

Radio Digest

May

15 Cents



Jane Pursell

Why Not Prohibit Vocal Atrocities?

Lula Vollmer



Andy Sannella



Irvin Cobb

Hear that lion ROAR!

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Miss Virginia Lee



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Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

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815 Logs of 48 foreign stations

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JANUARY LOGS From Scott Owners	
Stations	Number
VK3ME	Australia.....122
VK3DE	Australia.....100
HKD	Colombia.....82
1790	Italy.....78
EVA	France.....68
HFM	Colombia.....59
BKA	Colombia.....49
GSW	England.....42
HCO	Colombia.....37
PLCD	Indo-China.....35
PONTOISE	France.....18
ZK25W	Germany.....15
LSN	Argentina.....11
GRW	England.....10
HKE	Colombia.....10
GRD	England.....9
HCC	Colombia.....7
HRC	Colombia.....7
PRADO	Brazil.....7
BREBET	Mexico.....7
VRT	Bermuda.....6
CMCI	Cuba.....5
HCF	Colombia.....5
CTJAA	Portugal.....3
PTN	France.....3
KAGD	Hawaii.....2
OXY	Denmark.....2
HCDR	Sweden.....2
JIAA	Japan.....2
PLV	Jamaica.....2
BY-15	Canada.....2
YV8MO	Venezuela.....2
Konjapuntar	Haitian.....1
CHK	Cuba.....1
CM2ME	Cuba.....1
IHA	Germany.....1
FA15	Spain.....1
EAQ	Spain.....1
TFE	Holland.....1
KKH	Hawaii.....1
LSV	Argentina.....1
LSV-LBG	Argentina.....1
V-14-NRH	Costa Rica.....1
V-14-VV	Venezuela.....1
VW	France.....1
12H	New Zealand.....1
EVA	New Zealand.....1



FROM NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO—from Canada and the Gulf Coast—from everywhere in the United States—verified logs of foreign reception have poured in—815 in all—during the month of January. The most distant station was 10,500 miles away from the receiver! And most of the logs that came in were of stations over 6,000 miles distant.

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Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

NORMAN BROKENSHERE'S return to the mike has brought a glow of pleasure to many a radio fan. His ups and downs as an announcer and master of ceremonies have made him an unusually colorful character in the forefront of broadcasting. His last eclipse was predicted to signify the end. Jealous backbiters grinned and gloated. Then came the announcement of the "Society's Playboy Hour" over a CBS network of 43 stations. The name part for Mr. Brokenshere, as M.C., fitted him as niftily as the sartorial effect he exploits. His voice and manner—"How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, how *do* you do"—have lost none of their old charm. He has excellent support with Welcome Lewis, contralto, and Nat Brusiloff's orchestra. It's coast to coast, with a full line of stations along the Pacific. (WABC Wed. 10:30 p.m.).

ONE of the most glamorous receptions it ever has been my pleasure to attend was the New York radio debut of Buddy Rogers at the Pennsylvania Grill. The terraced floor scintillated with Hollywood stars and bright luminaries from the airlines. Paul Whiteman, who has tightened his grip on the scepter as Emperor of Jazz, functioned as the grand host to introduce the blushing young Buddy to the radio audience. Handsome and smiling, the sparkling young Kansan trotted his friends from Cinemaville and Broadway up to the mike—and it is safe to say he "presented his listeners with not less than one million dollars worth of talent." One of our readers has already complained that Buddy is a nice boy but not quite airable, and he'd better go back. I do not agree. Perhaps I still feel the power of that impressive introduction for I am sure Buddy Rogers did right well and deserves all the applause that he gets.

OLD timers missed the genial face of Rudy Vallee at the grill but he sent his greetings from Pittsburgh where he was on tour with the Scandals. Other notable orchestra leaders in various parts of the country participated in the program. I believe there were about 40 celebrities who were introduced to the radio audience. I could see as many from my table without stretching my neck. Beginning with Little Jack Little, Mrs. Little, and sweeping around the circle I could see Guy and Carmen Lombardo, Mary Pickford (at a table surrounded by her satellites), Nancy Carroll, with her fluffy blonde coiffure, Lupe Velez in hair almost as fluffy but not so fair, Mary Brian, Phyllis Haver, Jack Denny, Tom and Fred Waring, Irving Berlin, Art Jarrett, the Boswell Sisters, Jesse Lasky, Belle

Baker, Margaret Livingstone, Jeanette Loff, the Jesse Crawfords, Paul Tremaine, Ted Husing—and too many others to be mentioned in the space allotted on this page. And there, with the blue-white spot tinging her silvery hair, was Buddy's mother smiling and glowing with the pride she felt for this boy who stood introducing her to all his friends and the radio audience.



Norman Brokenshere

PAUL WHITEMAN and his Chiefs opened up their network series from New York by a snappy program in the Times Square studios. Everybody is talking about Paul's figure. Even that cascade of chins for which he was famous has vanished. They tell me he had been led to a difficult spot by the irresistible smile of a sweet young woman whom he had asked to be his. "Yours except for about 75 pounds of you," or words to that effect she is said to have replied. So Paul set himself the task of eliminating all of 75 pounds of Whiteman tissue. "And how did you do it?" I asked for Mrs. Whiteman stood between us in further testimony of the fact that it had been done. "Aha," said he, "you will read about that in my new book. It *should* interest you, if you don't mind my saying so." And he gave the little bride a sidelong wink. Now what do you suppose he meant? Just then Harold Stein snapped a picture of the three of us together. . . . And now I understand.

MANY legends have been told about the humor of Abraham Lincoln but the funniest thing I ever heard was "His Humor, Abraham Lincoln Symphony", by Bennett as presented on the last of those grand concerts by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. It was too funny for words. In fact all three of those last selections listed as "Antonin Fugue" by Dubensky and "Suite" by Piston were just as humorous if not more so. Except for the intermissions I must admit

it would have been hard for me to tell where one composition left off and the other began, they were all so funny. But the funniest part of it all was the seriousness with which such a grotesque jamboree of tooting and scrapings could be treated by renowned and otherwise perfectly sane artists. Operas and symphonies ordinarily give me the greatest musical delight. The preceding concerts were simply sublime. But this conglomeration sounded like whooping in the New Year in a progressive broadcast from Timbuktu to Claremore, Okla. It was cubist art in sound!

H. P. B.

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Clarence Whitehill

CLARENCE WHITEHILL, described as one of the greatest Wagnerian singers in the world, was recently heard in the Metropolitan Opera Company's broadcast of "Parsifal". Whitehill was the first American baritone to sing in several important European opera houses including Covent Garden in London, the Paris Grand Opera House and the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth.

Why not Prohibit VOCAL ATROCITIES?

*Saxophonic Singing and "Doo-a-da-duming"
Are Public Musical Menace Says Opera Star*

By CLARENCE WHITEHILL

WHILE the whole country is wrestling with the vital problem of the depression in the stock market, another depression, more subtle, more insidious, and, perhaps, more lasting is settling down upon an unsuspecting nation without causing a ripple of excitement. *It is a depression in good taste.* A fog of cheap trivial art is slowly but surely overshadowing the better things of life. Look at the sensational titles of the novels which young men and women read furtively in trains and street cars. Look at the vulgarity in certain current advertisements. And above all, listen to almost any radio program with its tinsel music, threadbare sentiment and haphazard vocal art.

I am not referring to comedy or humor. Anyone who can manufacture wholesome laughs is worthy of a place beside the greatest artist. I am writing more particularly of the lazy careless standards of so-called modern art, as the average radio broadcaster sees it—the unskilled one finger pianist who concocts an obvious tune, patched together from half a dozen familiar melodies—the illiterate lyric writer who batters out on his typewriter a few slangy catch phrases ending with a brazen, "I love you"—the so-called singer who barks and wails over the air and who boasts of the fact that he has never in his life studied either singing or music.

A good many of these new "stars" of the air half talk their songs, off the key as often as on, with an insolent assurance born of the weekly cheques which they receive from the sponsors of radio programs who bid against each other with the fervor of art collectors at an auction for the services of these pseudo-musicians.

Of course, there are good popular singers and good popular music. It is not my intention to belittle them, because I happen to be a grand opera singer. I am concerned here with the average, not with the exception.

Editor's Note:

BECAUSE MUSIC is one of the fine arts and because singing is one of the great branches of music, it is only natural that there be wide variations in the degree of artistic attainment of the different types of vocalists. The readers of RADIO DIGEST will undoubtedly be interested in hearing the frank comment of one who has lived his life among the world's greatest operatic stars. His reactions, even if one does not wholly agree, are interesting and stimulating. It took a great deal of coaxing and stretching of close personal friendship to persuade the author of this article to "open up" his innermost thoughts as he has done here. We would like to see more of our readers set forth their ideas for improving broadcasting programs in an equally sincere and vigorous manner. We'll try to publish as many such expressions as possible. And you can rest assured that we will not be afraid to publish all worth while criticism regardless of whose toes are stepped on. We think intelligent criticism will foster the growth of radio as an art and we think too much of radio and the great listening public to be fearful of "diplomatic breaks" in professional circles.

In a spirit of constructive criticism I would like to suggest that a new sort of censorship be formed for the radio—a censorship of good taste, designed to eliminate vulgarity from the air.

In a moral sense the powers behind the great broadcasting systems deserve great praise. They have kept the ether waves clean and wholesome. In an artistic sense, however, they are, to my way of thinking, a little inclined toward deafness. Perhaps the fault lies, as much, with the low standards of the average family as with the radio executives.

In any home where there are children a large number of best selling novels are taboo. Or at least they are locked up and reserved for adult reading. The "movies" are censored at their source by state boards and the average mother usually learns and approves the content of a

photo play before her children are permitted to see it. But the radio is left wide open from morning till night, and in consequence the modern generation is being educated to appreciate the fine points of jazz crooning, of popular slang and cheap sentiment.

The radio has opened up a wonderful new field for educating people to think in the right way and to appreciate the finest things that this world has to offer. Instead, it is pouring into the defenseless ears of the public a continual flow of trash.

If one is discriminating, it is possible, of course, to find uplifting entertainment on the air. The programs of the New York Philharmonic Society conducted by Toscanini and other celebrated directors, the weekly broadcasts of the Metropolitan and the Chicago Civic Opera Company, the morning lecture concerts of Walter Damrosch and the few scattered commercial programs featuring singers and instrumentalists of a serious type, as well as the talks by famous scientists and thinkers are very commendable. But these things are lost in a maze of torch songs, hot jazz bands and nasal crooners.

IN EUROPE, apart from broadcasting itself everything possible is being done to awaken in children an interest in good music. But in America the younger generation hasn't half a chance. The grammar of the slums, the tunes of the cabarets and the personalities of the gutter are too often the daily fare of youth. Much of the music heard is not fit for human ears. Radio can change all this, but unless a far seeing and discriminating voluntary control is put on the radio the musical taste of the next generation will be the worst since the dark ages.

Singing, as exemplified by a large number of supposedly popular radio performers, is becoming more and more amateurish. I grant that an amateur may be

worth while from some view point. He may have a sense of comedy or tragedy or of story telling. He may have something which light-headed women dote on or children cry for. I grant that the radio must furnish entertainment for the light-headed as well as for the serious minded listener. What I object to is that few of these new singers take the trouble to develop their particular talents. They remain tricksters and sensationalists. They never become artists.

Because a man is a crooner, he need not necessarily be a poor singer. Crooning, in itself, shows a technical advance in radio broadcasting as is exemplified by the work of such as Rudy Vallee. It is a trick that makes small voiced vocalists sound as thrilling as full throated opera stars. Hugging the microphone produces a touch of intimacy between performer and listener which could not be obtained in a large concert hall or opera house. It, also, helps to make the words of a song easily understood. The chief objection to crooning is that most crooners are clumsy vocalists. But, of course, crooning is now a trifle passé, though a few of the better singers of this type still have a large following. The new style of radio singing is much more objectionable.

There always seems to be a prevailing method of vocalizing on the air, and the present one is in direct imitation of saxophone playing with an emphasis on the short comings of that instrument. Saxophone players seldom are to be classed as musicians. They may have a natural sense of rhythm, which is a good thing in itself. But they have little else to back it up. Usually the tone of a saxophone is wabby, sliding on and off the pitch without any particular rhyme or reason. It is thick and spread, not clean cut and accurate like a clarinet. A player seldom hits a tone on the head. He glides up to it with slipshod careless technique. There is a preponderance of improvising and "faking"—some of it clever but little of it artistic. The saxophone has become popular with the would-be musician who is too lazy to study a violin or piano, who is interested in getting glory and high cash rewards with a minimum of effort. This vogue of saxophonic singing has brought about a deluge of slovenly vocalism, extemporizing, off-the-key digressions, talking, whistling, humming and "doo-a da doo-ing"—anything to conceal lack of skill and education.

HOARSE guttural voices now crowd the air. It is not considered necessary to sing a tone exactly as it is written in the music. Whenever an interval is a little difficult, it is perfectly good form with these new performers to slide into it. No one ever thinks of trying to hit a note on the head. It is too much trouble. The diction, too, is in keeping with the vocal style. Perhaps, the illiterate lyrics of many popular songs are,

in a measure, responsible for the crude pronunciation. An Oxford accent is out of place with a Bowery lyric as any one will agree.

In presenting my case against saxophonic singing, I am not thinking of any particular artist. Listen for yourself, any night, to some of the most advertised and highly exploited programs on the air and you will discover what I mean. Check up and you will find a mere handful of singers with good taste who speak the English language with the distinction of a cultivated sophisticated American, and who sing with the style of even a third rate concert or operatic artist. I do not wish to discourage individuality. Among the greatest artists there is a divergence in style. Let Paderevski and de Pachmann play a simple waltz of Chopin, each in his own way, and you would hardly recognize it as the same composition. The Cantor and the Ed Wynn brand of humor are as dissimilar as day and night. But individuality, like art, should be developed, not just permitted to run wild.

Announcement

OWING to the thousands of complaints from all parts of the country that RADIO DIGEST has been "sold out" or is not available at the local news stand the publishers with this issue have increased the distribution by an additional 100,000 copies. Regular readers will confer a favor by advising our mutual friends.

One of the most deplorable things in radio singing today is the exaggerated use of the falsetto, those high soprano-like tones which tenors add to extend the range of their voices. This sort of thing has never been considered in good taste in America, though French singers have practised it pretty generally. Clement and Muratore were masters of the art and produced beautiful effects with it. But they studied for years to gain the necessary skill before they made use of it. I have heard tenors in radio quartets, like the Revellers, use falsetto in a most skillful and delightful way. But when clumsy throated baritones with little or no schooling interpolate falsetto ad libitum in the middle of a song for no reason at all, the effect is a thousand times worse than the vocal contortions of amateur Swiss yodelers.

Why don't these young singers learn

something about good taste? Why doesn't someone prohibit them from perpetrating vocal atrocities? The continued use of falsetto is one of the cheapest musical effects ever devised.

Another deplorable angle to the so-called "radio art" is the strict adherence to dance time in singing popular songs, which is practiced by altogether too many performers. If music is played for dancing, that is another thing. I am referring to programs of a purely vocal character. Not a few of the high priced radio stars rose to their present position of importance by shouting out choruses in dance halls with jazz bands. Upon emerging into the soloist class they seem to be incapable of throwing off the mannerisms of the dance floor. No matter how simple a song may be, no matter how "popular" in spirit, there is always room for some rhythmic variety. A singer should never perform like a mechanical toy without any variation in tempo. There is great charm in nicely balanced rhythms, in retards and accelerandos. Even a spoken word is not objectionable; if used for a purpose. But when it is done so often happens on the air—because a singer finds difficulty in reaching a high note or is scaling an interval of an octave or more, it is inexcusable. Most singers sing badly because they are too lazy to learn to sing well.

Great emphasis is being placed seems to me, by many broadcast stations on inartistic and inconsequential talent. One hears announcers superlatives in presenting third rate bunglers, while truly fine artists are on the air with barely a word of favorable comment. As long as this condition exists, the air will continue to be crowded with mediocre entertainment, and the standards of our young people will continue to drop lower and lower.

THE popular singers of today are concerned too much with gaining quick success. Few of them have been willing to take the time to learn either to sing or to interpret music. I believe that a radio crooner should be compelled to study and work, just as operatic and concert singers do. Too many American singers are quitters. They are too lazy to study.

We Americans are a mysterious people. We make our standards as we go along. We permit too much of the riff-raff of other countries to come in and we allow ourselves to be influenced too much by the lower elements of other races. What is good in foreign art, we are apt to ignore, and what is worthless to take for our own. Young people of today are not serious and all art in America is becoming frivolous. According to all precedents people should turn, in a time of depression, toward the better things in life, but it seems to me that exactly the opposite is happening in the present crisis, and the radio, in part at least, is to blame.

He Conducted the Silver Dollar Band

Andy Sannella

Plays Everything That Makes Music . . .

Uses Musically Trained Ear to Detect

Odd Code Signals from Air—Pilots Plane

By Muriel Allen

SO THIS is Panama!" That's what they all said. Eager eyed and shore-hungry, a dozen radiant white garbed gobs clambered down from the gray deck of Uncle Sam's destroyer, the Farragut, and soon were ambling up the street of this tropical city. They paused before the shaded entrance of a shuttered doorway from which floated sweet aromas and the sounds of droning instruments. It was the Silver Dollar saloon, and gobs will be gobs.

Refreshed with liquid potions and more substantial portions from the free lunch counter they gathered around the black haired Mexican band to banter and sing.

"Ah, Senor, what a fine instrument you have!" exclaimed one of the younger gobs as he reached understandingly for one of the violins. The owner surrendered it doubtfully. The young sailor placed it against his shoulder and caressed the strings with the bow. The old violin responded with a rare tone of delight. And then followed an amazing concert. All other sounds were hushed as the young man played on. The proprietor joined the circle.

"Say, my boy, you got music in your soul!" he exclaimed. "What's your name?"

"Andy Sannella," replied the gob as he returned the violin to its owner.

"Well, Andy Sannella, when you quit the sea come around and see me. I need you in my orchestra," said Mr. Silver Dollar in person.

Not many months later that is just what Andy Sannella really did. No sooner did he cast off from the navy than he put back to Panama and enlisted as skipper of the Silver Dollar orchestra where he quickly made a name for himself. That was ten years ago. The Silver Dollar orchestra traveled and gave concerts from Buenos Aires to Mex-

ico City, and then Andy became acquainted with a saxophone. He escorted it back to Panama where saxophones were practically unknown. Andy wooed it assiduously but the proprietor of the Silver Dollar had headaches every time he heard Andy practice.

"How much did you pay for that sax-a-what-you-macallit?" he asked Andy one day.

"It cost me \$25," Andy replied.

"Would you take \$50 for it?"

"Sure. But I don't know where I could get another one."

"Are you sure you don't know where?"

"I certainly do not, do you?"

"Well, here's your \$50. Give me your sax-a-graph."

AND that was the last Andy ever saw or heard of his first saxophone. The proprietor thought he had taken the saxophone out of Andy Sannella's life forever. Little did he dream that the day would come—as it already has—when Andy Sannella would be paid upward of \$200 every time he played a solo on the saxophone over nation-wide radio networks.

Feeling that he had been insulted by the manager Andy cast loose from the Silver Dollar and headed for New York where he renewed acquaintance with one of his boyhood chums, Nathaniel Shilkret, who was playing over the WJZ radio station of the Radio Corporation of America. Through Shilkret the young sailor was initiated into the mysteries of broadcasting. He bought himself a new saxophone and specimens of nearly all the other known instruments used by man in the art of music.

Today Sannella is one of the most versatile musicians of the National Broadcasting Company. He conducts orchestras on four big programs—the Buscul All-Star Orchestra, Major Icequick and His Frigidarians, the Sampler Program, and the Rexall Radio Party. And he is frequently featured as guest saxophone and steel guitar soloist.

Since 1927 Sannella has been associated with the New York NBC studios. He has appeared as soloist on many of the outstanding programs, including Palmolive Hour, Armstrong Quakers, Wonder Bakers, Ipana Troubadours, Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, the Valspar Club. He has conducted the following programs: Sylvester Hour, Smith Bros., Halsey Stuart Program, Empire Builders, Campbell Novelties and Pennzoil Pete.

Having become soloist and conductor on eleven programs a week, for which he averages \$200 apiece for playing and up to \$1000 for conducting, Sannella has a yearly income running into six figures. He works fourteen hours a day, six days a week. On the seventh day he rests—doesn't work more than eight hours.

Last year the conductor bought a plane and spent what spare time he had in learning to fly it. He's had 400 hours in the air already. He sold his plane, however, his spare time being rather at a premium. For a hobby he has now taken up long distance amateur radio transmission. In his Westchester home he has devoted the entire top floor to a radio transmitter and receiver and all that goes with it. Already he has communicated with Australia several times.

When he went before the local federal radio inspector for his examination he amazed the official by reading code thirty-five words a minute. That is a speed which is not always achieved by the commercial radio operator.

(Continued on page 43)

MOONSHINE *and* HONEYSUCKLE

*Birth of a Great
Radio Play Series*

By LULA VOLLMER

IN 1925 Louis Mason played Tom Fink, the peddler, in a play of mine called "The Dunce Boy." In 1927, I think it was, he played the night-watchman in "Trigger". Mr. Mason made a personal score in both plays. Then I lost sight of him. One day, two years ago, while I was busy rehearsing another play, Louis Mason suddenly appeared at my elbow. After the greeting, I said, "I'm terribly sorry, Louis, but there's not a thing in this play for you". Louis' answer amazed me: "I don't want a part. I want a radio sketch."

I'll give you verbatim the scene that followed:

Lula

Oh, you're on the radio now?

Mason

Been there ever since "Trigger" quit on me.

Lula

That's fine. Hope you like it.

Mason

Sure, I like it. You will too.

Lula

Yes, I must listen in. What's your hour?

Mason

Oh, my hour's over. I'm looking for something new.

Lula

Well, I hope you find something that suits you.

Mason

I've come to get it.

Lula

(Looking quizzically at the assembled actors)

Who's doing it for you?

Mason

(Emphatically)

You are.

Lula

Quit your kiddin'. I don't know anything about radio.

Mason

You can learn.

The director pounced upon me for a line, and Louis moved off stage. At lunch time he was waiting for me at the stage door, and we went to a restaurant nearby. While the waitress hov-

ered over us, impatient for the order, I finished our street conversation. "No, Louis, I can't." Louis seized my hand, in what, to the waitress, must have seemed a lover-like fashion, and whispered, "I was never more serious in my life." (The waitress called "Happy honeymoon!" to us as we left). All through the luncheon I tried to "turn off" the radio talk, but every subject introduced was rudely dismissed by Louis' plea, "Just give me a character, Lula, just a character." (I don't know what interpretation the waitress put upon this request.)

Finally, in desperation, I told Louis that a mountain lad with a dog might make a good character for him. "Fine," he said, "Now write it." For two weeks Louis hounded me. One evening, in self-defense I pencilled a few pages of a monologue for him to deliver to a dog called "Bones". He pocketed the papers and departed. I felt quite certain that that effort had ended my radio career forever. A few days later, one of the directors at the N B C called me and said if I could put some more characters in the sketch, and build a little drama around the man and the dog, they would be glad to use it. All I had were the names, "Clem" and "Bones", and the few lines I had given Clem. But, both the man and the dog belonged to the mountains. It was evident that Clem had a family. Where there is one family there must be neighbors, and where there are neighbors there is usually drama. I wrote the first sketch. N B C accepted it and asked for twelve more. I consented to try to do them after it had been agreed that the series must close if I found it impossible to stretch the story to thirteen episodes. After I had written three installments and was fairly well acquainted with my



characters, I realized that I couldn't possibly tell their story in thirteen playlets. Here we are, in the eighty-something episode of "Moonshine and Honeysuckle".

I owe a great deal to the excellent direction and to the almost perfect cast of "Moonshine and Honeysuckle". With an occasional exception the actors are all Southerners and their mountain dialect is authentic. Beside Mr. Mason, three of the other players were in stage plays of mine. Miss Anne Elstner (Cracker) was the original "Emmy" in "Sun-up". Miss Sara Haden (Piney Hayatt) played "Emmy" in the London production of "Sun-up". She was also "Etta Dawson" in "Trigger". Claude Cooper (the inimitable Peg-leg Gaddis) played in "The Shame Woman". I would like to give Mr. Robert Strauss credit for creating the character of "Pink Freeze". Mr. Strauss came into the sketch for an extra bit in a court room scene and when I heard him, "Pink" was born.

LULA VOLLMER is leading the way for established playwrights to devote their talents to radio. Her stage successes "Sun-up" and "The Shame Woman" are world famous. Herein she tells how "Moonshine and Honeysuckle" started.



Posed especially for Radio Digest in the NBC photo studios.

Miss Vollmer (left), Henry Fillman, Anne Elstner, Terese Wittler and Sara Haden. Louis Mason (seated). Lula Vollmer (inset).

On the death of Mr. Gerald Stopp, the original director, Mr. Henry Stillman took over the direction. Mr. Stillman directed the New York production of "Sun-up". Only the lack of space keeps me from speaking of the personal merits of each player, from the distinguished looking Bradley Barker who plays "Bones", other animals, and babies, down to the mob actors.

Lonesome Hollow has become an actual community to me. I know every inch of the roads. I am familiar with every house in the neighborhood, as well as the yards and the spaces that run between the cabins. I could catch a mule in the dark in any barn in the Hollow. I know just how the mountain range leans against the sky in the west, and I could tell you as well as Clem
(Continued on page 48)





Buddy Rogers

I VISUALIZE my invisible audience as friends—as vital, living individuals who see me as I really am and want to be. At least, that is the way I feel about it," says Buddy of his radio listeners.

"Guess they'll always call me

B U D D Y "

Says Young Mr. Rogers to our
Girl Reporter in Hot-cha Chat

By ANNE TENNA

OVERTURE! OVERTURE!"
The call boy's voice echoed and reechoed up the stairwell.

It reached to every floor in the building, and registered in the fourth floor dressing room with the gold star on the door that belonged to New York's latest radio and stage sensation—Buddy Rogers, now playing one of the leading roles in the new Ziegfeld production, "Hot-Cha."

"All ready, everybody?" queried the elevator boy, sliding the car door back with a bang. "Can't wait"—and he was gone before Buddy could get out of his dressing room, immaculate in his "tux" but adding the finishing touches to the tie.

"Come along with me," he said. "Interviews are luxuries for one with as little time for himself as I have. We'll have to talk in spurts. You won't mind, will you?"

Of course I didn't.

In the short time that Buddy—you just can't call him anything else, somehow—has been on the air he has given evidence of becoming a real air personality, and so many readers of RADIO DIGEST have asked for news of him, that the mere fact of getting the interview at all was sufficient cause for rejoicing.

The elevator man condescended to return for us, and while my stellar quarry went through with his first act, I had the fun of standing in the wings and watching the mechanics of stage production. Every time I sat down on what looked like a substantial hummock, somebody'd made me get up, and then they'd roll it away. I hid behind a huge piece of standing scenery, only to have it unfold from behind me and become a Pullman coach. I dodged a swinging chandelier being hoisted into the "flies" and bumped into a small adamant burro who had been pulling a cart somewhere for some reason.

Lupe Velez was wandering about in considerable perplexity looking for missing "earrings". Bert Lahr, beret and all, was funnier in his quips with the members

of the company backstage than he was in front of the footlights.

But to get back to Buddy.

The costumes that he wears in this show are the type that suit him best—just smart, flawlessly tailored garments that fit in true Rogers fashion.

And his versatility in playing so many different instruments—in this one show he plays a trombone, trumpet, accordion and guitar in addition to singing—is a source of constant wonder.

I asked him how he happened to learn so many—and here's the answer.

"Back in the good old school days, we boys used to have a 'band'. The schoolmaster went to all the fathers and collected \$25.00 from each one. Then he sent away for a collection of instruments. The one you unwrapped when they arrived was the one you had to learn to play—so you see!" I didn't. At all. I could only figure it out that in his wild enthusiasm Buddy must have unwrapped the entire collection!

You might be interested in knowing that leading an orchestra is no new thrill for this "truly remarkable fellow". He worked his way through Kansas University as leader of a six-piece unit playing at social functions and on every possible occasion when music was needed. So when the opportunity came for him to assume the leadership of the California Cavaliers, which come to you over WEAf and associated stations every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at midnight direct from the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, he was ready to meet it.

We sat quietly for a few minutes in his dressing room while he had a brief respite between scenes, and I asked him questions—many questions.

One of them had to do with his preference for visible audiences as he has them in the theatre, or the invisible ones which see and hear him via the movies and radio.

"Shall I be really, truly honest?" he asked with a boyish grin that was a trifle shamefaced.

"With the audience sitting 'out front',

watching every move, every glance, there's always the thought back in your mind, 'I wonder if everything is all right—I wonder how this is going'. Sometimes the reaction is warm and friendly—sometimes it is cold—like ice. Every audience is different.

"But with the movies and radio, the audience to which you are playing—for which you are expending your best efforts, is unseen. You visualize them as invisible friends—as vital, living individuals who see you as you yourself want to be—and somehow, those invisible friends grow to be very dear to you, to occupy a very large place in your heart. At least, that's the way I feel about it!"

There was another question I had been wanting to ask all evening. Finally it popped out, almost involuntarily:

"Are you going to stick to 'Buddy' from now on?"

"It looks as though I'd have to"; he laughed as he spoke but suddenly became quite serious. "Try as I may, people just won't call me anything else. And you know, I have the most annoying idea of myself as a grown man—elderly. I mean—having people still call me 'Buddy' instead of something dignified like 'Charles'. And—" very confidentially—"don't you think Buddy sounds something like a name for a dog?"

We both laughed at this last remark.

"How ridiculous!" I spoke first because I felt I knew why everybody insists on attaching this affectionate cognomen to the chap before me. "Why, it's just because everybody *does* have that 'friendly feeling' for you that they persist in keeping you in that same friendly spirit. To me, it is the greatest compliment in the world."

My time was almost up.

It was time for "Mr. Rogers" to change into his costume for the second act.

"Wish I had more time to talk. But you know, living like this, playing in a show, playing at the Hotel, rehearsing every afternoon—well, fellows like me get mighty little time for just living! See you again sometime. So long."

That Air Follies Man

DOWLING

By Leonard Stewart Smith

BIT BY BIT radio is absorbing the greatest of the stage and screen personalities. That this is true may have more than just ordinary significance. I am thinking particularly of the acquisition of Broadway's master showman, Florenz Ziegfeld and his limitless talent resources.

Old first nighters yawned slightly when it was first gossiped about that there would be a Ziegfeld Follies of the Air. How would the Great Glorifier show a row of shapely legs from an invisible stage to an invisible audience. And, pray, what would a Ziegfeld show be without eye accommodations?

Well, I have just heard the first performance of the Ziegfeld Follies of the Air and so far as I am concerned it has put radio back on the dials for me. Girls? I never even thought about them after Eddie Dowling took over the mike. Not that Eddie monopolized the act but he put that Ziegfeld something into it that made it a show. My chief complaint is that it was all too short. And what a laugh old Will Rogers was rambling along poking fun at the sponsor who was paying at the rate of \$300 a minute for a half hour—and no time out!

But the way Dowling clambered into that mike and came out smiling in my living room was what thrilled me. And assuming that the many thousands of RADIO DIGEST readers would like to know more about him as the result of this broadcast where he acted as master of ceremonies I sought an interview the next day in a Broadway coffee shop a little before the rehearsal hour.

WHAT would he be thinking of this new experience? Did he get a thrill out of performing before an audience that covered the land from ocean to ocean? He had been through a terrific financial crash. He was working hard to get back on his feet. Was he happy, and



Eddie Dowling

how had life treated him on the whole? These questions rolled out to be answered as he saw fit. He stirred his spoon in the coffee and sipped a bit before he answered.

"Happy? Certainly I'm happy. Why not, I've had everything I ever wanted. That goes from the time when I was a kid, as early as I can remember—and there were 17 of us there together. We hardly had room to turn around. Then on through—I wanted a happy home life—and have it. I wanted success and found it. Why, all my 38 years have been a succession of thrills upon thrills.

"Even getting into the show business was an adventure with fun and excitement. Some folks might call it a rather gruelling experience the way I struggled for my chance in those Boston movie houses. Rehearsal after rehearsal. I even aspired to play Hamlet—and so it came to pass that I actually did. But others were going through the same grind—Ray Dooley—ah what a lucky pair of

ambitious youngsters we were!"

There was an arch to the Dowling eyebrows as he put down his spoon and sipped the steaming coffee. His blue eyes twinkled.

"Do you know, she was just 17 and I was 18 when we made our promises for life. We went to my uncle, a priest near Buffalo, for the ceremony. And besides his blessing he loaned me \$10 to take us back home. It seems such a little while ago we can hardly realize that Eddie, Junior, is now the age we were then."

But a great deal has happened in the life of Eddie Dowling during those intervening years. He has written many shows that have delighted hundreds of thousands. His first and his last shows he said gave him his greatest thrill. He went on to explain:

"The first one was 'The Velvet Lady' in 1917 with music by Victor Herbert. I was 23 years old. What an opening night! I moved

around like a disembodied spirit. In fact while waiting for the curtain to go up I think I must have passed completely out. The audience was a blur—the stage was a hazy vision. Suddenly I heard applause and it lasted in my ears for at least two weeks. The show held Broadway for a year."

AND what about that last show?" I asked, holding a match for him to light a cigarette.

"That's a long story which begins in the Capitol building in Washington long before the story was written. Gene Buck, Jimmie Hanley and some other composers were there with me. Hanley and I dropped into a small place for a snack and to look on at an amateur's night performance. A fat girl came out and sang some hot numbers. Fat, but what a voice! We looked at each other without speaking, each saw in the other visible confirmation of the discovery. When the girl had finished we called her over to our table. I offered her a contract on the

spot and told her we would take her to New York and make a star of her at once. She said she was a minor and could not sign a contract. Furthermore she thought we were spoofing her.

"No fooling," I said, "bring your mother, your grandmother, the whole family and I'll show you that I mean it right now or tomorrow."

"The next day I was presented to one of the loveliest mothers I ever met in my life. She sanctioned the contract I signed with her daughter, and Kate Smith, for the first time, became a professional stage personality."

"Then came the play 'Honeymoon Lane' and the first glimpse my partner, Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, had of my new find. He had heard about her but never saw her until at one of the rehearsals. I shall never forget the shocked look of surprise as he saw this plump young woman step out on the stage and sing.

"Ha! She's out!" he exclaimed. "The audience would catch pneumonia!"

"The more I argued for her the more he insisted that she would kill the show. But finally, after I had guaranteed to cover the expense, he consented. Everybody knows what a real sensation she proved to be from the time the show opened that night in Atlantic City. Her contract called for \$65 a week. When her first week's salary was due Erlanger gave her a check for \$150, and a new contract. By the time she got to Chicago, the following year, she was earning better than \$3,000 a week. Me? Why that was the other big thrill I told you about."

"What about this Wall street flop?" I asked.

"Well," he smiled, "that was something of a thrill. I was one of those who carried all my eggs in one basket. You might very truthfully have called me one of the richest actors in the world, a millionaire. Then the market crashed. I couldn't believe it and waited for the recovery. In two weeks it was all washed out. I even hesitated to spend a nickel for subway fare instead of walking. Funny eh? No, I haven't got it back yet."

But Eddie does not seem greatly perturbed about the matter now. I hope he wins some of this big radio money.

BOOK REVIEW

"Please Stand By" by Madeleine Loeb and David Schenker is a real life story that takes you behind the scenes in broadcasting. The love story is charming and the descriptions of the intimate parties in and out of the studios as well as the work and play, intrigue, and ballyhoo of broadcasting artists and programs creates an exciting and absorbing volume. If you listen to radio, if you work at radio and even if you do neither the book is well worth reading. Mohawk Press, New York, are the publishers.



Dorothy Dell, Air Follies Beauty

THIS eighteen-year-old charmer is one of the Ziegfeld girls whose beauty your eyes will miss on the radio broadcast of the Follies of the Air. But she has made good as a singer and took the place of Ruth Etting during the latter's illness. You will hear her sing—under the title of the Ziegfeld Girl of the Air.

TELLERS WHO, How and WHY

Be Sure To Make Your Album of Announcers' Pictures Complete By Getting



MILTON JOHN CROSS, NBC, diction medal winner in 1929. Six feet tall. Married. Featured singer on many programs, notably the "Slumber Hour".



HOWARD MOOREHEAD CLANEY, NBC, a Pittsburgh boy, was actor, scenic designer and stage director, graduating into radio in 1925. Tall and blonde.



ALWYN E. W. BACH, NBC, saw artillery service with the A.E.F. Won 1929 diction medal. Is a Worcester lad and has done much church singing.



EDWARD K. JEWETT, NBC, born in Yokohama but has Princeton diploma. Studied public speaking. Noted for marvelous mimicry of air personalities.



JEFFERSON SPARKS, NBC, a native New Yorker, grew up with radio. First broadcast 1925. Tall and brunette. Hobbies—medicine and art.



NEEL BLISS ENSLEN, NBC, Ohio-born and Chicago bred. Sang in opera and taught music before coming to radio. Books and music are his hobbies.



HOWARD ALEXANDER PETRIE, NBC's tallest and deepest-voiced announcer. Born in Beverly, Mass., in 1906. Hobbies—horseback riding and the theatre.



KELVIN KIRKWOOD KEECH, NBC, Hawaii-born, of Scotch-Spanish parents, married in Turkey, wife Russian, household language French.



NORMAN SWEETSER, NBC, was an actor, teacher, singer and World War aviator. Born in Philadelphia. Likes music, travel, people and tennis.

on NEW YORK KEY STATIONS

the Second Installment Which Will Appear in the June Issue of RADIO DIGEST



FRANK KNIGHT, CBS, Newfoundlander by birth; 3 years' service in World War. Invalided home, studied medicine, came to New York stage and thence to radio.



DAVID ROSS, CBS, New Yorker, graduate "newsie" and former secretary to Russian baroness. Entered radio 1926. Old books are his hobby.



JOHN MAYO, CBS, visited a Henry Burbig broadcast in 1930, took an audition and began broadcasting, all in an hour. Born in Providence.



CARLYLE STEVENS, CBS, born at Parthill, Ontario. Reached radio via work in Detroit advertising agencies. Is five feet ten and a bachelor.



DON BALL, CBS, enjoys bachelorhood, a pipe and a "uke". Came to radio 1928 via WCAH, Columbus. Has Ph.B. degree from Brown University.



DOUGLAS EVANS, CBS, was Leviathan bell-hop, chorus man and asst. stage manager. Announced at two small stations before joining CBS staff.



GEORGE BEUCHLER, CBS, born in Jacksonville, Fla. First broadcast 1929 from Washington, D. C. Light opera and concert tours.



EDWARD CULLEN, CBS, left Buffalo for Broadway as actor. Six feet tall, brown hair and eyes and a bachelor. Began radio career in Boston, 1930.



ANDRE BARUCH, CBS, born in Paris, speaks seven languages, but bursts into barrage of French when excited. Unmarried. Hobby is swimming.

COMING down to this studio tonight I saw a sight—and incidentally had a thrill—I saw just a splash of color in a shop window uptown—an advance poster advertising that the circus will be here to open the season.

True, the opening performance won't take place for some weeks yet but when it does, I'll be there. I claim the man, I don't care who he is or how old he may be, who can't turn kid again at least twice a year—on Christmas Eve and circus morning—has got something radically wrong with him. And there's no use in his seeing a doctor for it, either. It isn't his body that's wrong. It's his soul!

Just the mere announcement that the circus would soon be on its way from winter quarters did something to me when I passed that little store this evening. It always does do something to me. Perhaps to recapture some of the vanished spirit of childhood and boyhood. For me it turns back the hands of Eternal Time's clock, twenty, thirty, forty years and I'm a barelegged youngster, getting up before day to see the trains coming in, traveling with the first wagons to the show-grounds to watch the billowing acres of white tents go up like magic, marching with the parade as an uninvited honorary delegate and unable to decide whether I ought to give my patronage to the calliope or walk alongside the snake-charmer's glass-walled cage or the grand glittering open den of ferocious Bengal tigers, with the trainer sitting inside waiting for the tigers to decide when they're going to work him up into a quick lunch, or follow the funny old clown in the little blue January wagon. And after the parade I can smell the dust smells and the popcorn smells and the fresh-roasted peanut smells and the menagerie smells as I trudge across the scuffed turf of the lot. And hear the bass tubas going "Umph-pah! Umph-poh!" for the grand entry. Especially do I recall the conglomerate menagerie smells—the noble aroma of the dromedary. The fascinating bouquet of the spotted hyena and most potent of all, the peculiar emanations from the personal sachet-bag of the civet cat.

I remember once that every day for a week I robbed my savings-bank of another dime and went back to the same little trained-animal show and there I'd stand with fascinated gaze while a gentleman with pomade on his scalp and brilliantine on his mustache, would grab the biggest lion by the upper jaw and the lower jaw and pull the lion's mouth wide open and then thrust that head of his down the lion's yawning maw. Long before the end of the week the sight was perfectly familiar and all the novelty was gone. It wasn't that which held me with staring eyes enthralled just beyond the bars of the cage. I trust I wasn't unduly morbid, either—but oh, I did so want to be there on the day the lion got a whiff of that hair and sneezed!

"Circus

By IRVIN

Armour & Co. Broadcast Over NBC

That's why I'm going to depart from schedule tonight and instead of talking along about whatever it was I meant to talk about, I'm going to tell you a circus story in which I figured. After nearly forty years I claim it was the finest example of real humor—spontaneous, instantaneous humor—I ever witnessed.

MY FATHER, who had been well-to-do, became in the middle-age of his life a poor man. He had spare cash for only a few extras—plenty of five-cent cigars, a starched clean white vest every day, an occasional trip to a Confederate reunion—and one other thing! He believed every small boy and every small girl in the world ought to go to the circus; and every year when the circus came to the Kentucky town where we lived, he took, along with his own four children, all the children in the neighborhood whose parents wouldn't go with them or couldn't or who didn't have money enough to pay for half-dollar tickets for their children. He saved up for that—he didn't care how much it cost him. To him it was money wisely and beautifully spent. It was his biggest, finest luxury. It was his annual spree, his one yearly orgy of unbridled extravagance. Why, sometimes it must have cost him ten dollars and it was worth ten millions to him and it's worth a lot to me now as I conjure up a certain pic-

ture in my mind—the immortal picture of my little, stumpy, red-headed, high-tempered, unreconstructed Rebel of a daddy with his old yellowed straw hat on the side of his head and the stub of his inevitable nickel cigar stuck at a proud upward angle from the corner of his mouth, leading a procession of joy-crazed youngsters inside the big tent for the big show.

This particular day, two old ladies joined our party. One of them lived across the street from us and the other just around the corner. Mrs. Lawson, the senior of the pair, was exceedingly deaf. She used one of those old-fashioned, flexible rubber ear-trumpets with a tip at one end and a bell-like aperture at the other. Her crony, Mrs. Rowe, had a high-pitched far-carrying voice.

On a blue-painted bench, with the old ladies at one end, my father at the other, and the row of youngsters in between, we watched the show. It was a good circus. I never saw a bad one. The time came for the crowning feature of a circus of those times. Elephants and camels and horses would be close-ranked at the foot of a springboard. Along a steep runway which slanted down to this springboard, would flash in order, one behind another, the acrobats who'd tumble over the backs of the animals and alight gracefully upon a thick padded mattress. The clowns would sprawl on the backs of the living obstacles. Always there was one clown who, dashing down the runway, would suddenly halt and fling his peaked cap across. There was another, dressed as a country-woman, who, as he somersaulted, lost a pair of bifurcated white garments of an intimate nature, while the audience whooped its delight.

Now, to the head of the runway mounted the premier tumbler. He stood there grandly erect in his rose-colored tights, his arms folded across his proud breast and his head almost touching the sagging canvas roof. The band stopped playing. The ringmaster mounted the ring-back and proclaimed that Johnnie O'Brien, foremost gymnast of the world, would now perform his death-defying and unparalleled feat of turning a triple somersault over two elephants, three camels and four Arabian steeds. For everybody



is a-Comin'!"

S. COBB

this announcement had a special interest; for Johnnie O'Brien was a native-born son of our town.

An expectant hush fell upon the assemblage. Mrs. Lawson turned to Mrs. Rowe and in the silence her voice rose as she asked:

"What did he say?"

MRS. ROWE brought the blunderbus end of Mrs. Lawson's ear-trumpet to her lips and, through its sinuous black length, in a voice so shrill that instantly every head there was turned toward the pair of them, she answered:

"He says that that there pretty man yonder with the pink clothes on is goin' to jump over all those animals without hurtin' hisself!"

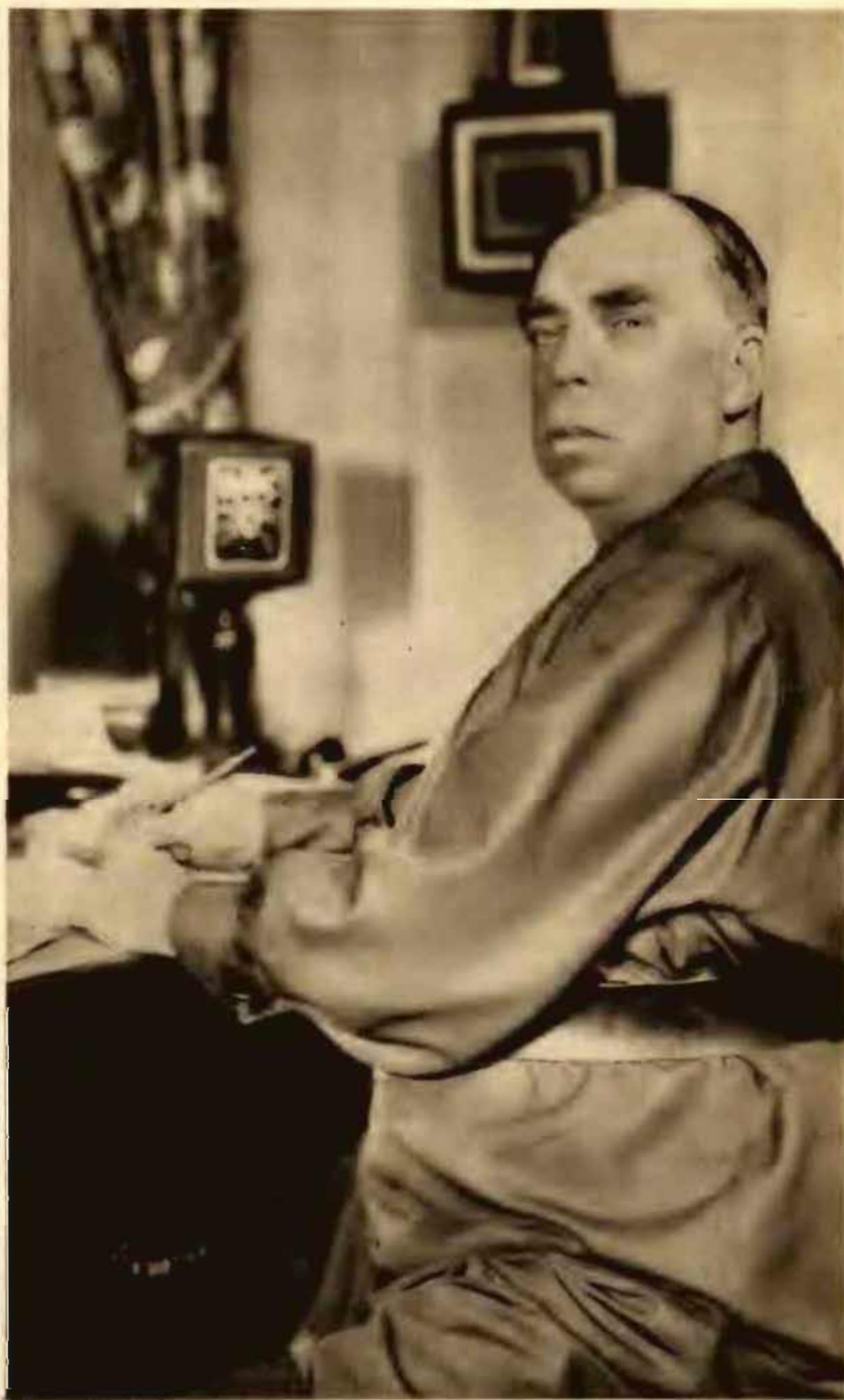
On the sawdust, in his baggy white clothes, squatted one of the clowns. On the instant he leaped to his feet, ran to the head of the larger elephant, and in both hands seized that creature's long black dangling trunk which now, as everyone saw, looked so amazingly like Mrs. Lawson's ear-trumpet, and raising its tip to his mouth he shrieked out in a magnificent imitation of Mrs. Rowe's *fasetto* notes:

"He says that that there pretty man up yonder with the pink clothes—"

If he finished the sentence, none there heard him. From every side of the arena there arose a tremendous gasp of joyous appreciation and, overtopping and engulfing this, a universal roar of laughter which billowed the tent. Strong men dropped through their seats like ripened plums from the bough and lay upon the earth choking with laughter. The performers rolled about in the ring.

And through it all, those two old ladies sat there wondering why the band didn't play and why the pretty man in the pink clothes up at the top of the tent didn't do his stuff but instead seemed to be having convulsions.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I guess you understand better, why I talked about the circus tonight. And don't forget to take your kids to the circus! And don't forget tonight a thought and a prayer for the stolen baby that all the world wants to see back again in his mother's empty arms—the Lindbergh baby.



Mr. Cobb broadcasts from his study at home.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

"Snuggled-on Your Shoulders"

TRUST Joe Young to think of a clever phrase, such as the title of this song. Master of lyric writing, executive in the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers for many years, and one of the cleverest and most brilliant of lyrical song-writers, rivaled only by Gus Kahn, is Herr Joe Young. One can find him any noon at Lindy's, the meeting place of the gossip mongers of the columns, and the moguls of the music industry. There he sits as arbiter, judge and king, all in one. One might take him for anything but a song-writer, or at least a poet; nearly six feet, heavy-jowled, the typical stage detective, and always smoking a heavy cigar.

He has been collaborating with Carmen Lombardo, most energetic, and perhaps most talented of the four Lombardo brothers, in the writing of several songs, but this is their first outstanding hit, at least of the present season. Carmen has done a very fine job on the music, and although I was rather slow in recognizing the value of the song I finally capitulated, not only including it in this month's "Tuneful Topics," but I programmed it on the last Fleischmann Hour, which we played from Boston.

Rocco Vocco saw the merits of the song, and to him goes the credit for publishing it. Leo Feist is the name you see on the bottom of each copy, and we play the song rhythmically, though slowly, taking about one minute for a chorus.

"One Hour With You"

THE great Maurice has gone West again and has made a very fine talking picture to add to his successful ones of the past. During my short visit to California I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him once again at the Coconut Grove, where he and his wife were dancing and dining. He is as charming as ever, looking much better and even more youthful.

I have just seen the picture, and I think it is one of his best yet. My first



Rudy Vallée in "Musical Justice"

impression at hearing the songs in the picture was that they were just good songs, "well-spotted" in the picture and ably featured by M. Chevalier. ONE HOUR WITH YOU itself is the one that is heard most often on the radio waves, both from the Coast and in the East; being the theme song of the picture it is probably the best song of the bunch.

Leo Robin, who has collaborated on so many Paramount pictures, writing with Richard Whiting, especially songs for Chevalier, has done a fine lyrical job—in fact, a better lyrical job, in my humble opinion, than Oscar Straus has done with the musical end of the songs. Straus, it will be remembered, worked with Robin on the writing of the songs for "The Smiling Lieutenant," and again none of the songs attained the great popularity that "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" seemed to reach.

I have met Leo, who is a charming young fellow, and he must have something or Paramount would never have retained him as long as they have. He was one of the first to go out in the gold rush of song-writers in their exodus from

Tin Pan Alley to the West; most of them have come home, wagging their tails behind them, but Robin stays on with Richard Whiting, the two writing exceptionally good songs for exceptional situations in Paramount pictures.

If the new Chevalier picture is a success, Leo Robin and Samuelson, who wrote the adaptation of the picture from the play, may well take the bow for it.

I was very delighted on viewing the picture to see Donald Novis, upon whom it devolves to introduce the song ONE HOUR WITH YOU itself. This song, at least, is a very charming dance song, and I think we will program it soon thereby bringing joy to the heart of Larry Spier, President of the Famous Music Co., publisher of the song. We may play it a bit too brightly for Larry's taste, but that will be our interpretation of it.

"Think of Me"

EVERY now and then I receive, and it really delights my heart to receive it, a letter from the greatest of all lyric writers (even the most unwilling and most egotistical of writers in Tin Pan Alley will usually concede this)—Gus Kahn. His stationery is very simple, with his name neatly printed in raised type up at the top of each page. They always come from Chicago, where Gus makes his residence with his very charming wife and two children.

This time Gus wrote to tell me of a new song which Mrs. Kahn had written with him. Naturally my curiosity was aroused, and upon examining the song I found it to be an excellent composition. I immediately wrote him promising that I would use the song on the first program after my return from the Coast, during the week the "Scandals" played in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Kahn evidently listened in, as a very lovely telegram came shortly after the hour, telling me they enjoyed hearing us play it.

There is nothing very unique about the composition, except that it flows easily, and is the usual thought of "Think of me when I'm away from you." The middle part is hauntingly reminiscent of

several songs, but all in all it is an unusually fine fox trot and is published by Irving Berlin, with the Connecticut Yankees playing it at about 36 seconds to the chorus.

"Music in the Moonlight"

DURING one of my visits to the Coconut Grove, which is a very lovely dancing room adjoining the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, I first heard the above composition.

It was in the Coconut Grove that Abe Lyman played so many years ago; in fact, all the successful name bands of the country have had their opportunity to appear here. Paul Whiteman, George Olson, Johnny Hamp, Gus Arnheim, Mal Hallett, and even the high-hatted tragedian of song, Ted Lewis, held forth there for some time, and were eminently successful.

It is the most realistic room ever constructed, with real coconut trees and papier mache monkeys caught in the act of climbing down the trees, and arranged with electrical lamps in their eyes which blink off and on while the orchestra plays. It is a very large room, with a lovely artificial fountain and water trickling down over a waterfall into the fountain at the rear end of the room. As you enter, you descend a flight of eight or nine steps heavily carpeted in red plush which, of course, gives every lovely lady the opportunity to display the beauty of her gown and figure as she comes in with her escort. What one can see of the architecture of the room would lead one to believe it is a combination of Moorish and Turkish styles, though the arches and the lattice work are hardly visible due to the palm trees and a real wide-open-spaces grove.

It is managed by two men, father and son, and in the past few years they have developed many personalities in their endeavor to give Grove customers a great deal for their money. Not only a large orchestra, but vocal and entertainment features take place while the music is being played for dancing. At present there is an unusually fine tango band which plays during what would otherwise be intermission.

It was here that Ted Lewis made such a terrific hit, and also here that the Rhythm Boys were featured and one of the trio, named Bing Crosby, began to stand out so prominently as an individualistic singer of songs. It was also here that Russ Columbo played violin for Gus Arnheim, and where the rivalry for the deep-throated style of singing first began.

The orchestra leader holding forth at the present time is Jimmy Greer, a stubby, serious, yet pleasant-faced young individual who was Gus Arnheim's first saxophonist and arranger. Jimmy has an excellent sense of taste and an excellent sense of tempo; he is a fine blender of melodies and harmonies withal. He is

also a bit of a composer, this being a composition which he wrote with Sam Coslow and Arthur Johnston.

The first night I heard them play it I went for it in a big way, immediately asking Jimmy what it was, and was delighted to find it was his own composition. I subsequently included it on my first Fleischmann Hour after arriving back in the East.

Jimmy is featuring a fine vocalist named Donald Novis whom I had the pleasure of meeting in the summer of 1929 while making our picture, "The Vagabond Lover." Ben Platt, of the Platt Music Stores (which are to the West what Landay is to the East,) gave a party for the Connecticut Yankees at his palatial two million dollar home, and there for the first time I met this young man, Novis, who was the winner of the Atwater Kent prize of that year for excellence in vocal singing. Truly his voice is the most entertaining and beautiful for its sheer, golden qualities of any I have heard, including almost that of McCormack! Novis has that rich Irish quality without the Irish accent, and he delighted Mrs. Vallée with his rendition of her favorite song, "Love, Here Is My Heart." Novis is coming East for an N. B. C. build-up, which should bring him to big things. He will unquestionably rival Morton Downey, who at present stands undisputed in his particular field of singing, although Novis has a style all his own and the two boys may hardly conflict.

MUSIC IN THE MOONLIGHT is just another one of those songs in a sort of unhappy vein, in which the one who sings it bespeaks the fact that whenever he hears music in the moonlight he thinks of a night in June.

It is published by Famous Music, and we play it quite brightly, as does Jimmy Greer.

"You're Still in My Heart"

JACK YELLEN, Buffalo's young son who made good, a young man who brought himself out of school-boy difficulties which came to him for being late, by writing the greatest school song ever heard in that section, thereby establishing early his lyrical writing ability, this same Jack Yellen who has gone down through the years writing hit after hit with Milton Ager, resulting in the establishment of Ager, Yellen and Bornstein, has finally struck out for himself, with Charlie Warren, brother of Harry Warren the song-writer, as his professional manager, in a small suite of offices, with a brilliant list of songs. Jack is hoping for big things.

Perhaps his most ardent booster and aide is Sophie Tucker; at least she held me entranced with one of his songs at the Coconut Grove in Boston, with a patter which certainly fits the situation of any celebrity who really longs for a

home and the companionship of a mate—"That's What Heaven Means to Me." In fact, I was so intrigued with it that I asked Sophie to get me the male version of the patter, so that I too might do it on the radio sometime, though it is extremely difficult for me to do this type of thing without leading my fans to believe that I have "gone Broadway," and become somewhat maudlin. Patter choruses, with their sentimental, flag-waving heart appeal are something I have been steering clear of; rather than play "sob-sister" in a musical way, I have preferred to sing the songs through as songs. However, this is such a lovely patter that some day, perhaps, I am going to take a chance and do it on one of our radio programs.

Jack's feature song, however, is one that he has written with Danny Daugherty, with whom he wrote "Let's Get Friendly." Daugherty has been writing the music for songs for many years; Yellen has a great deal of faith in him, and unquestionably the two will succeed in turning out many fine compositions for all of us to enjoy in the months to come.

The opening strains of **YOU'RE STILL IN MY HEART** are just slightly reminiscent of "I Love You Truly," especially if played slowly, but just slight enough to give the song a real aristocratic aroma. We have played it and although a key-change in the middle tangled me up a bit at first, I felt that the song was an asset to our program.

They have two other songs, "How About You and Me," and "I Forgive You." The former is one which Sophie and I are going to do here in Pittsburgh, where I am dictating this present article. Sophie wired me from Montreal asking me whether or not I would like to have Jack Yellen write it for us to do as a sort of duet; I wired back that I would be more than delighted, so I am curious to see just what Jack has done with the song. It is the cute type of thing, something like "Would You Like to Take a Walk," and I am sure that by the time this article comes out you will know the song as well as I do. Here's hoping that Jack Yellen and Charlie Wargen bring to us hit after hit for 1932 and there on.

Most of their songs can be played slowly, and will sound better with that type of rendition.

"Happy-Go-Lucky You and Broken-Hearted Me"

THE writers of "I Apologize," "Auf Wiederseh'n," and "Oh What a Thrill," in other words Messrs. Murray, Goodhart and Hoffman, whose names sound more like a tailoring firm than a team of song-writers, have come forward with one of the cleverest songs they have yet written. I am glad to see they have given it to Phil Kornheiser, as he needs this type of song . . . not only a clever title, but a fine melody and an intriguing

one. To be sure, it has unhappy thoughts, and rarely do these unhappy thoughts climb up into the list of really big sellers; rather does it seem that the optimistic type of song, such as "Home," "Good-night Sweetheart," and others of that ilk, are the type of thing that the public enjoys the most. However, this song has such unusually good qualities that I am hoping it will really do things for Phil Kornheiser.

We have introduced it on the Fleischmann Hour. Phil rushed an orchestration to me, and you alone will be the judge of what we think is a good song. Its structure, with a great many 8th notes thrown in here and there will require that we play it extremely slowly, so that each word may be carefully enunciated and brought to your listening ears.

"Keeping Out of Mischief"

DOWN from Harlem Town into the salons of the moguls of Tin Pan Alley, who listen to hundreds of songs week in and week out, often come two colored boys, Andy Razaf, and Thomas (Fats) Waller. Andy will be remembered for his "My Fate Is in Your Hands," "Sposin'," "The Verdict Is Life With You," and "Ain't Misbehavin'," from the colored revue, "Hot Chocolates." Fats Waller is one of the cleverest pianists in the country, has a marvelous swinging dance style, and demonstrates his own songs more ably than can anyone else.

The two boys have written a fine song which the firm of Con Conrad may feel very happy to have. Just why it is constructed with only 20 measures instead of the orthodox 32 I am at a loss to understand; possibly it is just that the muse struck them and held them for that length of time and no longer, but it is a lilting dance tune, typical of Fats Waller, and I can hear him as he would play it at the piano. Andy has done a good job with the lyrics; the song flows along easily and is one that sticks in the mind.

It has to do with the vow of the lover that he or she is through with all fooling around with anyone else, or, in the words of Razaf, "I'm through playing with fire, it's you whom I desire." The opening four measures, with a natural sequence of melody sets in the mind and cannot help but please. Dotted 8ths and 16ths demand that the tune be played quite slowly. Just how long we would take to play this unusual number of measures I cannot say, but the tempo of the entire composition should be, well, let us say in the way that the Lombardos would do it so excellently.

"My Woman"

BING CROSBY has turned not only discoverer but song-writer! The story, as I understand it, on this partic-

ular song is that Bing was approached by a couple of amateurs with an unusual melody and an unusual idea. However, it remained for Bing himself to finish the lyrics, and he has certainly done an excellent job of it. Not since Fannie Brice introduced and made so famous the song for which she is best known, namely, "My Man," a song which has gone down through the years pleasing hundreds of thousands of people, has there been a song which the man might sing about his woman, but here it is.

In fact, it is strangely and hauntingly reminiscent of the "My Man" song. Crosby has made a most excellent record of it, with Lennie Haydn's background arrangement giving him a clear field for his vocal accomplishment. The first syllable of the word "Woman" gives Bing, on the record, an excellent chance to utilize his exaggerated glissando, which is so typical of his style, and like "My Man" the song goes on to tell you how she lies, makes a fool of him, never treats him well, but still he loves her. You've got to hear it—its minor vein makes one think of "Deep Night."

The firm of Donaldson, Douglas and Gumble are the lucky ones, and I believe they secured it through the efforts of Mack Goldman, their new professional manager; at least Mack told me about the song weeks before it was published, and I think we were among the first to do it.

I hope, for Bing's sake, that it becomes a big success. It must be done slowly. It is one of those tunes that needs that treatment. I am sure you will like it.

"Lovable"

TO ANYONE who knows anything at all about songs or the music business, the names of Harry Woods and Gus Kahn cannot help but guarantee something out of the average run of songs. Harry Woods, it will be remembered, is the young man who was living very much in obscurity and comparative poverty, although a graduate of Harvard, when Will Rockwell of Harms, Inc., brought him forth into the limelight, with his resultant list of hits, including "When the Red Red Robin Comes Hob-Bob-Bobbin' Along," "Going South," "A Little Kiss Each Morning," "Here Comes the Sun," and his latest hit, the song that has been kidded so much in conjunction with Kate Smith's rendition of it, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," which Harry is said to have written at the order of Robbins, more as a joke than anything else. Harry has unquestioned song-writing ability, though he is inclined to be rather passive until stirred by the demands of some particular publisher to whom he may or may not be obligated in one way or another.

Gus Kahn, of course, turns them out almost in mass production style, as he has been doing so many years—the high-

est priced lyric writer in the business. It's great to see these two men getting together, as the melodies of Woods coupled with the lyrics of Kahn are sure to guarantee something entertaining in the way of a popular song.

LOVABLE, while not a song that will set the world on fire, provides something that will help any radio program, or any dance program. I recorded it for Hit-of-the-Week Durium records, in conjunction with "By the Fireside." In fact, Durium's new idea of two hit songs on one side for 25 cents will unquestionably help the sale of records, though I am rather pessimistic about the sale of phonograph records in general. With the radio going from early morning until night, why should anyone take the trouble to put on a phonograph record, even to play his or her favorite tune? God bless picnic parties and those who take their portable phonographs on trains or steamships, where radios are impracticable or impossible—they and they alone are responsible for this spasmodic sale of phonograph records today, which at best is just a ghost of what it used to be.

Pardon this digression—and back to the song LOVABLE. It is one of those sweet, easy flowing things that possibly irk those who are cranks on hearing something very virile and operatic on the radio, but it is the type of song that is pleasant to listen to, and exceedingly kind to your ears. Its listing in the Jack Robbins catalogue can do no harm, but some good.

We play it very fast on the record because it was a question of time, though ordinarily I would not play it either too slowly or too swiftly. Rather would it be the happy medium in tempo.

"While We're Sitting in the Dark"

NOT since "Whistling in the Dark" has there been a song which treats of happy lovers and couples spooning out in the dark, in the park, under the moon, while whippoorwills croon, and so forth, and although this song is just one of those things, which perhaps in its triteness and simplicity aggravates those of the intelligentsia whose radios are unfortunately going at the time they may be being rendered, they are the thing that Mr. and Mrs. Public—who, unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, dictate what shall be and what shall not be on the radio—seem to like to hear.

Songs of this type are so effortless, so languid, romantic and happy that the tired working man and woman, coming home after a hard day's toil, or even listening to a radio while they toil, much prefer something that soothes and rests them. Operatic songs at best demand a certain attention, a certain stiffness of stance and erectness of thought and attention, and most of us suffer while the operatic star strains and reaches for his

(Continued on page 48)

Bess
Johnson



SHE'S from West Virginia, suh, and although she made her radio début only a year and a half ago she has been on over 700 programs. She joined the Goodman repertory in Chicago and is in dramatic sketches daily over both the large network systems.

EXCUSES for Breach of Promise

*Queer Strategies to Break Engagements to Marry are
Revealed by Boston Law Dean in Broadcast Series
"Laws That Safeguard Society" over NBC Network*

April 2, 1932

IF ANY of us fail to perform a promised act it is quite natural to attempt to excuse ourselves on one pretext or another. That is a fact of human nature that we must expect to encounter in breach of promise cases. If a man fails to marry the woman to whom he is engaged he is sure to have a reason that, to him at least, is good and sufficient.

We have already considered the legal aspects of cases where the man has ceased to love the woman, and who argues that it would be a wrong to her if he should fulfill his agreement. In all such cases, however, he is liable in damages. But now let us suppose that a man, while still professing to love the woman and desiring to marry her, fails to fulfill his agreement because of the opposition of relatives, which opposition he is in duty bound to heed. Will this affect his legal liability? Not at all. The law protects the injured woman despite the grave reasons that may have led to the breach.

The Widow With Five Children

MARY BARBER was a widow with five small children, the eldest of whom was but twelve years old. The family had been left in straitened circumstances. Mary's brother rendered her some assistance. She kept house for him and with the help of the children raised vegetables to assist in the living expenses.

In the same town lived Ben Fisher, a widower, who was reputed to be well-to-do. He also had five children, but one of them was married and the other four were aged twenty, fifteen, thirteen and ten. For some time Fisher had been paying attentions to Mrs. Barber. On several occasions he had besought her to marry him but she had been undecided. On the evening of December 17, 1905, Ben Fisher came to the Barber home to make another matrimonial plea. In the

By GLEASON L. ARCHER, LL.D.

Dean of Suffolk Law School, Boston

HE PROMISED to marry her, she trusted him completely; but when a child was born he deserted her although he admitted his paternity. The law could not help her. Why?

Although he was stricken down by an incurable disease she refused to release him from his promise of marriage. And the law made him pay. Why?

Can a man who pledges marriage to a girl while he has a living lawful wife be held responsible by law for violation of that promise?

These and many other interesting questions are answered in this installment of three lectures by Dean Archer. Complete series appears monthly in RADIO DIGEST.

course of the evening he waxed romantic, eloquently picturing the advantages that might accrue to Mary and her children if she would consent to be his wife. He promised her a horse and carriage for her own private use. He told her that he would love and care for her children as though they were his own. In short, he painted such a picture of domestic felicity that the widow could no longer resist his suit. She promised to marry him. Thereupon the happy suitor pleaded for an immediate marriage but Mary declared that she would need time to prepare her wedding garments. The ceremony must be delayed until early in the following month.

The woman at once ordered the materials for her trousseau and set to work. Ben Fisher was in the meantime in constant attendance. He brought presents for her and the children. The whole neighborhood was soon aware of the approaching nuptials. Fisher confided to his acquaintances that he dearly loved the woman and looked forward with

eagerness to the wedding day. His last visit to her home in the guise of a lover was on December 29, 1905. At that time he expressed his delight at the progress she was making in preparations for the wedding and urged her to hasten the day as much as possible.

She was making in preparations for the wedding and urged her to hasten the day as much as possible.

Wedding Plans Revoked

WHEN Mary Barber next heard from her fiance it was through an intermediary. On December 31, in the afternoon, Fisher's nephew called at the house and astounded the woman by declaring that his uncle had requested him to inform her that, because of the opposition of his children, he was obliged to cancel all marriage plans. When the nephew had made clear to the dazed woman that this was no mere postponement but a definite end to the contemplated marriage she declared that it was all right and that she might have expected it. But she insisted that Fisher himself come to see her about it. He arrived that evening and explained in detail the violent opposition of his children to the marriage; their objection to having a stepmother and five other children in the house. He pictured the woes that must result from the marriage. The woman tearfully admitted her sorrow and unhappiness but asserted that she had expected the breach to occur. She later testified that when the defendant told her that he would have to break up she was so shocked that she could scarcely realize that it was so. He had appeared to love her so dearly that she had based all her hopes upon this interview. When he left her she was crying.

It seemed as though she could not stand the disappointment and shame. She had borrowed money with which to purchase her trousseau.

According to the evidence the woman was so badly upset that it affected her health. This added to her actual financial loss constituted damages.

The Widow Invokes the Law

ABOUT six weeks after the breach Mrs. Barber brought suit for \$15,000 for breach of promise of marriage. There was a good deal of legal sparring between the lawyers, so the case did not come to trial for more than a year. The jury awarded \$3,500 but the defendant appealed the case. Mrs. Barber's brother married at this time and she was obliged to take in washing to support her children. In October 1907 she married a man named Gill, but the new husband was scarcely able to provide her with the necessaries of life. She therefore persisted in her suit against Fisher. A second trial was held. The defense, as before, was that the plaintiff had agreed to release Fisher from the engagement and also that the opposition of the latter's children would have rendered the marriage unhappy and unprofitable to both the contracting parties. Fisher also claimed that the fact of the plaintiff's subsequent marriage would prevent her from recovering more than nominal damages.

In disposing of defendant's contention of a mutual cancellation of the contract of marriage, the supreme court declared: "He sent Epperson to her, not to obtain her consent to his abandonment of his contract, but to inform her that he had determined not to marry her, and to tell her why he could not carry out his agreement with her. * * * Her statement to Epperson that 'it is all right' and that she 'expected it' not having been made in response to my request by the defendant for a cancellation of the contract cannot be treated as an agreement on her part that the contract should be cancelled. * * * It cannot be expected that a woman, upon the receipt of a message of this kind, would not attempt to hide from the messenger her feelings of regret and humiliation, or that she would insist upon the defendant's carrying out his contract with her."

Right of Mutual Cancellation

BEFORE continuing with a discussion of the case it may be well to point out that the parties to any contract may mutually agree to cancel the same. Such action on their part extinguishes liability. But this was not such a case. If the defendant had come to Mrs. Barber and had explained the opposition of his children, for the purpose of inducing her to release him, and she had voluntarily consented to call the engagement off, she would then have had no legal right of action. But he broke the engagement. For that reason he was liable in damages, unless the circumstances themselves constituted a valid defense.

In discussing the opposition of the defendant's children to the proposed marriage, the court declared that it would have no bearing upon the question of liability for damages. While the defend-

ant was admittedly in a very unfortunate dilemma, this would not affect the rights of the jilted woman.

The court also declared that the subsequent marriage of the plaintiff would not defeat her rights to substantial damages. "It may be," said the court, "that her present and future life is and will be as happy or more so than it would have been if she had married the defendant, but, granting that such is the case, this does not compensate her for the injury done her by the defendant, and cannot avail him as a satisfaction and discharge of the damages caused plaintiff by his wrongful act." The award of damages was confirmed. The case was *Fisher v. Barber*, 62 Tex. Civ. App. 34; 130 S. W. 871.



Dean Archer

Incurable Disease as a Cause for Breach

IT SOMETIMES happens that persons enter into an engagement of marriage while afflicted by some incurable disease whose true nature is not recognized at the time. It also happens that a person in good health at the time of the engagement is later stricken with some grievous malady, such as infantile paralysis, tuberculosis, cancer or the like, and for this reason seeks to escape from his obligations under the engagement of marriage.

Obviously the other party, who is unwilling to consent to a cancellation of

the engagement has a right to insist upon damages for breach of such a promise to marry. It is obvious also that the defense of an incurable disease will serve to mitigate, or reduce, the damages that might otherwise accrue to the aggrieved party. The aim of the law is to recompense such party for the loss that results from the failure of the defendant to fulfill his agreement. Marriage with an invalid is surely of lesser value than marriage with a person in perfect health. The courts accordingly take this into consideration in fixing the damages.

The Epileptic Lover

WILLIAM MABIN, a resident of Indiana, was a bachelor approaching fifty years of age when he began to court the plaintiff, Mary C. Webster, a lady considerably younger than himself. Although he had been afflicted with epilepsy for several years he apparently considered his "fits" as something that would pass away. Perhaps he regarded marriage and the loving care of a wife as possible aids in the hoped-for restoration to health. His fits came upon him at irregular intervals, at first only three or four times a year, but increasing in frequency and intensity. Mary Webster was not unaware of her lover's affliction even before the evening when he asked her to be his wife. Such a malady as this could not very well be kept a secret in any neighborhood. Mabin himself had informed her of his "spells" which he had made light of as much as possible. It may well be that an epileptic does not realize the terrible nature of his malady nor the effect that his spasms and outcries, while unconscious, may produce on the beholder. So the couple became engaged. Mabin continued in a normal state for some time. The happiness that had come into his life no doubt contributed to freedom from the malady. But he soon became aware that the disease had not left him. By this time he was sufficiently acquainted with these fits to recognize certain preliminary symptoms. One evening, while in the midst of a happy *tete-a-tete* with his fiancee, Mabin felt the ominous symptoms. Hurriedly excusing himself he left the house and managed to reach his own lodgings before the malady overwhelmed him.

The Doctor Forbids Marriage

THIS experience was repeated several times until Mabin realized with horror that his fits were now less than a month apart. He consulted a reputable physician who rendered the appalling verdict that the malady was not only incurable but that marriage would greatly aggravate it and hasten the patient's death. Under these circumstances there was nothing to do except to notify Mary Webster that plans for the contemplated marriage must be cancelled. The defendant Mabin perhaps bungled this delicate

business. He certainly did not secure the woman's consent to a calling off of the engagement. Either she believed that Mahin was merely seeking an excuse for breaking the engagement or else her motives were somewhat mercenary, for she sued him for breach of promise of marriage.

Thus the issue was squarely raised whether affliction with an incurable disease could be pleaded in mitigation of damages for breach of promise. The Supreme Court of Indiana declared that it was a proper circumstance of mitigation.

Mitigation of Damages

SAID the court: "As health is preferable to sickness, so a marriage to one in good health must be preferable to a marriage with an invalid, afflicted with a dreaded disease, with no hopes of recovery, and nothing to look forward to except continual suffering by the one and constant care on the part of the other. In actions of this character, even the financial condition of the defendant may be considered in estimating damages to be assessed, and determining the advantages to have been gained by a consummation of the marriage. It certainly is proper to show, in mitigation of damages, that the defendant is afflicted with a dreaded, incurable disease, which will not only cause the plaintiff constant care and anxiety but shorten the term for which the marital relations may reasonably be expected to extend."

The trial court had refused to permit evidence to be introduced of the incurable nature of the defendant's disease so the verdict was set aside and a new trial granted. The case was *Mabin v. Webster*, 129 Ind. 430; 28 N. E. 863.

April 9, 1932

IT IS a well known fact that not all those who "a-wooin'-go" are free to indulge in any such romantic mission. The eternal urge of romance may betray the unwary of either sex into an unfortunate love affair with someone who has no warrant in law or in morals to be in the matrimonial market. A man or woman who is married and perhaps living with wife or husband may meet some person of the opposite sex to whom they are attracted or who may be attracted to them. Intentionally, or otherwise, they may become involved in a so-called affair of the heart. A clandestine entanglement may eventually lead to scandal, disgrace and perhaps to legal proceedings.

Of course not all such affairs are discovered. So-called "love pirates" may therefore take a chance, believing themselves clever enough to avoid unpleasant consequences. Modern psychology also seeks to justify and excuse this sort of morally inexcusable conduct. We may, therefore, expect an increase in litigation of this nature in the future.

Unfortunately not all persons who find themselves entangled in hopeless or unfortunate love affairs walk into them deliberately. Some may even fight a losing battle against an overwhelming tide that bears them onward. A young woman, for instance, separated from an unworthy husband, may be the object of an ardent wooing by an attractive and masterful lover. Romance in her case might be as compelling as though she were unmarried, for love apparently recognizes no legal restrictions.

Betrayal of Innocent Victim

THEN, too, there are cases, all too frequent, of the innocent and trusting girl who falls deeply in love with some attractive man only to discover after she has promised to marry him that he is not free to marry her because of a living wife from whom he has not been divorced. The legal

aspects of such a case will be seen in the following:

Bridget Kelley, a young unmarried woman, became acquainted with John Riley who had recently come to town. Riley was an agreeable and interesting companion at dances and frolics where the two chanced to meet. He soon made it clear that he preferred the society of the lively Bridget to any other of the young ladies in the neighborhood. They were much in each other's company, and it shortly became an accepted fact that a serious love affair had developed in their case. Riley proposed marriage and the girl joyfully accepted the proposal. But the man seemed to be in no hurry to marry her. His demonstrations of affection increased rather than abated. Before long the trusting but indiscreet girl found herself in that tragic predicament that has hastened many a marriage. Imagine her horror and consternation, however, when the man she loved expressed grave annoyance at her request for an immediate wedding. He coldly informed her that he was a married man and could not marry her at all. Then followed the long suffering and heartbreak incident to the shame and dishonor with which a woman pays for her own folly and for the sins of the man who had once possessed her utmost affection. After the birth of her child Bridget brought suit for breach of promise against the man who had thus cruelly wronged her.

The Judge States the Law

AT THE trial, the defendant's lawyer requested the judge to instruct the jury that if the defendant was a married man at the time of the promise of marriage no action could be maintained against him for breach of promise. The trial court declined to give this instruction but charged the jury that if the plaintiff was in fact ignorant of the defendant's marriage at the time of her engagement to him she would have a right of action for breach of promise.

The court further declared that the plaintiff had a right to recover for the injury to her affections and instructed the jury in assessing damages to consider "whatever mortification, pain or distress of mind she suffered, resulting from the discovery of the defendant's inability to marry, by reason of his living wife." The fact of her betrayal and dishonor was also an element of damages. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, but the defendant appealed the case. Then, further to complicate the situation, a few days after the appeal was filed the defendant died. He left some property, however, so the plaintiff persisted in her suit. The Supreme Court found for the wronged woman and permitted her to collect damages from the dead man's estate. The case was *Kelley v. Riley*, 106 Mass. 339.

Married Person Has No Claim for Breach of Promise

LET us now consider for a moment what rights, if any, arise in favor of the person who is married at the time of the alleged engagement to marry. It is obvious that a person lawfully married to another has no moral right, during the existence of such marriage, to transfer to a third person the love and affection due to the marital partner. So to act would be contrary to public policy. The law does not countenance, much less justify, any such conduct. No legal rights may therefore be acquired by the guilty party.

Cassandra Drennan, a married woman who was having some difficulties with her husband, became infatuated with a well-to-do bachelor named James Douglas. Cassandra in the meantime brought suit for divorce against her husband and the decree was granted on July 11, 1865. It did not

appear at what time she became engaged to marry James Douglas, but it was obviously before the divorce decree was granted. According to her story, the unlawful intimacy which resulted in the birth of a child eight months after the date of the divorce decree, was preceded by the engagement of marriage.

Promises to Make a Will

EVIDENCE was introduced to the effect that when the child was four months old Douglas called upon Cassandra. He then acknowledged paternity of the child but refused to marry the mother. When threatened with legal proceedings he promised to make a will by which he would give mother and child all of his property. Douglas died without making a will. Cassandra and the child brought suit to recover on this promise. In deciding the case it was needful to determine whether the alleged engagement was legally binding, thus constituting a valid consideration for the promise to make the will.

The court held that since Cassandra was a married woman at the time of the alleged engagement "she could not enter into a marriage contract and any marriage contract by her then made would be void." The court then went on to discuss the promise to make a will, declaring of Cassandra that "she violated the laws of the State, and was guilty of adultery, and then in turn undertakes to make these violations of duty and law the foundation of a consideration to support a promise, which she calls upon a court of equity to enforce. A court would stultify itself should it grant relief under such circumstances." The case was *Drennan v. Douglas*, 102 Ill. 341.

Engagement to Marry While Engaged

A VERY interesting question arises when a girl, who is already engaged to marry one man, receives and accepts a proposal of marriage from another and who later sues the second man for breach of promise of marriage. In strict justice, I suppose we might say that a woman who jilts one lover in order to accept the proposal of another richly deserves the retribution of herself being jilted. Yet, after all, the law cannot concern itself with punishment of a fickle woman.

Since time began women have been noted for their tendency to change the mind and to follow the heart rather than the head. Certain it is that the law permits a woman to change her mind in matters of engagements to marry. While promised to one lover, she may suddenly discard him and accept the marriage offer of another. While there is a breach of contract for which damages might possibly be demanded, yet men do not sue women under such circumstances. Thus an unmarried woman has a large measure of freedom in affairs of the heart.

Country Girl in the City

ELLEN TURNER who lived in a small village and who had graduated from the local high school became engaged to marry a local young man. He was earning reasonably good wages as a mechanic and he desired to establish a home of his own. Ellen, however, had some talent as a vocalist. She sang in the church choir and had won considerable local renown for the sweetness and power of her voice. In fact she became ambitious for a career as a singer. The pleadings of her lover were therefore natched by the pleadings of ambition. Ambition won, at least to the extent of a postponement of the marriage until Ellen could train her voice under competent instruction. Her parents managed to raise enough money

(Continued on page 48)

Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

PUBLICITY RACKETS. The Editors of RADIO DIGEST have published many feature articles and news stories about the best known radio programs and the artists who do the broadcasting therein. In selecting the material for each month's issue we have been primarily guided by a sincere desire to please our readers and we propose to stick unswervingly to this policy. Of course we are not unmindful of the fact that many of the stories we have published constitute valuable publicity for a given chain or station, a given advertising agency or talent bureau, a particular artist and an individual program sponsor. Knowing this, it is probably true that at times we have been selfish enough to hope that voluntary editorial recognition at our end might result in the voluntary placing of a certain amount of advertising in RADIO DIGEST. But even if this is so, our hopes have proved more or less fruitless, in that the actual amount of advertising we have received from such sources has not been more than a drop in the bucket.

So much for any possible tie-up between advertising and our editorial pages. As regards other possible contributions for editorial favors, we want also to give a complete account to our readers. Since the present management took over RADIO DIGEST in September 1930, we have received contributions from outside sources to the following extent: the engravings used to illustrate one story were supplied to us free and half the fee for painting one cover was defrayed by an outside party. No artist, no talent bureau, no advertising agency, and no program sponsor has paid us one single nickel for editorial favors. Neither has any broadcasting station nor any broadcasting chain. We are mighty proud of this record and we think it stands as an absolute guarantee to our readers that we are primarily interested in serving them.

Ordinarily there would be no occasion for mentioning such matters. Our position and our policy would be taken for granted. Unfortunately, however, there have come into the radio field certain less scrupulous publishers and publicity agents who have been selling their "publicity power" like so much merchandise. In certain instances the methods pursued have been more akin to blackjacking than to journalism. RADIO DIGEST has made just enough of an investigation of this situation to be convinced whereof it speaks. We know certain advertising is being purchased in inferior types of magazines for the primary purpose of persuading the editors "to lay off". RADIO DIGEST resents the cowardice of such advertisers because we know these same advertisers are encouraging and helping to nurture the worst in journalism instead of the best. We know certain publicity agents are seeking and getting retainers because of their professed ability to control what is said for and against specific artists and programs. This is real racketeering. RADIO DIGEST resents anybody's falling for such vicious methods because we know that everything that is done to encourage such men will also build up many other kinds of odious and criminal racketeering within the world of Radio.

We know that RADIO DIGEST has a long hard row to hoe before it can hope to be a tremendous financial success. We accept this status because we believe to reap worth while rewards, it has always been necessary to work long and cultivate

well. We know full well that we could take the short cut and attain quicker but more fleeting success if we followed contemporary examples in applying the pressure of "publicity racketeering". But as Mr. Coolidge so aptly put it we "do not choose" to do so. We are thoroughly confident that our policy

will win its own reward—a bigger and finer reward—in due course of time.

THE PROGRAM AUDIENCE. While we are on this subject of radio publicity we would like however to add this; in our humble opinion no program sponsor (or advertising agency or broadcasting station serving the sponsor) is doing full justice to the program unless a specific and adequate portion of the radio broadcasting appropriation is reserved for the sole and exclusive purpose of promoting an audience. Any one who broadcasts is in the show business and anyone in the show business must promote his show to build attendance properly. Receivers not tuned in are exactly like seats in a Broadway theatre or a moving picture house that go unoccupied for a night. There is no turning back. The size of any radio audience is not only directly proportional to the merit of the program but also to the promotion put behind program attendance. Moreover, in the radio field a big part of the idea is to maintain a repeat audience—which is not the case for the same show in the legitimate or movie theatre. In order to maintain repeat listeners, radio programs, therefore, require continuous promotion for attendance. To rely on personal news and similar types of editorial publicity to accomplish this result is folly. The radio program audience should be built up and maintained by continuous paid-for-advertising in media which reaches the listening public. In stating this premise, the editors of RADIO DIGEST speak quite as much for newspaper and general magazine advertising as for advertising in such highly specialized media as RADIO DIGEST itself. Wrigley proved that people have to be reminded continuously to chew gum; the tobacco companies have proved the same is true of cigarettes, and Coca-Cola has done likewise in the case of a popular beverage. Radio listeners need and should get the same kind of constant reminders to tune in on a given program. There are nearly 17,000,000 radio sets in the United States but there is no one hour in any one day or night when 17,000,000 families are all certain to be home and tuned in on the same program. Success at best must be relative but the degree of success depends no less on program attendance promotion than upon program merit itself.

AND the more meritorious the program the more it should be publicized. This is an axiom of merchandising long recognized by individuals and organizations responsible for sales. To advertise an inferior product destroys confidence on the part of the buyer. New programs representing large investments in talent and time should have a worthy audience prepared and waiting their advent. When they have already reached the air they should be exploited with all the paraphernalia utilized by other great attractions in creating curiosity and maintaining interest on the part of the public. It took years for the moving picture interests to discover the value of advertising space on the amusement pages of the newspapers. Now they dominate that space. Perhaps sponsors of radio programs will discover the value of display advertising for their shows more promptly and thereby profit sooner and more substantially.

RAY BILL

What is *WRONG* with RADIO DRAMA?

By Craig Rice
Radio Editor of Beacon Syndicate

WHEN you talk about radio drama anywhere, with anyone, you're bound to hear that something is very very wrong with it. No matter where you are, someone will be more than willing to tell you so, and will probably add his idea of just what is wrong. Oddly, the verdicts seldom agree and are not always convincing.

A professor of drama, who has spent his life studying the subject and writing about it, says: ". . . I listen to the radio only by accident and prefer a book or the theater."

A young successful playwright states very positively that he never listens to radio dramas, positively detests them and, in fact, listens to nothing on the radio except the symphony.

Another playwright decided that he would explore the fertile field of radio, but with the viewpoint that "it was impossible to do anything really good for radio, and the only lure attached was the possible money involved." When he learned the bitter truth about the possible money involved, he turned his attention to fields that would not necessitate his artistic abnegation.

Meanwhile radio plays are being written by the hundreds and thousands. That is literally true. Enough of them pass by my desk to keep a radio station running full blast eighteen hours a day, producing nothing else. Of these, a surprisingly large number are reasonably good—that is, they could be acceptably produced. But the radio play that is really outstanding is the rare exception.

These plays are being written occasionally by people who have been connected in some way with the theater; more often they are written by ex-newspaper men, ex-musicians, ex-engineers, in fact by anyone who has ever been connected with broadcasting.

This partly accounts for the undeniable fact that a very large percent of the



Craig Rice, Radio Drama Critic

radio plays written and produced are shockingly bad. In the meantime, the radio public continues to demonstrate that it will listen to any new series of radio dramas at least once, and eats up any production that is even reasonably good. So if anything is radically wrong with radio drama, certainly something ought to be done about it.

With the largest audience in the world

willing and anxious to listen to good plays over the air, and the field of really artistic effort comparatively untouched, what is the matter with the people who should be writing radio drama? Why does the expert writer look so skeptically at the field? Probably because he realizes just what he is up against if he ever gets into it.

In the first place, a radio play, whether it be long or short, cannot be thrown together between breakfast and lunch. It deserves as much time and effort as any other type of work. In some respects it deserves even more. A play presented in the theater can be experimented with and built up to success. But a radio play is only presented once. Its first production is its last, and it must stand or fall on that production. In the second place, a radio play is not presented to an audience which has gone to the theater for the set purpose of being entertained. It is presented to an audience whose attention may be either casual or concentrated, and it must not only catch that attention but hold it throughout the entire performance. And finally, the radio play presents technical difficulties of its own.

WITH these handicaps to be overcome, obviously the writing of a radio play must be an exacting process. But look at it from the writer's viewpoint. The financial returns from a radio play are in no way comparable to the returns from any other work. A single radio play seldom brings in as large a check as a good short story. Certainly it is not even in the same class with a successful stage production. And in spite of this, the writer is asked to study the technicalities of radio drama, and put great time and effort on the writing of every individual play? Yet we wonder why the field of radio writing has not attracted the top-notchers in every other line! (To be continued next month)



Raymond Knight

"SURE the radio drama's all wrong! Now let me tell-y'u. It's got to be done like the movies. Y'u gotta have lights an' a megaphone (and watch out y'u don't put your foot in it, too)—" Well here you have Raymond Knight in person all set for putting on radio drama, "The Hazards of Helen"—which gives you an urge to rush out and buy a coupla or a coupla couples of Kelly Springfields. (WJZ 9:45 p.m. Sun.)

YOUR RADIO DIRECTORY

YOU are just the kind of a directory and information desk that I have been looking for. The first time I read the *Digest* was in the February issue and it made such a hit that I intend to get it from now on. However, I should like to see more news about Ben Alley and Ann Leaf. I am anxious to get pictures of radio stars and wish that you would tell me how is the best way to go about this business.—M. Meuller, 34596 Sims St., Wayne, Mich.

WE HAD DOUBLE PAGE OF M. AND M.

AS I was glancing over the *VOL* last month I noticed that Rudy Vallee is still the most discussed artist. So that must prove that he is still at the head of the list. His article "Just an Humble Opinion" was excellent and I also enjoyed "Tuneful Topics". I notice that you never mention Myrt and Marge and the others in their cast, who have made such a name for themselves in Chicago. I wish you would give us a published picture of Jack Arnold in this program. He has a nice voice.—Agatha Fellipelli, Long Beach, N. Y.

PAUL'S BEEN PROMOTED

I HAVE been reading *RADIO DIGEST* for over a year and certainly do find it interesting. Three of my favorites are Nellie Revell, Frances Bowdoin, and Pat Barnes. Please print another picture and story about George Rector and tell us what happened to our good friend Paul Dumont. I certainly miss him on Nellie Revell's program. And how about that story on Ray Knight of station KUKU.—Helen Staley, Frederick, Md.

NICE "OLD LADY FAN"

HERE comes the voice of one of your listeners and readers. I used to try to buy the *R. D.* but due to your apparent popularity I met with bad luck several times and now am a regular subscriber and hope to remain so. I think that Ralph Kirberry and John Kelvin should be given more space in your magazine and also more time on the air. They would soon be big radio stars with the proper publicity.—An Old Lady Fan, 630 Clarkson St., Denver, Col.

WHAT, NO FAN CLUBS?

I READ in the movie magazines that there are movie fan clubs for the movie stars and so I am wondering if we cannot start the same kind of clubs for radio stars. The stars I am interested in starting a club for are "Skip and Step" of WKRC and Ben Bernie on the Columbia network. I buy your magazine each month. It is the King of Hearts with me as far as radio stories are concerned. Tell those interested to drop me a line and we will get started on the radio fan club idea.—Lela Hunsinger, Mays, Ind.

ASK MUSIC CORP. OF AMERICA

I HAVE been a reader of the *RADIO DIGEST* for only six months but since I have found that there is such a great magazine I wouldn't stop reading it for anything. Do you send out pictures to fans? If so, will you please send me a picture of the Lombardo orchestra. I have been trying to secure such a picture for years but can't seem to locate one. Perhaps you could help.—Elizabeth Baine, 785 Fate Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

PAUL SPOR A BEAUTY

I NOTICE in the March issue of your book where some one in California suggests Will Osborne for the winner of a male beauty contest. I think the idea is grand

Voice of the

but my choice would be Paul Spor who plays at the Paxton Hotel, Omaha, Neb. This idea could be worked out to great advantage I believe.—An Illinois Radio Fan, Chicago, Ill.

SOMETHING'S WRONG, MR. CAIN

I IN ANSWER to Eugene W. Cain I wish to say that there are radio artists who answer their fan mail. I have received answers to all but one of my letters to them and I have only written four. If your letters are real fan letters, if they are sincere and original, they very seldom fail to get answered. Floyd Gibbons and Sylvia Froos always answer their fan letters. And too you can't expect too much of the big stars. Gene and Glenn sometimes get 6000 fan letters in one day.—Helen Hastings, Castalia, Ohio.

WE'LL BE LOOKING

I HAVE been reading *RADIO DIGEST* for about a year. I surely do enjoy reading it more than any other magazine I know of. I think the best way to do is to become a subscriber, and that is just what I am going to do as soon as I save the price for the year's subscription. In closing may I say that I wish you all the luck in the world and be looking for that subscription from me.—Lillian Cramer, 510 Schley St., West New York, N. J.

GET YOUR HAT, RUDY

I BUY the *RADIO DIGEST* every month because I love to read *VOL*. I am glad to see that many of the letters are about Rudy Vallee, and why not? You know we have never had a picture of Rudy with his hat and overcoat and I wish that *RADIO DIGEST* would be the one to show us that picture. His hair is beautiful though, so maybe he had better be holding his hat. But let me see this picture soon.—Ralph Moore, Richmond, Va.

DID YOU SEE MARCH R. D.?

HAVE just received my copy of the *DIGEST*. Think the story by Mr. Vallee called "Just an Humble Opinion" was a grand thing and just like the writer. There is another tenor on the air who has recently come to my attention and his name is Frank Parker. How about coming out with a story and pictures on Frank before long. I understand that he has been in radio for a long time. I think that he has one of the finest voices on the air. How can I get a picture of him.—Madeline Caron, 158 W. 96th St., New York City.

WHO CAN SUPPLY THIS?

THE Chicago office of your concern advised us to write to you. We have a book entitled "Radio Receivers, How To Make and Operate" published by the *RADIO DIGEST*, 510 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., in 1923. We are anxious to replace this book and do you know of any firm that has taken over the printing of this valuable book?—Rebecca Ditto, Librarian, La Grange Public Library, La Grange, Ill.

LIKES WHO AND WOC

I WROTE you some time ago and did not identify myself hence did not see the name in the *VOL* section, but this time I am going to sign my name and I wish that you would print my letter. I never see any articles about WHO and WOC and I am interested in those stations' artists and announcers. Please print a picture or an article about Chauncy Parsons. I think he is a fine singer. One of my favorite orchestras is Harry Kogen's on the Farm and Home Hour.—Ruth George, Leon, Iowa.

OBJECTS TO LADY BASSOS

I IN THE latest *RADIO DIGEST* I notice a letter from Mrs. Peterson of Rocky Ford, Colo., and there are many listeners who agree with her. These silly, senseless songs are a nuisance. Soprano voices do not carry well on the air, and the girls who try to sing bass are not worth listening to. What I like is a good band. And male quartettes I also consider very fine. There are many good orchestras but some of them spoil their programs by offering too many saxophone and other solos. There are those no doubt who like the crooning and jazz, but for me, I'll take just a good old fashioned musical program, something that is worth the trouble of listening to.—Mrs. S. M. Allen, San Diego, Calif.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

WHY not give Ted Parsons a great big hand for the splendid reading of the narrative on "Seven Last Words of Christ" given on the Armour program over the NBC network, on Good Friday night. By the way, Ted, where have you been announcing the past couple of months.—Erma Richards, 192 N. State Street, Aurora, Ill.

THE ANSWER IS, NO

IS Anthony Wons of "Tony's Scrap Book" and Camel program, the same man as "Old Hunch" on the Prince Albert Quarter Hour. This question has been argued by the family many times and is prompted by the similarity of voices and of material in the "Scrap Book" and the "Hunchville News".—A. F. Derrington, 1018 Polk St., Topeka, Kans.

REQUEST FOR ORCH. PIX

MOST emphatically yes, there are many more like Dorothy Harris whose letter appeared in the January issue. I am also a fan who wants to see a picture of Mr. Bernie's whole orchestra. Really, Mr. *RADIO DIGEST*, remember that you have published pictures of whole orchestras in the past. And here are two more requests. One for the picture of the gorgeous voiced Ruth Lyon, on the NBC, and one for a picture of the "Three Girl Friends" who sing with Fred Waring's band.—Joan Moon, Milwaukee, Wis.

TOO MUCH REDSKIN?

IF MARION HARWICK is really an Indian beauty she would be anything but a proud one for not only being dressed as

Listener

she was in your last issue but to be photographed that way. Not on account of the scarcity of her apparel, but to wear it purporting to be Indian clothing. I have lived among the Sioux for most of my life and have made a considerable study of the North American Indians, and no Sioux woman, and to the best of my knowledge no other Indian woman, ever wore a war bonnet. And nothing would induce an Indian woman who wore native garments to expose her body. The men it is true wore nothing but the breech cloth, if they wished, but the women were always modestly covered. If this young lady wants to convey the Indian idea, let her dress at least approaching the Indian style. Yours for historical and other forms of authenticity.—E. C. Jackson, Pierre, So. Dak.

BETTY IS A "WILLIAN"

FIRST count me up for 999,999,999 votes for Will Osborne on the male beauty contest. Second, say "Thank you" to Helen Fleitz of Chicago for her letter in the March VOL. Of course I may be a VVC sister of both Helen and an Osbornian, but I would agree with them in spite of that. Did so enjoy Rudy Vallee's article called "An Humble Opinion". Now give us that long waited for write up about Will Osborne and we'll be silent for the rest of the year.—Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs St., Wooster, Ohio.

RAZZ FOR BUDDY

LAST night I sat up to hear Buddy Rogers make his debut as an orchestra leader at the Pennsylvania Hotel. And really and truly, I feel sorry for the poor kid. If he had only let some other person do the singing, it would not have sounded quite so bad. Just prior to tuning in on his program, I had finished listening to Noble Sissle and Ben Bernie, the master of them all, and in comparison to these two great orchestras, Buddy Rogers was pitiful. As one of the film stars said, there is no doubt that Buddy is a "darling boy", but when I sit up until one o'clock in the morning all pepped up to hear something good, and instead I hear some one make a jackass of themselves, it makes me sore. Buddy, listen: I was tipped off the other day that the price of wheat was going up next year. So take a little "fatherly" advice and heed the call of the whippoorwill and the wise old owl. Go back to Kansas where you belong, and learn how to really sing and play and get hold of a good band for yourself. Otherwise you certainly do not belong at the Pennsylvania Grill.—F. H. L., 2100 Third Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.

GOT HIS IRISH UP!

DISGUSTEDLY I pen this expression of my opinion of the Fleischmann Hour for March 17th. The program was announced as being largely of an Irish atmosphere. Where was it? The name Mullins I suppose. Whose bright idea was that? It seems that Vallee is also ashamed of his better side. He'd better read up a little about his ancestors, and then maybe the Irish will come to the front, March 17th

next, and not sit in the background as he announced he was doing this year. I know nothing of radio continuity or programs, but someone certainly made a terrible slipup and that goes for an entire community here. I assure you, many who were Vallee fans are no longer listed under his banners. I'm still a Vallee fan, but I had to get it off my chest. This is not prejudice.—Francis Brown, Ashtahula, Ohio.

CALL FOR CAB

I BOUGHT my first copy of RADIO DIGEST this afternoon. I must say right here and now that it is the greatest little hook on radio that I have ever seen and I have seen plenty of them in all my years of tuning. Please give us more photos of the big time bands. My real favorites are Cab Calloway and Wayne King. How about a story on Cab Calloway? I am yours for a bigger and better R. D.—Ernest Boulanger, Pool St., Biddeford, Me.

SIGNED FOR FOUR YEARS

THANK you so much Mr. Subscription Editor for the swell photographs of Ben Bernie and Jean Paul King which I have just received. The best part of them is that the pictures are new ones that I have never seen before. To say the least they are much better than I expected and I am glad to see that RADIO DIGEST maintains its policies in this respect. Is there any way I could get more pictures without taking two more years' subscriptions. You see, I already have four years' subscriptions and don't like to take any more just to get the picture. Maybe you could sell me one.—Mrs. P. B. Korten, 739 Crescent Road, Jackson, Mich.

MR. PALEY PLEASE WRITE

THE best radio program for February, as far as I can see, was Mrs. Lindbergh's talk over the combined networks. Please, please reproduce it in an early issue. The worst calamity in the history of broadcasting was the announcement that the "March of Time" broadcast was to be taken from the air. And what is this I hear about CBS planning to launch another crooner to compete with the one and only NBC Rudy Vallee? Never!—Clara Williams, Rochester, New York.

MORE BACH TALK

I JUST saw a picture of announcer Alwyn Bach in RADIO DIGEST and ooh, is he good looking. Much better looking than I had expected although he has always been a favorite of mine. Don't you love the "widow's peek" his hair grows into, girls? And those spiritual looking eyes. His voice is glorious and to tell the truth I am a bit weak minded where he is concerned. Give us more about this Bach man, will you please? And incidentally a story about Mr. Bach's radio activities should prove interesting. He is one of the veterans among the announcers and has a great following.—Margaret Stokes, Pemberton Post Office, Gooch County, Va.



New York's Supreme Hotel Value...

SINGLE
from
\$2
daily

DOUBLE
from
\$4
daily

SUITES
from
\$7
....

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

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

1000 ROOMS

Each with a RADIO, a PRIVATE BATH and SHOWER, Circulating Ice Water and Large Closets. Many Other Features.

1000 HOMES UNDER ONE ROOF
IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE

The New
HOTEL EDISON
47th St. West of Bway, NYC



Ezra and Wilbur

THE two benevolent "old bachelors" of WLS, Chicago. Among the latest intrigues into which their charitable impulses have led them is that involving the search for a baby to adopt. Interested listeners have been co-operating to the extent of forwarding baby clothes and similar accessories which they felt would be useful.

STATION PARADE

WLW ~ ~ ~ ~ Cincinnati

Meet Edward Armour Byron,
Dynamo of Radio Drama

HE'S SHORT and stout . . . he rants and roars up and down the studio like an outraged panther and booms direction orders in no uncertain terms. He's Edward Armour Byron, Production Manager of The Nation's Station. Long before he was appointed to this responsible post, Byron laid the sound foundation for a radio feature, which is no longer in the category of radio programs, but is classified as an institution. It is "The Crosley Theatre of the Air!"

In the fall of 1930, Byron was doing a series of radio dramas for a commercial account. It seemed a pity, he thought, to work so hard on one show, and then in a few short minutes, the play was over and the script thrown into the waste paper basket.

This gave Byron an idea. A splendid idea, too! Why not give each drama more than one performance? Why not give it a regular run—or a "split-week" of three days. He took the idea to the Station Manager, and it was accepted.

The Crosley Theatre of the Air has been scheduled for three appearances a week since September, 1930. During that time eighty original dramas, comedies, melodramas and classic adaptations have

been presented by this fine organization.

With the advent of the Crosley Theatre of the Air, there came, also, the first and as yet, the only Radio Stock Company in existence. The Crosley Players are not hired by the job. They are on a straight salary basis and with but few exceptions, they have remained intact since the inception of the "Theatre."

The distinct advantage of keeping the players together is obvious. The troupe works with the smoothness of clockwork, and seldom, if ever, does Byron find it necessary to over-work his cast on any one script.

LAST year romance crept into the Crosley Theatre of the Air when Director Byron decided to play a love scene with one of his players for life. He married Gertrude Dooley of the Players, putting her, as he says, under his personal management.

At first, Byron wrote practically all

the shows for the Theatre of the Air, but other duties made the continuance of this practice impossible. Now he has four authors who contribute their shows to his playhouse, and quite often outside scripts are purchased for presentation.

He was the instigator of one of the finest sound effects departments in the country. His theatre productions demanded everything from train wrecks to oysters calling to their mates at sundown and he got them.

The way Byron wormed himself into radio is unique. In fact it borders on the humorous. Several years ago, he decided to work. He had never worked before, and after looking around thought radio writing was the thing for him. At that time the word "Continuity" was practically unknown in radio, but Byron barged into WLW and convinced the manager they needed a head continuity writer. Evidently Byron's "convincer" was working in good order that day, because several days later he was put on the pay roll.

Within a few short months, WLW's voice was raised to fifty thousand watts, and the demands for new program ideas, radio scripts and production methods grew in leaps and bounds. It was at that time Byron inaugurated the Theatre of the Air, into which was injected the idea of presenting a radio drama three times in one week. It met with immediate success. Listeners voiced their approval through the mails, and the station realized they had found a "new" idea in radio presentations.



It is to Edward Armour Byron that WLW's Radio Drama Audience looks for substantial entertainment, and he never disappoints them.

Left: Pat Harrington, lyric tenor on "The Nation's Station", says his hobby is "just people"—and proves it by numbering his friends in hundreds.

Right: Dean Yocum's rich, vibrant bass voice is heard regularly over WLW, where he is appearing as Guest Artist during the "Ferris Nursery Men" broadcast.



STATION PARADE

WHAM ~ Rochester

BACK in 1924, when seasoned concert artists braved mike-fright to broadcast without hope of remuneration, WGY was initiating a young man of pleasing voice and personality who identified himself as William Fay. Today Fay guides the destinies of one of the country's leading independent stations, WHAM, in Rochester.

There was little thought of commercializing radio programs at the time, but Fay and A. O. Coggershell as a sponsored Harmony Team helped establish the infant industry by attracting mail from thirty-six states, six provinces and Great Britain.

Fay's colorful air personality and ability as a word-weaver have brought him some of radio's choicest assignments. Political broadcasts from Albany, capital of New York, opened the field to him. Then came the historic race between the Twentieth Century Limited and the speed boats of Gar Wood.

In 1927, as studio director of WMAK, Fay entered the sports field, reporting games from the Buffalo Stadium for two seasons. He enjoys recalling the broadcasting in connection with the opening of the Peace Bridge between Buffalo and Canada. On that occasion he introduced to the nation the Prince of Wales, Charles G. Dawes, Stanley Baldwin, Secretary of State Kellogg and other dignitaries.

One of his most grueling assignments was the description of festivities accompanying Lindbergh's visit to Buffalo. Unaided Fay talked for two hours on that event.

In 1928 he came to Rochester to take charge of program arrangements for the Stromberg-Carlson station, WHAM. In the same year he became general manager of the station and arranged with the National Broadcasting Company for the numerous Rochester symphonic programs heard across the country.

WBAL ~ Baltimore

TIME was when the men were willing to let the "girls" alone so far as cooking the "three squares" a day was concerned. But now it's different. Apparently the men have taken things in hand and are determined to have some real "he-food" if they have to cook it themselves. Speaking of "equal rights" about which the women have been doing a lot of talking for the past decade or so, it looks like the male of the species has come to the conclusion it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.

This no doubt accounts for the male invasion of WBAL's 1932 Cooking School which is being conducted over the air from the auditorium of the May Company's Department Store in Baltimore. At every session of this cooking school on Wednesday afternoons (2.00 to 4.00 o'clock) there is a scattering of men in the audience, and Dorothy Carter,



Dorothy Carter

Home Economics authority who conducts this radio feature, says she frequently has members of the opposite sex come up to her after her broadcasts and ask for certain recipes or other cookery information. Men are also writing to her from her large invisible audience seeking recipes and culinary help generally.

The majority of men, Miss Carter says, asks for what might be termed "he-food"—that is, those substantial dishes which the "delicatessen wife" seldom includes in her menus. Attendance of men at this Cooking School may be considered a protest on the part of the men against the "delicatessen wife" who, if she be wise, will take the hint and cook, or learn to cook.

WAAB ~ Boston

FRED HOEY, New England's ace baseball announcer, inaugurates his sixth season of baseball reporting this year. A former newspaper reporter of

the game, Hoey's association with baseball dates back over thirty years.

His knowledge covers every phase of play. Hoey always has within arm's reach a complete batting and fielding record of every man in the field in both leagues, and with his extensive knowledge of the players, he is never at loss for words, and never resorts to guesses when he submits figures and personal opinions during the occasional lapses in the game.

KFRC ~ San Francisco

AFTER one of the recent Golden State Blue Monday Jamborees, a group of artists were gathered in Harrison Holliday's office. The conversation turned to "embarrassing moments." Holliday, who is KFRC manager, told his story and was promptly awarded the laurel wreath.

"It was during Maurice Chevalier's personal appearance at the San Francisco Auto Show and I had been invited to spend an evening with the Chevaliers in their hotel suite.

"Time came for me to depart and I was standing, bat in hand, expressing my appreciation for a very enjoyable evening. Goodbyes were said and I stepped out of what I thought was the entrance door. Was I embarrassed to find myself in a clothes closet, mixed up with Mr. and Mrs. Chevalier's suits and dresses!"

Walter Bunker, Jr., nonchalance itself before the microphone in his capacity of chief announcer wilted before the same mike when he debuted recently as a singer. His knees shook and his voice quavered; it was a good old fashioned case of "mike fright," as he afterwards admitted.

Sound Technician, Liston Bowden, is looking forward to the conclusion of the "Courage" series which the Don Lee station is now presenting each Thursday night.

Rifle fire is simulated by resoundingly smacking a flat board against an oilcloth-covered pillow. In the most recent of the series, it was necessary for "Bodie" to keep up a constant rifle-fire background during the entire half hour broadcast and by the time the conclusion of the program was reached, "Bodie's" hands were covered with blisters and his arms felt like heavy lead. The last straw came when he forgot to remove his hand from the pillow just at the moment a particularly resounding rifle shot was executed.

STATION PARADE

WOR ~ Newark

CAN you visualize a church congregation so vast as to include thousands of worshippers scattered throughout the United States, Canada and the West Indies?

Such is the extent of the "unseen flock" ministered to by the Rev. Dr. A. Edwin Keigwin, pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church, New York City, where broadcasting of the Sunday services, previously sent out over WABC, was recently resumed, the station now being WOR.

Dr. Keigwin has the ability to minister to all classes, and because he is not a controversial preacher he is able to cut across party lines of every kind and character, and reach the conscience and heart of the hearer. The pulpit of the West End Church with Dr. Keigwin as pastor has been noted for its outstanding eloquence, its breadth of vision, its generous catholicity, and its spirituality.

It has been Dr. Keigwin's policy from the first to give personal attention to the radio mail. This practice, of course, entails burdens, but results fully compensate him. Calls for pastoral ministration and temporal assistance have increased each year. A number of these calls have taken the minister out of the city. Often he has served his radio audience by performing wedding or funeral ceremonies.

WOC ~ Des Moines

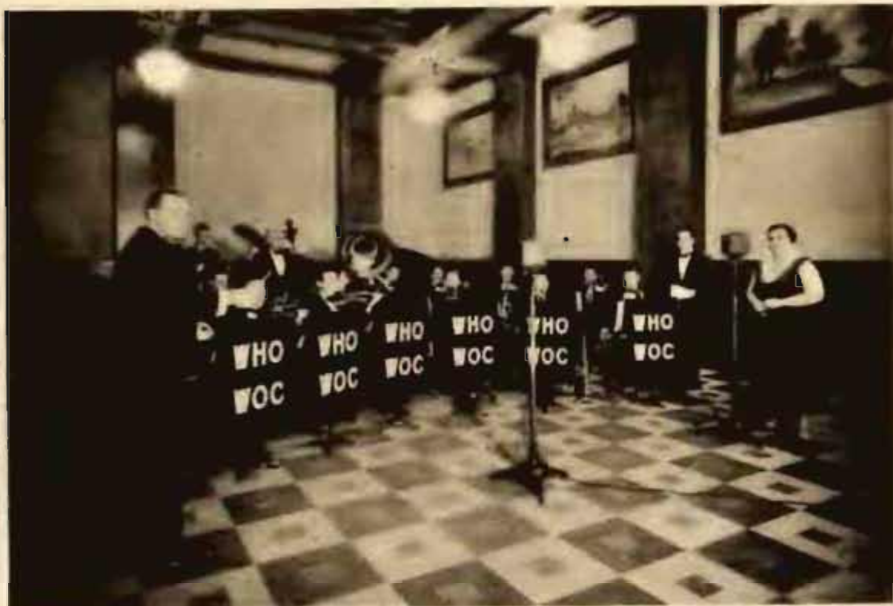
THERE comes a time in the life of every man when birthdays are labeled "Anathema!" Yet, in the life of an

institution, another birthday is a thing of great rejoicing. Radio station WOC rejoiced both locally and over the Red Network of National Broadcasting Company when, on March 20th WOC celebrated her tenth anniversary in the new home of her sister station WHO, at Des Moines.

There is still some question as to the actual "first" in radio stations. Our contemporary, KDKA, really did have call letters before WOC, but Robert Karlowa, original owner of station WOC tell us,

The call letters WOC were granted February 18, 1922; those of WHO were granted some two years afterward. WOC became affiliated with WEAQ in taking the first chain broadcast west of the Mississippi River, in 1925 before the organization of National Broadcasting Company. WHO became affiliated with NBC September 4, 1927.

WHO and WOC were the first stations in America to get a permit to broadcast synchronously. And they hold the world's record for unbroken commercial broad-



WHO Studio Orchestra—"Doc" Lawson, conducting; "Mickey" Gibbins, "blues" singer.

and has records to show, that he was the first man to broadcast by voice over old station 9-BY just twelve hours after the ban was lifted by the government after the war.

casting in the program of the Crescent Macaroni and Cracker Company, which has been on the air seven years, five times a month with never a break!

DOES THE LISTENER LISTEN—

G. A. RICHARDS
President

JOHN F. PATT
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

Patronize a Quality Station
with a Quantity Audience

to any particular Cleveland station? No, he tunes in on programs that entertain, educate and give him the news of the day. In Greater Cleveland radio listeners habitually tune in on WGAR, The Friendly Station of Cleveland. The only station in Northern Ohio to carry Amos 'n' Andy and other famous features of the N. B. C. Blue Net Work.

WGAR

THE WGAR BROADCASTING COMPANY, Inc.
STUDIO AND OFFICES, STATLER HOTEL, CLEVELAND • Affiliated with N.B.C. Blue Net Work



Dea Cole

THIS is Dea Cole, one of the very good reasons why WLWL's "Fireside Fancies" program has become so popular with its listeners. She recently celebrated her second anniversary of broadcasting over this station. You may also hear her voice during the presentations of "Paradise Alley" and sometimes as the popular child character who frequently appears in the dramatic periods presented by George Frame Brown.

WINS ~ New York

ABOUT the middle of February, 1931, John S. Martin, well-known to the radio field through his association with the National Radio Advertising Company, Inc., accepted the post of Director for WINS formerly WGBS, which was recently sold to the Hearst interests.

Mr. Martin is one of the most progressive of the younger executives in the field of broadcasting, and in the short



John S. Martin, Director of Station WINS

space of time in which he has been in charge, has made many radical changes in the direction of general program improvement.



KQW ~ San Jose, Cal.

DURING the first decade of this present century in a little laboratory in the environs of San Jose, California, a pioneer experimenter and inventor, Charles D. Herrold, destined to become one of the foremost figures in the then infant radio world, was working toward the perfection of a practical means of transmission.

In 1909 Dr. Herrold constructed a huge "carpet aerial" containing over 11,500 feet of wire, establishing world's records for both telegraph and telephone communication.

In 1912 two-way communication by voice and music was established. It was then that Dr. Herrold applied for his license to operate a radio station, and constructed what is said to be the first radio receiving studio in the world.

During the World War the censorship of radio forced a temporary suspension of experimentation and broadcasting.

As soon as peace was declared, broadcasting was again resumed, and in 1921 the official call letters "KQW" were first assigned, and were used on the same transmitter that had been in such constant use for the preceding ten years.

MUNSON CRUISES at New Low Rates

NASSAU • MIAMI HAVANA

\$125 . . . 12³/₄ Days

Including trip to Palm Beach



With sight-seeing trips at each port, all expenses included. The steamer is your hotel during the cruise. Two days in Miami, two and a half days in beautiful Havana and two days in Britain's "Isle of June" Nassau. Fortnightly sailings from New York on S. S. Munargo.

NASSAU \$125 12³/₄ DAYS

round trip, including 7 days at the charming *Royal Victoria Hotel*. Famous Munson cuisine and service, all deck sports and swimming from the world's finest beach. Fortnightly sailings from New York on S. S. Munargo.



BERMUDA

Lowest round trip rates

Sail on fast, steady, 21,000 ton S. S. *Pan America*, or her South American sister ships, *American Legion*, *Southern Cross* and *Western World*. All outside rooms mostly with beds, and private bath. Twice weekly sailings from New York. All expense trips arranged for any period.

The S. S. Pan America goes direct to dock at Hamilton, Bermuda

Windward Islands

25-day cruise including St. Thomas, St. Croix (Virgin Islands), Barbados, Martinique, Trinidad, \$135.00 round trip. Or you can stay 9 days at the Marine Hotel in Barbados, \$171.00, all expenses, 25 days. Round trip to Demerara, including stops at the above and other ports, \$175.00. No passports. Fortnightly sailings.

South America

Fortnightly sailings on 21,000 ton steamers, *American Legion*, *Southern Cross* and *Western World*, to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Rooms are large, airy, outside.

All sailings from
Pier 64, N. R., Manhattan

For further information see any tourist agent, or

MUNSON S. S. COMPANY

67 WALL STREET
New York, N. Y.

Bowling Green
9-3300

PROFESSIONALLY SPEAKING

PSYCHOLOGY IN RADIO PROGRAM DIRECTING

EDYTHE FERN SOUTHARD, program director of Radio Station WJAY in Cleveland, has successfully put into practice some unique ideas. The original expression of these ideas was greeted with much scoffing, but they have brought about most excellent results. Miss Southard brought to WJAY three years of radio experience, extensive dramatic training, and several years of intensive psychology training.

Miss Edythe keeps in constant use a sunny smile, and uses her teachings herself. She is so busy trying to understand the other person's point of view that no matter what happens she never gets angry. "If you get angry you lose all power of consecutive thought, and that power is the only thing that makes it possible to understand the other person's point of view. When you've learned and comprehended that, you'll find there is nothing to get angry about!" says Edythe.

Using as a theme, "Do you register and how?" Miss Southard under the title of The Personality Girl, gives a series of fifteen minute broadcasts of Applied Psychology. Her voice reflects her personality and is pleasing to listen to and the good carried in the program to many listeners has built up a vast listening audience in a very short time. Lessons in applying personal psychology in everyday life were a new feature to Cleveland listeners and soon became very popular.

RADIO PRIZE CONTESTS

JOHN L. CLARK, general manager of JWLW, W8XAL and WSAI, in Cincinnati, issued the following statement, exclusively to RADIO DIGEST, concerning the onslaught of contests now on the air! "Advertising to the consumer is being dominated by an orgy of prize contests and other artificial appeals. Fundamental principles of sane merchandising and advertising have been completely ignored. Companies which have built up business over a period of years by steady adherence to proven methods of selling goods at a profit, are resorting to temporary expedients because a competitor here and there has adopted methods which do not build permanently for the future.

"We are in complete accord with any plan aiming to produce a natural sales increase. Our disagreement is with the plan that produces sales by giving prizes to few and disappointment to many—a plan which devotes more to the exploitation of prizes than the product itself.

"In this mad race of high pressure selling, the one man upon whom you depend to sell your merchandise against

your competitors is being neglected—the retail merchant.

"In contrast to this condition is a definite trend back to time tested advertising and selling principles; principles which include aggressive promotional and tie-up activity at the actual point of sale—the store itself.

"This Broadcasting Station has, during the past ninety days, seen the results of a promotional plan concentrating on the tie-ups with retail and wholesale outlets, that has established sales records for national advertisers in the Middle West.

"This plan has definitely accomplished:

(1) Opening up new accounts in highly competitive areas after other promotional effort failed.

(2) It has increased sales to present accounts.

(3) It has won greater dealer co-operation in the form of larger share of counter and window display space.

(4) It has gained the confidence and active interest of clerks behind the counter.

(5) In certain instances it recently showed a sales increase in December and January when other sections of the country showed slight decreases.

"Let us repeat that this mad race of high pressure and artificial sales stimuli must be superseded by a quick return to sound methods of selling goods at a profit."

CONTINUITY SHOP NEWS

OLIVE SHARMAN of WJR, Detroit has some ideas about this continuity writing business herself!

Her contention is that the greatest fault of continuity writers is that they do not study the speaking voice of the person for whom they are writing.

"Before I write one line," says Miss Sharman, "I learn who is to announce the production. If I am not familiar with his personality I will make it my business to study it. So often an announcer is forced to read something absolutely contrary to his own personality, with the ultimate consequence that the speech sounds as stiff and stilted as a boiled front evening shirt!

"Just for example," continued Miss Sharman, "you wouldn't write the same speech for Will Rogers as for President Hoover, would you? Every announcer has some idiosyncrasy of speech that is himself—it is his personality in speech—take it away from him by writing a lifeless bit of copy, he becomes as uninteresting and flat as an unsalted mackerel!"

We should like to hear from other continuity writers on this subject.

Sam Wilson of WLW is digging in newspaper files forty five years back.

It's a new continuity idea, so help me! The program is called "Headlines of Yesterday" featuring the old reporter who does a Lowell Thomas with the newspapers of long forgotten years. The newspapers have been doing this for quite some time, but to our knowledge the thought applied to radio is new. What about it? Are we right?

Julian T. Bentley has joined the continuity staff of WLS. He is also sub-announcing. Former U-P Man.

Vic Knight, continuity editor of WGAR is doing a series of scripts, data of which, is taken from records of the Columbus and Moundsville pens.

BROADCASTING BRINGS BUSINESS

ROGER BAKER, commentator on the Kendall sports column which is heard each weeknight over WGR, has just cause to be proud. Baker recently received a letter from C. W. Stilwell, district manager for the Kendall Refining Company, informing him that business had increased 52% and that broadcasting was in great measure responsible.

"BREATH SOUNDS" OVER RADIO

Herman N. Bundesen, M.D. "BREATH SOUNDS" over the air are of two kinds: those occurring during "out breathing" and those of "in breathing." The former are most usually exaggerations of the sound of "S"—and are controlled by careful enunciation.

The latter sounds—those of "in breathing"—are very noticeable and distracting to the listener, being magnified by the instrument to resemble a wheeze or gasp or choking sound.

They are due to improper breathing—to allowing the reservoir of air in the lungs to run low while speaking.

Sometimes this is merely habit—sometimes to being excessively tired. Again, it may be due to wrong position of the body, or to a cold in the head, or still again, to simple stage fright, with its accompanying sensation in the throat.

To reduce sounds:

1. Speak across the microphone, rather than directly into it.
2. Speak naturally—keeping the lungs well filled by short breaths rather than long ones.
3. Speak from a sitting position, but sit erect. Do not have any tight clothing about the waist.
4. If troubled with a head cold, take a coryza tablet an hour before speaking.
5. If the difficulty is stage fright, practice for a time before the "mike." Assume an easy comfortable position. Have a close friend occupy a chair nearby, and direct the talk to that person as you would in ordinary conversation.

CHATTE R

WOR (NEWARK, N. J.), has equipped its studios with the new dynamic microphone, the latest innovation in broadcasting pick-ups.

J. R. Poppele, Chief Engineer of the station states that the new instrument has an over-all frequency response characteristic from 30 to 10,000 cycles with a gradient that is entirely flat in this range. Non-technically, that means that it is equally sensitive in its reaction to any part of the scale.

So responsive is the new device that, during a recent broadcast, a lump of sugar dropped into a teacup sounded like a sledge-hammer blow on a huge iron boiler.

GEORGE KINCAID, operator for Radio Station KFJI, at Klamath, Oregon, has been made President of the Western Broadcasters Association, a new organization which has been formed to operate a chain of 17 radio stations in the Northwest.

WHOM, JERSEY CITY, N. J., has taken over WKBO, also of Jersey City, and is now operating on one-half time as Station WHOM.

KELLOGG'S "SINGING LADY," a WGN feature which has been operating over a 13-station network fed to the NBC chain, has expanded its scope and will now be heard over WIBA, WEBC, WBAY, KFVR, WOAI, KTBS, WTMJ, KTSP, KVOO, WKY and KPRC.

BOB ELSON, WGN sports announcer, will preside at the microphone for the baseball broadcasts this season, which marks his fourth on this important job. The John R. Thompson Company acts as sponsor.

WCBA, ALLENTOWN, PA., claims the distinction of being the first station to broadcast two sporting events at the same time. Two basketball games were scheduled for the same night at the

same starting time, one in Bethlehem and one in Allentown. WCBA handled both by presenting a play-by-play description of the Bethlehem game and between quarters a detailed resume was "aired" from the Allentown court.

SEVERAL new commercial programs have recently been added to the WINS listings. Among them are "The Westinghouse Watchmen"; "The Buick Trail Blazer"; a morning exercise program sponsored by Pebeco Toothpaste and "The House of Parliman", an Irish program presented by a local real estate concern.

FILM rights for "Chandu the Magician" have been sold to the Fox Film Corporation. It is understood that Warner Baxter will play the title rôle. The character of Chandu is a mysterious American with a psychic gift, whose travels through various countries, especially Egypt, take him through many thrilling adventures.

"THE DOINGS OF THE GORDONS", a rural dramatic sketch broadcast over WLS, Chicago, is heralded on the air by a choir of 25 baby chicks. There's a reason... the program is sponsored by a baby chick hatchery.

IT IS an interesting fact that the actor selected for the new "Allen-A" program, Don Ameche, who was chosen after what was well nigh a world wide search for the right "type", comes from Kenosha, Wisconsin, the home of the sponsoring company.

ALL FIVE of Cleveland's department stores have used radio as an advertising medium, four of them selecting WGAR for the purpose. WGAR also states that during 1931 and 1932 it has handled more than 500 separate accounts, and that 1932 indicates a 50% increase in business over 1931.



William Fay, General Manager, WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.

RADIO ARTISTS

Stamp Photographs

Gummed and perforated ready for use

Made from your Picture



A new idea that will soon sweep the country. Radio fans will collect them.

Use them to acknowledge applause or to check listeners.

These stamps with beautiful glossy finish \$7 per thousand.

Send for a trial hundred, price \$1.00 per hundred.

Write for large quantity discount and full information.

Philadelphia Badge Company
942 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Read

this great novel of Radio! PLEASE STAND BY

By Madeleine Loeb and David Schenker

The first novel to give the "low-down" on Radio-land and its people. By two authors who are insiders in broadcasting. It describes how try-outs are held, how rehearsals are conducted, how stars are made. The characters are drawn from life. Every radio fan will have so amusing time identifying old favorites among them.

There are clever parodies on well-known radio programs, and the conference between program director and client executives at which the "Rhapsody in Glue" program is born is a glorious piece of satire. Through it all runs a love story punctuated by a "radio wedding" between Benny, publicity director of Station LBC, and Manny, an artist whom she has helped to "make" overnight.

Your favorite "blabber-blubber" columnist is here, the radio editor with the golden voice who also writes lyrics for songs is at hand, virtually every radio artist of note is cleverly presented together with many of their sins and virtues.

... We heartily recommend this story to every radio listener as real entertainment.

—BROOKLYN TIMES

Price \$2.00. Use coupon below for your order, enclosing remittance (\$2.10 per copy, postpaid), or requesting us to mail the book to you C.O.D. If after five days' examination you are not entirely satisfied, mail the book back to us and we will refund the \$2.00.

MOHAWK PRESS, New York

The Mohawk Press, Inc.,
381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Please send me PLEASE STAND BY, by Madeleine Loeb & David Schenker.

I enclose check for money order for \$2.10, to cover price of book and prepaid postage.

Mail book by parcel post C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.00 plus cost of postage.

If after five days' examination I am not satisfied with the book, I will mail it back to you and you are to refund my \$2.00.

Name _____

Address _____

Chain and Local Features

(Unless otherwise indicated the time listed is Eastern Standard)

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—(Daily ex. Sun.) GENE AND GLENN, QUAKER EARLY BIRDS.

When Gene and Glenn, with "Jake" and "Lena" are the first thing you think of in the morning, it starts the day off with a smile and a song, and what could be better than that? These radio performers and their characterizations are one of the best examples of clean, high comedy that the air waves have to offer. Tune in while you have your cereal and coffee!

9:30 a.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sun.) TONY'S SCRAP BOOK.

Inspiration and encouragement culled from extensive reading, reasoning and contemplation regarding this phenomenon called Life provide the thoughts shared with you by this delightful radio philosopher in his early morning chats.

10:15 a.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.) CLARA, LU AND EM.

Have you ever wondered what their real names are—these entertaining and intensely human funsters of the air? Well, here's the news—they are Louise "Clara" Starky, Isabelle "Lu" Carothers and Helen "Em" King. It's a program of topical gossip and humor of especial interest to women.

2:30 p.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.) AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR.

This unique program is designed to supplement regular schoolroom assignments. Subjects, whether they be artistic, fictional or historical, are dramatized and entertainingly presented with accompanying lectures by authorities in the various fields. The series is broadcast every school day in the week.

6:00 p.m.—WABC—(Mon. and Thurs.) CURRENT EVENTS.

A brief, breezy and informative resume of the various highlight news events of the week, presented by an editor from an editor's viewpoint. H. V. Kaltenborn, formerly a prominent newspaper man, is the "voice behind the microphone" in this broadcast.

7:00 p.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.) MYRT AND MARGE.

The life story of a pair of young troupers, dramatizing their experiences on and off stage, "behind the scenes" and in the very innermost recesses of their own hearts. There are eleven players in the cast, all but one of whom had a theatrical background before coming to radio.

7:15 p.m.—WABC—(Tues. and Thurs.) THE MILLS BROTHERS.

Popular melodies take on an entirely new coloring when rendered by these clever vocal magicians. The rich harmonies that seem to be an exclusive element of negro voices are overwhelmingly evident when these four boys start singing—and if you think

they use any of those wind instruments you seem to hear, you're wrong. It's all a matter of cleverly manipulated vocal effects.

8:15 p.m.—WABC—(Mon. Wed. and Fri.) SINGIN' SAM THE BARBASOL MAN.

Songs that everybody loves play the most important role on the program of Singin' Sam. Five "request" numbers are a part of every broadcast.

11:00 p.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sun.) SLUMBER MUSIC, LUDWIG LAURIER.

Those who love capable renditions of classical melodies find in this string ensemble program the fulfillment of their dreams. Mr. Laurier makes a point of selecting numbers which come under the head of "old favorites" and also features a number of "request" presentations during each radio period.

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST.

The usual point of origin for these unique weekly broadcasts is London, presenting a British authority on science, art, literature or politics.

1:00 p.m.—WJZ—WALTER DAMROSCH SYMPHONIC HOUR.

Opera in English over the air is a distinctive feature of these musical treats as this famous symphony orchestra swings into action under the direction of Walter Damrosch.

4:30 p.m.—WJZ—SHEAFFER LIFETIME REVUE.

Inimitable dance tunes lured into expression by the baton of H. Leopold Spitalny; some delightful harmonizing by the Navarro Sisters, and a generous supply of laughs aroused by the comedy team go to make up a half hour of general entertainment which justly merits its title of "revue"

6:30 p.m.—WJZ—"K-7".

It is only now that the thrilling adventures of those engaged in the Secret Service during the recent World War can be disclosed. This group of spy stories will enthrall you—especially if you're a mystery story enthusiast.

7:45 p.m.—WABC—THE SYLVANIANS.

Orchestral selections with Ernie Golden, that radio pioneer, conducting, and vocal chorusing by the Rondoliers, ably aided and abetted by the piano rhythms of "Forty Flying Fingers" provides a program of enjoyable entertainment.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR.

A "guest artist" is a regular feature of this program whose Master of Ceremonies is Georgie Jessel. Rubbinoff's orchestra is the musical piece de resistance.

Monday

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—VOICE OF FIRESTONE.

The field of radio is the third field which Lawrence Tibbett has successfully conquered. First in the list was his phenomenal success with the Metropolitan opera. Then followed several films, each of which but added to his reputation. Today the air claims him as one of its shining lights. He is Firestone's featured soloist, and the supporting orchestra is under the direction of William Merrigan Daly.

Tuesday

4:15 p.m.—WJZ—MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN.

This famous choir of 300 voices accompanied by the Mormon Tabernacle's giant organ has been presenting a regular weekly broadcast for some time and has become almost a national institution because of it. The program is under the direction of the choir director, Anthony C. Lund, and comes to you direct over the NBC network from Salt Lake City.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—BLACKSTONE PLANTATION PROGRAM

Happy days on the Blackstone Plantation portrayed against a background

WRIGLEY'S

presents

ELY CULBERTSON

WORLD BRIDGE AUTHORITY

•

at

4:30 EST Mondays

4:30 EST Wednesdays

8 PM EST Saturdays

over

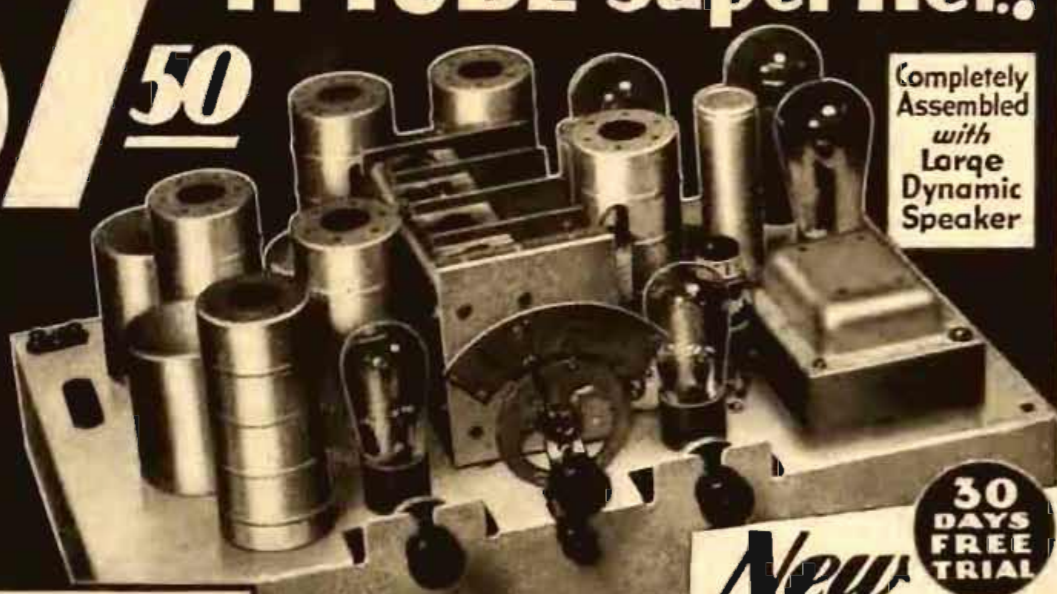
WEAF - WEEI - WTIC - WJAR - WTAG
WCSH - WFI - WFBR - WRC - WGY
WBEN - WWJ - WSAI - WENR - WTAM
WCAE - WOC - WHO - WDAF - CKGW
CFCF

NOTE: On Saturdays the program will go over WLIT instead of WFI, and WMAQ instead of WENR.

•

Mr. Culbertson will discuss individual Bridge Hands on Wednesdays and Saturdays. These hands will appear in daily papers on those days. Play the Hands before the Talks. Have cards laid out in front of you for Mr. Culbertson's playing.

only \$37.50 11-TUBE Super-Het!



Completely Assembled with Large Dynamic Speaker

Pentode Variable-Mu and Real Automatic Volume Control

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13-Tube and 15-Tube ALL WORLD-ALL WAVE COMBINATIONS!

Now you may get SHORT-WAVE broadcasts—airplane calls—police signals—foreign stations—standard long-wave broadcasts—all with one combination set. Hear U. S. stations from coast to coast, and from Canada to Mexico. Hear the Canadian stations, Mexico, Cuba, South America, Europe, Asiatic and other foreign stations and ships at sea. A Midwest 13-tube or 15-tube combination gives you ALL that's desirable in radio. These wonderful new combinations are sold at amazingly low direct-from-factory prices. When you receive our big new catalog and note the low prices, 30-day free trial offer, terms as low as \$5.00 down, you'll be positively amazed. Mail the coupon right now—get the surprise of your life.

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Never have such powerful sets been offered at Midwest's amazing low direct-from-factory prices. You save the middlemen's profits. Your outfit will reach you splendidly packed, rigidly tested, with everything in place ready to plug in. No assembling! Entertain yourself for 30 days absolutely FREE—then decide. And don't forget—every MIDWEST outfit is backed by an absolute guarantee of satisfaction. You take no risk. Mail the coupon now!

TERMS as low as \$5.00 DOWN

AIR CELL Battery 8-Tube Sets

For homes without electricity. The amazing new air cell battery flows away with all battery troubles. Never needs re-charging. Just add a few drops of water occasionally—(that's all. It's self-charging). No trickle charger—no battery troubles of any kind. Hinges the joys of radio to any home, anywhere, any time. 8-tube battery chassis completely assembled. (less tubes) now Only \$19.95.



MIDWEST 4-TUBE SHORT-WAVE CONVERTER

World-Wide Short-Wave Reception

Converts any A. C. set of adequate sensitivity into a short-wave receiver for reception of police calls, airplane conversations, ships at sea, and broadcasts from foreign stations.

This amazing new short-wave converter employs 4 tubes, self-powered. It uses one 280, one 224, and two 227 tubes. In combination with a 9-tube Super-Het, it gives you a 13-tube ALL-WORLD, ALL-WAVE combination. When used with the very latest model Midwest 11-tube super-heterodyne, shown above, it gives you a total of 15 powerful tubes, and ALL-WORLD, ALL-WAVE reception unbeatable even in receivers costing several times as much. Don't confuse this 4-tube self-powered converter with cheap one- and two-tube converters that are not self-powered. The Midwest Converter actually gives better performance than many converters costing twice as much.

Read These Letters from Midwest Owners

Holds VK2ME Two Hours

"I heard VK2ME Australia this morning and held them for over two hours. The volume was ample to hear this station all over the house. Have received amateurs all over the U. S. from Maine to California. I have also picked up GIs and stations in Colombia, N. A., two in Argentina, one in Indo-China and one in Canada, VE3DH, which comes in at all hours."

E. APPLEBAUM,
224 Johnson Ave., Newark, N. J.

Gets Germany, Italy, France

"Received converter—am well pleased with it. March 2nd, I picked up Germany, France and Italy. On the following day I got Italy again clear and loud. From 2:45 till 6:30 P.M., I heard all of the music from the Royal Opera House."

A. NIOSCINI,
7122 Paschall Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Bermuda, Philippines, Switzerland, Rome

"I am very well satisfied with my Midwest and have picked up the following: Vancouver, B. C.; Hamilton, Bermuda; Geneva, Switzerland; Philippine Islands. Two-way conversation between airports and airplanes. Police radio from every direction. Rome, Italy. It was announced at Halle, Itana and came in about the position on the dial which would indicate 12-110 Rome."

Geo. E. KUHLE,
218 Division St., Bellevue, Ky.

Gets Sydney, Australia

"On February 26th at 4:30 A.M. Sunday, I picked up VK2ME Sydney, Australia which I think is good as I have a poor location for radio."

R. M. DEYENUE,
1915 Delmar St., St. Louis, Mo.

Hear League of Nations Speeches

"I raised Honduras at 7:54 on middle switch, at 8:51 a European station at 10 o'clock E.S.T., broadcasting League of Nations speeches. Around 11 A.M. I picked up another European station at 48 broadcasting a fine program of music, the announcer being in German."

A. BAILLARGESON,
6009 Notre Dame East, Montreal, Can.

Mail this Coupon for Complete Details and Big FREE Catalog!

Midwest Radio Corp. Dept. 75, Cincinnati, Ohio. Send me SPECIAL USER AGENTS PROPOSITION

Without obligation send me your new 1932 catalog and complete details of 13- and 15-tube All-Wave, All-Wave Combinations, 4-tube Converter, 9- and 11-tube Super-Heterodynes, low factory prices, easy terms and liberal 30-day free trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____



Complete Line of Consoles

The big FREE catalog beautifully illustrates the complete line of gorgeous Midwest Consoles, "Deluxe," "High-boy and Low-boy" models.

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.

Dept. 75 (Est. 1920) CINCINNATI, O.

of music furnished by Jack Shilkret's orchestra and the harmonic singing of Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

Popular personalities appear as guest stars on this program; Erno Rapee's concert orchestra is the featured instrumental unit.

Wednesday

7:15 p.m.—WABC—MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE.

With the support of a large orchestra, Lanny Ross—he of the dreamy tenor voice—microphones to you the latest and sweetest songs of the day. He sings three solos during each presentation and the orchestra plays two selections on its own.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—BIG TIME.

The featured performer on this program is Johnny Hart, presenting a humorous sketch, and Joseph Bonime's orchestra cooperates by supplying musical atmosphere.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—GOODYEAR PROGRAM.

One of the outstanding musical programs on the air today is the Goodyear Program with practically every form of music represented. Band airs are provided by Arthur Pryor's unit; dance music is air-waved by David Mendoza and for good measure there's the Reveler's Quartet; and often—quite often—a prominent star from the musical firmament.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—SOCIETY'S PLAYBOY HOUR.

What the well-dressed man will wear, and when and how to wear it are all material for clever presentation in the skilled hands—and vocabulary—of Norman Brokenshire. Another radio pioneer—Welcome Lewis—sings her prettiest to the strains of Nat Brusiloff's orchestral accompaniment.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—NELLIE REVELL INTERVIEW.

Here's a program every radio fan will thoroughly enjoy. It has been christened "The Voice of Radio Digest" because it's your opportunity to meet all the NBC stars "without their make-up". It takes you behind the scenes and gives you intimate, personal glimpses of those unseen friends whose voices and talents you have come to love and admire.

Thursday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—THE FLEISCHMANN HOUR.

Dance music and popular tunes rendered by one of the best known musical units in Radioland—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. It wouldn't be a Vallee program without songs by Rudy, and there's always a guest star for extra good measure. The inimitable Ray Perkins "masters" all the ceremonies.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—RUDYARD KIPPLING'S STORIES.

This Master Weaver of Tales has held many a reader spellbound with the printed page, and his everlasting novelty and eternal originality survive radio adaptation without losing anything of their charm and power to delight.

Blue Ribbon

WEAF—Key Station, NBC Red Network, New York.
WJZ—Key Station, NBC Blue Network, New York.
WABC—Key Station, Columbia Network, New York.

Throughout the Week

(Daily except Sunday)

- 8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn, Quaker Early Birds
8:15 a.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook (Quaker Oats Company)
7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy (Pepsodent Company)
7:30 p.m.—WEAF—The Prince Albert Quarter Hour
7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs
7:45 p.m.—WABC—Camel Quarter Hour—Morton Downey
10:30 p.m.—WABC—Music That Satisfies (Liggett & Myers) (Wed. and Sat. at 10:00 p.m.)
11:00 p.m.—WJZ—Slumber Music, Ludwig Laurier
- 10:15 a.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
7:00 p.m.—WABC—Myrt and Marge (Wrigley) (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
7:15 p.m.—WABC—Mills Brothers (Crisco Company) (Tues. and Thurs.)
7:30 p.m.—WJZ—The Swift Program (Swift Company) (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
8:15 p.m.—WABC—Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)
8:30 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith La Palina Program (Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)
8:45 p.m.—WABC—Col. Stoopnagle and Budd (Mon. and Wed.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program (Wed. and Sat.)
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Lucky Strike Program (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)
12:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie's Orchestra (Mon. and Fri.)

Sunday

- 12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Transatlantic Broadcast
1:00 p.m.—WJZ—Walter Damrosch Symphonic Hour
4:30 p.m.—WEAF—Davey Hour (Davey Tree Experts Co.)
4:30 p.m.—WJZ—Sheaffer Lifetime Revue (Sheaffer Pen)
5:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Circle
6:30 p.m.—WJZ—"K-7"; Dramatized Secret Service Spy Stories
7:45 p.m.—WABC—The Sylvanians
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase & Sanborn Hour (Standard Brands, Inc.)
8:00 p.m.—WABC—Ziegfeld Follies of the Air (Chrysler Corp.)
8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour
8:30 p.m.—WABC—The Greyhound Traveler
9:45 p.m.—WEAF—Buick Revelers (Buick Motor Co.)
12:30 a.m.—WABC—California Melodies from Los Angeles

Monday

- 8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Soconyland Sketches
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Voice of Firestone
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Death Valley Days (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—A. and P. Gypsies
9:15 p.m.—WABC—Pillsbury Pageant—Street Singer
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Parade of the States
10:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatela Program

Friday

10:00 p.m.—WJZ—WHITEMAN'S PONTIAC CHIEFTAINS.

When the "jazz king" starts etherizing it's time to draw up close to the radio and listen. But just because

the rotund Paul is called "jazz king" is no sign he confines his musical offerings to dance rhythms. The program also offers Mildred Bailey audition winner, Jack Fulton, tenor; Red McKenzie, soloist; the King's Jesters and the Romancers.

Selections

Tuesday

- 7:30 p.m.—WABC—Richman Brothers' Program—Sylvia Froos
 8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Blackstone Plantation Program
 8:30 p.m.—WEAF—True Story Hour
 8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet (Procter & Gamble)
 8:45 p.m.—WABC—Gerardine Program (La Gerardine, Inc.)
 9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKesson Musical Magazine
 9:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie's Orchestra (Blue Ribbon Malt)

Wednesday

- 7:15 p.m.—WABC—Maxwell House Program
 8:00 p.m.—WEAF—"Big Time" (Stanco, Inc.)
 8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Halsey Stuart Program
 8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Jack Frost Melody Moments
 9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program
 9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
 9:00 p.m.—WABC—Gold Medal Fast Freight
 9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert (Vacuum Oil Co.)
 10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Coca Cola Program
 10:30 p.m.—WABC—Society's Playboy Hour
 11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell: Voice of Radio Digest
 11:15 p.m.—WABC—Howard Barlow Symphony Orchestra

Thursday

- 8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Fleischmann Hour (Standard Brands, Inc.)
 8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Rin Tin Tin Thriller (Chappel Bros.)
 9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Big Six of the Air (Chevrolet Motor Co.)
 9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Blackstone Plantation Program
 9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Rudyard Kipling Stories; dramatic sketches
 10:00 p.m.—WJZ—A. and P. Dance Gypsies
 11:45 p.m.—WABC—Bing Crosby

Friday

- 8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert Orchestra
 8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Nestle Program (Lamont-Corliss Co.)
 8:30 p.m.—WABC—Du Pont Program (E. I. Du Pont de Nemours)
 9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Clicquot Club Program
 9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Pond's Program
 9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Armour Program
 10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sampler Orchestra
 10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Whiteman's Pontiac Chieftains
 10:00 p.m.—WABC—Beau Bachelor—Adventure Stories
 10:30 p.m.—WEAF—R.K.O. Theatre of the Air

Saturday

- 5:30 p.m.—WEAF—Blue Moon Cuckoos
 7:15 p.m.—WEAF—"Laws that Safeguard Society"; Dean Archer
 8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Danger Fighters (Health Products Corp.)
 8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Civic Concerts Service Program
 9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Club Valspar Program
 9:30 p.m.—WJZ—The First Nighter (Campana Corp.)
 10:15 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Institute of Public Affairs
 10:45 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Tracy, Street Singer
 12:00 p.m.—WEAF—Buddy Rogers
 12:00 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo—Royal Canadians

10:00 p.m.—WABC—BEAU BACHELOR.

Don Ameche, as "Beau" in a romantic series of adventure against a background of the night clubs and pleasure spots of Europe, North America, Mexico and South America.

Saturday

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—LAWS THAT SAFEGUARD SOCIETY.

A symposium of laws designed for the "good of the whole" as they operate in specific instances and under dif-

ferent classifications, presented by an authority on the subject, Dean Gleason L. Archer of the Suffolk Law School in Boston, Massachusetts.

12:00 p.m.—WEAF—BUDDY ROGERS AND HIS CALIFORNIA CAVALIERS.

You'll like Buddy in his new role—that of orchestra pilot—just as well as you did on the screen, and the boy is no mean musician when it comes to batoning and even substituting on some of them there instruments just to show you he can do it. His broadcasts take the air direct from the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City.

Local Features

11:00 p.m.—WMCA—AROUND THE TOWN. (Daily)

This is a regular series of programs which begins each night around eleven o'clock and lasts until two o'clock in the morning featuring a tour of the various night clubs of New York, each broadcast coming to you direct from the dance floor of a popular rendezvous.

12:00 mid.—WMCA BIDE DUDLEY'S DRAMATIC REVIEW. (Daily)

Bide Dudley, one of journalism's best known dramatic critics, attends all Broadway openings, rushes to the studio after the final curtain and goes on the air at midnight with his review before any of the newspapers are off the presses. This is really a "radio scoop" program, especially interesting to those at a distance from Broadway.

8:15 p.m.—WOR—LOS CHARROS. (Fri.)

A colorful musical program presented by Tito Guizar and Chago Rodriguez accompanied on the guitar by Juariz Garcia. All the music featured is the product of Mexico, the native land of these accomplished musicians who, before coming to the United States had an already established reputation as excellent interpreters of their native melodies.

10:15 p.m.—WOR—THE BEGGAR'S BOWL. (Thurs.)

Against a musical background of Oriental melodies you hear the mellifluous tones of Basil Ruysdael as he narrates the progressive tale of experiences which come to a British Secret Service agent as he travels through the length and breadth of India garbed as a beggar.

5:45 p.m.—WINS—THE PIANO TWINS. (Mon.; Wed.; and Fri.)

Lester Place and Robert Pascocello have been playing together since 1926, and have performed on many nationally known commercial programs. They include in each presentation of musical hits one "memory tune" for the benefit of listeners featuring numbers which were the biggest of hits in their particular day.

7:00 p.m.—WINS—THE LULLABY LADY. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Every evening except Sunday, May Sprintz, the Lullaby Lady goes on the air with her sleepy time songs, poems and stories for children. Mother Goose tales play a prominent part in her broadcasts.

THE MARKET PLACE

For Anybody Who Has Anything to Buy or Sell

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable or misleading advertising not accepted. Lineage rates will be sent on request.

CORPORATION SERVICE

INCORPORATE DELAWARE preparatory financing inventions, business. Retain perpetual control. Booklet, forms, free. Universal Incorporations, Dover, Del.

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 April 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 Raymond 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—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager—None.

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 Corp., Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward L. Bill, Caroline L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Titman and Chas. R. Tighe, all of 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

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.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publication only.) R. Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of March, 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.]

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WESTERN RADIO NEWS AND COMMENT

By W. L. Gleeson

HOSHER'S REVUE Wednesday nights via the popular Long Beach station KGER is a snappy show—it attracts many people to the studios.

Billy Sherwood, KOL, Seattle keeps his carnival popular even though it has been on the air for a long time. Billy is quite a sports announcer also—hey Billy.

Harrison Holloway's Blue Monday Jamboree still holds the bulk of listeners in the West on Monday nights. Somehow or other the program producers of other stations and networks are unable to get that natural human jovial-like spirit into their program to the degree that Harrison and his gang accomplished it. That's what picks up the audience—The show is fast and of good quality.

Most network programs are stilted, too formal, and most independent stations' programs are not properly rehearsed.

Bob Olsen, popular KFRC tenor, made his first personal appearance in Stockton, California, on March 12th. Bob has been with KFRC continuously for more than five years.

Gerda Lundberg talented KTAB, San Francisco, staff boop-a-doop singer changes her name to Cotton. The lucky man is no mean radio artist himself.

KROW, Oakland, moves over to San Francisco with a new studio in the Manx Hotel. The object being to secure a better class of talent for programs. A compliment to San Francisco artists—Oakland artists however, are not so bad themselves!

KFAC, Los Angeles, comes forth all new. In the fastest decisions of the Federal Radio Commission, KFAC was granted full time and a new 1000-watt transmitter. At a cost of more than \$75,000, beautiful modernistic studios are now under construction in the Cord building on Wilshire boulevard, while the transmitter will be placed on LaCienega boulevard, in a spot long sought by broadcasters.

The Don Lee chain now boasts two more stations, just added to the former eleven. Phoenix, Arizona, people may hear Don Lee programs by tuning in KOY, while KERN, Bakersfield, is the second new member. There is another coming up soon.

A fast-stepping, wise-cracking, gloom-dispelling Jamboree to fill in the sombre hours of Sunday evening, is to be found on KFWB, Hollywood, called the Sunday Hi Jinks. KLX, Oakland, has a long established program of a similar nature, Friday nights, 8:00 to 10:00.

DOLLY DEARBORN'S CHICAGO REVIEWS

EDDIE & FANNY CAVANAUGH—WIBO—Daily but Sundays—3:30-4:00.

Here is something quite nice. A half hour of answering such questions as "Where is John Zilch who was at Station TTT in 1927? What does he look like? Is he married? Does he like spinach?" This program started out with the basic idea of reviving the old songs Eddie and Fanny used to sing 'way back when—but now and then a question from a listener crept in and was answered. The upshot of the whole thing is that pretty soon all the listeners were asking questions, and the Cavanaugh's were devoting most of their time to answering them.

MINIATURE SYMPHONIES—WBBM—Tuesdays, 9:15-9:30 p.m.

What old fogie claimed there was nothing new under the sun, anyway? If he has a set that will pull in WBBM he's due to change his mind, if he listens just once to "Miniature Symphonies." A more pleasing quarter hour of understandable classic was never broadcast. The scores are the work of Dr. Gustav Ronfort, an ex-Royal Court conductor in the days of the former German Empire.

"UNCLE REMUS"—WGN—each week night, 5:30-5:45.

This skit deserves a break for several reasons, one of which is this: WGN has the pioneering spirit to such an extent that it actually admits that possibly a writer can act! It's funny, but it seems to be the general opinion that writers can't act, but that actors can write! Oh well, the world's a funny place. But getting back to Uncle Remus, I find to my amazement that "Miss Sally" in the skit is none other than a WGN continuity writer named Mary Aflick.

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Breach of Promise

(Continued from page 28)

to send the girl to a large city where she at once fell to work in her chosen field.

She had not been in the city very long before her fresh charm attracted the attention of a wealthy bachelor, a man of uncertain reputation. He at once paid court to her and though she struggled with her loyalty to the home town sweetheart, yet the lavish wooing of her wealthy admirer finally induced her to accept his proposal of marriage even before she had severed the ties that bound her first lover. Shame and disgrace and the promptings of an angry parent finally led her to sue the man for breach of promise of marriage. His lawyer set up in defense that she was already bound to marry another and that her engagement to him was invalid. But this contention was disregarded by the court. Ellen had a right to recover monetary damages for the loss of an honorable marriage as well as for the disgrace and suffering that had resulted from the defendant's breach of contract.

Knowledge that Divorced Party Is Not Free to Marry

IT IS a well known fact that in some jurisdictions when a divorce is granted on the grounds of adultery, the courts specify in the divorce decree that the guilty party shall be ineligible to remarry during the lifetime of the former spouse.

Let us now consider the rights of the innocent party. Suppose, for example, the man in the case is divorced and denied the right to remarry. If the woman becomes engaged to marry him and knows nothing of the restrictions imposed by the divorce she would clearly have a right to hold him responsible for breach of promise of marriage.

The plaintiff had for some time been keeping company with the defendant who was known to her to be divorced for adultery and prohibited from marrying during the lifetime of the wife. She also knew that his former wife was living. Under these circumstances she became engaged to marry the defendant. The engagement continued until the defendant became tired of the plaintiff, whereupon he cast her off. She brought suit for breach of promise, but the court held that she had no right of action. The case was *Haviland v. Halstead*, 34 N.Y. 646.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 24)

high notes and the crescendos and the fortissimos. Therefore it is no small wonder that the radio public had shown unquestionably its preference for the most humble and simple songs of Tin Pan Alley, and that is possibly one of the reasons why WHILE WE'RE SITTING IN THE DARK will be enjoyable.

It carries with it a thought of relaxation, a thought of love and tender sweet nothings whispered out under the moonlight, because one can still be in the dark and have moonlight. Sammy Stept has done an unusually good job on this song, and Dick Powers, formerly of Freed and Powers, who has one of the best catalogues at the present time, what with his

"Sleepy Time Down South," still selling, his "When a Pal Bids a Pal Goodbye" "coming up strong," (that is how the publishers term it), and now WHILE WE'RE SITTING IN THE DARK apparently just the thing for these extremely romantic spring evenings. What more could he ask for?

Stept evidently got the inspiration for the song while down in Florida, from whence he returned with so much tan and freckles. It shows that although he wrote some of his best songs with Buddy Green, he is still able to do excellent work on his own. Perhaps unconsciously he has modeled his opening strains of the chorus along the melodic line of the verse of "O Sole Mio," which is perhaps one of the reasons that it will be all the more welcome and pleasing to those who hear it without their actually knowing why. But like most songs, the similarity is brief enough so that one could certainly not call it plagiarism, but rather a delightful similarity. There seems to be really nothing new under the sun, anyway, and if we go back far enough we can generally find something like that something which we feel is so new and different.

Sammy may certainly feel pleased with this, to my way of thinking, his best effort in the fox trot line since his associating himself with Dick Powers.

We played it quite slowly on our broadcast from Washington.

Moonshine & Honeysuckle

(Continued from page 13)

just where the morning sun spurts over "ole" Lonesome Mountain. The characters who live there are as real to me as my friends, more real perhaps, for I know what the Lonesome Hollow people think, and I know only what my friends say.

It is hard, hard work to turn out thirty pages of manuscript every week, but I've gained strength and weight tearing (in mind) through the wooded hills in an effort to keep up with Clem, Cracker, Piney, Pink and their friends and enemies.

I am grateful to Mr. Mason for annoying me into Radio. I have no feeling of having deserted the Theatre. I believe in Radio I am acquiring an invaluable experience for anything I may try to do for the stage in the future. The Radio is the Theatre, projected in a very personal way. The Radio is not destroying the Theatre. It is building the Theatre. Radio has an educational value for the writer, the actor and the audience. The writer, deprived of the assistance of glamorous personalities, the immeasurable help of stage business, and the at-

mosphere created by scenery, learns to cram his lines with all the holding power he possesses. The actor, with nothing but voice to define his characterization must learn the almost forgotten art of speech. The listener must bring to the radio that most important factor in the Theatre—the imagination of an audience. I see a blood relationship between the Radio and the Theatre, a kinship so close that the advancement of one is the advancement of the other.

One of the greatest satisfactions that has come to me in my writing life is the large number of personal contacts that has been established by letters received from the radio audience. They have come from people I may have passed on the streets of New York and from points as far away as England. These letters are encouraging, they are constructive, they are human, and they are the pulse of the audience—an audience which asks no one else's opinion, for there is a critic in every home.

Andy Sannella

(Continued from page 11)

As with any orchestra leader who is constantly conducting a group of musicians, Sannella has the quality of being able to pick out any individual tone from the many being played. In listening to code stations there are countless peeps and buzzes and roars of dots and dashes and static. Yet with his sensitive ear, he can read messages through all sorts of interference.

His new hobby so fascinates him that it is apparently taking as much time as his plane did. But he has not given up his love of speeding himself, as well as his music, through the air. His eyes take on a look of longing as he talks about the neat little amphibian he wants to buy. He can afford it, but he can't afford the time! Here is a picture of Andy Sannella in action. His novelty orchestra is grouped before him for rehearsal. With one hand he leads, with the other he mops a perspiring brow.

"All right now boys, just try the last three bars over again." His voice is as smiling as his face. "Listen fellows, quiet please. Now let's try the last three bars over again."

"Fine. That's all right now. Let's play the second number." He picks up his baton, relinquishing it a third of the way through the piece to loop his guitar strap over his neck and play. In the next selection it might be a clarinet or a saxophone chorus or a steel guitar.

Andy has a beautiful young wife and a mother-in-law who adores him as though he were of her own flesh and blood. If, as and when he gets a summer vacation he goes to her home at Lake Winona, Indiana, where he is allowed to run wild or loaf to his heart's content.



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

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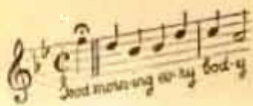
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