Wednesday afternoon, in programs of the Toe Ticklers, broadcast over the WBZ-WBZA networks, Boston.

ated in the fall of 1923, was a series of broadcasts given by Gilson Willets who called himself "Radio Rex." He gathered material for a Home Economics program, and told women listeners just what they could do to lighten the tasks of home making. Early in 1924, Faye Hough-McCarthy was called to take over this department, for it was felt that, with her experience both as a home maker and as a home economist of note in the middle west, she would have more of an appeal to housewives than a man. So this was the beginning of the first radio home economics period, and Faye McCarthy, better known as Aunt Jane . . . the FIRST and ORIGINAL Aunt Jane, has the longest record of any household expert on the air, for she is still at WOC.

Then there was "Pat" Flanagan, better known, now-a-days, as the sports broadcaster for the Cubs, who was a pioneer in radio work, and the first to put on the "daily dozen" regularly at any station, when he began the series over WOC. There was the special news editor who culled and edited the news flashes for those who were too busy to read the newspapers. WOC was the first station west of the Mississippi River to broadcast a chain program when it hooked up with WEAJ in 1925 before National Broadcasting Company came into existence.

Last spring the Federal Radio Commission granted a permit for a 50,000 watt station, the transmitter for which is being erected at the time of writing just east of the city of Des Moines. New studios have been constructed for station WHO at Des Moines and modern broadcasting rooms will be erected in Davenport for WOC in the spring.

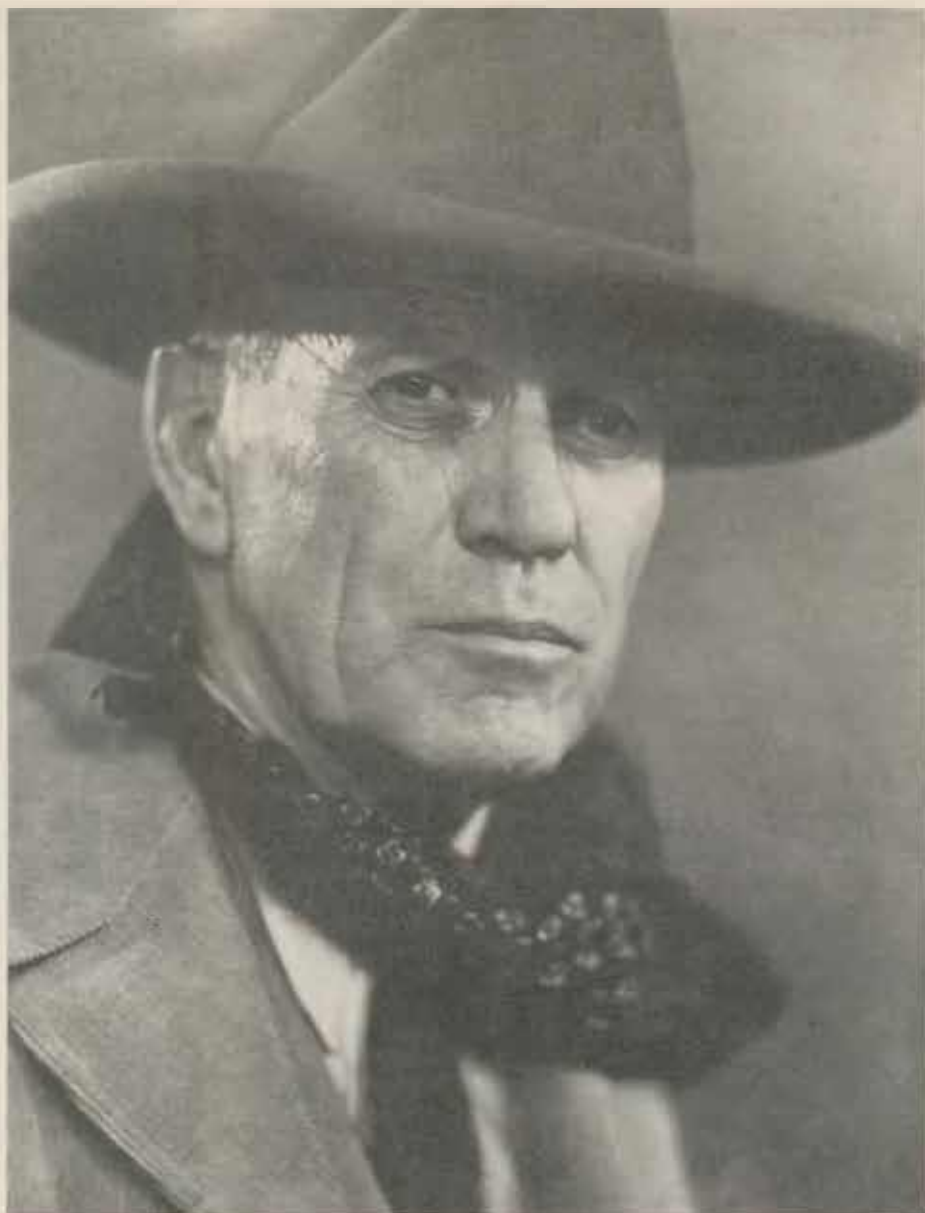
▼ ▼ ▼
WGY—Schenectady

Gray McClintock

IT IS not an easy task to write a story of Gray McClintock. It should be, for he is manifestly interesting. Of the millions who have heard him through the facilities of WGY, Schenectady and the NBC, all have been struck by his sincerity, and the authority in which he handles his subjects. The one great reason is that his stories are not imaginative tales; they are cross-sections of a life as he, and other pioneers of the Great Northwest, lived it. For thirty years, this quiet man was a part of the emergence of a lone desolate land into a populated, completed civilization.

Gray McClintock went into the West thirty years ago, to seek health, and another chance to carve out for himself a future. His assets were a willingness to take the chances, and the desire to further his one great ambition, to be a naturalist, a student of nature, and to touch the edge of the Beyond. When he searched for health, for a restoration of a pair of lungs, that study and athletics had impaired, he went out into the North into the cold and the life that calls for courage and endurance, and got back his health. When he desired a first-hand knowledge of the wild life, he went where he could meet the killers, the wild animals of the sub-arctic, the foot-hills and the prairie. When he wanted to perfect himself in the skill of tracking, he worked with the master trackers of the police. When he became interested in the Indians, he went into their camps and counsels, sat at their fires and studied, and he lived and enjoyed them. When he was asked to study the wolves and send out definite information regarding their habitats, a study of their habits and a way for their extermination, he spent two full years in this study alone. For seventeen years he lived a lonely isolated life, so much alone that the habits of those awful days have entirely unfitted him for the present. He does not know people, and fears them. He has always been fighting conditions, and too much of the spirit of rebellion remains for him to be more than he is,—a quiet man whom few know, or can know.

It was the cruel, hard, adventurous life that McClintock lived, and because he has lived it with a courage and stamina known only to himself, those who listen to his stories over the air and are controlled by his sincerity are being edu-



Naturalist, Professional Man, Orator, Broadcaster—Gray McClintock—who pioneered to that lonely, isolated, great Northwest in search of health thirty years ago. But his was a wonderful mission!

cated, interested and blessed. His is a wonderful mission. He is a most wonderful character, but one cannot write wise-cracks about him. One cannot look into his eyes and discover even the semblance of a smile. The sorrows and tragedies of the lonely land, and a lonely life are back behind the keen glint that tell of a fast working brain, and shrewd deductive thinking.

Miss Sarada Gray, the North-country girl, works with McClintock and entertains from the same platform.

▼ ▼ ▼
KMBC—Kansas City, Mo.

DICK SMITH, Kansas City announcer of the Columbia staff, calls himself a real radio fan. It's his work, his hobby, and his ambition. Dick was born and educated in Iowa and received his A. B. degree in Iowa State

University. In his college days, Dick made use of his fine tenor voice traveling chautauqua and appearing in amateur theatricals. In summers, he developed his singing voice, yodelling to the coyotes while driving a water tank on a Montana ranch.

For three years, Dick Smith was head of the Department of Commerce in Montana State College and Montana Wesleyan. Leaving this, he practiced accounting and banking in California. His singing ability led him to some radio work in Los Angeles where he also learned the tricks of announcing.

Three years ago, Dick Smith joined KMBC as program director. On the air he has served as triple threat man, as announcer, dramatist and singer. In sports Dick turns to the more robust activities such as hunting and fishing and, so far, he has managed to retain the athletic figure of his football days in the University.

KGO—San Francisco

THE day when radio heroines need not be young and lovely so long as their voices convey that impression, is definitely passing, judging by the manner in which NBC producers now are picking casts whose individual members can actually look the parts they play before the microphone.

Here's the Barbour household of "One Man's Family," domestic serial, by Carlton E. Morse, which is broadcast Wednesday nights over the NBC-KGO network, 8:00 to 8:30 o'clock P. S. T., and an outstanding example of the new trend in ether casts. Minetta Allen and J. Anthony Smythe, who play the mother and father in the domestic serial were chosen for their ability to look like the parents of this group—though it took some skillful make-up to add years to their countenances.

But their "children"—Bernice Berwin, Kathleen Wilson, Barton Yarborough, Michael Rafeetto and Billy Page, need no make-up to look like the characters they portray. Billy, who plays the irrepressible Jack Barbour, actually is fourteen years old, and a high school student, like Jack Rafeetto, who plays Paul, the war-crippled aviator, and eldest son of the family, was too young to enter the regular army during the world war, but was a member of the Students Army Training Corps, at U. C., and is a keen student of social conditions and an active sympathizer with Paul's generation. He and Bernice, who plays Hazel, the elder daughter of "One Man's Family" attended the University of California together. Barton Yarborough, who plays Clifford, went on the stage at seventeen, and played a season in London with Sir Gerald DuMaurier. Kathleen Wilson, who plays Claudia,



Clifford's twin, is just about the same age as her ether character, but has done a number of interesting things in her brief career, since she spent two years in Europe with her Uncle, J. Stitt Wilson, lecturer and writer, who took her on a campaign tour with J. Ramsey MacDonald, and then to Florence, where she studied painting and lived in an ancient palazzo for a season.

MINETTA ALLEN made her microphone debut as Mrs. Barbour, but found it not at all novel to be mothering Rafeetto and the others, since she used to play mother parts with the University of California Players when he and Miss Berwin and Yarborough were student-actors there. Then she joined the Fulton Theater's stock company—and her very first part was opposite J. Anthony Smythe, the pater familias of the Barbours. Smythe belongs to an old California family, and made his stage debut here. He has played in stock in most of the large cities in the country, and has been heard in numerous NBC dramatic offerings, including the recent mystery serial "Dead Men Prowl" in which he had a major part.

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WVAC—Boston, Mass.

THE original intention of Irwin Clive Cowper, popular Yankee Network announcer, was to study for the ministry when he entered the Boston University of Religious Education, but after a year of study he transferred to the University's College of Liberal Arts from which he graduated four years later.

Born in Montreal, Quebec, he received his early education in the schools of Montreal, London, Ontario, and the Brookline, Mass., high school. He has a natural bent towards dramatics as was evidenced at the age of three when he made his first public appearance in a recital. During his four years at college he was active in the school dramatics.

While working his way through college, Cowper served as elevator boy, night clerk and switchboard operator, waiter, coached plays, and did some newspaper reporting.

Cowper joined the announcing staff of the Yankee Network in December, 1929, since that time he has appeared in many popular programs.

Left—Minetta Allen, well-known on the legitimate stage, turned to radio for the first time when she undertook the role of Mrs. Barbour, the mother in "One Man's Family."



"Bill" Pope, WLBW's manager in the character of "The Old Sage" whose philosophical talks have been well received by the radio audience. Poetry and philosophy have been this old chap's long suit and hundreds of poems have been read by him.

He is heard every Tuesday announcing the regular Boston Petite Symphony Orchestra program over the Columbia Broadcasting System from station WVAC. He is popularly known as Earle Nelson's "pet announcer," having announced his programs for several years.

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KDKA—Pittsburgh

THE Bronc Busters, Chief Sanders a member of the Cherokee Indian tribe; Hy Allen, the Eiffel Tower of the trio, and Charlie Springer, the handy man, all cow-punchers from Oklahoma, broadcast daily except Sunday, from Radio Station KDKA at 6:45 o'clock in the morning and quite frequently at 12:00 o'clock midnight.

The boys from the Oklahoma ranges are good musicians; Hy Allen, the left handed banjo player is a sensation on the strings—and how he makes the banjo talk! Chief Sanders plays the fiddle, and Charlie Springer is a wizard on the guitar and added to this, their close harmony on old time tunes heard on the ranch has made a big hit with radio listeners.

Their stage performance is a clever act such as may be seen when the cowboys gather at the postoffice after a round-up. Chief Sanders displays his ability in the art of fancy rope spinning and his accuracy in marksmanship by shooting the fire off a cigarette held between the lips of Charlie Springer, as well as other delicate shots with the rifle.



The Tyler Hill Billies, and "Pat" Binford, who make things merry for the Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia, in their weekly broadcasts over the WRVA, Richmond, network. The Pipe Club, which broadcasts the Edgeworth Tobacco programs to WEAJ, New York, and a coast to coast network, each Wednesday at 10:00 p. m., has a large following, and has become popular for its barnyard music. The male quartet is so well liked that its fan mail floods the studios.

WINS—New York

JOHN McCORMICK was born in Peoria, Ill. His mother was an amateur singer and actress,—in fact she played the church organ at Emden, Ill. McCormick's father was a travelling salesman,—which resulted in John being educated in the grammar schools of Watseka, Ill. and in the Austin High School in Chicago. When the war overtook John he found himself in the quartermas-



John McCormick, WINS program director, and featured baritone in *The Songs of Ireland*, Sunday Evenings.

ters depot after the war he discovered he had a decent baritone singing voice while plowing corn in a field near Emden, Ill. . . . first public appearance was with a mixed quartet in a small Chicago church went to Wabash College in Crawfordsville, Ind. . . . and became a Sigma Chi. . . . next became chief statistician for the general superintendent of transportation of the Illinois Central R. R. . . . polished his voice by coaching with Arthur Van Eweyk and and Herbert Witherspoon left the Windy City for a turn at the Gay White Way got only as far as Hoboken where he appeared in productions with Christopher Morley during the season of 1929 broke into radio the same year joined the WGBS staff in 1930 left in three months to do "Rambles in Erin" on WOR rejoined the WGBS staff in 1931 and finally became director of programs remained until WGBS became WINS and is still in the same capacity with WINS is thinking of getting married but the details are still a mystery which is another way of saying he is still single.

WICC—Bridgeport

THOMAS WALL, concert and radio artist, continues his Sunday evening song recitals at 7:15 P. M., EST. Before becoming a regular sustaining artist on WICC, Mr. Wall was a well-known favorite of

the musical comedy and operetta stage. It is his custom to present on his programs every week one song that he formerly introduced over the footlights, a favorite ballad and a sacred request song.

Familiar to WICC audiences are the Melody Boy and Girl, Frank Reynolds and Felice Raymond, who now offer a noon time program of popular songs and duets. Marcia Lee Robinson acts as accompanist and piano soloist of this program. Frank and Felice have been very popular with local and Metropolitan audiences for the past three years.

WLW—Cincinnati, O.

THELMMA KESSLER, nationally famed radio soprano, is the most recent addition to the vocal staff of the WLW studios here.

This artist comes to the Nation's Station following a meteoric rise to radio stardom over both the NBC and the CBS chains. Her selection for the important post of staff soprano for the powerful 50,000-watt Crosley station was made by Manager Clark, along with William C. Stoess, Musical Director, and Grace Clauve Raine, Vocal Director, of WLW, following a series of auditions held recently in New York.

Miss Kessler was chosen from a group of more than twenty-five of the country's leading radio and stage sopranos heard during the auditions.

KFOX-Long Beach, Cal.

ALMOST nine years ago, KFOX took its first bow to its unseen audience with the call letters KFOX.

Hal G. Nichols, president and general manager of Nichols & Warriner, Incorporated, and his cousin, the late Earl C. Nichols, organized and started the station that today is known to thousands as KFOX, the "Home Station." Neither were unknown to the radio field, having operated Station KDZQ in Denver, Colorado, which was the ninth station to be licensed in America and among the first in the West. The fundamental policy of the station was determined prior to its opening. It was to be a home station, an intimate and informal entertainment force, a straightforward advertising medium. KFOX has never wavered from that first establishment of policy.

KFOX became identified first as the "Piggly Wiggly Station" and in 1928, took the name of the Hancock Oil Company Station, under a long term con-

tract. In 1929, the Federal Radio Commission, revising station call letters and wave lengths, assigned the new call to the pioneer Long Beach KFOX.

Outstanding among the programs broadcast during the past year has been, the "KFOX School Kids," a program written and presented with a child audience in mind.

During 1931 KFOX attained the name of the "Play Station of the Air," offering listeners perhaps the most frequent presentation of plays in the country. There were at least three plays, both dramatic and comedy, offered daily, all enacted by professional talent.

Attesting to the large following of KFOX, is the result of a "children's club" in conjunction with the KFOX School Kids' Program and embodying the sponsor's name. The Markwell Taffy Chewers Club, started less than ten months ago, offering boys and girls special club privileges, aside from receiving with a purchase of the sponsor's product, a membership card and a picture button of their favorite member of the program, grew beyond the fondest hopes of the station management. Part of the working plan of the club was to invite as many members of the club each night as the studio would accommodate, to witness a two-hour broadcast. In less than three months, the membership had grown to more than ten thousand, making it necessary for the station to stage a radio revue in the Long Beach Municipal Auditorium to care for those boys and girls whose positions on the membership list indicated that it might be five years before they would be called to the studio.

There was little slack in the popularity of this club and today the membership includes more than twenty-five thousand boys and girls from all over Southern California. Another radio revue is being planned to care for one or two thousand of those whose wait for invitations will be a hopeless one.



WBT-Charlotte, N. C.

WITH hundreds of letters from radio listeners in practically every Province of Canada, the west coast of this country, the Hawaiian Islands and the British West Indies, expressing surprise and astonishment at the reception of programs from Station WBT, it is evident that the Carolinas' high power transmitter will be a favorite even beyond the nation's borders.



KFAB-Omaha, Neb.

IN THE new KFAB Studios in Omaha, Nebraska, a beautifully appointed audition room has been constructed. The only audition room west of Chicago, it has been decorated with walls of matched walnut and with Italian Renaissance furniture and tapestries.

You "Wind" This Pen



YOU turn the knurled end of the barrel to fill or empty the new Conklin Nozac (no sack). There is no rubber sack in this new pen. The ink capacity is 35% greater than sack pens. Here is the greatest student's pen ever made.

And there is a transparent section in the barrel through which you can see at all times how much ink is in the pen and be reminded to refill it. Made in beautiful new colors at \$5.00 and more. Pencils to match \$3.50 and more. Another outstanding pen is the Conklin Endura at \$5.00 and more—the peer of the best of all pens employing the familiar rubber sack ink reservoir.



THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
Toledo Chicago San Francisco

Conklin

NOZAC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1932. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ray Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Ray Bill, 420 Lexington Ave., New York; Editor, Ray Bill, 420 Lexington Ave., New York; Managing Editor, Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Ave., New York; Business Managers, Charles E. Tighe, 420 Lexington Ave., New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Radio Digest Publishing Corporation, Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward L. Bill, Caroline L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Tirman and Chas. R. Tighe, all of 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

R. Bill, Editor-Publisher.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1932. Wm. A. Low, Notary Public, N. Y. Co., No. 753, Reg. No. 31487. Certificate filed in Queens Co., No. 1126. My commission expires March 30, 1933. [Seal.]

WEXL—Royal Oak, Mich.

ANOTHER Knight of the air . . . not as famous yet as the other two Knights whose name he shares . . . but as possible no doubt with Michigan listeners who hear him from Station WEXL in Royal Oak, Michigan . . . where he is chief of the announcing staff . . . C. Kirk Knight was recently chosen the station's most popular announcer by an audience representing metropolitan Detroit and its suburbs . . . They think he is one of Michigan's finest announcers . . . possessing a pleasing radio voice that Mr. and Mrs. "Listener In" seem to enjoy . . . Kirk Knight started out on a journalistic career . . . first at the Michigan State Normal . . . Ypsilanti . . . and later at the University of Michigan and Wisconsin . . . somehow journalism didn't suit and before long was eclipsed entirely by radio . . . a newer and more promising field with greater possibilities for the young man with ideas . . . and the ability to see them thru . . . shelving journalism did not mean that education should not go on . . . so Kirk continued with a modified course and found himself a part time announcing job on a small local station . . . summer came . . . school ended . . . the station moved



C. Kirk Knight

to Detroit . . . Knight with it . . . This time a step forward was made . . . he was the new chief announcer . . . His experience has covered practically every type of program from sports events to symphony concerts . . . Recently he made several transcription programs and industrial talking pictures . . . his ambitions are not limited . . . he has several . . . not to be a chain announcer particularly but to know all possible about radio.

WIP-WFAN— Philadelphia

EZRA MacINTOSH, veteran announcer of WJZ has joined the announcing staff of WIP-WFAN. The biography of MacIntosh reveals how a college education directed this quiet, efficient son of Scotland into the ranks of radio. MacIntosh, after finishing Creighton University Law School in Omaha, became chief announcer at WOW. He held that post for three years and then left his native city to teach school at the Missionary Training Institute, Nyack-On-Hudson, N. Y. Following a short term at Nyack he became associated with NBC and announced over WEAJ for several years. During this time he took a leave of absence for six months and was manager and program director of the Toccoa Falls Broadcasting Co., Athens, Ga.

MacIntosh was identified with some of the largest commercial and special events on the air while he was in New York. His commercials included the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, McKesson & Robbins, Cream of Wheat Corporation, General Foods Corporation and many others. Some of the outstanding special events that the versatile announcer officiated at were—The New York Beer Parade, Recommissioning of "Old Ironsides," Christening of S. S. Akron, Akron, O., Army Air Manoeuvres over New York City, Arrival of Premier Laval of France, Program in honor of King and Queen of Siam, New York vs. Georgia Football Game (last year).

KNX—Hollywood

THE authority of Eddie Holden's "Japanese" accent, as put forth in his skit with Reg Sharland, "Frank Watanabe, the Japanese Houseboy, and the Honorable Archie," over KNX, in Hollywood, was recently illustrated by an incident, both comical and pathetic. A Japanese visitor to Los Angeles heard Eddie's voice as Frank Watanabe. He forthwith wrote Eddie a reproachful and imploring letter, asking him why he hadn't written to his old mother and father in Japan, who were sorrowing because they had not heard from "Frank Watanabe" for several years!

KNX, in Hollywood, resumes on November 15 its frost warning broadcasts by remote control from the United States Weather Bureau at Pomona. Heard every night at 8 o'clock, until February 15, these warnings will be broadcast by Floyd Young.

In giving these frost bulletins over the air, KNX is rendering an invaluable service to ranchers and growers.

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Bob White Writes, Produces and Acts

FIRST Dramatics: William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia (oldest Prep School in the country, founded in 1689). Played Cohan's part in school drama, "Seven Keys to Baldpate" (1920). After matriculating at the University of Pennsylvania, quit to join Chautauqua (Tent Show); to play lead in "Turn to the Right" (1921-22). Returned to Philadelphia and entered real estate office; stuck with it for two years, saved a thousand dollars (more or less); quit to join Hedgerow Theatre in Rosevalley, Penn. (Experimental theatre playing "highbrow drama"—O'Neill, Pirandello, Shaw, Chekov, Glaspell, etc.) Three summer seasons there, returning to real estate each winter. Third year assisted in direction. Ann Harding principal summer star. Played one of the two white men in "Abraham's Bosom" (Pulitzer prize play), by Paul Green, which was first produced at Provincetown Theatre, N. Y., by Jasper Deeter, genius director at Hedgerow Theatre.

LEFT season at Hedgerow for stock company, juvenile job, Jackson, Mich. (1925-26). After seven months there returned to New York to play two Broadway shows—both flops. Also did first radio work at WABC, N. Y. Returned for three weeks special summer engagement with Hedgerow Players at Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, starring Ann Harding.

In the fall, 1927, back to New York and joined road company of "Three Wise Fools," playing juvenile lead. Left N. Y. October 1. Married to ingenue Betty Reynolds, October 31! Had known each other 43 days and were married on the stage, in riding clothes, between a rehearsal and evening performance. Bob left company same day to return to New York to achieve "bigger things." But landed in Chicago, joined Evanston Players in Evanston, Ill., and remained there six months. When company closed Bob and Betty took joint engagement with Chautauqua company of "Shepherd of the Hills." Bob stage managed, drove car, played two parts. Betty played boy part.

Returned to Chicago for loop engagement in "Companionate Marriage." Lasted five weeks. Then, no job! . . . and a son getting ready to be born! (Fall of 1928.)

Bob convinced the manager of station KYW that he was a continuity writer and announcer! Joined staff. Christmas week—Bob was doing radio work at station and "doubling" as guest juvenile in revival of "Companionate Marriage" for opening of Evanston Stock Co. Bob White, III, being born in

To those who think Learning Music is hard-

PERHAPS you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

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Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." 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. No matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

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Grinnell, Ia., Betty's home town. On night of birth, New Year's eve, Bob is announced from stage as proud father—assures audience son is not result of companionate marriage. Life goes on at KYW until spring, 1929.

ONE day Bob was producing an audition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for a commercial advertiser, at request of station manager. Discovers client hadn't showed up, gets annoyed, chucks job. Baby Bob is six months old! Bob became "free lance" in writing of one and three act plays for publishers of such for amateurs.

Wrote a one-act play, "Little Mother," which he and Betty played, weekends, around Chicago. In summer of 1929, Bob joined stock company in Mt. Clemens, Mich., playing two new shows each week. Betty remained in Chicago. Five weeks of this makes wreck of Bob. He returns to Chicago to dabble in radio as "free lance" actor and writer until fall. Tried out for understudy of three young English heroines in "Journey's End." He got the job! Actor took ill and Bob played "Raleigh." English school boy soldier—only American to play this part, with sixteen companies playing the show all over the world. Remained with "Journey's End" twenty weeks, then original "Raleigh" recovers. Bob tires of being understudy. Quits.

Returns to Chicago and "family" early in January, 1930.

He then began playing in NBC dramatic productions. Continued to do this throughout the year, playing in every commercial dramatic broadcast originating from NBC Chicago studios. In the fall of 1930 he created his first network feature, "Junior Detectives," sold through NBC to Blue Valley Creamery. Betty by now had become well-known for child characterizations—she was featured in "Junior Detectives" as "Girl Detective." In November of 1930 began "Little Buster Circus Parade" series, during which time—March 30, 1931—second son is born, Bradley Reynolds White (Skippy). Betty, who has been playing in "Little Buster," is out of show for just three weeks! Life is created—and moves on.

SUMMER of 1931, Francis X. Bushman is discovered by Bob to possess radio talent. Program of "Radio Talkies" is created for Armour and Co.—(who sell hams!) Bushman is feature of "Armour Hour" throughout summer, with Bob playing part of Bushman's valet in the sketches, as well as writing them. Fall of '31, Bob joined staff of station WMAQ as continuity writer, producer, announcer, and what have you. Played in fifteen dra-

(Continued on page 45)

"So This Is Harris?"

Helene Handin, the Truthful Trouper, KFI, Los Angeles, Gives You the "Awful Truth" About Phil Harris

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GREETINGS and salutations, Gal friend:

Well, old dear, am I excited, or am I excited? I've just met Phil Harris, and "I'm his'n", to paraphrase a famous saying. Of course I can't expect an old "dyed in the rayon" New Yorker like you to enthuse with me, but wait until he comes to N. Y. and then I'll wager you'll get "all het up" about him too.

No doubt you're saying "you've met Phil Harris—so what?" And you're wondering who the Hector he is maybe. Don't remember my writing you when I first arrived here in May about my first visit to the famous Coconut Grove and my going "ga-ga" about the new (to me) band leader there, who did things to songs that was nothing short of marvelous.—Well this "here now" Phil Harris is the mean singing papa who sent me into that "rave."

OF COURSE Marcella, when I say "I'm his'n" I mean figuratively speaking—you know me—I don't go for orchestra leaders, no matter how fascinating. Maybe it's because they don't go for me—but anyway we'll skip that. I'll take a good staid business man who has a few hours each evening to devote to just me.

Who cares what I fall for, get back to my story, did you say? All right, all right—I was just telling you.—Well then, when I took it into my commonplace brunette head to make poor defenseless Phil the victim of my first interview I called his secretary for an "apartment" as we say in dear old Brooklyn, and the following day hied (that's a good word, I must use it more often) hied myself to the Hotel Ambassador and bearded the lion in his den, so to speak. Rather after running hither and yon, thru subterranean caverns and hallways and asking about ten people I finally discovered his den; there should be green lines and arrows there.

HOWEVER, it was a very nice den after I discovered it, piano, nice secretary, big windows and everything. Mr. Harris was waiting for me—well, at least, he was waiting—and after the usual "chawmed to meetcha" which we exchanged we got down to business. You wouldn't know, but Phil is noted for his smile, or maybe it would be more correct to call it

"grin" and the way he puts over numbers. Don't misunderstand me, as an orchestra conductor he's not to be sniffed at, but as a singer of songs is where he steps out ahead of them all, and when I say ahead, I don't mean at the rear of the procession—and you know how I like Rudy, Crosby and others, but Phil is different.

HE HAS a real "he-man" voice, not such a wonderful voice at that but how he can characterize songs, popular, comedy, and torch; but where he shines is during intermissions when he stands up on the platform under a "Mike" and does the Bert Williams type of number. The dancing ceases but the dancers stay on the floor and sort of sway back and forth on their toes, or someone's else, to the rhythm of his music. It is a sight I never saw any place else—and I've been around, you know that old dear. In fact there is no place like the Coconut Grove in little old New York and there is no one like Harris (there either). I suppose he'll be grabbed off before we know it tho, as he had his first Lucky Strike prog. this week and after a few more coast to coast hook-ups he'll be known in the "yeast" too.

TO GO on with the "strange interview." Phil has a pleasing smile and manner off stage also, and we were soon chatting like old friends and when I started firing questions, he came right back with the right answers. He was born in Nashville, Tenn. I thot I detected a slight Southern accent, went to school there and started his musical career playing the drums in school and amateur shows. He later drummed his way across this continent, thence to Honolulu, then on to Australia and back to the little old USA; and that's pretty good drumming says I, and remember I don't mean travelling salesman! To be more explicit, "our hero," left the old home-stead in 1923 to go into vaudeville and from then on he cavorted from dance band to recording band to presentation acts and as I told you to other continents even. This boy was just a travelling fool, if you ask me, but, strange as it may seem to you, he has never been to little old N. Y. yet! Doubtless that's your cue to say "He ain't seen nothin' yet" maybe so, maybe so, we won't ar-

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Bob White Writes

(Continued from page 43)

matic productions per week and wrote live until January, 1932 . . . when exhausted.

New year began with new business. RADIO PROGRAM SERVICE came into being with Bob and Andres Selkirk as partners. They sell a swell program to Household Finance Corporation—which finances new business—(the program does, not the company). Life and new business move slowly . . . Oh yes, our hero continues to act in "Rin Tin Tin" thrillers, which began on NBC two years before. By this time Bob has played a different character every Thursday night for over one hundred weeks. Spring of '32, RADIO PROGRAM SERVICE sells another program, "Lane Reporter." On CBS for eight weeks. Otherwise, business is tough. Eddie Guest joins Household program.

Came the summer of '32. RADIO PROGRAM SERVICE sells three programs in one week! Two of these to Standard Oil Co. of Indiana. . . "Brown Stone Front," the "street scene" of radio, and "Si and Mirandy" fashioned after the characters in Opper's famous comic strip, "Maude the Mule."

And he plays the part of the English Dr. Petrie in Sax Rohmer's mystery series, "Fu Manchu," on a coast to coast hookup of the Columbia chain.

Bob is the only actor-author in Chicago who produces his own shows!

CHATTER

MMARGARET M. MURPHY, the Ukulele Lady of WPG recently celebrated her one hundred and fiftieth program over that station. . . Francis Craig and his orchestra returned to Radio Station WSM, Nashville, early in October, opening a nine months' contract, coming from the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas, Texas. . . Since the completion of the 50,000 watt transmitter WSM letters are coming from all over the world attesting to the clarity of the programs, Australia, New Zealand, China and Japan are included. . . Beasley Smith, band leader in charge of the WSM orchestra has completed three song hits in three weeks; his latest is "Unfinished."

MMARIO COSTA, Argentine baritone heard over WMCA, New York, Sunday evenings at eight o'clock, is known to music lovers in

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Europe and South America. He also gained great popularity in the films in Argentine. . . Roxanne, platinum blonde and her male orchestra broadcast over WMCA regularly. . . Chico 'n' Peppina, formerly heard over WCKY in Cincinnati, now go over the ether from WMCA Tuesdays and Fridays at 4:45 P. M.

FOLLOWING in the wake of the radio stars who trekked across the East River to appear in "The Big Broadcast" at Paramount's Astoria studio, five firstline radio announcers reported at the studio for their scenes in the picture of radioland. The five announcers were Norman Brokenshire, William Brenton, Don Ball and Andre Baruch from Columbia Broadcasting Company and James S. Wallington from the National Broadcasting Company. . . Scenes from "The Big Broadcast" involving Vincent Lopez, Arthur Tracy, the Boswell Sisters, Kate Smith, Cab Calloway and the Mills Brothers were filmed in New York after Bing Crosby and Burns and Allen had appeared in Hollywood. Clifford Carson-Jones, leading man with the Crosley Players of Station WLW, Cincinnati, dodged the laundry business of his father to go into the show business, winding up on the air.

KELW—Burbank, Cal., has gone Spanish in a big way these days. Senor Pedro Gonzales, exponent of

Castilian melodies, directs three programs over the Burbank station six days in the week. One of these comes on the air at 12:30 p. m. with a half hour of Spanish songs including, of course, plenty of instrumentation in the form of solo and ensemble work. Then, at half past seven in the evening, another Spanish half hour brings more twinkling tunes of sunny climes. The third period is a two hour one between 4 and 6 o'clock in the morning. Senor Gonzales brings a scintillating array of Spanish pulchritude on these three broadcast periods. There are dazzling senoritas for fandangoes, vocalists a-plenty and string instrument players. Mere male naturally is not forgotten and they, too, help to round out the concert and dance aggregation.

ONE of the clearest voices ever heard on the air, according to long experienced listeners reporting from Australia, is that of James Hayward, who at 85 has been Master of Ceremonies for several unique programs in which only septuagenarians participated before the microphone of Station 2BL, Sydney. . . He introduced a 93 year old tenor, T. W. Cummings, who sang "Annie Laurie." Another singer was John Fullerton, a Scot, who used to warble as he sat at the throttle of high speed trains. C. F. Howes, 75 has played the clarinet, double bass and saxophone the world over.

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Marcella

(Continued from page 24)

questions answered by somebody else—though all my sources of information seem to have failed me in regard to Mr. Reisman.

"I thank you again for your efforts in trying to get the information I sought. And give my love to Toddles."—Lucille Bolinger, Kankakee, Ill.

Well, Miss Bolinger, to get down to business you probably have had the October R. D. by this time, and if you have not, you most surely must get one, for there is a very nice picture in it of Phil Dewey, together with a resumé of *SOME* of his fan mail, but, because your letter came in so late, the biography will have to wait until next month—and don't be too impatient, we'll write you, just to use the three-cent stamp you sent us.

▲ ▲ ▲

So This Is Harris

(Continued from page 44)

gue about that, you and I don't agree on that burg.

To continue this "hotcha" drummer's nonstop flight to fame, and I'll bet in those lean days, it seemed as tho he would never reach his destination, he finally landed at Balboa Beach, Cal., where they needed someone to stand in front of the dance band and gracefully wave the baton—the leader being the pianist, so Phil was delegated for the job, possibly because he knew nothing about it, at least from actual experience. The proprietor asked him if he couldn't sing and Phil didn't think he could but made a stab at Old Man River with the result that he and Old Man River have been pals ever since, it being one of his best numbers. He stayed with the job gradually got himself a repertoire and in the fall organized his own band in L.A. where he played the following six months.

From there he went to the St. Francis, the famous San Francisco hostelry where he stayed three years—so I guess he was good—what? As I remarked before he had just opened at the Coconut Grove here when I arrived (from N.Y.) in May and he certainly crowds 'em in and those that can't go to the "Grove" stay home and listen to him over the radio (KFI nightly).

The amazing thing to yours truly is the fact that he only discovered three and a half years ago that he could sing. Just goes to show that one never knows what talents one may develop does one? Look at me—who ever tho I'd be a writer—what did you say?—"There's a little doubt on that score yet"—Sure but I'm in print and that's somepin'.

Phil Harris is quite a likable chap,

and after all his years of tramping he should be "human" and is, and I believe he's the type that will stay that way, statistics to the contrary notwithstanding. I asked him, with my usual nerve, if he tho he'd ever become "tall millinery" high hat to you, and he rather naively replied, that he didn't think so. He's one of the few men radio singers that men seem to like as well as women, and that is the height of something or other.

Phil's main hobby is Polo and he's crazy about it, as are most of the men out here who can afford it. And here's the low-low down on his food complex: he hates vegetables of all kinds and species and refuses to eat them cooked or uncooked—so there! Page those balanced diet cranks. I said "You must be a meat eater then" and he retorted "100% meat eater." He looks the picture of health so I guess he'll last a while longer despite his diet. He doesn't even care much for sweets or pastries.—Hot radishes, wouldn't he be easy to cook for (him) gal, just toss a steak on his plate and all would be forgiven.

He recently made a batch of electrical transcriptions and is starting a Talkie soon, a musical talkie rather, and it is to be called "So this is Harris"—and if that's not a title, I'm an infuriated earth worm! Phil rather ingeniously told me that he had been very nervous and fearful about his first picture, but that Mark Sandrich, the director, after talking it over with him, man to man, made him feel so easy that now he's all set for the shooting—I mean of the picture, Dope! Funny thing—the Lew Brock Comedy unit of RKO is making the "pichur" and he's that same "fellar" I worked for in the first short I ever made in N.Y. It was called "Strange Interview" do you remember? Lew is very interested in bringing radio personalities to Talkies, so here's hoping! I for one will be anxious to see it as I'm wondering how Phil will picture. He's tall, nice physique, dark curly hair, blue eyes and teeth that would grace any toothpaste adv.—heaven forbid, so he ought to photo' well—but it's such a gamble—and how I know!

He has never had to diet as yet, he says, no doubt he works too hard to take on weight. He lives in a cozy house in Beverly Hills, but I won't tell you the number or you'll be writing him fan mail—oh yeah? And that, Little Widget, closes my "peeking thru the keyhole" at Phil Harris for this session. Write me after you hear him and tell me if you don't agree. I'm enclosing some pictures of him, but you really have to see him in person and at work to appreciate him. If I meet and interview any more western (radio) celebs, I'll write you about it.

So long old thing and happy nightmares.

Helene.

Be a Barber

(Continued from page 19)

automobile and started for New York as a hobo. He joined a carnival, singing in one act and operating an old concession known as the Country Grocery Store, which he finally sold for enough money to get to New York on.

He reached New York the first of October and there was a great depression in show business at the time. He couldn't find a partner and he had never thought of working alone up to this time. On the first of January he finally got a week's work in a night club and was paid off with a bad check. Later he went to sing at the Old Yacht Club in New York and it was there that he got a fifty dollar tip singing "My Wild Irish Rose" for Walter Chrysler the automobile magnate and Harry Frazee then a noted theatrical magnate.

There followed a long series of night club engagements in which he played at the Caravan Club in the Village, at Barney Gallants and The Silver Slipper. Meanwhile he was beginning to make phonograph records for every company except Victor. One of his phonograph records came to the attention of Eddie Dowling when an alert Irish showman was planning his great success "Honeymoon Lane." Marvin was offered a part in the play and after the first night's performance Eddie King of the Victor Company came back stage to see him and offered him seventy-five dollars to sing a vocal chorus. Before long he had entered into a royalty contract with the Victor Company and became one of their best selling artists.

Marvin is one of the few recording stars who ever made fifty records all of which sold over five hundred thousand copies. The American public bought six hundred and fifty thousand copies of his records "Just Another Day" "Wasted Away" and seven hundred and fifty thousand copies of his "Tiptoe Through the Tulips."

It was after his appearance in "Honeymoon Lane" that John F. Royal, now vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company booked him for his first single vaudeville engagement at the Palace theater in Cleveland. Then there followed several years of vaudeville headlining which ended abruptly more than a year ago when he was taken ill with pneumonia and physicians despaired of his life. But by rising at dawn and spending most of his time at his island, Lancaster Island in the St. Lawrence river, he regained his health and returned to singing with his voice in even better condition.

GEORGE RECTOR'S EATATORIAL



George
Rector

I NOTICE by newspaper reports that Corse Payton, the old-time actor, is appearing in dramas on the air. I will be mighty glad to hear him, for Corse was one of Rector's favorite patrons, and a great fellow.

He is indeed a veteran actor, having played many one-night stands in tank towns. He had the habit of giving waiters a free ticket to his shows instead of a cash tip. One afternoon he was out of free papers, so he wrote a pass on the waiter's shirt front.

That evening the waiter presented the dickey at the door and it was honored

and taken up like a regular ticket. But—five minutes later the waiter came flying out of the theatre at the end of a boot. Payton had kicked him out—for not wearing a shirt!

Corse Payton was the creator of the famous 10, 20, and 30 cent stock companies, known in the profession by the shorter description "ten, twent' and thirt'." He would tackle any show ever written, from burlesque to Hamlet. A fine looking man he was, very well groomed, with the voice of a tragedian. I remember how fond he was of making speeches in Rector's. Once he stood up

in our place and announced, "there are good actors, and there are bad actors, but look upon me—I am America's best bad actor."

By the way, here is a recipe for one of Rector's specialties, and a dish of which Corse Payton was very fond:

OYSTERS POULETTE

Heat 12 oysters in their own liquor 5 minutes. Remove oysters with skimmer to hot serving dish. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream sauce to oyster liquor and reduce by cooking over moderate flame for several minutes. Season with salt, a few grains of cayenne and a few grains of nutmeg. Thicken with 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten with 1 tablespoon of cream. Bring to a boil, remove from fire, add 1 tablespoon of butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of strained lemon juice. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced mushrooms and pour sauce of the oysters.



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