

Radio Digest

June

guard

NOW
15 Cents



Lois Lait

Falling in Love with Ruth

Seth Parker

Ed Wynn

George Rector

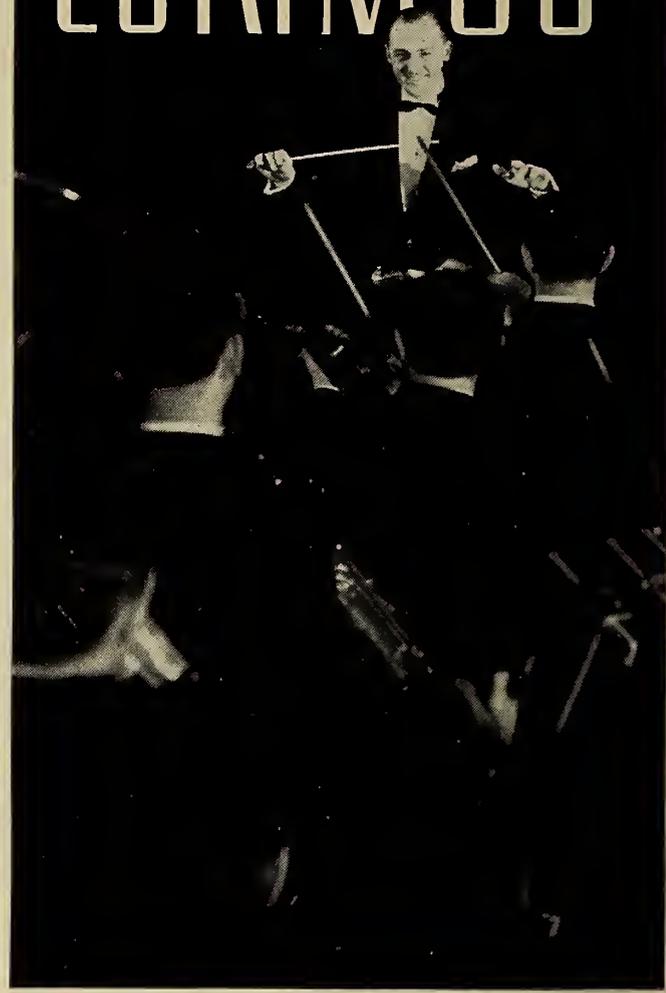
TK 6540
.R4

THEN SHE COAXED "LET'S GO

SEE THE ESKIMOS"

●
SO THEY WENT TO
THE ROOSEVELT GRILL
AND DANCED AND
DANCED TO THE
SPRING MAGIC OF
HARRY RESER

and his
ESKIMOS



● They forgot about the world outside ...about such things as unpaid bills...next month's rent...even the trouble about Europe! All they remembered was that it was Spring again. All he knew was that She was a Very Beautiful Lady, and she, that He was a Very Gallant Gentleman. And so they danced

... dreamily... happily... the while that able strummer of banjos, Harry Reser, and his talented Eskimos made music for them. Spring... banjos... Beautiful Lady... Gallant Gentleman... a floor divinely built for dancing feet... the tinkle of ice in glasses... Spring ... ah, Spring!

THE ROOSEVELT

MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET, N. Y.

Edward Clinton Fogg • Managing Director

OPPORTUNITIES *are many* for the Radio Trained Man

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere \$20 or \$30 a week. Let me show you how to get your start in Radio—the fastest-growing, biggest money-making game on earth.

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We don't teach by book study. We train you on a great outlay of Radio, Television and Sound equipment—on scores of modern Radio Receivers, huge Broadcasting equipment, the very latest and newest Television apparatus, Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment, Code Practice equipment, etc. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give you—RIGHT HERE IN THE COYNE SHOPS—the actual practice and experience you'll need for your start in this great field. And because we cut out all useless theory and only give that which is necessary you get a practical training in 10 weeks.

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est Television equipment. Talking Picture and Public Address Systems offer opportunities to the Trained Radio Man. Here is a great new Radio field just beginning to grow! Prepare NOW for these wonderful opportunities! Learn Radio Sound Work at COYNE on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.

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ALL ACTUAL, PRACTICAL WORK. You build radio sets, install and service them. You actually operate great Broadcasting equipment. You construct Television Receiving Sets and actually transmit your own Television programs over our modern Television equipment. You work on real Talking Picture machines and Sound equipment. You learn Wireless Operating on actual Code Practice apparatus. We don't waste time on use!ess theory. We give you the practical training you'll need—in 10 short, pleasant weeks.

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H. C. LEWIS, President

Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. A2-9H, Chicago, Ill.

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H. C. Lewis, Pres. RADIO DIVISION Founded 1899

COYNE Electrical School

500 S. Paulina St., Dept. A2-9H, Chicago, Ill.

166 21 BE/31

Awarded Beauty Crown

*Hazel Johnson of KFYZ Beauty
Queen of American Radio*

Hazel Johnson, radio artist at station KFYZ, Bismarck, N. D., is the winner in the campaign inaugurated by RADIO DIGEST to find the most beautiful girl in American radio. The contest came to a close with the finals, the last voting day being May 3. Radio listeners were the voters and the judges of beauty. Thirty-two girls from as many stations throughout the country, including representatives of the national chains, vied for the honor.

The preliminaries resulted in the elimination of all but three of the contestants—Harriet Lee, of New York; Donna Damerl, of Chicago and Miss Johnson.

The votes have been counted and Miss Johnson is the winner by a big margin. In the next issue of RADIO DIGEST, the standing of the various contestants will be given. As the winner, Miss Johnson will have her portrait painted by a famous artist—Charles Sheldon, of New York, who has painted the portraits of many socially prominent personages as well as celebrities of the stage and screen. Her picture will adorn the cover of the next issue of RADIO DIGEST, if it can be finished in time, and then Miss Johnson will be presented with the original painting.

F. & H. CAPACITY AERIAL



Price \$1.00
Complete, Postpaid

Every Instrument Tested on
Actual 1127 Mile Reception
A Large Number Are In Use by
Government, in Navy Hospital

The F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator has the capacity of the average 75-foot aerial, 50 feet high. It increases selectivity and full reception on both local and long distance stations is absolutely guaranteed. It eliminates the outdoor aerial along with the unsightly poles, guy wires, mutilation of woodwork, lightning hazards, etc. It does not connect to the light socket and requires no current for operation. Installed by anyone in a minute's time and is fully concealed within the set. Enables the radio to be moved into different rooms, or houses, as easily as a piece of furniture.

WE PREDICT THIS TYPE OF AERIAL WILL BE USED PRACTICALLY ENTIRELY IN THE FUTURE. 8,000 dealers handle our line. Dealers! Over 80 leading jobbers carry our line or order sample direct. Write for proposition.

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Send one F. & H. Capacity Aerial with privilege of returning after 3-day trial if not satisfactory, for which enclosed find check M. O. or dollar bill, or send C. O. D. Send Literature. Dealer's proposition.

F. & H. Radio Laboratories
Fargo, N. Dak., Dept. 32

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

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Associate Editor

Nellie Revell,
Associate Editor

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Broadcasting stations employ trained men continually for jobs paying up to \$5,000 a year.



Television—the coming field of many great opportunities—is covered by my course.



Operators on ships see the world and get good pay plus expenses. Here's one enjoying shore leave.



Aviation is needing more and more trained Radio men. Operators employed through the Civil Service Commission earn \$1,020 to \$2,800 a year.

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Act now and receive in addition to my big free book "Rich Rewards in Radio," this Service Manual on D.C., A.C., and Battery operated sets. Only my students could have this book in the past. Now readers of this magazine who mail the coupon will receive it free. Overcoming hum, noises of all kinds, fading signals, broad tuning, howls and oscillations, poor distance reception, distorted or muffled signals, poor Audio and Radio Frequency amplification and other vital information is contained in it. Get a free copy by mailing the coupon below.

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for a Fascinating Radio Job

Get My Free Book-Many Radio
Experts Make \$50 to \$100 a Week

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Many Interesting Branches of Radio to Choose From

Don't continue to struggle along at a dull, low-pay job with no prospect of anything better. Find out what Radio offers you. Radio operators on shipboard travel, see the world, with board and lodging free, and get good pay, too. Aircraft Radio, talking movies, and broadcasting are other fields where thousands of trained men are well paid for fascinating work. And think of the

great, thrilling future for men with Radio training in Television. My free book tells all about these and many other interesting branches of Radio that pay good money and make life pleasant. Men with Radio training have many opportunities not found in other fields. And my training, in particular, is the only training that makes you a RADIO-TRICIAN—that means valuable recognition for you in whatever type of Radio work you take up after graduation. You'll see why, when you receive my interesting book.

Many N. R. I. Men have made \$200 to \$1,000 in Spare Time While Learning

You don't have to quit your present job to take my course! You stay right at home, hold your job, and learn in your spare time. My N. R. I. Course teaches you to begin making extra money shortly after you enroll. My new practical method makes this possible. I give you experimental outfits that teach you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Many of my students have earned \$15, \$20, \$30 weekly while learning. Lynn Henderson, 817

Elgin Court, Jackson, Mich., writes: "I have made at least \$1,500 servicing and repairing Radio sets and I am just starting my thirty-third lesson."

Get My Free Book

Send the coupon below for my 64-page book of opportunities in Radio and information on my home-study training. It has put hundreds of fellows on the road to bigger pay and success. It will tell you exactly what Radio offers you, and what my Employment Department does to help you get into Radio after you graduate. I back my training with a signed agreement to refund every penny of your money if, after completion, you are not satisfied with the Lesson and Instruction Service I give you. Fill in and mail the coupon NOW!

Act Now

Mail Coupon Today

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. 2FR3,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: I want to take advantage of your Special Offer. Send me your two books "Trouble Shooting in D.C., A.C. and Battery Sets" and "Rich Rewards in Radio." I understand this does not obligate me.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....
AGE..... "M"

Travelled 75,000 Miles

"Dear Mr. Smith: I have worked as Junior Operator on board S. S. Dorchester and Chief Operator of the Chester Sun. I have traveled 75,000 to 100,000 miles, visited ports in various countries, fished and motored with millionaires, been on airplane flights, etc." Robin D. Compton, Radio Station KSAC, Kansas State College, Manhattan, Kansas.



\$400 a Month

"The Radio field is getting bigger and better every year. I have made more than \$400 each month and it really was your course that brought me to this." J. G. Dahlstead, Station KYA, San Francisco, Cal.

Employment Service to all Graduates

They say you CAN'T, but I say you Get Enjoyable Programs Every day of



E. H. SCOTT

Pioneer Designer of 'round the world broadcast receivers.

Seven years ago, newspaper and magazine editors gave columns and columns of space to the amazing performance of a theretofore unknown receiver. They heralded the advent of transoceanic reception, on the broadcast band (200-550 meters) as the greatest radio achievement of the age. They named the receiver "World Record Super," because it brought in 117 programs from 19 stations, ALL OVER 6000 miles away, and WITHIN THE SHORT SPACE OF 13 WEEKS.

This receiver was the work of E. H. Scott, who believed that a radio set designed in accord with certain advanced ideas of his own, and engineered to micrometric precision, would do things no other receiver was ever able to do. These sets were built in the laboratory. Not even a screw was touched by an unscientific hand, and the radio industry was given a new target.

During the following years, E. H. Scott set still higher standards for radio's performance. Today, as the culmination of these efforts, he offers the Scott All-Wave, a hand-built instrument of scientific precision that is sold with a guarantee of regular, 'round the world reception, or YOUR money back.

MANY prominent radio engineers STILL contend that dependable daily reception of extremely distant foreign stations is impossible.

"It can't be done!" they shout. They insist that the distance is too great—that atmospheric conditions are too variable—that signal strength is insufficiently constant—that if foreign reception is to be obtained at all, an ideal location must be had—and, last, that there is no receiver generally available today that is sensitive enough to bring in foreign stations regularly.

Many of those making these statements are receiver manufacturers; men who have been forced to conclude that mass production methods cannot

produce receivers capable of regular foreign reception. Seeming disbelief in the practicability of foreign reception is therefore the result of someone's failure. The only reason for sincere disbelief is ignorance of the facts.

You are entitled to the truth. It is your privilege to know the FACTS, because the most interesting—the most enjoyable world of radio is to be found

*ACTUALLY—
the whole world
on a dial.*

between 15 and 200 meters. Hence, I have written this answer to disbelievers and to the unadvised, and I am spending my own money to publish these four pages of FACTS.

You will find in them a full explanation of what foreign reception is; how regularly it comes in; what the programs are and how they sound. In addition—you'll find undeniable PROOF that the Scott All-Wave 15-550 meter Superheterodyne is certain to give you enjoyable round the world reception every day of every month of the year. Yes, EVERY day, even during the summer months! I say, "You CAN do it!" *E. H. Scott*



CAN



4 Pages of
PROOF

from dozens of Foreign Stations Every month of the Year



Reception from VK3ME sent back to Melbourne, Australia, by telephone from Chicago by E. H. Scott.

The AUSTRALIAN TEST

first proved regular reception possible

For a considerable period, short wave broadcasts from England, France and Italy have been picked up by the broadcasting chains in this country, on highly developed laboratory-type short wave receivers and re-broadcasted on the 200-550 meter band to listeners in America. The fact that these broadcasts were always planned, weeks in advance, convinced us that their reception was contemplated with absolute certainty. Why, then, couldn't *all* foreign broadcasts be depended upon? To ascertain whether or not they could be, we selected the station farthest from Chicago that broadcasted regularly, and set out to see how many of its programs we could pick up with the Scott All-Wave.

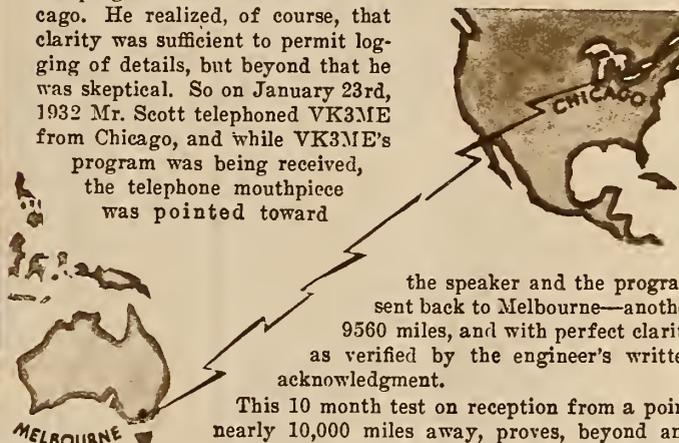
All Programs Recorded

VK3ME at Melbourne, Australia, is 9560 air miles from Chicago. This station broadcasts two times a week on a wave length of 31.55 meters. The reception test was begun June 6th, 1931. Ten months have elapsed, and *every* broadcast (excepting three) was received with sufficient loud speaker volume to be clearly heard and logged. The three programs were-missed only because an illegal code transmission interfered.

Each broadcast from VK3ME has not only been clearly heard, and its reception verified by the station, but they have all been recorded just as they came from the amplifier of the Scott All-Wave on aluminum discs. These recordings are available to anyone who wishes to hear them.

Program Returned to Australia by Phone

The engineer of VK3ME was curious to know with what quality his program was received in Chicago. He realized, of course, that clarity was sufficient to permit logging of details, but beyond that he was skeptical. So on January 23rd, 1932 Mr. Scott telephoned VK3ME from Chicago, and while VK3ME's program was being received, the telephone mouthpiece was pointed toward



the speaker and the program sent back to Melbourne—another 9560 miles, and with perfect clarity as verified by the engineer's written acknowledgment.

This 10 month test on reception from a point nearly 10,000 miles away, proves, beyond any doubt, that enjoyable foreign reception can be depended upon, IF the receiving equipment is competent. It PROVES that DISTANCE is *no* obstacle! And it PROVES that variable conditions of the atmosphere are not insurmountable obstacles! To further substantiate our contentions we began a test of VK2ME at Sydney. VK2ME's acknowledgment of this reception is reproduced below. Both of these tests PROVE that there IS a receiver having more than enough sensitivity to detect and reproduce the broadcast from foreign stations regularly and with adequate volume!

WESTERN UNION

CALIF. VIA PEACED STONEY 38 DUPLICATE 7/1730

LOG B B SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES-
4450 HAVENWOOD AVE CHICAGO ILL.

YOUR WEEKLY REPORTS RECEIVED THREE JULY SIXTH TELEPHONE
TO TWENTYFIFTH JANUARY TWENTYTWO INCLUSIVE CONFIRMED STOP
CONGRATULATIONS YOUR CONSISTENT RECEPTION OUR STATION AND
INTERESTING REPORTS YOU HAVE COMPILED STOP YOUR RECORDS
NOW ADMITTED AUSTRALIA FREE
THOSE.

Other Owners Do Even Better

This remarkable performance was not a stunt. It was not a freak happenstance occurring to one

Scott All-Wave ideally located and installed. To the contrary, it appears as mediocre performance when compared to the 9,535 logs of foreign reception sent to us during January, February and March from Scott All-Wave owners located in all parts of the country! These logs, constituting further proof of the practicality of foreign reception, are discussed on the next two pages.

(Turn the page, please)

9535 Detailed Logs

by SCOTT

tell *What You hear*

and prove the absolute
Dependability of the Scott All-Wave



See preceding pages



Clarity

THE detail contained in this log, submitted by Mr. Roye Bilheimer of Pennsylvania, demonstrates the clarity with which the Scott All-Wave brings in foreign stations 10,000 miles away. This log was made Feb. 28, 1932, and while only 30 minutes of it are shown here, the log, as submitted, covered the entire 2 consecutive hours of the broadcast.

6:00 a.m. E.S.T.—Chimes are heard striking the hour of 9:00 p.m., and you say, "Just 9:00 o'clock, Sunday evening." You go on to say, "VK2ME, 47 York Street, Sydney, Australia, would be pleased to receive reports from those overseas relating to the reception of these programs. Our next record is rather an interesting broadcast. I am going to play for you, a record recorded in Chicago. This record was picked up by Mr. Scott of Chicago, an ardent listener of VK2ME. It was then recorded on his home recording set, on aluminum discs, and then sent to VK2ME, and we will now play this record over for you, which will give you some idea of the reception in the United States, especially in Chicago. This is a musical selection by the Band of His Majesty's Guards. Stand by a second, please."

6:05 a.m. E.S.T.—VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. The record you have been listening to was one made in Chicago by Mr. Scott, an ardent listener to VK2ME. The original recording was transmitted some time ago and Mr. Scott received that recording, and cut in the record on his home recording set, and forwarded this to VK2ME. That was the record which has just arrived in Sydney and we have just played it for you, to see how you will receive it. I shall now play for you the laugh of the "Kookaburra," that was also picked up in Chicago by the same gentleman.

6:06½ a.m. E.S.T.—Laugh of the "Kookaburra." Now you say, "That was the laugh of the 'Kookaburra,' reproduced in Chicago again after receiving the original recording from VK2ME. We should be glad to receive reports from other listeners as to how they receive these recordings." A talk of the day is entitled "Australia Commences the Travel Idea," prepared by Charles Holmes, Director of the Australian National Travelers' Association. Now you continue with the talk:

"Set in the sunshine of southern seas, Australia is the world's littlest continent. Australia is a continent that is different from other lands in its appearance, its geographic formation, and its strange animals, as well as its age-old peoples. Then, too, the remainder of the native race that originally inhabited Australia are a stone-age people, but now I wish you could see them in the Government Reservations, and in the far-back places of the continent, where many still lead their primitive lives.

6:12 a.m. E.S.T.—They were entertained by Australian aborigines who are located in a settlement there. They were amused to see them throw their boomerangs, that strange wooden weapon which, when thrown by a person, returns to the thrower, and the visitors had an amusing time practicing among themselves. Rudolph Primi gazed at a group of black fellows who were playing a tune with the leaf of the eucalyptus tree, "Rose Marie," from the famous play he had written.

6:14 a.m. E.S.T.—You are now speaking of native bears, and say: "Here the visitors saw the quaint and lovable little bears. 'Living toys,' one visitor called them. One gentleman wanted to buy them outright, so enthused was he by these little native animals. Some of the ladies brought honey and candy, and were greatly disappointed when their gifts were refused by the bears. They prefer to get their own sweets from the eucalyptus tree.

"Australia welcomes the visitor. We want the world to know us better, and we, ourselves, seek a greater knowledge of people of other lands. In these days, travel is more than a great pleasure maker—it is a great peace maker, and that is what the world today is most in need of. This concludes my short talk, entitled 'Australia Commences the Travel Idea,' prepared by Charles Holmes, Director of the Australian National Travelers' Association."

6:15 a.m. E.S.T.—The Band of His Majesty's Air Force will play "Washington Braves," arranged by Victor Herbert.

6:16 a.m. E.S.T.—VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. You now give the time as 18 minutes past 9:00 Sunday evening. Contralto solo, "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears," by Sullivan.

6:22½ a.m. E.S.T.—VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. An organ solo, "Just Imagine," by Leslie Jamas. This is coming through with fine volume and clarity, although the weather here is very bad. It is very foggy and rainy.

6:25 a.m. E.S.T.—VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. The time is 20 minutes past 9:00 Monday evening. You now announce the next selection, a waltz.

6:30½ a.m. E.S.T.—VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. The band of His Majesty's Guards directed by R. O. Evans, playing "Intermezzo," by Beethoven.

9,535 Detailed logs of foreign programs have been sent to us since January 1st, 1932. All of these logs are complete—proving that the reception was not only heard, but that the clarity was perfect. Two of these logs are reproduced (in part only, for lack of space) on these pages. Think of it! 9,535 logs from 186 stations in 40 different foreign countries! It is difficult to understand, how anyone after reading these logs, could believe that dependable, day in, day out foreign reception is anything but a complete, and thoroughly satisfactory actuality.



What Countries Will You Hear?

Any Wednesday, Saturday or Sunday morning you can tune in the Australian stations and listen to a three hour program, in English, of course. Then if you wish something with a decidedly foreign flavor, you can dial Saigon, Indo-China, and listen to the weirdest, Eastern music you have ever heard.

Right after breakfast, most any morning, you can tune in the Radio Colonial at Paris, France—or Chelmsford, England, from which station comes an English version of the World's latest news.

From 11:30 A. M. until 5 P. M. you have your choice of musical programs, talks, plays, etc. from Italy, France, Germany or England. In the late afternoon, the offerings from Portugal will be found very entertaining.

In the evening you may have your choice of a dozen or more different stations including Colombia and Ecuador in South America. Then, too, there is Spain, and Cuba.

Is this all?—Indeed not!—These are just a few of the many foreign stations that will be found on the dial of the Scott All-Wave. A complete list showing the exact time to tune dozens of foreign stations, is furnished with the receiver.

What Will You Hear?

From a large number of these foreign stations you'll hear news in English, and you'll delight in the variety of aspect the different countries give to an item of international interest.

You'll hear music from everywhere. Weird chants from Indo-China, and in contrast, a tango from the Argentine. From Rome you'll hear the real Grand Opera—you'll hear the voice of the Pope, the Vatican Choir and solo voices mellowed in Italian sunshine. From Germany you'll hear political speeches, music and news. From France, Spain and Portugal you'll hear a wonderful musical program that will thrill you hour after hour. From England you'll hear plays—drama—comedy and musicales; delightful presentations, refreshingly different from those to which you are accustomed. You'll never tire of foreign reception, because it never loses its novelty.

Will the Reception Be Clear?

Foreign stations are tuned easily and smoothly with a Scott All-Wave. As the dial is turned to the correct spot, the station comes on, in most cases, with the same naturalness, clarity, and roundness of tone that characterizes domestic reception.

of Foreign Reception Owners and *How You hear it*



Usually, you can have more volume than you wish, which means simply that the sensitivity may be lowered beneath the noise level, thereby permitting the program to come through with truly enjoyable bell-like clarity. There's no doubt about it. Dependable foreign reception is here; yours to thrill to; yours to enjoy as you have never enjoyed radio before.

Read These Logs*

The log reproduced at the right represents one day that E. B. Roberts of Massachusetts spent with his Scott All-Wave. During the day he journeyed from France to England, to Italy, back to France and in the evening to South America. The other log is that sent in by Mr. Royce Bilheimer of Pennsylvania who made a point of logging every word put on the air by VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, February 28, 1932. If you have any doubt concerning the authenticity of these two logs or the others sent to us, see the auditors' report herewith. Read these logs—then consider that 9,533 more detailed logs bear witness to the new world of radio pleasure opened to YOU by the Scott All-Wave 15-550 meter Superheterodyne.

*Prove to yourself the
practicability of
Short Wave
foreign reception*

These four pages have told the story of short wave foreign reception in no uncertain terms. They have PROVED that clear, enjoyable reception of foreign stations can be enjoyed by anyone irrespective of the state or country in which he lives. And we want to prove to you, right in your own home—that YOU can tune 'round the world whenever you choose and enjoy every program you hear. To do that, we'll build a Scott All-Wave 15-550 meter superheterodyne to your order; we'll test it on reception from London, Sydney or Rome—and give you the exact dial readings. If you don't get enjoyable foreign reception from these stations—if the receiver does not eclipse every statement made for it, you may return it and your money will be refunded. The coupon below will bring full particulars of this offer—also the technical details of the Scott All-Wave. Clip the coupon—mail it now.



THE SCOTT WELLINGTON

Typical of the many excellent models of Scott Consoles, the Wellington is a beautiful example of deluxe cabinet artistry. Fashioned from burl walnut and finished to go with the finest furniture. The center drawer contains the optional phonograph equipment, which, when wanted, is supplied with an automatic ten record changer.

The E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D 62, Chicago, Ill.

The E. H. Scott Radio Laboratories Inc.,
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D 62,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me full particulars of the Scott All-Wave Superheterodyne.

Name

Street

Town..... State.....

***AUDITORS' REPORT**

We hereby certify that we have examined and counted 9,535 logs of programs reported by purchasers of Scott All-Wave Receivers from 186 stations, foreign to the country in which received, during the months of January, February, March, 1932.

CHESNUTT, MURPHY, POOLE & Co.
Certified Public Accountants

News and Music From Four Foreign Countries Received in One Day

THESE logs, made March 7, 1932, and submitted by E. B. Roberts of Massachusetts, indicate the variety of foreign programs that may be heard with a Scott All-Wave. For lack of space, only a portion of each log appears here.

NEWS FROM FRANCE STATION RADIO COLONIAL—PONTOISE

- 8:44½ a.m. E.S.T.—“This is Radio Colonial from Paris calling. Wavelength 19.68 meters.”
News in English from the Continental Daily Mail, Great Britain—The financial recovery of Great Britain has aroused the interest of the world.
- 8:45 a.m. E.S.T.—Chimes.
- From N. Y., Sunday—The U. S. view is that the world economic crisis is behind. Sterling reflected by rising to a new high.
- From Geneva, Sunday—Small nations are not willing that the League's authority be flouted even if the larger nations are.
- From N. Y., Sunday—Bulletin on the death of Bandmaster Sousa.
- 8:51½ a.m. E.S.T.—From Berlin, Sunday—Speeches regarding the election next Sunday. Will Hindenburg or Hitler be elected only question.
- 8:55 a.m. E.S.T.—From N. Y., Sunday—The Lindberghs have turned to the underworld for help as the authorities seem helpless.

NEWS AND MUSIC FROM ENGLAND STATION G5SW—CHELMSFORD

- 1:15 p.m. E.S.T.—Chimes.
- 1:15½ p.m. E.S.T.—This is the British Broadcasting Corp. calling short wave listeners of the British Empire through G5SW. G5SW broadcasts on a wave of 17,550 kilocycles or 25.53 meters.
- 1:16 p.m. E.S.T.—Programs to be radiated today.
- 1:17 p.m. E.S.T.—Programs to be radiated tomorrow, March the 8th.
- 1:18 p.m. E.S.T.—News Bulletins for the Middle Zone. World copyrighted.
- Ireland died today. An ardent advocate of peace.
- Bulletin regarding the Indian Budget.
- Far East Bulletin—Dr. Yen announced that China is ready to enter negotiations to restore peace. The Japanese have no intention of advancing further.
- Bulletin regarding the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby—no news as yet.

NEWS AND MUSIC FROM ITALY—STATION I2RO ROME

- 2:49 p.m. E.S.T.—Telling in Italian of the results of the six-day bicycle race in Madison Square Garden, which was won by the team of McNumara-Peden.
- 2:52 p.m. E.S.T.—Now talking about Primo Carnera and Young Stribling.
- 2:54 p.m. E.S.T.—“Radio Roma-Napoli.”
News bulletins from the U. S. A., Shanghai and Tokio.
- News regarding the Lindbergh baby.
- 2:59 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.
- 3:01½ p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement. Gave names of Italian cities. Music by orchestra between announcements.
- 3:02 p.m. E.S.T.—Orchestra selection.

MORE MUSIC FROM FRANCE STATION RADIO COLONIAL—PONTOISE

- 3:57 p.m. E.S.T.—“The Marsellaise.”
- 3:59 p.m. E.S.T.—“Hilo, Hilo, Icl. Paree. Station Radio Colonial.”
- 4:00 p.m. E.S.T.—Piano and violin selection.
- 4:08 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.
- 4:08 p.m. E.S.T.—Instrumental selection.
- 4:15 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.
- 4:18 p.m. E.S.T.—Cello solo.
- 4:21 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.

MUSIC FROM SOUTH AMERICA—STATION HKF BOGOTA, COLOMBIA

- 8:25 p.m. E.S.T.—Vocal solo. Man singing native selection.
- 8:28 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.
- Baritone solo, with choruses singing.
- 8:33 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.
- Vocal duet.
- 8:48 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.
- 8:47 p.m. E.S.T.—Native instrumental selection.
- 8:50 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.
- 8:53 p.m. E.S.T.—Dance music. Woltz.
- 8:57 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.
- Baritone solo.
- 9:02 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.
- 9:03 p.m. E.S.T.—Native dance selection.
- 9:06 p.m. E.S.T.—Announcement.
- 9:06 p.m. E.S.T.—Station announcement. “HKF, in Bogota, Colombia, South America.”
- 9:10 p.m. E.S.T.—Instrumental selection.
- Volume very good. Some fading.

*SETH PARKER Sheds
Alpaca for Tweeds
and Goes Hymn Sing-
ing in City Slums*

By Barry Holloway

CRIMINALS, hop-heads, pan-handlers, and other breeds of down-and-outers of New York's Bowery—have combined with one of radio's best-known characters to present a series of programs over National Broadcasting Company networks, hailed as one of the unique broadcasts of the year.

America's radio audience demanded variety, and Phillips H. Lord, 28-year-old creator of "Seth Parker and His Jonesport Neighbors," supplied it.

In a dingy, smoke-filled basement room, whisky tenors blend in harmony with muddled baritones, and the unwashed of New York's rickety district forget their plight when Phil Lord stages a party and a Bowery broadcast.

Lord dropped the role of Seth Parker, the kindly old philosopher, when he went to the Bowery in an effort to aid some of the deserving in the street of lost men. Instead he was the natural athletic young man of 28, dressed in worn clothes and wearing a cap pulled to the side of his head. He acted as tough and rough as the best of the three hundred men who crowded into the narrow basement room which once housed the notorious Tunnel saloon.

It is a strange sight, the crew of motley men who crowd into that dingy room under the sidewalks of a Bowery street. It is a spacious room to most of the Bowery visitors—so much better than many are accustomed to, who sleep under stairs or in the open. Over the rumblings of their voices can be heard the scream of an occasional police car, and the roar of the elevated trains overhead.

Men and women, who sit in the quiet of homes over the United States hear only a bit of the pathos, can sense little of the grime; nor know anything of the wrecks of humanity which Lord gathers there and aids.

His "studio" is a dirty, smelly place—reeking with unwashed bodies, the stench of cheap liquor, and canned heat which



Phil Lord



Lord Visits

Bowery sots consume for lack of nothing better to drink, or nothing better to do. The microphone and the smiling face of Polly Robertson, who plays the organ in the "Seth Parker and His Jonesport Neighbors" programs, usually are the only bright things in the room. "Polly" as the hoodlums call her, is the goddess of the Old Tunnel crowd.

Even Lord's face betrays a certain grimness as he leads the men in singing. One can scarcely

wonder at that, however, after you look from the tiny platform across the 300 faces, betraying as many types, and as many emotions.

These men, who frequent Phil Lord's mission, and who take part in his NBC Bowery broadcasts, are more often than

not rough men—tough men—desperate for food, liquor, narcotics, and capable of almost any passion. Some of them are known to have served long prison sentences. Many come to the old Tunnel saloon intoxicated or hopelessly under the influence of narcotics.

THE sordid atmosphere of the crowd is lessened only as the air in the low, unventilated room becomes filled with smoke from the cigarettes that Lord always gives the men. Then the grey smoke shrouds the harsher aspects.

Lord acts as master of ceremonies only—the men stage their own party. He sings only when he is leading the singing. Solo numbers, quartets, and other features are presented by the men. As the singing gets underway, and such songs as "When Good Fellows Get Together," ring through the room, more often out of than in harmony, the "guests" begin to smile—toothless smiles, crooked, and leering.



Phil Lord and his Bowery boys in a characteristic pose as they broadcast a program from the old Tunnel saloon, once a notorious rendezvous of the underworld. At the extreme left is Charlie, Chinese baritone of Doyer street, whose favorite number is "Jesus Loves Me." Lord (center) seems to be enjoying himself.

Bowery Dens

Whether Lord is broadcasting his parties or not—he proves himself the natural showman. The men are at ease as soon as they enter the room. It is impossible for him to rehearse for a Bowery broadcast, and be certain that the participants will be on hand the following night to take part. It is necessary for him to draft new "artists" at the last moment. The original "artists" too often do not appear, or when they do, are too intoxicated to participate.

It is, however, a surprisingly orderly aggregation of hoodlums, drunkards, thieves, and down-and-outers, when one considers they eat only when they can beg or steal a meal, and spend their nights in Bowery flop houses, or on the streets. Perchance it is the novelty, or perhaps husky Dan Murphy, self appointed bouncer for Lord's Bowery parties, that keeps them under control.

Dan, who has a criminal record, is the life, as well as the terror of the gatherings. His wit brings laughs from

all, and his frown with a curt "cut the gab" brings silence. Dan thinks Lord's name is typical of the sort of fellow Phil is.

DURING one of the broadcasts a man, drunk and cursing, insisted upon talking into the microphone which was sending the program over a nation-wide NBC network. Lord was forced to knock the man into the aisle. Dan, who had reached the platform, nodded his head for the man to leave. Soon Dan and some of his aides disappeared. When he reappeared Dan confided to Miss Robertson, in a matter-of-fact way, that "the bozo was beat up and wouldn't bother no more."

The Bowery likes Lord—as the visitor can see in a moment's glance across the crowded room of black and white faces as

he enters. He has proven himself a swell guy, to their way of thinking, because he provides a meal ticket, a pass to his show, and small change each time they gather.

Their banter at Bowery parties is good-natured. When one of their number stands before them to sing, or recite some of his poetry, the performer can deduce after a moment whether he will be able to finish. If it pleases they are quiet. If they are not pleased the only reason rotten cabbages are not tossed is because none are available.

Charlie, the toothless Chinese baritone of Doyer street, is one of the Bowery's most popular entertainers. When he sings "Jesus Loves Me," in broken English, tears come to the eyes of his listeners, and if he is broadcast-

ing, he can count on a heavy fan mail. He has proved one of Lord's most popular finds.

The Tadpole, who with his musical saw has toured every civilized country in the World, is another whom Lord can usually depend upon to be on hand for a broadcast. Tadpole has the Driftwood or-

(Continued on page 48)



King of Hoboes

ACTION IS SOUL OF RADIO PLAY

*Dana Noyes Who Has Produced Nearly 1,000 Scripts
and Tells Douglas D. Connah What He Has Learned*

WHAT makes a good radio drama? Without the slightest hesitation Dana Noyes will tell you that the constituents are but three, namely: an interesting script, a good group of actors, and proper technical direction. Naturally, this applies to any play, whether it be for the stage, the screen, or the air. The difference lies in the technique, and the actual production of the dramas themselves.

And Noyes, the director, flourishes a giant novelty pencil for his scepter as he rules over the dramatic destinies of the Blue Coal Radio Revue, the Love Story Hour, and other outstanding script programs of the air. He knows that technique backwards and forwards. He was schooled in dramatics in the old flickering beginnings of the movies, when Vitagraph and Edison were names to conjure with in the realm of the silver screen. He cranked a camera when Madge Kennedy first emoted for Goldwyn, and since that time he has undergone a variety of experience both in that medium and on the legitimate stage, as actor, director, and what-have-you.

His entry into radio, made some five or six years ago, was largely due to his technical interest in it, a factor which is now of inestimable value to him as a director. He can put an amplifier together after taking it apart, build a radio set, and chat with radio engineers about acoustic properties and frequency curves. During this participation in radio he has directed close to 1000 radio dramas. As well as those mentioned, the True Story Hour, Detective Story Magazine (featuring "The Shadow"), True Detective Stories, Majestic Theater of the Air, and several other series have been produced under his direction.

In discussing those essentials of good radio drama, involving a difference in technique between radio and the stage, Noyes draws a parallel between radio and the silent movies of bygone days. Both are built to appeal to one sense and yet to create the illusions of other senses (the radio to the ear and the movies to the eye) and yet both being able to go further than the stage in fostering those illusions by gaining a perspective not possible in the theatre. Such a development as a screen close-up can be duplicated in radio by a microphone close-up. Crowd scenes on the screen, impossible on the stage, can give the illusion of crowd noise, and crowd noise in the radio studio can bring the listener a mental picture of the throng.

Radio puts over its effect by the stressing of sound effects that define the desired atmosphere and situations that play on the imagination so that the listener may build his own illusion of sight and action.

NOYES believes that there is little essential difference between a script suitable for radio and one for the stage, but that the whole trick lies in the actual production. Naturally, the radio script is shorter than the average stage script, thus being more comparable to the one-act play, and bearing somewhat the same relation to the full length play that it does, in turn, to the novel. However radio's flexibility and compression will allow it to encompass a much wider scope, not being limited as to number and length of scenes. One scene may be disposed of in half a dozen lines of script, and change of time and place can be accomplished practically instantaneously. Naturally, scripts involving plenty of action are most desirable. Probably the only good plays not readily adaptable for radio are those which depend largely for their appeal on little action and either reflective and philosophical or smart and sophisticated by-play in dialogue. Although they have a wide following among a minority of theatergoers, these seldom achieve outstanding popularity in the theatre either.

Among the tricks of radio production used to put across radio drama is one method originated by Noyes and now used practically universally—the musical curtain. Where first a narrator was used, reminiscent of the old Greek chorus in the ancient beginnings of the drama, Noyes evolved, with Columbia's musical director, Howard Barlow, the brief musical interlude between scenes, passing in its musical atmosphere from the tempo of one scene to that of the next. The Blue Coal and Love Story programs and the Detective Story series with The Shadow (recently also a feature of the Blue Coal programs), with George Earle directing the musical interludes, are all excellent examples of this development, originally evolved by Noyes and Barlow some four years ago for the True Story broadcasts. A notable exception to this trend is found in the Eno Crime Club series, where a gong is slowly struck three times between each scene.

Other features of production turn to advantage the very limitations of broad-

casting, such as the sensitivity of the microphone. Exits and entrances are staged by microphone placement—by the distance of the actor from the mike—as well as by lines in this case necessary that are not needed in a stage script. Voices playing against each other at different microphone positions can give effects impossible on the stage. Young lovers can whisper sweet nothings to each other over the air where they would have to shout them on the stage, thus enhancing the playing of soft love scenes. Sound effects can be much more illusory on the air on account of the sensitivity of the microphone, when you consider that salt poured on a sheet of paper will give the faithful effect of pouring rain and that the crinkling in the hand of a sheet of cellophane will sound like the roar of a fire.

Radio acting, Noyes will tell you, is far more than reading a script. Just as in the silent movies the actors had to speak their lines in order to get the proper expression, the radio actor must go through his gestures and grimaces, as well as the lines. For this reason he prefers the radio actor who is an experienced product of the stage. Leading characters in a large percent of the important radio dramas come from current theatrical productions in the local theatres.

NOYES believes that the radio act, which is done with as soon as a program is signed off, can achieve far more spontaneity than the theatrical presentation, which runs for weeks and maybe months. In order to be sure that it is spontaneous, he has a method of rehearsing that is all his own, but which is probably evolved from his picture experience. He first rehearses his programs in bits which do not follow each other. They are put together for the first time at the dress rehearsal, and even then he does not rehearse the act all the way through without a break, but interrupts here and there with a comment. The orchestra and cast are rehearsed separately and the whole program, unbroken, is performed at once—when it is on the air. He believes that a good rehearsal means that the actors will relax and produce an inferior air performance.

Melodrama, easily adaptable to radio, with its screams, declamations, and strongly expressed emotion, has been revived by air dramatics, and detective and gangster plays have also been strong in popularity. All require plenty of action.



WHEN you listened to "The Scorpion" from CBS, New York, did you picture a scene something like this? Yes, hunched over the table there, you see the rich but crabbed old Peter Van Wyck (portrayed by Louis Hector), standing beside him is that mysterious East Indian servant, Rangi (portrayed by Santos Ortega). Mr. Dana Noyes describes on opposite page some of the important factors that enter into good radio drama.

Don Steel to Evelyn de Clairmont.

Jeanette Loff in character as bride.



Evelyn de Clairmont to Don Steel.



Fred Thomas to Margaret Westcott.



Margaret Westcott to Fred Thomas.

Scarcely a Tinkle for JUNE WEDDING BELLS

WHO among the brave as you listen to them night after night from your favorite broadcasting stations will march down that fateful aisle during this bright month of June?

In times past RADIO DIGEST has taken occasion at this time of year to chronicle those glad highlights in the lives of our entertainers of the air. According to custom we sent inquiries to many of the leading stations and to the headquarters of the principal networks. At the time when we go to press just one single wedding has been announced to take place in June, 1932. Of course there may be surprises later on. But our correspondents have pried around to no little extent. They have reluctantly reported failure.

Miss Louise Landis of the NBC studios in San Francisco wrote as follows: "Sorry we can't find any more romance in our studios. We had a déluge of weddings last spring. If a few of the inevitable consequences appear soon, how about a layout of NBC babies? You may be interested to know that Lloyd E. Yoder in his zeal to procure some spring weddings for the June RADIO DIGEST even went so far as to do a Miles Standish-John Alden stunt for one of our tenors (not Don Steel). But so far his efforts have been unsuccessful; the Priscilla in the case just passed into a fit of giggles, and that was that."

Our readers no doubt will agree with us that Miss Landis had better keep a weather eye open for those potential stork announcements. In the meantime we will read her report on the one darling pair who have decided to marry this month. She writes:

"FRED THOMAS, NBC actor, and Miss Margaret Westcott of the Associated Oil Company (sponsors for the Associated Spotlights) will be married early in June. The prospective bride and groom first met far from the atmosphere of the studios. Details of the romance have been kept something of a mystery, just as they seem to have kept the plans for the wedding subrosa.

"There is a reason. No doubt they still have in mind what happened to Jerry Kilhore, NBC announcer, who found odd and sundry signs plastered over his auto-

mobile when he emerged from the church with his bride about a year ago. The embarrassing fanfare followed the young couple all the way to Carmel, where they spent their honeymoon. As a matter of fact that was the last public wedding for any of our staff. From that time on weddings were not announced until some

*So comes again our lovely June with tears
upon her cheek,*

*Her golden tresses all awry, her haughty
mien so meek!*

*And all undone her lover's knot—impover-
ished, bereft—*

*She kneels before her ancient shrine, where
little now is left.*

*No gauzy veil, no wedding bell, no all-impas-
sioned kiss;*

*No solemn vows, or plighted ring, no Mrs.
for a Miss—*

*And creeping sadly in her train comes Cupid
all forlorn,*

*He's hocked his bow and arrows, and his
last year's pants are torn.*

HPB

time after the event had taken place.

"Another wedding that will have passed when this is published will be that of Don Steel, tenor of the Hotel St. Francis orchestra, heard nightly over the NBC-KGO network, to Miss Evelyn de Clairmont of San Francisco, Mother's Day, May 8th.

"Don and his bride-to-be met each other—believe it or not—on a raft in the middle of Searsville Lake, resort near San Francisco. Don saw a pretty girl swimming toward the raft, and admired her technique so much that he swam right after her, and clambered up on the raft to tell her so. After that—'Well, I knew there was no other girl in the world for me,' says Don, thus spurning the flock of girls who send him letters through the NBC fan-mail department, telling him how they love to hear him sing.

"The wedding takes place in the romantic Little Chapel of the Flowers, Berkeley."

Not a wedding is in prospect for June in any of the Chicago or New York studios according to our correspondents. A few are scattered here and there through the early part of the season. It has become necessary to go into history for these and sometimes far back.

"Why?" we demanded, "why is it you are not having any weddings?"

"I guess people just can't afford to get married now," said the press representative at 711 Fifth Avenue, New York. "You see, everybody is getting a salary slash. And hardly anyone is sure of having regular employment."

"But among all your three thousand artists or so can't you find one or two June weddings?"

"Not this June, exactly. I suppose you know about Amos 'n' Andy being married?"

"What?"

"Oh, yes, and Amos has two babies already!"

"GET out!"

"He married the secretary of the man who first got him started in radio blackface—"

"Oh!"

"The nearest we got to a June wedding is Em."

"Yes, yes, go on—"

"Well, Em is Helen King of our Chicago studios. You know, the 'Em' of 'Clara, Lu and Em'. She's

getting married to John Mitchell on May 20th. Oh, yes, and on the very next day in a country church near New York City Miss Kathleen Stewart of the New York studios will walk down the aisle at the Palisades Presbyterian Church, Nyack, N. Y., to take the ring from Mr. Everett Martine of the Chase National Bank."

"Well that's getting close to June. How about Buddy Rogers, does he show any signs of weakening?"

"Say, Buddy is rushing around so fast with his orchestra he says he never has time to look at the same girl twice on the same day. But I really think he's afraid of the girls. He's worse than John Young, the announcer, who says every time he has had any idea of proposing he was frozen with horror for fear he would be rejected. Nothing could possibly be more embarrassing, according to John. We just found out about a secret wedding that took place in our engineering department on January 9th—"

We called up Hilda Cole over at Columbia and she did her very best to find out somebody who was thinking of getting married this June. But all in vain.

"Why it's a positive disgrace," she said. "Something should be done about it."

(Continued on page 48)



RUTH ETTING starts the day on her 150 acre farm by milking a cow . . . a grand girl . . . climbed the ladder of success from the bottom . . . Ziegfeld star . . . recording artist . . . radio local and on the big chains in every state . . . male listeners love her. . . but she sticks to the farm for health.

To Know Ruth is to Love her!

MY EYES first glimpsed the charming Ruth Etting, as she stood swaying rhythmically upon the stage, in a long black velvet gown, blended against a shimmering back drop. A solitary spotlight was bathing her in an aura of sublime simplicity, as she hypnotized the large audience with the captivating quality and dulcet melody of her enchanting voice. A pair of large dreamy eyes gazed unseeingly at the crowded house before them, so carried away was she, by the ardor with which she infused each ballad. Her ashen-blonde hair and ruby-red lips stood out like precious gems inlaid in white ivory. Then, the song ended. The curtain fell—but the haunting spell of her personality lingered on. . . .

Backstage before the dressing room door, I eagerly awaited the closeup of this transcendent luminary, whose renown as a "bluesinger" is universal. Nor was reality a disappointment. Her natural beauty, although screened by excessive makeup, was distinctly apparent. Acknowledging our introduction in a soft melodious tone, she offered me a chair, and began conversing with amiable frankness.

Ruth Etting first saw the light of day in David City, Nebraska, the daughter of a fairly-well-to-do family. Being exceptionally adept with a pencil (she used to spend hours, as a girl, copying the drawings of Nell Brinkley, whom she greatly admired), she decided to follow an artistic career. Which accounts for the fact that immediately upon her graduation from high school, she enrolled in "The Chicago Academy of Fine Arts." While attending this famous school, the students staged several amateur revues, in which, it was customary for Miss Etting to sing, sometimes in the chorus, and oftentimes a solo, as part of the performance. During one of these entertainments, an alert producer, seeing infinite possibilities in her magnetic voice and exquisite allure, offered her a contract! And thus it was, Ruth Etting left art school, for a stage career.

Her rise was sensational! Within a year, she and her newly discovered voice were in the "Follies!" Then came an air audition. One of the big radio advertisers immediately signed her up, and now her bewitching voice is a favored visitor to thousands of American homes throughout the United States. In the interven-

ing years, Mr. Ziegfeld has featured Ruth the beautiful, in four more of his glorifying hits. She has also contributed her charms to Ed Wynn's "Simple Simon;" and to Eddie Cantor's show "Whoopee". Between all these activities, Ruth has

THIS bit of biography is written by one (my name is Jack) who heard her, saw her and fell for her. I am concealing my identity solely to avoid embarrassing so lovely and so adorable a girl as Ruth Etting. May I tell you about her?—Jack

found time to become one of the most adored recording stars in America. She seems to become more wonderful each day.

MISS ETTING does not believe her success, or for that matter anyone's, is the sole dependent of ability. Patience and work all go into the making of even just one song.

Every star gets press notices. Its part of the job of being a public celebrity. Critics hold the power to make—or break you. Ruth admitted she kept only her favorable writeups. At present she has five thousand of these all neatly filed. The natural question then arises—of this vast amount of publicity, has she any "favorite" article? She has. Whitney Bolton of the New York Telegraph, wrote it, when she was in the "Follies," some years ago. It reads:

"Ruth Etting . . . out of place in the Follies, she ought to be in a hospital . . . anyone with a voice like that can sing paralytics into life, and heal wounds with her emotional croon . . . she should sing in the slums and spread sunshine . . . where the lifted structures cast heavy shadows on human misery . . . there is ultra-violet rays in those golden notes . . . she makes blues singers sound like doxologists or the man who gives the Arlington time signals."

Everyone at some time in his or her life has lived through some pleasurable or thrilling happening. But now many have really accomplished a good deed, and brought pleasure to those less fortunate

than ourselves, while "the proudest incident in their career" was unfolding? Ruth Etting has had just such an experience. It happened in New York, where a song she made popular was instrumental in suppressing the low-class dance halls of the big city, where underpaid overworked hostesses were eeking out a miserable drab existence.

The song was—"Ten Cents A Dance!"

The advent of Miss Etting's song hit, however, aroused public opinion to a high enough key, to warrant Commissioner Mulrooney to change the onus of the dance halls onto the broad shoulders of the police department, in whose capable hands justice was served with a moral propensity, that overrode and completely obliterated the evil. And so, because a slim, blue-eyed girl with a golden voice made such a haunting appeal through every known medium of entertainment; what many consider the greatest civic reform in a decade has "mopped up" the sordid and disgraceful condition of "the dime a dance hall" in the great metropolis.

Ruth Etting's alluring complexion, comes no doubt, from being the possessor of what is commonly termed, "the farm girl complexion." Because each summer, without fail, finds Ruth back on her 150 acre farm in David City. She believes that the old farm is the main factor in keeping her fit for the rushing life and fatiguing demands of New York. Here every summer, she builds up a vitality and healthy strength that carries her through until the next summer respite. An ordinary day goes off something like this:

Out of bed at the first crowing of the rooster, and off to the pasture to milk the cow which has been assigned to her. Following breakfast, a long trot with her favorite horse is the order of the day. And Ruth thoroughly enjoys horseback riding. At the conclusion of a hearty lunch, the open fields and feeding the chickens occupy her fullest attentions. Then, after milking the same cow again, more to eat—and the day is closed with a long health restoring sleep.

Among the anecdotes of Ruth Etting's, is the odd little tale of Ring Lardner, one of America's foremost humorists, who, while confined to his room for two years with a serious illness, had his barber shave him each morning to the accompaniment of a Ruth Etting song record!

Ed Wynn Joins

By Harry Parke

(With interpolations from the act)

THIS piece is about Ed Wynn, you see, Ed Wynn, the gag man who recently made his debut on the radio, you see, and who talks much as this paragraph will read if you can lisp and giggle.

Ed Wynn is now a fire-chief, a new sort of life saver on the air—floundering in his insane way ahead, behind and in the middle of a fast moving program first presented over sixty stations of the NBC-WEAF network on Tuesday evening, April 26th, and being repeated weekly on that evening from 9.30 to 10 o'clock (Eastern Daylight Time).

The Fire-Chief program is very reveal-

ing. It proves that Graham McNamee is not the coach of the NBC football team; in fact, it shows that NBC has no football team. What's more, NBC is not even a college. The truth is that McNamee now is a legitimate "straight man" his first such role. For example you hear this:

Graham: Chief, what in the world have you in that box?

Wynn: Why, wh-wh-why that's one of the things that make this program different. It sings with its legs . . .

Yes, Graham . . . isn't that wonderful . . . a cricket . . . Even Don Voorhees couldn't do that.

So: Where one singer may be a crooner, and accordingly an evil (dependent, of course, on your own interpretation), eight singers grouped cannot be eight crooners or even one

great crooner. They've quite got to be a straightaway, orthodox octette, such as the modified chorus which is flanking Wynn and McNamee on this Fire-Chief program. And good orthodoxy in these days is news.

THERE is a band, naturally . . . Don Voorhees' band, come to radio from "Rain or Shine," "Americana," several editions of "Vanities" and other Broadway successes. Voorhees was raised, in part, on large doses of Bach, and Bach, be it known, is no light musical diet. In fact, Voorhees, taking it as a child, probably has had a surfeit of it, so that now regardless of what McNamee calls for and what Wynn says he's going to get there is no telling what Voorhees is going to serve.

Perhaps for the first time in your experience you enjoy listening to the sales talk. Wynn gives it dramatic interest.

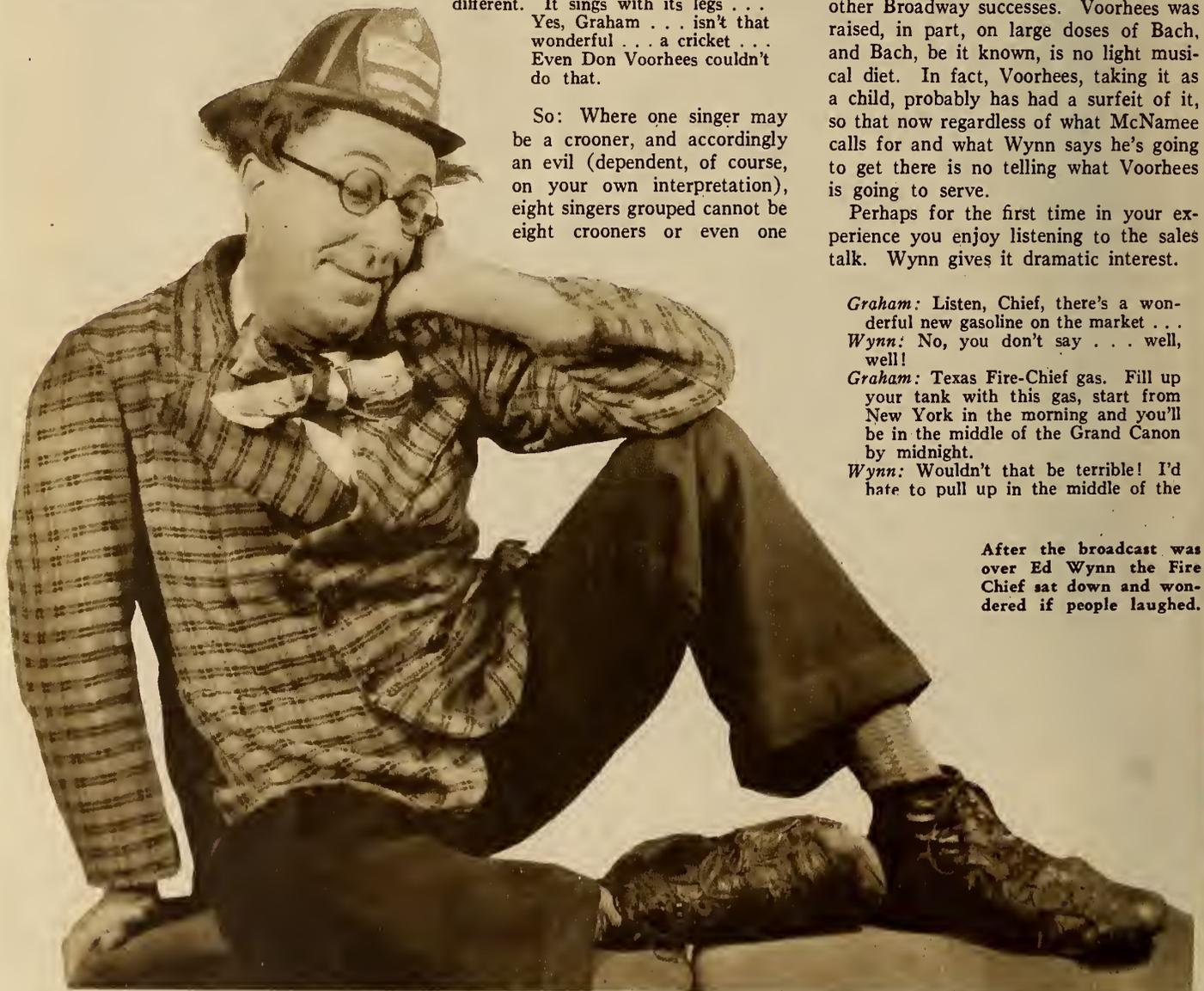
Graham: Listen, Chief, there's a wonderful new gasoline on the market . . .

Wynn: No, you don't say . . . well, well!

Graham: Texas Fire-Chief gas. Fill up your tank with this gas, start from New York in the morning and you'll be in the middle of the Grand Canon by midnight.

Wynn: Wouldn't that be terrible! I'd hate to pull up in the middle of the

After the broadcast was over Ed Wynn the Fire Chief sat down and wondered if people laughed.



RADIO'S Laugh PARADE

RADIO awakes to a new dawn with America's greatest showmen marshalling the parade. A laugh from the loudspeaker is priceless. Welcome, Ed. Wynn, we need you. A nation of listeners hears you and is laughing louder and longer than any audience you ever saw or heard over the footlights. Our hats are off to you for showing the others how to make an adblab INTERESTING.

EDITOR.

Grand Canon at midnight . . .

Graham: And there are service stations everywhere in every state . . .

Wynn: That's what I can't understand, Graham. I never could.

Graham: Can't understand what?

Wynn: How they know what corners to pick for filling stations. How can they tell they're going to find gasoline under those pumps?

"This is a program that's different," as Wynn says. "No theme song, no crooner, no soprano and no contests. It's different."

For instance, even McNamee laughs. If you merely listen in, you might not believe this, but if you sit in on the broadcast you'll see that he doubles up, and any radio announcer who doubles up (except to keep warm in a press box) must be hearing something. Which he does—take it from your own loud-speaker. Commercial plugging falls into McNamee's role, obviously, but it is one of the shortest allooops for a product that has ever been heard on the air. Announcements and things have been reduced to a minimum to obtain a streamlined program, appropriately enough for any kind of an aerial job . . . be it radio, or airplane, or girl trapeze act.

The Fire-Chief program, sponsored by the retail dealers of The Texas Company, goes out from the old Frolic theatre which is now NBC's Crystal Studio atop the New Amsterdam roof in New York. On this feature of his radio work, Wynn has been able to capitalize. The fact that he has a visible audience, that footlights are before him and that he wears any of his million funny looking pieces of head-gear, and his patched, oversized shoes and grotesque costume, makes for accentuation of the Wynn character—the bewildered, subdued, childlike zany, lisping and giggling and cracking his voice through

his lines, fumbling with his hands and stumbling with his feet. The effect on the air is that Wynn flounders just as well verbally as he does behind the footlights bodily.

When Ed Wynn launched his current show, "The Laugh Parade" he had no idea that he was heading for the larger laugh parade that frolics across the skies day and night from the great broadcasting stations of the country. But that is just what he did in a way that not even his most optimistic friends had hoped.

One New York newspaper columnist commenting the next day said:

"The sponsors are dancing on their desks today. There is a scramble on the part of agencies and sponsors for all the funny men and women they can find to join the big push that is catching the ear of millions of radio listeners."

THE Wynn program has definitely set the trend. Tastyeast and Ivory Soap seem to be out to corner the market. Pepsodent grabbed Amos 'n' Andy when they suddenly flared up with amazing popular interest at WMAQ in Chicago. For a while there were imitators of Amos 'n' Andy but imitators never do so well. The fact that people who listen to these two black face comedians might respond to other forms of humor and philosophy was slowly recognized and then the parade of comic character entertainers began to grow.



Clang! Clang! The Fire Chief dashes out to join Radio's Laugh Parade.

Probably the greatest difficulty of the radio humorist is the necessity for constantly producing a new story either each day or every other day during the week. Generally, they write and act their own scripts. The principal criticism seems to be that sometimes the jokes are not new.

Ed Wynn has given the thought of broadcasting plenty of consideration, and measured the demands from transmitter to receiver for their full value. Eddie Cantor did likewise. No matter how successful a man is on the stage, he must follow this course if he hopes to win the radio audience. But he must cut his own pattern, as the Eddie Cantor successors have sadly learned. There can be only one act of a kind. Ed Wynn has a clean cut technique of his own. If he can keep up the pace of a new show each week he is bound to make more money on the air than he ever has behind the footlights.

TELLERS Who, How and Why



JAMES "CHIMMIE" WALLINGTON made Eddie Cantor famous as coffee salesman, NBC. He's cur-razy about dogs. Has two terriers. He's blond, 25, and has been married three years.



DAVID FORD BOND was soprano soloist in a Louisville church before he became baritone. Graduated from WHAS. Joined NBC, N. Y. Wife thinks he'll be an author, some day.



JOHN WESLEY HOLBROOK was headed for the bar when he decided to become professional ski jumper and skidded into radio. He won a wife and American diction medal for 1931.



GRAHAM McNAMEE, said to have best known voice in world. 'Fraid it will change if he has bad tonsils removed. Began telling Who, How, etc. at WJZ ten years ago. Baritone.



PATRICK J. KELLY, voyaged 250,000 miles by sea, and was shipwrecked three times before he came to port at NBC, N. Y. He was born in Australia, married in Hungary. Tells for Nellie.



EDWARD "THUNDERING" THORSESEN herded cattle, and rolled his own before he was known for his "Adam's apple" roar. Loves horses and the sea but he lives alone.



JOHN SHAW YOUNG, pondering his future, flipped a coin and turned to Yale. Graduated. Joined WBZ-BZA. Has a polo complex, but can enjoy other sports. Bachelor by preference.



ALOIS HAVRILLA growls, trills, sings and laughs loudly all the way from his home in N. J. to NBC studios, N. Y. Other motorists blame prohibition. It's only exercise for his vocal cords.



GEORGE HICKS now doing his Thirteenth and luckiest job. Flivvered East from California and won first audition over 200 others. "I wonder what's next?" he asks, sometimes.

ON NEW YORK KEY STATIONS



PAUL DOUGLAS, another Yale boy gone radio. Razed sport racketeers at WCAU and 86 Philadelphia officials signed a fan letter to him. Single, 25, prefers those Russian cigarettes.



KENNETH ROBERTS began his public career as a villain . . . in "After Dark". He still has the mustache habit. Leers down at mike from 6 ft. 2. Grease paint thrills him. Keen for dramatics.



ARNOLD MOSS, New York boy who made good in Cleveland at WTAM. Globe trotter. Goes in for languages, then travels where he can talk them. Is youngest CBS announcer in N. Y.



FRED UTTAL, big, handsome, athletic, gave up selling electric dish-washers to try movies which led to radio. One hour after first audition he was working on CBS program, remote control.



TED "YOU RAT" HUSING, voted by radio columnists America's Greatest Sports Announcer. Made word "putrid" famous at Harvard game. Talks football action faster than he thinks.



NORMAN BROKENSHIRE, "How do you do!" Disappeared from air then came back at his highest pinnacle as "Society Playboy". He is considered courtliest of all radio announcers.



HARRY von ZELL, cracked a hip bone in a football game at U. of Cal. and changed his whole career. Was called to a mike without warning, made good and has been on the air ever since.



WILLIAM BRENTON was original Bob of True Story fame. Played part of radio announcer and then became a real announcer. He's a minister's son but never the proverbial kind.



LOUIS DEAN, a de luxe announcer who began life on a farm near Valley Head, Ala. He joined the Navy and saw things during the war. University gave him that mikable polish.

MUTUAL LAW VIOLATION VOIDS ACTION for BREACH of PROMISE

By GLEASON L. ARCHER, LL.D.

Dean of Suffolk Law School, Boston

A BREACH of promise suit is at best an ugly affair. We could not expect it to be otherwise if we remember that it is invariably preceded by happenings calculated to arouse the most deadly of hostility between the parties. A man who will trifle with the affections of a woman will not hesitate to set up any defense that the law will allow in seeking to escape financial responsibility in the matter.

In ordinary cases where a lover proves false the girl may well consider that she is fortunate to have discovered his true character before making the fatal mistake of marrying him. Even though she may have a right to sue him for damages, the notoriety and embarrassment incident to such a suit would ordinarily prevent her from asserting her legal rights. It is only in cases where grievous wrongs have been perpetrated that a woman becomes desperate enough, unless she is the "gold digger" type, to bring suit for breach of promise at all. Usually it is the unmarried mother, fighting for the rights of her child who figures in the role of plaintiff in suits of this nature. So, as I said before, a breach of promise suit is at best an ugly affair.

Some phases of breach of promise cases are too sordid for discussion in a radio broadcast, but we cannot well overlook a very common defense that is set up in such cases—illegality of the agreement.

When Is the Agreement Illegal

AN ENGAGEMENT of marriage should be one of the highest and noblest experiences of life. There should be nothing mean nor sordid about it. The man's offer and the woman's acceptance should be free from ignoble considerations. For this reason, therefore, the law frowns upon any so-called engagement entered into as the inducement for surrender of chastity on the part of the woman. No such engagement will be enforceable at law.

Some very unfortunate and deplorable cases have come before the courts, where the evidence has been so clear, in establishing the illegality of the contract of engagement, that no damages could be awarded to the woman in the case.

Addie Was Unwise

ADDIE WOOD was twenty years of age at the time of the alleged engagement to Walter Saxon. It appeared in evidence that Saxon began to pay attentions to the girl more than a year before the promise of marriage. It appeared also that his intentions were unworthy. Unable to accomplish his purpose in any other way he promised the girl that if she would yield to his improper solicitations he would marry her in the Fall of that year, it then being early summer of 1889.

He also agreed that if any evil befell her from thus yielding he would immediately marry her. About the middle of July Miss

Wood notified Saxon that an immediate marriage was necessary, whereupon he refused to fulfill his agreement. The distressed and unhappy girl consulted an older woman and the latter advised an immediate action for breach of promise.

The suit was brought, but it dragged along in the courts for more than three years before it was finally decided. After all of the shame and disgrace incident to the affair, the girl was unable to recover damages because the consideration for the defendant's promise was illegal.

The case was *Saxon v. Wood*, 4 Ind. App. 242; 30 N. E. 797.

SUPPOSE the woman has repented of her evil ways and accepted a proposal of marriage from a man unfamiliar with her shady past . . . and suppose the man finds her out. Can he break the engagement and not be liable for breach of promise? Read the case of Abbie Foster in this series of true life stories broadcast by Dean Archer of Suffolk Law School, Boston, over an NBC network, and published in monthly installments exclusively in RADIO DIGEST.

IT MUST not be supposed however that the man in the case last discussed could escape responsibility for the care and support of his child. The law would hold him to that extent, but so far as the young woman was concerned the ordinary rules as to illegal contracts would apply. According to well established principles of law neither party to an illegal contract can acquire any rights against the other. The law simply refuses to have anything to do with an illegal contract, leaving the parties where they have placed themselves.

If, however, a bona fide engagement of marriage is followed by a betrayal of the woman who had promised in good faith to marry the man, the immoral relation will not defeat the woman's right to maintain an action for breach of promise. If the original engagement is valid that is all that the courts will consider in fixing the rights of the woman.

See *Haus v. Moeller*, 107 Mo. 471; 18 S. W. 884.

Character of Plaintiff

THE character of the woman often becomes of great importance in breach of promise suits. It is obvious that any man who engages himself to a woman whom he

has a right to suppose is a virtuous and proper person should have a right to rescind his contract if he discovers that his fiancée is a woman of loose morals. If we remember that a man has a right to divorce his wife for immoral conduct with other men, we will at once understand why the law absolves an engaged man from obligation to marry a woman who proves false to her pledges to him.

The defendant, after a brief courtship, became engaged to marry the plaintiff, supposing her to be a chaste and virtuous young woman. For a time the defendant was as happy as the ordinary young lover, but he soon began to experience uneasiness concerning the undue friendliness for the girl on the part of a certain married man in the neighborhood. His suspicions aroused, the defendant resolved to investigate the situation and thus to clear the plaintiff of unjustifiable suspicions or to confirm his fears. As it transpired, however, he soon discovered unmistakable evidence in hotel registers and otherwise of an unlawful intimacy between the plaintiff and the married man.

Too upset at first to know what course to pursue he finally went to the girl's home resolved to break the engagement. Pale faced and shaken with emotion he confronted her with evidence of her own misdeeds. Frightened, but brazen in her guilt, the plaintiff denied criminal misconduct although she was obliged to confess certain compromising circumstances. The defendant refused to be hoodwinked and insisted upon breaking the engagement.

The plaintiff brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. The defendant demonstrated to the court that his suspicions were amply justified. The court declared that if the jury were satisfied that the plaintiff was in fact a loose and immodest woman and that the defendant broke his engagement for that reason then they would be justified in absolving the defendant from liability.

The case was *Espy v. Jones*, 37 Ala. 379.

Past Misconduct of Woman

THERE are those who claim that neither man nor woman is under obligation to confess past misdeeds to a prospective wife or husband. They advance specious arguments to the effect that a man has a right to live his own life as he pleases and that what he may have done in the past is of no importance at present. This argument applies equally to the woman.

Then too there is an ancient adage that all is fair in love or war, which some people interpret as meaning that a person is under no obligation to confess anything that might defeat one's chances to win a promise of marriage from the object of adoration. But the law takes no such lenient view of the matter. For a woman to conceal past misconduct, especially involving sexual immorality, will entitle the man to break the engagement, provided he does so immediately upon learning of the facts.

Damaged Goods

ABBIE FOSTER was a young woman "with a past". She had been improperly and immodestly intimate with a married man named Fuller, who had perhaps become weary of the illegal relation. Abbie had thereupon reformed. When the defendant, Henry Hanchett, came to town to live she appeared to him to be a modest and proper young woman, in every way fit to be a wife. Henry Hanchett paid court to the girl and soon found himself deeply in love. While Abbie's conscience may have troubled her at thus deceiving a trusting young man, yet she consoled herself that what Henry did not know would never hurt him. So the young man yielded to the witchery of moonlight and the art of an experienced enchantress. He proposed and Abbie promptly accepted him.

Shortly after their engagement was announced Henry began to receive mysterious hints that his "light-o-love" was not all that she should be. Scandal is one of the most easily discovered items of information concerning anyone. But Henry Hanchett was not content with mere scandal. He investigated the facts and confronted Abbie with his findings. She tearfully admitted the truth of the allegations but pleaded youth and inexperience as the reasons for yielding to a designing philanderer. She assured the angry man that she had repented and reformed, but Henry declared that he would never marry a woman against whom the finger of scorn could be pointed. So he broke the engagement. Abbie sued for breach of promise of marriage.

At the trial there was some question whether the failure of the plaintiff to disclose the compromising facts would amount to an absolute defense or could be set up merely as mitigation of damages. The court held that "if any man has been paying his addresses to one whom he supposes to be a modest person, and afterward discovers her to be a loose and immodest woman, he is justified in breaking any promise of marriage that he may have made to her."

The case was Foster v. Hanchett, 68 Vt. 319; 35 Atl. 316.

Half Truth Equivalent to Concealment

WE HAVE a common saying that half a truth is as bad as a lie. This doctrine has found favor in the law to such an extent that a person who tells nothing but the truth may nevertheless be guilty of deceit if there is more truth that should have been told. You are perhaps familiar with the form of oath commonly administered in court, when a witness is required to swear that his testimony will be "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." If, therefore, a woman tells her lover the truth but yet fails to disclose other damaging facts that would have given a very different complexion to the facts first related, she is guilty of deceit and may forfeit her rights to the engagement of marriage.

The plaintiff was a young and attractive woman. The defendant was well along in years and possessed of considerable wealth, which was perhaps his chief attraction so far as the plaintiff was concerned. She represented herself as the daughter of a prominent lawyer of South Carolina. She claimed that her mother belonged to one of the best white families in the South, which might have been true. She failed to state, however, that her mother had some negro blood. She stated that after the death of her lawyer father her mother had married again but that the second marriage was not popular with her mother's people, so the family moved to California. The fact was that the second husband was a colored barber, an octoroon, and gossip did not hesitate to

name him as the reputed father of the plaintiff.

She Wielded a Carving Knife

ANOTHER half truth was her statement that, before leaving the Pacific Coast, she had obtained a divorce from her husband for cruel and abusive treatment. She failed to state that her husband had filed a cross bill and had secured a divorce from her in which he had charged her with possession of a violent and ungovernable temper; that she was jealous, revengeful and vicious. He charged her with having as-



Dean Gleason L. Archer LL.D.

saulted him with a carving knife and with using profane epithets concerning himself and his relatives.

The female plaintiff must have been unusually attractive and the defendant overburdened with wealth for, notwithstanding all of these facts, the jury awarded the woman \$40,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, however, took a very different view of the case. It declared that failure to reveal the whole truth in each of

these particulars amounted to fraud for which the defendant had a right to break off the engagement.

The case was VanHouton v. Morse, 162 Mass. 414. 38 N. E. 705.

Is Man Obligated to Marry Invalid

WE HAVE CONSIDERED the right of a man to break his engagement to a woman to whom he had proposed in a belief that she was a modest and virtuous woman but who later proves to be immoral. This right, as I have indicated is based upon the fact that the man was deceived in the true character of the woman when he offered himself in marriage. This rule applies whether the woman has taken any measures to conceal her past or whether she simply refrains from giving the man unsolicited information concerning her conduct with other men.

But now suppose we have a situation where a man, who is in love with a woman, learns of her past misdeeds, either from her own lips or otherwise, but who nevertheless persists in his endeavor to persuade her to marry him. May he thereafter break his engagement and excuse himself by alleging the unchastity of which he was familiar at the time of the engagement?

Proposal With Knowledge of Shady Past

IT SHOULD appeal to all fair minded people that if a man, acting with knowledge of the facts, asks a woman to marry him, he should thereafter have no right to use the past transgressions as a weapon of defense. We all know that if a married man, knowing that his wife has violated her marriage vows, nevertheless receives her again in his home and treats her as a wife, the law considers that act of forgiveness as condonation of her offense. He cannot afterward use that misconduct as a ground for divorce.

The law treats this other question in much the same way. If a man knows that his sweetheart has been indiscreet in the past but nevertheless asks her to marry him, his act is in itself a waiver or condonation that will thereafter prevent him from escaping the obligations of an engagement of marriage.

For example: The defendant who himself "had sown wild oats", as the saying goes, had known the plaintiff for some years as a girl who had also sown her wild oats. He knew, for instance, that she had eloped with a man and had lived with him for some months without being married. Notwithstanding these facts he began to keep company with the plaintiff. The girl soon fell deeply in love with him. They became engaged to be married. All went happily for a time. It was not until dissensions developed between this very sophisticated couple that the defendant began to repent of his engagement. The plaintiff's exactions and jealousy were no doubt the chief causes of the breach of the engagement. The plaintiff sued for breach of promise. The defendant endeavored to set up the woman's misconduct previous to the engagement as exoneration for his own action in breaking the engagement. The court held that the defendant was in no way deceived in the woman. He knew that she was "damaged goods" when he asked her to marry him. While she would not be able to recover the same amount of damages that a virtuous and proper maiden might be awarded for such a breach, yet the defendant was liable to her for breach of promise.

Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

DIVINE RIGHT. We have no kings in the United States but we do have members of Congress. And United States Representatives have Divine Rights. At least so it would seem from a complaint recently registered with the Federal Radio Commission by Representative Celler of New York. Mr. Celler is in great dudgeon because of alleged slights on the part of officials at WOR who presumed to delete words from his broadcast proclamation.

"And," says His Representative Highness Celler, to the chairman of the Commission, "I am informed that there is a book or list containing all so-called indelicate or prohibited words. This book of tabooed words circulates among station managers. I therefore ask the Federal Radio Commission to inaugurate an inquiry as to all these matters, and particularly as to this index expurgatorius."

At the word "expurgatorius" General Saltzman, the chairman, raised a startled eyebrow. He did not know that United States Representatives had Divine Rights. He had a vague notion that the United States government could do nothing about such a situation. He replied somewhat to that effect. Red anger flushed the Royal cheek at this insubordination; "Furthermore, I demand," rasped His Highness, "that the Commission summon the operators or owners of Station WOR and have them show cause why they should not be reprimanded, or otherwise punished for summarily censoring my speech, without apparent justification."

Lese Majesty! Such impertinence! Summon the Royal executioner at once! Off with their heads!

And still we wonder why the national budget is in such a muddle at Washington! It might be well to wonder too what would happen if men such as Mr. Celler really did have unbridled gabbing license under government control of radio!

SPLITTING THE ATOM. All the scientific world has been thrilled by the announcement that the atom has been taken into the laboratory and split apart from whatever it is that makes an atom an atom. The fantastic prediction that when this should be accomplished the earth would immediately go up in smoke completely disintegrated has not been fulfilled. But there is a process of splitting up the elements of society which has a more serious menace for civilization. It applies to organization and counter-organization to create disruptive forces. We find it in government, banking, industry, labor and radio. What enormous pressure has been brought to bear to disrupt our American Plan of broadcasting, the most successful plan ever tried!

When envious eyes saw great sums of advertising money diverted to radio where the listener got direct results from advertising appropriations through programs of artistic merit the trouble began. There was a loud howl against "advertising blah" on the air.

Senator C. C. Dill from Washington in an address before the annual convention of the American Association of Advertising Agencies in Washington, D. C., last April said in part:

"You have newspaper opposition, and they seize upon every weakness that they can find for the purpose of building up public sentiment against the radio that carries advertising.

"Then you have the educational forces of the country fighting advertising . . . they are quick to find anything objectionable that they can in the advertising in order to build up public sentiment against further grants of radio facilities to commercial stations using advertising. . .

"Then there are the reform people . . . I was going to say 'churches' but that would hardly be fair. But it is the people who are looking for something to reform, and they seize upon anything they can find in advertising which they claim is objectionable to the morals of the people . . ."

That is the pressure as applied to advertising. Perhaps some of this pressure may be traced to other elements more subtle. Take Jimmy Petrillo in Chicago who thought that he could put on the screws by threatening to "pull out" all the leading orchestras for a higher wage. For the first time in his notorious career he was defeated when the broadcasters stocked up with records and told him to go ahead and "call them out".

The latest attack on radio has been through the fist of the Composers association, who demand a 300 per cent increase, or 5 per cent of the gross income from each station for royalty. Although the stations—especially the big chains—have shown a large increase in revenue their increase in expenses has been in equal ratio. And in recent months broadcasting appropriations have been affected by the depression. The National Broadcasting Company has had to reduce salaries and cut down personnel. The same is true of the Columbia Broadcasting System, the individual stations and smaller chains.

This new attack means that where the Composers of the "By Special Permission of the Copyright Owners" clique received \$983,000 for broadcasting use of their songs in 1931 they hope to get about \$4,000,000 from radio for their songs in 1932. But neither it nor the proposed 5 per cent tax on wires leased for broadcasting will destroy the American Plan of Radio broadcasting. Nor will it force radio into the hands of the government as a plaything for the blatant politicians. Nevertheless, the radio public must keep ever alert against the wiles of cunning propaganda and ever ready to make itself heard and heeded as regards maintenance of the American plan.

BAIT AND BAITER. It's fishing time again. What kind of bait do you use—or worms? Of course everybody uses worms some of the time. But the sportsman who takes his fishing seriously equips himself with a carefully selected assortment of bait. He chooses the right kind of fly for one specific kind of fish. Or he uses other kinds—perhaps live bait—for other kinds of fish not interested in flies. Sometimes we have thought of broadcasting as a great sport of fishing for listeners. And there are almost as many kinds of listeners as there are fish. Each doubtless answers to his own particular lure. But are the advertising broadcasters as judicious in their selection of lures as are the fishermen? Consider just one example of many. Is it really logical to expect a gentle housewife—who orders the food for the table—to tune in a Joe Palooka program? Does she care about the poolroom parlance and fisticuffs of what Palooka calls "mugs"? And as for the male in the house, does he care about or buy the rice flakes which this program advertises. Wouldn't it be better all around if Joe Palooka's program tied up to a cigar or a gymnasium muscle maker. This is a plea for the listeners. Give them the kind of "program bait" that they like best and great will be your reward. But do let the program interest the kind of men or women to whom the sponsored product should appeal most widely.

RAY BILL



DOROTHEA JAMES,
CBS Movie Star Revue,
takes her bow-(wow) on
the big chain hook-up.

*John
Gandy*

Tune ful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

"HOT CHA" TUNES. I suppose that some day I am going to get myself into hot water as I discuss the songs of various musical comedies and revues, because it is well-nigh impossible to talk about the songs without mentioning something about the show. Not being in accord with the popular Broadway fallacy that it is necessary to knock, tear down, desecrate and revile everything and anything in order to attract attention to one's writings, I prefer wherever possible to make the most pleasing and agreeable comments about things I am discussing. At any time I do discuss anything, I feel like prefixing every statement with "In my humble opinion," or "I alone think," intending thereby to convey the thought that I realize that my opinion is just one of many millions, and my judgment in most things artistic is so subject to error and argument that it is not even funny! Of course it is difficult for me to discuss other artists in my own profession, or shows which rival the particular show in which I happen to be appearing.

Messrs. Brown and Henderson will recall the very enthusiastic and laudatory remarks in these same pages when I discussed the songs from "Scandals" long before "Scandals" was thoroughly launched in rehearsal. I am glad that I can once again be just as laudatory about the tunes and lyrics of their songs in "Hot-Cha," but because their idea of humor is different from my own rather conservative and less boisterous appreciation of the subtle Fred Allen type of humor, I cannot extend the same laurel wreath for the rest of their work in writing the book of the show. However, I am very much in a minority, as the show has been doing handsomely since its inception, and the particular night I witnessed it the audience applauded and howled and seemed to enjoy every moment of it. That, after all, is the answer; at least in the show business it is.

The three songs which are outstanding in the show seem to me to be on a par, one with another. All of them are very sweet and make either good dancing or singing material. For me, and evidently from the way it has been featured and handled by other bands, the outstanding song is **YOU COULD MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES**. There were those who, on taking a first look at the title, or upon hearing it for the first time, felt that Messrs. Brown and Henderson were

trying to irritate Mr. George White all the more after their fistic encounter on the first evening of the "Scandals," by writing a song along the lines of "Life Is Just A Bowl of Cherries." However, there is little or no similarity between the two songs, and although **YOU COULD MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES** may soar to great heights from the standpoint of public appreciation, it will never be gagged about, or used as much here, there and everywhere, as was "Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries." The song is a mighty good one, extremely rhythmic with lovely harmonies, and the orchestra under the able direction of Al Goodman accompanies perfectly Buddy Rogers and the young lady who sang it with him.

It is difficult in describing a song written by Brown and Henderson to say which of the two deserves the most credit. Henderson will always be one of the outstanding young song-writers whose melodies are always different, beautiful and intrinsically fine; this song is no exception. However, it is only Lew Brown who can think of the unusually clever lyrics, such as "You could make my life a bed of roses, Or you can make it like a sour apple tree," and lines such as "You can even have me rubbing noses with fish down at the bottom of the sea." Thoughts like this come to Brown in lightning flashes; there is little wrinkling of the brow with Lew. When he writes a song, rather as he stands talking to you in conversation does he write the song, invariably beginning with "The feller says," and continuing on with the lyrics which can only come from one "feller" with a divine spark for lyrical song-writing, which unquestionably Brown has, and which his worst enemy must concede.

With the charming and vivacious Lupe Velez, Buddy again has another chance to do one of the loveliest of the three songs, called **SAY**. I had hoped the song might be another "Who," as one-word title songs have all aimed at the particular prominence that Jerome Kern achieved in the writing of "Who" from "Sunny." However, **SAY**, while destined for much dance and radio popularity is very unlikely to achieve the prominence of the song which George Olsen made famous, and which in turn made him famous. Personally, I thought that Buddy's rendition of this was better than his rendition of **YOU COULD MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES**, and the little dance he

did with Lupe was exceedingly graceful and neat. The orchestra also flashed brilliantly in its dynamics or emphasis in the playing of **SAY**.

Henderson is one man who writes melodies that are never like any other melody. I am happy indeed not to have to very tritely say that the melody of this song resembles that of any other; even though my pianist, Cliff Burwell, insists that it sounds like "Rose of Washington Square," to me the resemblance is so exceedingly slight as to make it worthless to mention. Of course, if anyone goes back far enough in examining songs written in the last 20 or 30 years, it is a simple matter to find counterparts somewhere in some song.

Buddy's very lovely American flame in the show, with Lupe attempting to wean him away from her throughout the entire performance, Miss June Knight, introduces and sings very beautifully, at least I took issue with most of the ladies in my party that she not only was very beautiful but had an exceptionally fine voice, the third song, **THERE I GO DREAMING AGAIN**, and again Mr. Lew Brown takes a bow for an exceedingly fine twist to lyrics.

As I say to all amateur song writers, study the lyrics of Lew Brown to discover a pattern of the unusual in lyric writing.

The songs are all published by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, and all of them should be played as they are in the show, that is to say about 50 seconds to the chorus, with perhaps **YOU COULD MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES** requiring the slowest treatment of all three.

ONE DAY IN MAY. The firm of Shapiro Bernstein are pinning their faith and their all on a song written by one of their staff writers, whose death shocked the entire world of song-writers and publishers, and which occurred in the middle of April. Few people remember the name of Robert A. King, but nearly everyone remembers "Beautiful Ohio." "Beautiful Ohio," according to Louis Bernstein, sold some five million copies, which gives it the record of sheet music sales over that and all other songs. On every sheet copy was printed the name Mary Earl, who was none other than our good friend, Robert A. King, or Bob, as he was lovingly known to contemporaries along Tin Pan Alley. He numbered among his beloved associates men like

Victor Herbert and John Philip Sousa.

I had the honor and pleasure of meeting him several times during the summer of 1931, while playing at the Pennsylvania Roof. He brought me several songs which he hoped to be outstanding.

In writing *ONE DAY IN MAY* with Sam Lewis, who is also one of Tin Pan Alley's finest lyric writers, Bob has written in the vein of his own day, a song which borders on the semi-classic type of composition, yet enough up-to-date that the bands of today will enjoy playing it. When he wrote "Beautiful Ohio," he kept in mind the beautiful melody of "Just A Song At Twilight," which he intended to have played as a counter melody to "Beautiful Ohio." Louis Bernstein be-

number with their tempo. In other words, about 55 seconds to the chorus.

LULLABY OF THE LEAVES. By a new name, and for a big hit of unusual thought, the work of a girl, whose last name would lead one to conclude that she is Russian—Miss Bernice Petkere, she is evidently going to continue to supply the firm of Irving Berlin, Inc. with melodies to which probably Joe Young, whom I have discussed so often in these articles, will do the lyrics.

Whether Joe deserves credit for the title, or whether the young lady brought him the melody and the suggestion for the title, as so often is the case, I do not know. All I do know is that they have written a song which, after the rendition of it on our program of last Thursday brought an unusually fine number of comments.

you will hear it. We take about one minute and five seconds in the playing of the chorus, and it was really delightful to play and sing.

MASQUERADE. Some of you may recall "Two Little Blue Little Eyes," which was brought to me in a rough, unborn state by two young college boys, Paul Francis Webster and John Jacob Loeb, which we subsequently worked on, played, and brought to Leo Feist. Since that time the boys have been working with Rocco Vocco in a completion of some of their brilliant ideas. Rocco has a great admiration for their talents and the boys have free rein up at Feist.

This is one of their most ambitious efforts, and it borders more on the classic than it does on the naïve popular type of tune; at least, there is nothing "corny" or tawdry about it. The thought is just a little difficult to get from the song,



"Ah, I kees ze hand, Madam," (or something like that) says M. Vallee to Irene Bordini. "Ooh la! la!" says she.

lieves that was one of the reasons for the popularity of "Beautiful Ohio."

In the writing of this song he has done the same thing once again, and the arrangement as we are going to use it, will feature either trumpet or trombone playing the melody of "Just A Song At Twilight" against the melody of *ONE DAY IN MAY*. The song itself is full of tenderness and vague unhappiness as it recalls a lonely heart and a lonely soul. It is a beautiful thing and really better as a ballad than as a dance number. Dance bands should not play it, however, too slowly or too fast. I am sure that the Lombardos will give it just the right treatment, as they dote on this type of

The chorus is very much in a minor vein, as the lyrics go on to say "Cradle me where southern skies can watch me with a million eyes, Oh send me to sleep, Lullaby of the leaves."

The middle part is unusually different, with a great number of notes crowded into one measure, and only by putting some of them in triplet form can they all be cramped in, and yet come out rhythmically correct. And the song through the trees seems to be "Ooh!" At least, that is Joe Young's feeling of the way it sounds, and the pine melody which carries the shore again is "Ooh!"

But why try to spoil the song for you? Listen for it on your radio; I am sure

though one gathers it deals with a masquerade ball in the evening, with the lovers' moon and happiness as long as the ball goes on, with unhappiness after the midnight shadows fall.

The boys have done exceptionally well with such a daring idea; in fact, I was agreeably surprised to find that Irene Bordoni was studying it in preparation for a future Fleischmann program at the same time we were rehearsing it, and consequently presented it on the Thursday we rehearsed it. The song puts me in mind of a composition by Frank W. McKee.



Gallo photo

"FINE work, you've got something there," exclaims B. A. Rolfe to young Don Becker, who is credited with having composed a concerto for ukulele and symphony. Don has been with WLW, Cincinnati, four years. B. A. says he is a genius with the uke, producing from it effects that are similar to a harp and organ. Watch for him.

whose Castle House Orchestra was one of my keenest delights in my days of high school adolescence. McKee wrote such fine compositions as "Cecile," "Esmeralda," and many of the fine compositions by which Vernon and Irene Castle danced their way to fame.

The lyrics by Webster are fine and unfold the story, though not too clearly. The song would make an excellent waltz for a juggling act, which is one of the tests for a composition from the standpoint of long life. It is exceedingly rangey, and I had much ado to handle it vocally. What with the hitting of high F sharps and Gs, it was necessary that the old vocal chords exert themselves unusually. It is the type of composition that grows on one, and the few who did not seem to care for it and were frank to tell me so, will probably like it as they hear it more and more on radio programs.

I understand that Wayne King has a fine arrangement and it is a great job. I am happy to see Webster and Loeb

continuing on in their song-writing ambitions. This song will do them no harm, of that they can be sure.

MY SILENT LOVE. Larry Spier, at the helm of Famous Music, who is one of the keenest psychologists in the profession, had a brain-storm which resulted ultimately in a strain of "Jazz Nocturne" of Dana Suesse, being titled and written up as a ballad by Edward Heyman. Comparable to this would be the taking of the theme of the "Rhapsody in Blue," and giving it a title and lyrics and converting it into a song. Most numbers of the Rhapsody and "Jazz Nocturne" type are a mere maze of technical dynamics, arpeggios, chromatic scales, and so forth, all beautiful enough but not really intrinsically heart-reaching; only when the theme itself is arrived at does the musical observer come to earth and rest and find something that intrigues and holds the interest.

The loveliest part of her "Jazz Nocturne" is this particular strain or theme.

which has now become "MY SILENT LOVE." Heyman has done his usual highbrow type of lyric, only in this case he did not work with his usual teammate, Johnny Green. Still he has written with the same finesse and class quality which distinguished his songs in "Here Goes the Bride," and "Body and Soul." But it really is the melody itself that will count in this song—lovely, beautiful, different. I doubt if it will attain the heights of even mediocre popularity, as Mr. and Miss Mass Public rarely "go for" this exceedingly lovely type of composition. However, I feel impelled to include it in this month's list, as you will probably hear considerable of it over your loud speaker.

GOT A DATE WITH AN ANGEL.

From Europe, England to be exact, (in fact, one of the composers was a pupil of mine on the saxophone when I was playing there in 1924-25) comes a new composition with an outstanding title, if nothing else—GOT A DATE WITH AN ANGEL. These are the songs that delight the heart of the orchestra leader, because if nothing else, he is assured of attracting attention from the title itself. This is where the average amateur songwriter falls down; in getting a new and novel twist, either lyrical or melodic. This song, to my humble way of thinking, is not unusually outstanding, though refreshingly different. It is a composition that will make exceedingly fine dance music.

The title, of course, conveys the whole story—that the lucky boy has at last found the lucky girl, and has a date with her. The story is told in a clean and different way, with the word "love" not occurring anywhere. Quite obviously, with their main thought in mind, the lyric writers had a fairly easy job once the idea had been arrived at.

The English Victor record is rather good, though played exceedingly fast. We are doing the composition this Thursday for the first time, though other New York bands have been playing it for several weeks, and when we do it we will probably treat it at the 50 second per chorus speed, thereby giving it its best chance for expression.

IS I IN LOVE? I IS. When a colored man starts writing with a white man, something is bound to happen as a result of the racial intermixture, and I can think of no two better writers to work together in this fashion than J. Russell Robinson and Mercer Cooke.

Robinson has been playing piano for years, was one of the early pianists to record with Rudy Wiedoeft, and his records with my saxophone idol were a delight. Of late, Russell has been doing more composing and accompanying of various acts, training them for their stage appearances, than anything else. Marion Harris, when she sings in America will have no one else. His "Singing the

Blues," "Palestina," and "Margy," especially "Singing the Blues," has given Marion one of her greatest mediums of expression. Now that she is in Europe, Russell is associated with the firm of DeSylva, Brown & Henderson, and seems to be writing exclusively for them with Mercer Cooke, a young colored boy whom I have known for several years, and with whom I fought the battle for true authorship of "I Love You, Sweetheart of all My Dreams;" Mercer teaches French at Howard University in Washington; he is a graduate of Amherst, and the son of Will Marion Cooke, one of the greatest negro song-writers and show directors. "Stop the Sun, Stop the Moon" was one of the best things these two boys have done together, and although not a popular seller it is an outstanding type of song. They are diverting from the beaten field if nothing else; whether their wayward attempts are profitable or not, at least the boys are attempting to give us something new.

In this case Mercer has seized upon the idea of deliberate illiteracy, even more than the usual "I Ain't Got Nobody," and "Mama Don't Want No Peanuts and no Rice;" But more than double negatives, all sorts of irregular uses of verbs and pronouns is the predominating tone of this particular song. From the title itself one may judge what the rest of the song will be. Given a clever lyric, Russell Robinson has written an unusually good melody. In fact, the song haunted me for several days after we first played it.

Our rendition of it must have been one of the first on the air, because Russell played it for me when it was still very nebulous in his mind, on a morning he came up with Nick Kenny and Stella Unger to play, what both of the latter hoped would be, the Hoover Medal Prosperity song.

This song should grace the piano of any lover of the ivories, as it the type of song that little evening gatherings will have much fun in singing. I only hope that most pianos now dust-covered are occasionally opened for festive gatherings, although I guess the radio, going from morning until late at night, has almost effectively silenced the ten million pianos which are known to be in the homes of American music lovers.

We play IS I IN LOVE? I IS giving about a minute to the chorus, and as I said before, DeSylva Brown & Henderson are its publishers.

WHY CAN'T THIS GO ON FOREVER AND EVER? Messrs. Turk & Ahlert again! Not satisfied with having written one of the outstanding hits of the season, "When The Blue Of The Night Meets The Gold Of The Day," thereby giving Mr. Bing Crosby his most effective theme song, these two boys are trying to follow up the success of their waltz "Why Dance" with another, also leaving it with the same music publish-

ers, the publishers, in fact, of their greatest hit, "I'll Get By."

The demonstration of this song, and several others, took place up in the Berlin demonstration rooms, where the radio plugs of the air are inveigled into hearing the latest offerings of the firm. Among those present was none other than Irving Berlin himself, with Max Winslow, the man who helped to pilot him to his fame and riches, Georgie Joy, Dave Dreyer, who demonstrates the songs so ably at the piano, and little Bennie Bloom.

Bennie, to my way of thinking, is the finest secretary Irving Berlin will ever have; besides being publicity man, legal adviser and financial adviser, he is an aide-de-camp par excellence. There is no one who knows the finest eating places of New York City as does Bennie Bloom, and because he has shown me the two finest eating places in New York City, Mannie's and Leonie's. He is one of the finest and best liked boys in the music publishing business, and I am always happy when Bennie tells me he has an unusual song.

WHY CAN'T THIS GO ON FOREVER AND EVER? is an unusually good waltz, a little difficult to sing and a little trying on the voice, but a lovely thing to listen to, and a beautiful thing to play, and I am hoping that it becomes one of

the best songs in the catalogue of Irving Berlin, Inc.

YOU'RE THE ONE. Hurrah for the 6/8 numbers, scarcer than hens' teeth, and harder to find than the proverbial needle in the haystack. It remains for Buddy Fields and Gerald Marks, the two Detroit boys whose "All Of Me" was one of the best tunes of the last season, to give DeSylva, Brown & Henderson one of the loveliest and sprightliest of 6/8 songs heard in a long time.

I was rather surprised to find a lot of people humming it the day after we broadcast it from Pittsburgh, when Sophie Tucker was our guest artist, and upon inquiry I found, strangely enough, that it really was the result of our broadcast of it. I had no idea that people really learned a song so quickly. Mrs. Bolger, the wife of Ray Bolger, our dancing comedian, was frank to tell me that our one rendition of it had set her humming and whistling the tune everywhere she went. That's enough for me; the song has affected me the same way, and I only hope, for Gerald Mark's sake, as well as Buddy Fields', that it keeps on haunting people until they purchase copies, because that's what songs are written for, and unless the song-writers are given some monetary inspiration for writing, we, who want to play their songs, will find it increasingly difficult to get good material.

Reeva Reyes
of NBC and
"Hot Cha".



THEY ESCAPE *from* Russia to



By Ruth Witson

RUSSIA today is one large factory on a Five Year Plan ("five years' work and then maybe we'll have a good time!"), full of serious people getting mixed up with the machinery. Russia yesterday, was a glamorous country, with the most brilliant society in Europe. A society famous for its beautiful women. A society whose backbone was made of handsome, distinguished men who entertained lavishly, danced gaily and kept the eyes of lovely ladies bright and smiling. And then suddenly, it all ended. The revolution was on and there was no place in Russia for the "whites".

Two among the most conspicuous members of this marked society were Adia Kuznetzoff, head of the theatrical and motion picture enterprises in Russia, and Zinaida Nicolina, exquisite, younger daughter of the Judge of the Supreme Court of Tiflis. Although these two did not know one another in Russia, and although neither of them had ever appeared as a professional entertainer, a strange fate brought them together in America where they have been everywhere—singing Russian ballads and gypsy songs in vaudeville, in the opera, in the theatre, in their little cafe, the Kretchma, and on the radio.

When the revolution broke out, Kuznetzoff escaped from Russia with a band of wandering gypsies who discovered that this nobleman whom they had befriended had a magnificent basso voice. Such a very deep voice, in fact, that they sent him out as a one-man gypsy band. He traveled through Turkey, Armenia, and Greece with the gypsies and in Constantinople, sang before a gathering of the ambassadors of the entire world. Kuznetzoff was such a sensation that it gave him the idea to become a professional singer. It was then for the first time that he thought of leaving the land that he loved so well, for an unknown country—America.

The thought was almost coincident with the fact, for in a short time, Kuznetzoff arrived in America, with high hope in his

Zinaida Nicolina,
Russian beauty who
escaped her devastated
home in Tiflis,
to find success and
romance in America.

FIND EACH OTHER HERE

heart and seven and a half dollars in his pocket. Then came months of suffering and hard experiences. He even had to do dishwashing to keep from starving. For although he could speak French, German, Greek, Russian and Armenian, he found it practically impossible to make himself understood by an American. However, he finally got to Broadway and a booking agent who sent him on tour in vaudeville. After touring the United States and Mexico in vaudeville, after appearing as a chorus boy in the Ziegfeld show, "Louis XIV", after many strange experiences alone, he met Zinaida Nicolina and she was his luck.

Since they have been appearing together, a vaudeville engagement meant the Palace Theatre in New York (the leading vaudeville house of the world), their stage work has included the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, they have entertained in the homes of the elite—Charles Schwab, Conde Nast, William Randolph Hearst—they have sung at the swankiest night clubs to gatherings of the *haute monde*. They have appeared as guest artists on the General Motors program, the Gillette hour and the Hoffman hour and regularly on their own programs over WOR and WEA. Nicolina herself, gained nationwide popularity on the radio as "La Palina".

When Nicolina came to this country, she was not unknown to the musical world. She had escaped from Russia into Turkey. There, friends of her father and of the Czar, brought her to the palace of the Sultana Rafia, daughter of the Sultan of Turkey, where she was welcomed as a guest. The Sultana grew to love the charming Nicolina and kept her at the palace for nine months, where Nicolina lived like a true princess. At an impromptu entertainment, Michael Tolstoy, son of the great Russian writer, heard Nicolina singing a little gypsy tune. He was so impressed with the beauty of her voice, that he suggested she come to Paris where he arranged a series of concerts for her. Although Nicolina had studied at the conservatory in Russia, aside from the trained quality of her voice, the spirit and feeling that she put into her music, made her the toast of the Parisian world of music. She entertained at many private parties for distinguished people. Millerand, president of the French Republic recognized her talents. Ambassador Myron Herrick acclaimed her as a great artist. Alfonso, then King of Spain, and Emanuel, King of Portugal, personally congratulated her on the beauty of her voice.

It was at one of these parties that she met Balieff, the great Russian producer. Someone sitting near Balieff asked him why he smiled the moment he had heard Nicolina sing. He answered, "She is the singing bird that will make my next American 'Chauve Souris' a success."

Although at the time, she wasn't aware of it, the funny little Balieff, had with those words settled Nicolina's future life.

was hard times for her, too. The spoiled daughter of devoted parents, admired and humored by the crowned heads of Europe, it was difficult for Nicolina to keep heart, sitting on her trunks in some little American town, not knowing where her next meal would be. Now that all such experiences are over forever. Nicolina recalls her first years in America as exciting, romantic ones.



Adia Kuznetzoff, aristocrat, who fled from Russia in guise of gypsy.

In a short time, she sailed for America with the "Chauve Souris" and stayed with the company for a year. After that it

OF COURSE, once she had become the partner of Adia Kuznetzoff, things were simpler. And Nicolina could smile again without trying.

Since she has been with Kuznetzoff, life has taken on new color. Everywhere, she meets people she knew in Russia, and other parts of Europe. Not long ago, she met Yascha Bunchuk, director of the Capitol Theatre, New York, and recognized him as one of the entertainers she had met at the palace of the Turkish Sultan.

Everyone who sees Kuznetzoff and Nicolina perform, whether in the studios of the National Broadcasting Company or at the Kretschma, immediately gets into the spirit of Russians and their colorful ways.

For Kuznetzoff is six feet two inches tall, weighs two hundred pounds and is as impressive as he looks. It is not unusual to hear—"Kuznetzoff is coming, now everything will be great." When he enters a room with his great stride, his brown eyes wide open and sparkling and a broad expanse of shining white teeth transformed into a radiant smile, everyone begins to bristle and the party is on.

He takes up his guitar, his body swaying, and walking up and down, or just standing quietly, he moves into his song. And then a great hush settles down on the place and Kuznetzoff has transformed his audience into a band of gypsies, sitting by a large fire in the black forest, singing love songs at the moon. He is a dispenser of white magic. He gets into the hearts of all his listeners and does not let them go until he has taken them through wild places, under balconies of lovely ladies, into the grand ballrooms of old Russia, and back again to a little inn, where simple folk dance and are gay to the old tunes that Russia has bred these many centuries.

And Nicolina is with him. Exotic and beautiful. Tall and slim, straight and lovely. Her copper red hair and vivacious face are a joy to everyone. Together these two now sing to all America.

BOUQUET OF BOUQUETS

HERE'S my vote for the finals in the Beauty Contest. None of my other votes won but I am just as earnestly hoping this one will. To my knowledge the Radio Digest staff is one of the most courteous and kindly patient magazine staffs it has been my privilege of corresponding with. No matter how difficult the task of bestowing information they are first in graciously doing so. The issue for April had some very fine articles—in fact they demand praise. The article on and by Leo Reisman was one of the most timely music expositions considering the rather onesided stand taken at the Music Convention in Cleveland. It rather puffed my vanity to find a real musician voicing my thoughts. Both the article on Paul Dumont and the one of George Olsen were treats. Frank Parker, Art Jarrett, Irvin Cobb and Stoopnagle and Budd—well, can we ever find the words of appreciation? I can just bet I wasn't the only one who sat right down and tried guessing who all those band leaders were. Of course I got a small score but it was lots of fun. I've heard a great many of them but have never seen their pictures so was quite handicapped. I'd suggest you run a feature such as this often. All I can hope is the longest most prosperous of magazine lives to RADIO DIGEST.—Miss Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs Street, Wooster, Ohio.

FOR BIGGER AND BETTER LAUGHS

A PLEA for better laughs. A radio announcer with a natural, hearty laugh is a scarce article. It can't be faked on a radio. Among the yelps, cackles, whinnys, squeals, snorts and snuffles the announcers denote mirth, a genuine laugh would be enjoyable. I have known, as who hasn't, people who could infect a gathering with mirth, not by wit, but just by the genuine joyousness of their cachinations. What a pity there is not an announcer to incite the nation to mirth by sheer contagious mirth. Prizes are given for clear, crisp enunciation. Possessors of terse English are too self-contained to be sponsors of mirth. Some primeval, undignified soul should be located so we can laugh with him. Why not hold a laugh contest instead of a beauty or enunciation contest. A Hee-Haw tournament.—William H. Eldridge, 1709 Third Avenue, Hibbing, Minn.

ONE FOR ROCKY CLARK

I READ Radio Digest every month and think it is just right. When I was a shut-in for several months I sure did appreciate the Radio Digest and my radio. I listened to the news flashes from Bridgeport, Conn., by Rocky Clark. Could you show his picture in this column, most everyone is talking good about him.—Miss Helen Phelps, Stamford Conn.

A CLUB FOR BUDDY

I THOROUGHLY enjoy Radio Digest, particularly the VOL. pages. It is a great magazine and right up to the minute. Therefore I should appreciate it if you would spread the news that I am organizing what to my knowledge is the first fan club in honor of Buddy Rogers since he has become an orchestra leader. We are anxious to make the club a big success and will cordially welcome all who wish to join. Anyone who is interested may write me at the above address. Many thanks for your cooperation—and long live Radio Digest.—Miss Jacqueline Lee, 53 Park Boulevard, Malverne, N. Y.

Voice of the

ROCKING CHAIR MILDRED

YOUR magazine is sure O.K. with me. I especially like your pictures of orchestras. Let's have a lot of facts about Mildred Bailey, who is in my opinion one of the sweetest girl singers in all radio land, and Don Novis, the fellow who always gets three or four encores at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles every night. If you should ask me what I thought was the best program on the air, I would say the Lucky Strike Hour. Peppy music and plenty of it is my motto. Here's to more jazz from Cab Calloway and Gus Arnheim. I remain an enthusiastic Radio Digest fan.—John Lucas, 1411 East 8th Street, Olympia, Wash.

ENJOYS DEAN ARCHER

WE enjoy Radio Digest because it brings interesting information concerning those whose voices we hear and love over



"Away with pore paralyzing preparations! Save your hands with our Princess Potato Oil."

the air. I hope Dean Gleason Archer will continue his broadcasts. I would like to get more information about those on the program conducted by "Cheerio"—to a certain group of people "Jim Baggs" might call hysterical housewives, this is a cheery message that brightens many a dark day. I would like to see a picture of that sweet voiced tenor "Pat Kelly" printed in brown, in the May issue.—Mrs. R. H. Scoot, Vontee, Va.

HIS LITTLE BALLOT

THIS is my first letter to you. I am going to tell some of the programs that I like, and my favorite artists. I have a craze for organ music. My favorite organists are

Jesse Crawford, Ann Leaf, Irma Glenn and Fred Feibel. I always listen to them whenever I can. Guy Lombardo, Jack Denny, Ben Bernie and Vincent Lopez have the best dance orchestras on the air. Let's hear a little more about each one of these wonderful fellows. Your article about Guy Lombardo was grand. I also like Bing Crosby and Arthur Jarrett. Let's have a story about him in an early issue. A story about Jesse Crawford or any of the other organists I mentioned would be greatly appreciated. The only things I know about Fred Feibel are, he is a good organist, only a young fellow, and that he arises every morning at 4:30 so as to get to the studio on time. Please let's have something about him.—Arthur Zimmerman, 320 East Third Street, Frederick, Md.

SHE LIKES YOU BEST

YESTERDAY I purchased my third copy of Radio Digest and I want to tell you how much I enjoy this magazine. I know things about the artists and performers now that I did not know before. Of all the articles, I think I like the VOL page best. It is interesting to me to know what other people think of the performers and your magazine. What most of the public wants in a magazine is variety and that's what this one has. Please keep it that way. Why can't you do more justice to people like Julia Saunderson, Frank Crummit, the Stebbens Boys, Jane in Easy Aces, Amos 'n' Andy, Mary and Bob, Bud and Stoopnagle and Lawrence Tibbett? I also want to tell you how much I enjoyed "Letters to the Artist", "The Mounted Police," "Silhouettes." How about an article by Mr. Hill who gave an interesting talk on dogs and interviewed the Englishman over the Columbia network?—Miss Janie Piei, 4826 Mercier Street, Kansas City, Mo.

LOMBARDO SEEMS TO LEAD

I THINK that story of Vincent Lopez was very good but too short, you see I am a very great admirer of Mr. Lopez, in fact not only myself but also my friends. I do hope that Radio Digest prints a story of Mr. Vincent Lopez real soon again. The best orchestras on the air are Guy Lombardo's, Vincent Lopez', and Paul Whiteman's. We'd also like to see a

picture of Hugo Mariani, NBC conductor, and a picture of Ted Jewett, announcer for "Woman's Radio Review" an NBC presentation.—Miss Mary E. Dosztan, 2219 East 29th Street, Yorain, Ohio.

WOULD RIDE VOL GOAT

ALTHOUGH a comparatively new reader of Radio Digest I should like to join the VOL, and should very much like to second the Philadelphia listener's opinion about Smith Ballew—he surely has a wonderful voice and a grand orchestra. My great regret is that he isn't broadcasting any more. Please print his picture and lots of news items about him as I'm sure there are heaps of Ballew fans who would enjoy reading

Listener

all about their favorite. Radio Digest is the Best Ever!—Miss Agnes Adams, Boston, Mass.

MISSED OUR NELLIE

WAS very much disappointed to be denied the pleasure of hearing Nellie Revell last Wednesday night, and trust it will not occur very often. Look forward eagerly to that intensely interesting broadcast of the best programs on the air, and am sure all who listen agree with me. Please give "Nellie" a free hand and the glad hand.—Joseph Johnson, 414 Fifty-first Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LUCKY HARRIET LEE

EACH new issue of your splendid Magazine is better than each preceding one. Wish we could have a write up of Jessica Dragonette and Pat Barnes. Trouble with the Beauty Contest lies in the fact that there are so many truly beautiful just as they are pictured—if only color were added it might be a bit easier to choose because the color of the hair and eyes have much to add to or detract from mere features or contour. There are two lovely faces in the last issue. You'll laugh when I tell you; Mr. Stead and I just couldn't off hand decide so we became children again and tried the "Enie, menie, mina mo" system with the result that Miss Lee won out. But we wish every lovely girl might be "it".—Mrs. C. F. Stead, Loveland, Ohio.

LONDON HAS 73,186 SOULS

I HAD never read your magazine until the February issue but purchased same on account of an article on Guy Lombardo. I am a native of the "obscure village of London, Ontario". I knew of the Lomhardos, since a child and Guy went to school with my brother and I am proud as all Londoners are of the Royal Canadians and the Lomhardo boys. I take great exception to the reference in your article to London as an obscure Canadian Village, I imagine the Lombardo boys would resent that about their home town if they have their loyalty still with them and I imagine their name Royal Canadians should prove that. The population of London Ontario is 73,186 and was created a city in the year 1856. Please give us a break and remember even New York had to have a start.—Mrs. M. W. Amhrose, Saint John, New Brunswick, Ontario, Canada.

"AMERICAN WIRELESS BEST"

JUST recently I have become a reader of Radio Digest and this is how it happened. I am English and we have come out here to live; we came via New York, which gave me one of the biggest thrills I've ever had because I loved New York and anything American. There is something about Radio Digest which I can only describe as "finished"; it has an elusive quality which places it far and above all others of its kind. I

was very much interested in "Broadcasting from the Editor's Chair". At present, I gather there is a lot of hot air going up over the government taking over radio like England and all European Countries. Perhaps this will interest you. We had a wireless (radio to you) in the early days when the British Broadcasting Co. was a private concern. The programs were really good. Real music, classical and jazz, clever debates, between our leading scientists, artists, playwrights, etc., good critics, talks worth listening to, real comedy. I could go on forever. And then the government took it over. The result?—*duller and more uninteresting*



"LADY BARITONES"

"It is our pleasure to present Mme. Kroakin de Troat, basso profundo, who sings now 'Asleep in the Deep'."

programs. Very rarely indeed was anything worth listening to. It got from bad to worse until we sold our wireless. So, America keep your broadcasting as it is and keep your advertising. It's a brain wave! Thank you for allowing me to air my opinions and I shall be proud to know it appeared in "Radio Digest".—Miss Mary E. Kitchen, Hillcrest Cottage, Triheway, Paget West, Bermuda.

ACE HEADLINER STAFF

THERE is such a variety of entertainment and instruction by radio that only a chronic pessimist could find fault with it. Everyone is entitled to his own opinion concerning programs and personalities; he may

choose whatever he likes and exclude the rest. Since nominations for radio headliners are still open, I am submitting a list of my favorites.

ANNOUNCERS: Milton J. Cross, the most charming radio personality

Alwyn Bach, with the most beautifully cadenced voice, hut too formal and aloof

ORCHESTRAS: Light, Harry Horlick's Gypsies String Ensemble, N. B. C. Slumher Hour Symphony, N. B. C. Symphonic Hour

ORCHESTRA CONDUCTORS: Symphony, Walter Damrosch

String Ensemble, Ludwig Laurier

OPERATIC SINGERS: Soprano, Anna Case Mackay

Tenor, Giovanni Martinelli

Baritone, John Charles Thomas

REGULAR RADIO SINGERS: Soprano, Gladys Rice

Mezzo-soprano, Elizabeth Lennox

Contralto, Mary Hopple

Tenors: James Melton, sweetest and most appealing voice

Frederick Hufsmith, appealing voice, versatile repertory

Milton J. Cross, sonorous voice

Barytones: Theodore Wehh, Walter Preston

Bassos: Harry Donaghy, James Stanley.

Male Duo: Frank Parker and Elliott Shaw.

Mixed Quartet: Enna Jettick Melodies.

Male Quartets: Heel Hugger Harmonies, Revelers, Cavaliers.

COMEDIAN: Raymond Knight.

ENSEMBLES: Through the Opera Glass. Davey Tree Program.

ORGANIST: Archer Gihson.

EDUCATIONAL: National Advisory Council on Radio in Education Psychology.

Lectures, Saturday evening, 8:45, EST.

CHICAGO NBC ANNOUNCER: Ted Pearson.

CHICAGO NBC SINGER: Reinhold Schmidt.—Miss Edwina Long, 2708 Osage Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

BETTY "BOOSTER" JAMIESON SAYS

ALL those interested in an active booster program honoring Will Osborne please communicate with the undersigned. All inquiries will be welcomed and answered.—Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs Street, Wooster, Ohio.

AN ORGAN COLUMN

I WANT to join some of the members of our VOL club and say that RADIO DIGEST is the finest magazine of its kind on the market except for one thing, it only comes around once instead of twice a month. There is one instrument which is very seldom mentioned to any extent in our Digest and that is the mightiest of all musical instruments, the Organ. Why not devote a chapter each issue to Jesse Crawford, Ann Leaf, Ralph Emerson of WLS and others. Let's have some pictures of organ consoles and organists and some news about what's going on in this branch of entertainment. All theatres of any size or importance feature organs. The ballroom in the auditorium in Atlantic City features the largest theatrical organ in the world. Organs are also finding their regular places on sponsored programs. Let's hear from other readers about the organ.

I hope we have the pleasure of seeing organs featured in our beloved magazine every issue.—Clifford Martin, Box 292, Beach Haven, N. J.

What is WRONG with Radio Drama?

By Craig Rice

(Concluding an article which was begun by Miss Rice in the May RADIO DIGEST)

THE difference of two or three seconds in the length of a pause—the most minute inflection of a voice—an almost indiscernible change in tempo—and a scene is either made effective or ruined. The slightest let-down on the part of one of the actors—and a scene is lost. Yet not infrequently the radio play is produced almost casually.

Mind you, this is not true of all radio drama productions. Many are thoroughly rehearsed and properly directed. But—not long ago I talked with the writer, director and chief actor of a series of detective dramas being presented over a metropolitan station, and asked if I might attend one of his rehearsals. Rehearsals? I met a blank stare. The members of the cast usually met in the lobby before the presentation and read over the script. That is, they did if there was time.

And yet we wonder what is wrong with radio drama!

We wonder—when the general run of radio plays are poorly written by inexperienced writers, and given a haphazard, unmethodical production. When the average high-school class play is an infinitely better entertainment than the garden variety of radio play, we wonder why intelligent listeners state that they do not listen to radio dramas.

Please, dear radio writer and producer, remember that the public suffers, but it will not suffer long. The public that demands radio drama is going to get very very tired of third rate productions. And where, dear radio writer and producer, are we going to be then?

You are perfectly right in saying that radio drama is in its experimental stage. But it has been in that stage for nearly ten years—the first radio play having been produced in 1922. Surely we ought to be getting somewhere by now. The stage took thousands of years to reach its present form, but we have the experience of the stage to draw from. The motion pictures took years to reach any kind of artistic achievement, but we have their early mistakes to steer by.

If there has ever been a literary field that offered the fascinating possibilities of radio drama, I don't know what it is. The limitations of any art are not its handicaps; they are the mould into which the liquid idea is poured and allowed to harden. The limitations can be more, they can be the tools with which the creator works. Consider—the novelist can spend pages and chapters explaining the character of his protagonist; the radio writer does the same in the turning of



What is wrong with the drama in this picture? You answer. It's Elsie Hits and Ned Wever of the CBS dramatic staff.

half-a-dozen sentences. The playwright can use all the visual effects to heighten the effectiveness of some piece of action; the radio writer must not only dramatize sound alone, but must create the action itself in sound.

The radio writer can turn to plays that depend entirely upon plot and action, but these are either detective stories that are more puzzles than plays, or frank melodramas whose guiding motto is "seven minutes and a scream." And even the best of the detective plays and melodramas depend largely upon the creation of character.

So the task that confronts the radio playwright is no small one. And there is still hope for radio drama. Writers are beginning to realize the tremendous possi-

bilities in experimentation, and the field of syndication is beginning to promise them adequate financial returns. The smaller stations, who can afford to experiment, are creating their own methods of production, and groups of players are springing up all over the country, developing their own successful technic.

From these writers who are going into the field to learn, not to teach, and from the young writers who are experimenting at small stations, will come the great radio playwrights of the future. It is safe to predict that from the experimental groups at the small stations will come the great radio actors and directors of the future. And through their efforts, the time is coming when the skeptics who come to criticize will remain to hear.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN, that great French chef and writer of cooking books, once said that "an animal swallows its food, a man eats it, but only a man of intellect knows how to dine", and that no man under the age of forty can be dignified with the title of gourmet. He also said that no true gourmet could be late for dinner. That's one thing a gourmet and a hungry man have in common.

* * *

I remember once when Berry Wall, Dean of the American Epicureans, invited me to dine with him in Paris. I took Brillat-Savarin's advice and arrived on time at Mr. Wall's chateau. Wall is an interesting man. He is just slipping onto the wrong side of seventy but does not look a meal older than fifty, and is just as good a dancing man as ever; his waist is slim, his legs are slender and his instep still shows an arch. That is pretty good for a man of seventy. Being naturally curious as to why's and where-for's, I asked him how he did it.

"Good plain food, my boy," said Berry, "and good plain cooking. Every meal should be simple. Start with a consommé with a good body. A plain roast with one fresh vegetable, a salad, and wind up with tea or coffee." When he told me that I laughed to myself, for I happened to know that Berry has swallowed enough fancy food in his life to give the gout to the standing armies of the world. However, don't get me wrong. As I remember Berry Wall in the old Rector's, he was an extremely *intelligent* eater. He never gorged himself at the table, nor did he ever sit down to a twelve-course banquet. He was the most finicky eater I ever saw and always insisted on mixing his own salads.

* * *

WELL, speaking of Berry Wall and Brillat-Savarin puts me on the track of the many restaurants to be found in Paris. A great many new dining places have sprung up since I worked in the kitchens of the Cafe de Paris, more than twenty-five years ago. I guess there must be 100,000 restaurants in Paris. Everybody has his favorite dining place, and I have mine. I won't mention which it is, for if I told you, you would tell somebody else and my little



The Jolly Chef

EATATORIALS

BY

George Rector

pet canary would become a round robin. If you find a good place to eat, keep it quiet, for though publicity is great for a motion-picture house it spoils a good restaurant, especially a good European restaurant, for over there the proprietor is usually the chef, with the pride of achievement in each bowl of soup served; however, once mass production comes in the restaurant door, individual, loving care goes out the kitchen window.

* * *

Just in passing, here is some good advice to the tourist going to Paris for a "rest". Leave your tuxedo or your

evening gown at home. You will then be unable to dine at the high class places. They are too formal and you will have a better time in mufti, and also a cheaper one. I do not have to tell you that it is a lot of fun scouting around to find yourself an obscure dining place on a quaint side street.

Of course, there is always a thrill in the big names—Ciro's, the Pre-Catelan, the Chateau de Madrid—all of them are at the height of their popularity just now. As I think over the famous cafes in Paris, I think of many which used to be but are no more—the Cafe Anglais, which stood on the Boulevard des Italiens, and was the Paris office of King Edward, when he was Prince of Wales—Maison Doree, which has fallen before the march of commerce—Bignon's establishment—Tortoni's and the King George—all are buried in that past which we all look back on with fondness.

* * *

One restaurant which has survived through the years is the Cafe de Paris, where I was scullion in the Garde Manger, or cold-meat room, more than twenty-five years ago. Mourier, who made it famous, married a daughter of the illustrious Foyot, feeder of diplomats and statesmen. The minute Mourier took over the cafe it became renowned all over Europe for its fine food. He catered to the French people exclusively, but the cuisine became so well known and advertised that the Americans,

English, Russians and South Americans rushed in to share the good things. The Cafe de Paris is not far from the opera house, on the Avenue de l'Opera, and graduates of that kitchen are directing famous restaurants all over the world.

Probably the favorite dish with the early American explorers of Paris and the Cafe de Paris was Lobster Thermidor. Some of the specialties of the French cuisine which are always interesting are, as I said, Lobster Thermidor, the specialty of the Cafe de Paris; Poularde a l'Archiduc, which is chicken saute,—Volaillesous la Cendre, a specialty of Giro's and a sort of chicken pot-pie. And, of course, we can't overlook Crepes Suzettes.

* * *

But then, Berry Wall was right when
(Continued on page 48)

• WSAI •

A Complete and Profitable Coverage of the Greater Cincinnati Market

Being a basic NBC station of the red network, the quality of WSAI programs is above the average. Greater Cincin-

nati regards WSAI as an excellent radio entertainer and as a reliable guide to better buying habits.

WSAI PROGRAMS

Quaker Oats
Radio Household Institute
Betty Crocker
Savory
Wildroot
Knox Gelatine
Steero
Sherwin-Williams
General Electric
Wrigley
Moore Paint
General Mills

Pepsodent
Barbasol
Beechnut
Chase & Sanborn
Bayer Aspirin
Schaefer Pen
Firestone Tires
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.
General Motors
Blackstone Cigar
True Story Magazine
Texas Oil Co.

Lucky Strike Cigarettes
Stanco Co.
Halsey-Stuart Co.
Goodyear Tires
Mobiloil
Coca-Cola
Fleischmann Yeast
Chevrolet Motors
G. Washington Coffee
Cities Service
Clicquot Club
Ponds
Valspar Varnish

The above companies are leaders in their fields. They have chosen WSAI as their advertising medium to reach the Greater Cincinnati market. To merit the confi-

dence of these leading advertisers is a powerful indication of the popularity and effectiveness of WSAI. Write us for complete details.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION

Powel Crosley, Jr., President

CINCINNATI

STATION PARADE

KMBC ~ ~ ~ Kansas City

Where They Prove That Good Things Come in Pairs!

MAKE it two, will you, Oscar? . . . You know, good things always come in pairs . . . I s'pose that's why these here new Song-Smiths teamed up . . . You know, they—huh? . . . Didn't I ever tell you about them? . . . 'S funny . . . Tho't I did . . . Well, to make a long story, I met them first in February, 1932 . . . They were working at KMBC in Kansas City . . . You know—that's the big CBS outlet for that territory . . . And they—huh? . . . What do they do? . . . Man, oh man—they sing harmony—And how they sing it! . . . Two people that contrive somehow to sound almost like an orchestra . . . Why say—they sing the most modern stuff you've ever heard . . . Sure, they make their own arrangements . . . Play their own piano . . . Do everything . . . Singing harmony is not only a business with them . . . It's a pleasure . . . They dig up more trick tempos and rhythms and effects than four people could . . . At first they sound just like two men singing . . . But they aren't . . .

Who are they? . . . Well, I just told you . . . The SongSmiths . . . That's their real name too . . . I mean, their name is Smith . . . They coined their name themselves . . . Since found out that others use it too . . . So they spell it "SongSmiths" . . . with a capital S. Married three years . . . And more in



Woody Smith

love than ever . . . Huh? . . . First names—Woody and Glad . . . Which stand for Woodruff and Gladys . . . But don't call 'em that . . . Wazzat? . . . Well, Glad is a contralto . . . Anyway, her voice is one of the deepest I've ever heard . . . And Wood's a baritone. And when those two low voices mix you oughta hear the blend! . . . And their solos are plenty different . . . And they do a lot of this singing-to-each-other stuff . . . You know . . . Make love to music, as it were . . . But when they really go modern . . . That's where they shine . . . Those arrangements of theirs



The Kasper Sisters

have the whole Mid-West talking . . .

What? . . . Oh, they both grew up in small towns . . . Soon graduated to the city . . . Woody went to college . . . Wound up at music school . . . Where he met Glad . . . She was going to take lessons on singing popular music . . . heh, heh . . . Oh, they came from Minneapolis . . . Went to the MacPhail School of Music up there . . . Yeah, they studied classics, but popular won them over . . . They went there two years . . . Got married . . . Finally wound up in Kansas City . . . That was in 1929 . . . Been there ever since . . . Oh sure, they still study . . . with "The Cranstons" of Kansas City, the ones who trained Marion Talley . . . I guess they both have music born right in 'em.

After coming to Kansas City they worked up popularity locally . . . Then put on CBS to all stations West of K. C. . . . Woody hates to wear shoes . . . Glad loves to buy clothes . . . He likes spinach, carrots, ice cream, chili . . .



Glad Smith

Glad hates all of 'em . . . She has a weakness for pork chops . . . He eats out when she serves 'em . . . Are together constantly . . . Except when he's announcing . . . Incidentally, he's reckoned some punkins at announcing . . . Works on KMBC locally, and utters for a few CBS programs on the western network . . . When they work a script act, they write their own continuity . . . They wish they could sleep till noon every day . . . Like to sing at night . . . Hate it in the morning . . . Neither ever eats breakfast . . . Never drink coffee or tea . . . Woody says she has a poisonous fondness for vinegar . . . The only place he likes it is in a hair rinse . . . Both work every known kind of puzzle printed. Especially if there's a prize . . . Never won a thing yet . . . Have fond hopes . . . Have the usual ambition . . . To make a big success singing harmony . . . Both dislike singing in public . . . Are inveterate hand-holders at the theater . . . Both sing in prominent church choir . . . With Glad a soloist there . . . They'd rather sing together on the radio than eat . . . If you like swell modern harmony . . . Tune in The SongSmiths . . . Just a couple in the great army of "Smiths" . . . Good things always come in pairs . . . Make it two, will you, Oscar? . . .

THE Kasper sisters have an early start to a very promising career. They made their radio debut in 1930. Meanwhile they have been heard from several stations, and are at present enjoying popular demand for personal appearances. You just know they are easy to look at!



Stars of the Air
come
Out of the West
says
KOA Director

By Morris Hepler

busy preparing for grand opera and has temporarily relinquished her interest in radio. Many listeners will remember Hazel Hayes, as beautiful a lass as ever came out of the Sunflower State to triumph in Denver.

As for Norman Price he had tenored himself to the top in Denver—one of



Norman Price, tenor
KOA

FREEMAN H. TALBOT, that keen judge of musical ability who guides the destinies of KOA, the National Broadcasting Company key station way out in Denver, boasts that considering the population the foothills towns in Colorado have given the radio world more talent than any other place in the world.

Taking into account only musical talent, and omitting the before-radio successes, where does KOA fit into that picture, he was asked. And was he stumped? Not Mr. Talbot!

"Among the musicians who first aired their talents over KOA," explained Mr. Talbot, "there was one who became a first place winner in a national Atwater Kent audition and two who won third places; three joined the internationally famous Seth Parker troupe; one became the highest paid singer with the British Broadcasting Corporation; two were first place winners in the Sesquicentennial Exposition contests; two won contests conducted by the National Federated Music Clubs; five won scholarships repeatedly with the Juilliard Foundation, and three are now staff members in the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting Company."

Out on the Pacific Coast are three National Broadcasting Company staff soloists who first saw the light of radio through KOA. They are Everett E. Foster, baritone; Mary Wood, soprano, and Forrest Fishel, tenor.

Another KOA singer is now reaping laurels on the Coast. Just now she is



Upper left: The Quarle sisters—Alice, pianist; Marguerite, violinist; Virginia, 'cellist.

Center: Freeman H. Talbot, manager, KOA

Hazel Hayes, popular soprano, another star who started on KOA



KOA's Solitaire Cowboys and—in radio opera. NBC took him on immediately.

The Quarles sisters—Alice, Marguerite and Virginia—piano, violin, and 'cello—started a habit of winning contests when they won Juilliard Foundation fellowships while they were still in their teens. They have held four Juilliard fellowships besides a scholarship for a year's study at the Conservatoire Americaine in Fontainebleau, France.

Other stars of the air—many others—started with KOA. Freeman H. Talbot's boast seems justified.

WIBA - Madison, Wisc.

EVERY community has its favorite sports announcer, but up Wisconsin way listeners will tell you they get more capable and more interesting sports broadcasts through their own regional station than they get over the networks.

The reason is Bill Walker—William E. officially—manager of radio station WIBA at Madison, Wisconsin. His specialties are football and basketball.

Bill Walker had sole charge of building station WISJ which went on the air for the first time September 8, 1930. One of his first problems was to get a sports announcer to compete with a university coach who had developed a considerable following on a competing station over a period of years. The final decision was that Bill assumed the assignment himself.

What kind of a job did he do? Well, on June 13, 1931, stations WIBA and WISJ at Madison, were consolidated, and Bill Walker has handled all the sports assignments ever since, to the gratification of the station's thousands of rabid sports fans.

Bill still serves as president of the W. E. Walker Company, an advertising agency; he is business manager of station WIBA which has made a wonderful showing under his direction; for many years he served as vice president of Madison's largest financial institution, and he is the advertising counselor for some score of business and financial enterprises. But sports announcing continues to be his principal hobby.

Interest in football and basketball has increased by leaps and bounds in Wisconsin during the past few years. But it isn't reflected in the gate receipts. And Bill is being blamed, for hundreds admit publicly that they would rather hear him broadcast a game than see it.



Ted DeTurk

WGAR Cleveland

TWEET—tweet—tweet— from the loud speaker to the surprise of listeners came the shrill clear notes of a bird, a long sweet trill—as the unseen canary ran up and down the scales. There followed a sweetly plaintive melody, the "Song of India" clearly whistled—Ted DeTurk, Ohio's Own Whistler is on the air.

Many have tried to whistle over the air. The sensitive 'Mikes' pick up all poor shadings and distorted harmony making whistling one of the hardest forms of music to produce. Never in Ted's whistling do you find these faults registering. Sometimes a string ensemble makes a background for the solo, again an organ, a piano, or an orchestra.

Ohio's Own Whistler was born in a little log cabin, which may account for his ability to imitate birds so well, on the banks of the big Scioto River near Marion. He learned to whistle as a boy, in the way all small boys do—seeing who could make the longest and loudest noise.

His whistling solos have been heard from the North, East, South and West on the ether waves, from Jacksonville, Florida, Atlanta, Ga., Denver, Col., Detroit, Mich., Cincinnati, Ohio, Iowa and other places his canary throat has thrilled listeners. Ted is also well known as a singer and accomplished pianist. At present he is heard daily from WGAR in Cleveland, Ohio.

WIP-WFAN Philadelphia

MISS ANICE IVES, radio's guide to home lovers, staged an old fashioned pie eating contest on her weekly WIP-WFAN Home Making hour. After the blackberries had been cleared away and the time clocks checked, it was found that Marie Lambert had devoured her pie in eighteen seconds. Marie is shown with a silver cup presented by the Gimbel Store. Jean and Sue Dallon, second and third prize winners, are also pictured. Despite the smile of victory after the battle was over, the girls admitted they had enough pie.

Miss Alice Cash smiled her way to victory at KFRC



Um-m-m! What a contest! They're full of pie.

KFRC - San Francisco

MISS ALICE CASH had her taste of fame and liked it! She was suddenly catapulted into the whirl of the public spotlight and all its attendant glamour, as the result of being selected winner of the KFRC Happy Go Lucky Hour's "Smiles Contest".

Conducted by Al Pearce, the contest sought to uncover "the Pacific Coast's prettiest smile." Pearce asked listeners of the Don Lee network to send in their photograph. More than 15,000 were received from all parts of the coast and as far east as Salt Lake City. When the judges had dug themselves from under this deluge they came up with Miss Cash's photograph unanimously agreed upon.



DOLLY DEARBORN'S CHICAGO REVIEWS

**"LADY ESTHER"—N.B.C.—
KYW local outlet—Sundays,
2:00-2:30 CST.**

In the first place, somebody thought up a swell gag when they allowed Wayne King to use his own theme song on this program! It's against my principles to believe the idea originated in the agency—so I'm giving full credit either to King himself, or to the N.B.C. Anyway, it's a great trick—because everybody and his family knows Wayne King's music, and most of them like it. So naturally when his theme song comes on, instead of some trumped up theme to fit the product, it catches the attention. From that point on, the rest is easy. Nicely flowing tunes played as only the King group can play them, lead quite subtly into the commercial credit given by Lady Esther. Incidentally, I might say here, that the lines they put into milady's mouth are not so good—quite trite and just glorified advertising. But somehow you listen to it—and not altogether because you know Wayne will be back again after it's over. You listen primarily because Lady Esther has the kind of voice you wish all air-minded women had.

**"IODENT PROGRAM"—NBC
—KYW—Sundays, 3:00-3:15
Chi. time.**

Remember what a swell gal I said Jane Froman is? The Iodent People got hep before she slipped through their fingers, and now she and Roy Shields with the baton, do their stuff via the tooth paste route. The only trouble is, Jane doesn't sing quite enough. A little thumbnail drama of historical highlights is thrown in for good measure—but it remains for Jane and the orchestra to walk off to the blare of trumpets. That girl does everything well—she even stammers delightfully. Iodent didn't miss when they picked their program, and although it probably won't ever set Lake Michigan on fire, yet it's easy to listen to. And in this day and age that's something!

**"THE GREYHOUND TRAVEL-
ER"—Columbia—WGN—Sun-
days, 7:30 Chi. time.**

This program is not intended for stupid people, and it proves that the old idea of the child mind in an adult body is passe, if you get what I mean. It shows that people do like to be treated as though they had average intelligence and not six year old mentalities. This is a glorified travelogue with modernistic music, eloquent descriptions, and refined phrases. It does not smack of "thrown-together." It shows that a travel program when handled with intelligence can be made beautiful and interesting at the same time. All the places you've ever wanted to go are pictured for you vividly

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)
7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs
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
- 9:45 a.m.—WABC—Old Dutch Girl (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)
6:00 p.m.—WABC—Current Events, H. V. Kaltenborn (Mon. and Thurs.)
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.) (Also on Dixie Network, 8:30 p.m. Tues.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program (Wed. and Sat.)
10:15 p.m.—WABC—Gold Medal Fast Freight (Tues., Wed. 9:00 p.m.)
10:45 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Jarrett (Mon. and Thurs.)
10:45 p.m.—WABC—The Funny Boners (Tues. and Fri.)
11:00 p.m.—WABC—Howard Barlow's Symphony Orch. (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
12:00 mid.—WABC—Guy Lombardo (Sat. and Thurs.)

Sunday

- 12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Transatlantic Broadcast
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
5:30 p.m.—WABC—Blue Coal Radio Revue
6:30 p.m.—WJZ—"K-7"; Dramatized Secret Service Spy Stories
6:30 p.m.—WABC—Roses and Drums
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.)
8:30 p.m.—WABC—The Greyhound Traveler
9:45 p.m.—WJZ—Making the Movies; Ray Knight
10:15 p.m.—WJZ—The Old Singing Master (Barbasol Co.)
12:30 a.m.—WABC—California Melodies from Los Angeles

Monday

- 8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Soconyland Sketches

and with plenty of color. And if you have a millionaire appetite and a ten cent store pocketbook, the commercials tell you that you can still take a trip via Greyhound. Another contest for you fans—a simple one too. Give it a listen!

**"THE SINGING LADY"—NBC
daily but Saturday and Sunday,
at 4:30 and 5:15. Local show
over WGN, daily but Saturday
and Sunday, at 6:00 p.m.
Kellogg's "Singing Lady" seems to be**

Selections

- 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.—WJZ—With Canada's Mounted (Canada Dry)
 10:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatela Program

Tuesday

- 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.—WABC—Ben Bernie's Orchestra (Blue Ribbon Malt)
 10:45 p.m.—WJZ—McCrary Brothers, the Hearthside Singers

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—O. Henry Stories; dramatic program
 9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert (Vacuum Oil Co.)
 10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Coca Cola Program
 11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell: Voice of Radio Digest

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.—WJZ—Thompkins Corners (General Foods, Inc.)
 10:00 p.m.—WJZ—A. and P. Dance Gypsies
 10:45 p.m.—WABC—Phil Spitalny's Orch., and Jay C. Flippen
 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.—WJZ—Ivory Program—B. A. Rolfe's Orch.
 8:30 p.m.—WABC—Du Pont Program (E. I. Du Pont de Nemours)
 9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Clicquot Club Program
 9:00 p.m.—WABC—Kodak Week End Hour; Nat Shilkret's Orch., Thelma Kessler
 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

Saturday

- 7:15 p.m.—WEAF—"Laws that Safeguard Society"; Dean Archer
 8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Civic Concerts Service Program
 9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Club Valspar Program
 10:15 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Institute of Public Affairs
 10:45 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Tracy, Street Singer
 12:00 mid.—WEAF—Buddy Rogers

from a wild maze of adventure long enough to gobble down a meal, which results only in giving him either a tummy ache or a night mare. The "Singing Lady" programs are much milder in character—in fact they're so mild you can give them in large doses to the very small youngsters, with no ill effects.

"BLUE RIBBON MAL" — Ben Bernie—CBS—local outlet WB-BM, Tuesdays, 8:00-8:30.

Friends tell me I have a misplaced sense of humor. People who aren't so friendly—and incidentally not so polite either—say it's perverted. And friends whose acts have already been reviewed by me anyway, say I've no sense of humor at all. So what's a person supposed to think. Anyway, the cause for the controversy is that I maintain Ben Bernie is one of the most unfunny people on the air. His flow of "I hope you like it" isn't quite so bad; but when he gets off onto a tangent of persistently repeating dance number titles, I nearly run berserk—or however it is you run when you get kinda batty. He's got such a swell band that it seems a shame he has to laugh at his own jokes. That sentence doesn't seem to make sense somehow—but I'm listening to him right now, and I'm going a bit battier every minute. You see folks, it isn't a matter of listening where you will, when you're trying to catch ALL the programs. I'm sorry if I appear to be a little cynical tonight; it's a mistake, because really I'm not such a bad person. Only it riles my Irish to have a person go smart-alecky on me every time he gets on the air. I'll have to give him credit though, his commercial plugs for the old Alma Malter (the pun is his, not mine) are really worthy of a Blue Ribbon. And I know that thousands of folks listen for him all the time. So that must make him good. I dunno—maybe it is kinda perverted after all!

"JOE PALOOKA"—Columbia—WBBM—Tues. & Thurs., 5:45 Chi. time.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then "Padded Fists" is twice as good as I thought it was. Incidentally, since our previous review it's been sold. Guess I'll try writing a skit myself and reviewing it—then it'll sell and I'll quit work. But that's beside the point. Joe Palooka, while nicely done and ably played, is more or less a second "Padded Fists." For Joe, like Prince, wins the attention of the public through an accidental fight with another chap, outside the ring. And each has a disapproving mother. Joe Palooka, from the popular Chicago comic strip, is ably played by Ted Bergman, ex-manager of a New York gym. I'm told several fellows who know their left and right hooks are connected with the skit, from Ted Husing who announces it, to Ham Fisher who draws the cartoons. So it's really swell!

a prime favorite with the younger generation, if you get what I mean. Anyway, Mr. Kellogg advertises his corn flakes and so forth twice daily on the chain, and then puts on a private Chicago show too, making three appearances for

each story. Well, why not? Most of the shows for children either only succeed in boring them to death or in exciting them to such an extent that it takes several "Johnny, come to supper" calls before Johnny gets himself untangled

WE CAN'T TURN YOUR RADIO DIAL FOR YOU—

We're too busy getting you grocery bargains to run from house-to-house tuning good programs in on your radio set. However, we do this much for you—we offer you a variety of programs—a program to suit your taste—and make the job of twisting your dial a pleasant one.

IF YOU LIKE

Concert music; dance music; tenor solos; two piano novelties; gypsy songs—tune in the

A & P GYPSIES

Harry Horlick conducting.

(Monday 8 PM EST WFAF and NBC network)

(Thursday 9 PM EST WJZ and NBC network)

IF YOU LIKE

Honest-to-goodness food information; a male quartette; travel stories; anecdotes about famous people and the Broadway of the "Gay '90's" tune in

"OUR DAILY FOOD"

with Colonel Goodbody;

George Rector; Judge Gordon; "The 4 singing Grocers".

(Daily except Sunday over dual NBC networks—WFAF, 8:45 AM EST; WJZ, 9:30 AM EST)

A & P has your kind of program

THE
Great Atlantic
& Pacific Tea Co.

PACIFIC COAST ECHOES

By W. L. Gleeson

HERBERT WITHERSPOON, until recently a member of the KHJ commercial staff, has just been appointed Manager of KDB, the Don Lee station at Santa Barbara.

Since Dick Rickard, down at KGB, San Diego, sponsored the Easter Egg Hunt in Balboa Park, involving 20,000 eggs and 5000 school kids, the San Diego punsters have been enjoying a boom season in references to "hard-boiled eggs," "good eggs" and so on.

Eddie Holden, KNX, creator of the lovable character of "Frank Watanabe," the Japanese houseboy, is a good cook. Eddie says he takes his hat off to no girl when it comes to preparing a meal in a hurry.

Billy Evans Highlights Review is growing better every day. With the coming of Spring, all the amateur talent that has been hibernating during the winter months has come to life and is trying out over at KELW, Burbank, California. Mr. Evans presents a splendid program each morning at 11:00 and even if these performers are new in the business, they are well worth listening to. Billy Evans has had years of experience before the mike and is competent to train those youngsters "in the way they should go."

Hazel Warner (KFRC) has a varied schedule, but the one program on which you are certain to hear her is "Musical Forget-Me-Nots" each Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

"California Melodies" released over nationwide network of CBS from KHJ, presented none other than Zeppo Marx, of the Four Marx Brothers. Something very funny? Not exactly, for young Zeppo—he's the "straight" one, you know—has been discovered as possessor of a very nice singing voice indeed, and this marked his debut in the world of popular song. A big event, in other words.

Lou Gordon, the tenor whose melodious tones are heard over KFI, was born in Russia and came to America after the revolution. The terse accounts he gives of his wanderings over China and Siberia with the festive Bolshevik on his trail, are exciting as any fictionized adventure story.

Telling about "The Drama and It's People," Lloyd S. Thompson, dramatic critic of The Examiner, presents an interesting and entertaining 15-minute talk on KYA, San Francisco, at 6:30 Tuesday evenings.

Radio stars from KHJ, The Don Lee station, helped to enliven the day at the Motor Show in the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles. One of the most popular air features in the country was presented in the day's entertainment, when Ken

Niles and his "Hallelujah Hour" appeared in person at the show. Included in the roster of stars under Niles' direction was Dave Marshall, popular Southland baritone; Elvia Allman, stellar comedienne of the air; petite Vera Van, whose melodic voice has won her a place in the radio firmament; the craziest man on the air—Charlie Leland; Bobby Gross, and the Hallelujah orchestra directed by Ray Canfield.

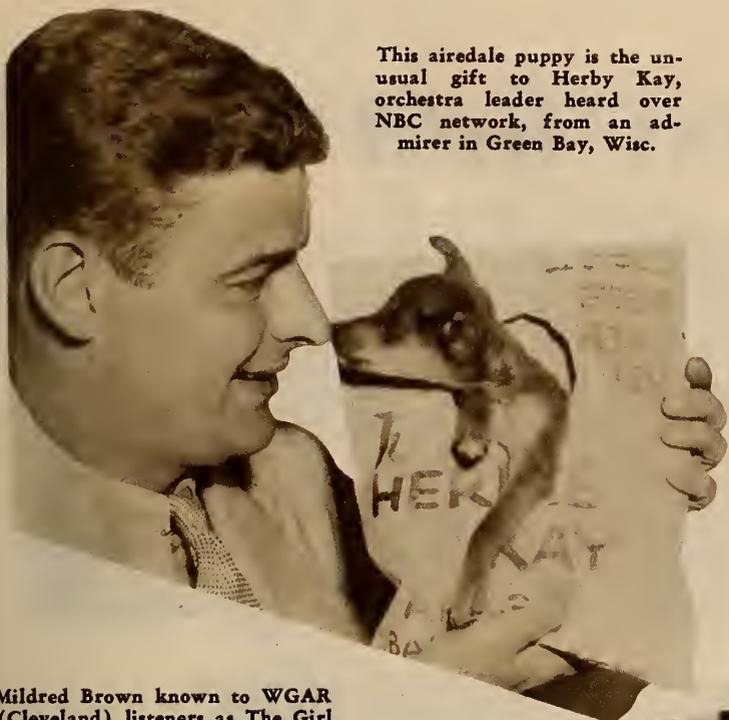
San Francisco may have grabbed off the Druids' Convention, but Los Angeles supplied the music picked out of the air in the Bay City auditorium where the fraternal organization staged its initiations. The eighty-piece symphony orchestra of the Hollywood Grove, of the Druids organization, broadcast from KHJ studios over the Don Lee chain, 7:45-8:15 P.M. Alexis Coroshansky directed the orchestra in numbers rarely heard in the United States.

Meredith Wilson's "Home Sweet Home" concerts from KFRC and Don Lee network 9-11 A.M. provides two hours of comfortable music for Sunday morning consumption. This program has been a popular one for several years. It requires skill to keep a two hour show popular—if you don't think so, ask Meredith. He knows!

This writer listened in on the Spanish Gardens program over KELW from 7:00 to 8:00 P.M. and received a pleasant surprise. Not being able to speak Spanish, this program had always been passed up, but it isn't necessary to speak Spanish at all to enjoy the really remarkable entertainment that is offered at this time. Appealing music that carries with it all the charm of old Mexico; señoritas, whose soft voices transport the listener to a land of tinkling castanets and swaying, elusive forms; dreamy, alluring, entrancing, this music from the land of Manana. Listen to it yourself and you will enjoy it.

Known as "the most distinctive program on the air," the KDYL, KDYK, and KOYL, Friday evening 8:00 to 9:00 visits with the boys at "Hank's General Store" in "Sears Center" provides entertainment for thousands of listeners who enjoy old-time music. The program brings in person the man who occupies the week's lime-light. Heard on these broadcasts are Mickey Walker, light heavyweight boxing champion of the world; Eugene Jackson, negro star of "Cimarron," "Sporting Blood," "Our Gang Comedies" and others; Sherman "Red" Clark, captain of the University of Utah basketball team, and Charles Foley, golf professional of the Salt Lake Bonneville Golf Club.

This airedale puppy is the unusual gift to Herby Kay, orchestra leader heard over NBC network, from an admirer in Green Bay, Wisc.



Mildred Brown known to WGAR (Cleveland) listeners as The Girl From Oklahoma, sings because she has a voice and is a sculptress by choice. She is a success at both.



Shorts barked into the mike at WGY in Schenectady, and the sound circled the globe in eighth of a second.

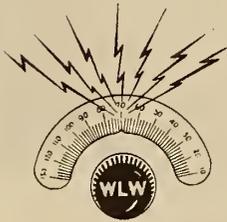
Mae Mackie, popular Philadelphia contralto, who is developing a large listener following for WIP-WFAN with her "Songs of the Nations".

The crew of the Gold Medal Fast Freight, with Eddie Dunstedter at the piano, sent over the ether from WCCO, Minneapolis.



The Largest and most

Near the Center
of the Dial



Near the Center
of Population



"The Flying Dutchmen," with director William Stoess are heard over WLW weekly.



"The Swansteers," who have won many friends among the nation's radio audience with their delightful musical entertainment.



The wit and humor of Pat Harrington, WLW tenor and Master of Ceremonies, is eagerly listened to by a vast radio following.



The click of castanets accompanies the tangos and other Spanish airs played by the WLW "South Americans."



The famous Sidney Ten Eyck is known all over the country for his inimitable wit. As Master of Ceremonies for "The Doodlesockers" he shows unusual talent.



The Morin sisters add spice and variety to many WLW programs.



"Highnoon" the "radio dog" is one of the most interesting and unusual features of WLW.



"Ramona" stands among the most distinctive pianists in radio. Her rich voice has unusual tone and depth that carries extraordinarily well over the air.



Mary Steele, WLW "blues contralto" has won the hearts of radio listeners everywhere.

Brilliant Array of Radio Artists offered by a Single Station



The colorful, brilliant and unusually large staff of radio artists at WLW is unequalled by any single station. The spice and delightful variety that these air entertainers inject into radio programs, plus WLW's 50,000 watts power, have built up a vast and enthusiastic radio

audience. The phenomenal results obtained for WLW advertisers is proof of the popularity of these radio stars and the effectiveness of "the Nation's Station" as a powerful and profitable advertising medium.

WLW PROGRAMS

These representative WLW programs are produced exclusively by WLW players and artists from the WLW studios, in Cincinnati.

"**The Trial of Vivienne Ware.**" dramatic production, for the Standard Oil Company of Ohio.

"**Peanut Pietro.**" dialogue, for Planters Nut and Chocolate Company.

"**Bathed in Loveliness.**" music emotional, for Bathasweet.

"**The Dayton Thoroughbreds.**" light opera, for the Dayton Tire and Rubber Company.

"**The Zero Hour.**" with narrator, for the Crosley Refrigerator Division.

"**Kruschen Program.**" deep river orchestra with fast vocal trio, for Kruschen Salts.

"**International Old Bill.**" rural music and philosophy, for International Oil Heating Company.

"**Maxwell House Cotton Queen.**" minstrel type show boat setting, for Maxwell House Coffee.

"**Ivanhoe Playhouse.**" review type vaudeville setting, for the Ivanhoe Mayonnaise Company.

"**Jim and Walt.**" personality harmony duo, for the Alabama Georgia Syrup Company.

"**The San Felicians.**" minstrel type without endmen, for the San Felice Cigar Company.

"**The Flying Dutchmen.**" over the blue network, for The Crosley Radio Corporation.

"**The Crosley Follies.**" New Yorker style review, with music and master of ceremonies over special network.

"**Centerville Sketches.**" rural dialogue, for Hires Root Beer.

"**Old Man Sunshine**" and his "**Toy Band.**" juvenile production, character, novelty, orchestra, for Wheatena, Peter Pan Fabrics and E-Z Underwear.

"**The Mail Pouch Sportsman.**" sports review, for Mail Pouch Tobacco Company.

"**The Afternoon Round Table.**" for Dryodine Food Products.

"**Tangee Musical Dreams.**" musical fantasy with Don Juan type master of ceremonies, for Tangee Lipstick.

"**Pebeco Exercises.**" physical instruction with light philosophy and music, for The Pebeco Company.

In the interest of its clients and as part of its service, WLW maintains a group of highly trained field men who constantly contact wholesale and retail outlets. These men show dealers how to use the power of broadcasting to move goods off their shelves; instruct and advise them in the best ways to tie-in with advertisers' programs; are the means of introducing and establishing advertisers'

products in new territories. This plan was pioneered by WLW and has been found to be the most effective means of bringing home to the dealer the true value of air advertising. The results that have been obtained for WLW advertisers are phenomenal. Let us tell you more about WLW and its operations in our free, 72-page portfolio. Send for it.

THE CROSLY RADIO CORPORATION

Powel Crosley, Jr., *President*

CINCINNATI

CHATTE R



New York's Supreme Hotel Value...

SINGLE
from
\$2.50
daily

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

DOUBLE
from
\$4.00
daily

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

SUITES
from
\$7.00
daily

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 B'way, NYC.

BBROADCASTING is growing up. Several stations have long since passed their tenth milestone and this year a fair number celebrate their first decade. WIP-WFAN, Philadelphia, joined the growing ranks recently. Other stations who to date this year had a tenth "birthday", include: WWJ, Detroit; WOR, Newark; WMAQ, Chicago; KFI, Los Angeles; WGY, Schenectady; WBT, Charlotte, N. C.; KQG, San Jose, Cal.; and WHAS, Louisville, Ky.

Summer's coming, but it doesn't seem as though independent stations will have much to worry about businesswise, if the announced new sponsored programs mean anything. WIP-WFAN, Philadelphia, announces contracts with Lindlahr's Magazine, Reefers No-Moth, Inc. in the daily home economic period and Kruschen Salts for Time Signals.

The first magnetic microphone in Detroit has been installed at WJR. This "mike" has many advantages over the condenser type. It is not so easily damaged and it is not affected by temperature changes . . . A most ambitious program is being staged at WJR by Frederick Stearns & Co. of Detroit in the interests of their product, Astring-Osol. The programs are on the air three times weekly early in the evening. Talent includes, as a permanent feature, a fifteen piece orchestra and a wide array of talent, and a different group of artists on each program.

There are many prolific producers in radio but we believe Georgia Fifeled, of KNX, Hollywood, Cal., has established some sort of a record. She has cast and directed more than three hundred and fifty radio plays and created some two hundred rôles in radio plays. That's a mark to shoot at . . . Here's another one from the same station: Ray Howell, former radio technician and now an-

nouncer at KNX, who presents an hour of all request music from midnight to one o'clock each morning, has received letters and telephone calls from each state in the Union, Canada, Mexico, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, Japan, Alaska, and South America . . . KNX, in order to stimulate listener interest in its station during the normally dull afternoon period between 3:00 and 3:30 developed a program that has accomplished the purpose beyond expectations. The program is billed as the Matinee Mirthmakers. It features an orchestra and a master of ceremonies and talent varies with each presentation. It is in the nature of a daily surprise to the dial twisters.

As this is being written plans have been completed for the formal opening and initial programs by CKWO. Main studios are on the twelfth floor of the Guarantee Trust Building in Windsor, Ontario, and supplementary studios have been located in Detroit. The Transmitter house is in Sandwich, Ontario. Air plans call for best Canadian programs available and features of international interest through a hook-up with the Columbia Broadcasting System.

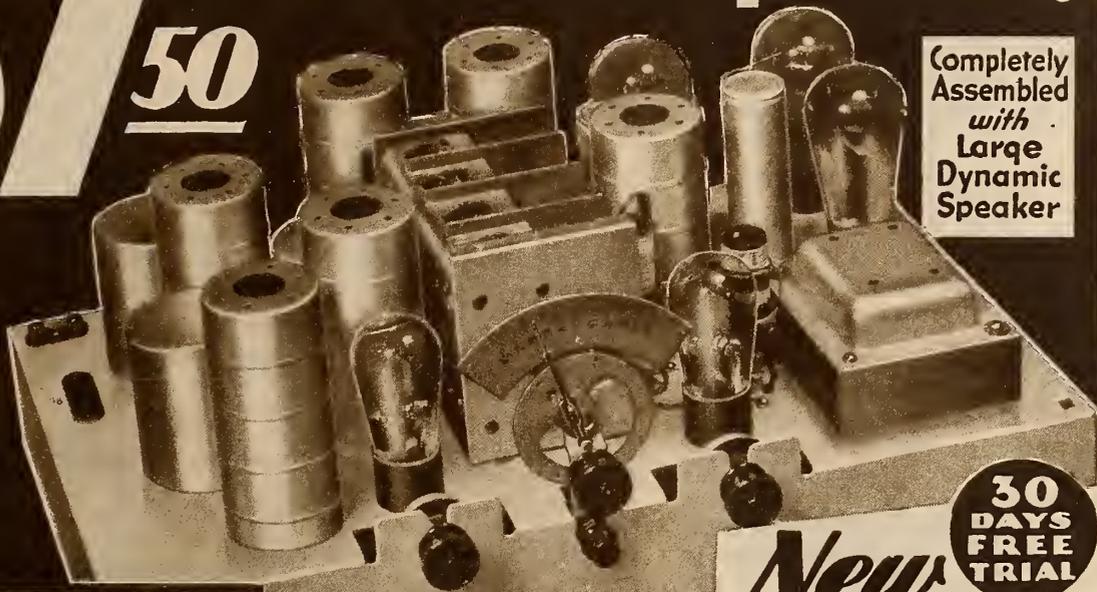
United States Lines are using WOR, Newark, to present the Vaga-

bond Adventurer. Lord & Thomas & Logan, New York agency, acted for the client . . . The Crowell Publishing Company (Woman's Home Companion) has signed up for a year over WOR. The contract was cleared through Martin-Rillings-Shaw Inc., Philadelphia. "Shopping with Jean Libby" is the title of the program . . . The Hoffman Beverage Company has renewed for another twenty-six weeks and Uncle Don Carney appears on a new "commercial", William S. Scull Company, makers of Bosco, a food drink . . . A flood of letters from listeners has caused Roger Bower to revive his Market and Halsey Street Playhouse.



Through WGY'S short wave station W2XAD in a relay from Schenectady to Kootwijk, Holland, to Bandoeng, Java to Sydney, Australia, and back to Schenectady, the sound of the shot fired by Gov. Ely was brought back to Schenectady in approximately one eighth of a second. At left is Kolin Hager, manager of WGY.

only \$37.50 11-TUBE Super-Het!



Completely Assembled with Large Dynamic Speaker

Pentode Variable-Mu and Real Automatic Volume Control

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

New

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.

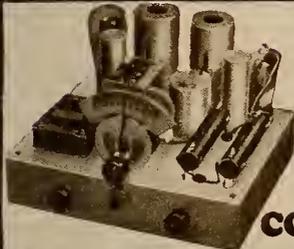
Deal Direct with Factory SAVE UP TO 50%

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 does 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. Brings 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

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.

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.

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. I have received amateurs all over the U. S. from Maine to California. I have also picked up CBS and stations in Colombia, S. A., two in Argentina, one in Indo-China and one in Canada. VE9DR, which comes in at all hours."

E. APPLEBAUM, 334 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 6:40 P.M., I heard all of the music from the Royal Opera House."

A. MONCONI, 7122 Paschall Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Bermuda, Philippines, Switzerland, Rome

Gets Sydney, Australia

"On February 28th 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."

S. M. BEVENUE, 1815 Dolman St., St. Louis, Mo.



Complete Line of Consoles

The big FREE catalog beautifully illustrates the complete line of gorgeous Midwest Consoles, "Deluxe," Hickboy and Lowboy models.

Hear League of Nations Speeches

"I raised loudness at 78% on middle switch; at 36% 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 announcing being in German."

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

"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 as Italia, Roma and came in about the position on the dial which would indicate 12-RO Rome."

GEO. E. KUHR, 218 Division St., Bellevue, Ky.

Mail this Coupon for Complete Details and Big FREE Catalog!

Midwest Radio Corp. Send me SPECIAL USER Dept. 76, Cincinnati, Ohio AGENTS PROPOSITION

Without obligation send me your new 1932 catalog and complete details of 13- and 15-tube All-World, All-Wave Combination, 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 _____

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Dept. 76 (Est. 1920) CINCINNATI, O.

PROFESSIONALLY SPEAKING

DRAMA IN RADIO

Writing for the Unseen Audience Requires a Special Technic

An interview with Basil Loughrane, of WHK, Cleveland, by Marvell Lenoir.

DRAMA in Radio has a long long way to go before it reaches the heights of either the dramatic stage, or the talking screen. People have for centuries, ever since the first traveling minstrels in ancient times, been educated to see their plays. Now comes a complete reversal, to hear and not to see. It is much harder to hold an audience that cannot see you. Then the voices, at once the greatest handicap and the greatest asset.

For years Radio has been educating listeners to deep resonant voices, soft and pleasing, with an evenness of trend that is, however pleasing to the ear, entirely lacking in the heights and depths of feeling necessary for good drama. The lack of the versatile trained talking voice is the chief detriment to the present complete success of radio drama.

The usual studio dramas are played by the station's staff with a few exceptions. There are several stations which have a separate staff for the presentation of all dramatic works and these few present much better dramas and improved interpretation of rôles than the more handicapped stations can present. Please do not misunderstand. The staffs try hard and do very good work but in most cases they are not actors and but poorly fitted for the work. The announcers are pressed into service for all the leading male rôles and the minute they begin to speak, their deep resonant voices, so pleasing for announcing, identify them at once to the

listener and tend to destroy the character they are trying to create. He is as a rule so well trained in speaking in the well modulated not too expressive voice from a very close position to the microphone, that to speak well away from the "mike" and give a dissertation in full voice is very hard for him. Sometimes he forgets and speaks softly when away from the "mike" and loudly close to it, which causes his voice to fade and then to blast. The greatest disadvantage is the spoiling of his carefully cultivated announcing voice. The dramatic voice especially trained for radio presentation is the proper solution. The use of the other type voices, while less expensive, is like trying to kill two birds with one stone.

Then there are the still lighter voices to consider—the ladies. Here too the deeper contralto voice has long been favored. Basil feels the contralto voice is excellently adapted to character women but not to leads. Even on the stage very, very few leading women with contralto voices have achieved successes. Most of these women play rôles demanding mature

delineation of character, as those played by Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Anglin and Ruth Cornell.

Dramatic producers in the radio field have their minds set on the fact that a program must move slowly to give the listener full chance to grasp the events. They must until radio actors with radio drama voices are evolved.

The theater itself has seven media of expression. Action—the players move to and fro, enter and leave, and gesture effectively to convey meaning. Line—which is interpreted in beauty of form and line in background and grouping. Color—of course needs no explaining. Word and Voice go together, yet they are two separate media, and last, but most important, comes human contact—that intangible something that projects personality across the barrier of the footlights, and makes you settle in your seat and draw a breath of enjoyable anticipation at the first appearance on the stage.

Here comes poor little Radio and of all of these media what has it? Voice and words alone. In a very few isolated cases it has publicity, for the average radio drama the publicity is limited to a line in small type on the daily program and even the actors are not accorded the distinction of being other than a voice. One of the least things radio drama could do is present the cast and describe the settings to be used and not leave the entire burden with the actor who is already struggling against a larger unaccustomed handicap. The action must be suggested, in that the settings are entirely missing.

Basil Loughrane

ALL things come to him who waits, providing he works hard enough to achieve them while he is waiting. So with Basil Loughrane, who as a brown-eyed, curly-headed youngster with a big ambition started working very hard in the University of Toronto to become the world's leading physician. Somehow that physician got side tract, and gave us instead Basil the very versatile leading man, who has deserted the legitimate theater for the past two years, and has become one of Cleveland's most interesting announcers, radio playwright, and director in chief of WHK's dramatic staff.

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

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.

SONG WRITERS

WRITERS OF SONGS — Poems — Melodies — Opportunity. RD1616 North Harding, Chicago.

RADIO DIGEST BINDERS

SET OF TWO BINDERS to hold 12 copies of Radio Digest. \$2.00. Single binders \$1.00.

REX RABBITS Raise them for us. We pay up to \$12 each for all you raise. Send 25c for full information and contract. Everything explained. Send at once and find out about this big proposition. Make this a profitable year.
THE EASTERN RABBITRY
Route 1, Box 235 New Freedom, Pa.

STAMP COLLECTING

15 COMMEMORATIVES FREE if you ask for approvals. Hasselbaum, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OLD MONEY WANTED

\$5 to \$500 EACH PAID FOR Hundreds of Old or Odd Coins. Keep ALL Old Money. Get Posted. Send 10 cents for Illustrated COIN VALUE BOOK. 4x6. Guaranteed Buying and Selling Prices. COIN EXCHANGE, Box 54, Le Roy, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

MEN Wanted to introduce a souvenir proposition of foreign stamps to stores, markets, etc. You make \$7.00 on each order which you collect right away. Live wires can get several orders a day. Sample outfit including carrying case, beautiful advertising material, packets, circulars, order book, etc., supplied at cost of \$2.50. This money returned when you get second order. Get started now and make big money. Grossman Stampco, 104 West 42nd St., New York.



A Little Jumping Goat Gave Its Name to TAXICAB

Taxicab is an abbreviation of *taximeter-cabriolet* — a vehicle carrying an instrument for automatically registering the fare. The name *cabriolet* is the diminutive of the French *cabriole*, meaning "a leap" like that of a goat, and was applied to this type of carriage because of its light, bounding motion. *Cabriolet* came from the Italian *capriola* meaning "a somersault," from Latin *capere* "a he-goat," *capra* "a she-goat." There are thousands of such stories about the origins of English words in

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

"The Supreme Authority"



Write for Free Booklet, which suggests how you may obtain a command of English through the knowledge of word origins.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY
Springfield, Mass.

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Lowest Round Trip Rate

Twice weekly sailings on 21,000 ton S. S. *Pan America*, and her sister ships *American Legion*, *Southern Cross* or *Western World*. All with cool, airy, outside rooms equipped mostly with beds and with private bath. All expense trips, including hotel at Bermuda, arranged for any period. The S. S. *Pan America* goes direct to dock at Hamilton, Bermuda.

NASSAU, MIAMI, HAVANA CRUISES

\$125 . . . 12 3/4 days

Including trip to Palm Beach

And sight-seeing trips at each port, all expenses included. The steamer is your hotel. 3 days in Britain's Nassau, 2 days in Miami, 2 1/2 days in Havana. Or, if you prefer you can stay 7 days at the *Royal Victoria Hotel* at Nassau for the same price. Fortnightly sailings on Saturdays by S. S. *Munargo*.

WINDWARD ISLANDS

To Trinidad, 25 days round trip, \$135. To Demerara, \$175. 25 day cruise, including all expenses and 9 days at the *Marine Hotel* in Barbados, \$171. No passports. Regular 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. All rooms are large, airy and outside.

All sailings from Pier 64, N. R., New York City. For further information see local tourist agent, or

MUNSON S. S. LINES

67 Wall Street, New York Bowling Green 9-3300

The Home Hotel of New York

Homelike in service, appointments and location . . . away from noise and congestion, yet but a few minutes from Times Square . . . garage facilities for tourist.

Home folks will like this hotel

HOTEL

BRETTON HALL
BROADWAY at 86th St.
NEW YORK

Parker On Bowery

(Continued from page 9)

chestra which consists of three pieces, his saw, a violin and a guitar. It is hard, he admits to Lord, to keep so many men together, especially now that spring is here.

Chatham Square has its "Harry Lauder." He is Sunny Scotty and sings ditties which were popular in his native heath when he was a boy. He still sings well but his Bowery audience often interrupts with comments regarding Scotty's red nose—which easily betrays his failing.

The talk of the evening usually is delivered by Dan O'Brien, King of the Hoboes. He just closed the New York Hobo College, of which he is dean, for the season—mostly because, he admits, the students felt the urge of wandering feet.

O'Brien uses the language of the pedagogue in speaking, but at all times appears in the uniform of the hobo.

"The Bowery has talent," O'Brien said. "These men are ambitious, they are proud. We have great singers, great musicians, and great dramatists among us. What we needed was the chance Lord is giving us."

Because of the depression, O'Brien explained a new course in the art of pan-handling had been introduced at the Hobo College.

The theme song of the Bowery broadcast was written by Jack Sellers, a Bowery poet and melody maker, who, in better days, served his country in the United States Navy.

"What would you like now boys?" Lord asked as he drew his party to a close.

"Ice cream and onions," was the reply as if but one giant voice had answered, sure sign, according to Lord, that the party "went over."

June Wedding Bells

(Continued from page 13)

"Now who do you suppose would listen to reason over there?"

"I think that's where all the trouble lies—too much reason. Everybody starts to figure out the expense of setting up a home and then they get scared and talk about the weather—or something."

"Well, what's the answer?"

"Oh, please, this is so sudden."

"What—what I mean suppose this attitude keeps going on and on forever, what is to become of the human race?"

"Well, you know what they say; prosperity is just around the corner. Maybe that means a little cottage or cozy apartment—"

Dolly Dearborn in Chicago had nothing better to report than to repeat the story about Em. There

seemed no prospect of a June wedding of any sort in the Columbia studios there, she said.

If other industries and other institutions are as delinquent as the radio section of our country this looks like the worst June in a generation so far as weddings are concerned.

Eatatorials

(Continued from page 33)

he told me that French cuisine was a life study. No nation takes cooking so seriously as the French, who are artists in this line. Many friends of mine returned from France with difficult French recipes and some of the wives had a lot of fun trying them. They always hoped for the best—or knew what to do until the doctor came. As a simple, easily prepared and delicious French meal, let me suggest the following:—

Escalopes de Veau	Risotto
Salad of Spring Greens	
Rolls and Butter	
Compte of Strawberries	
and Pineapple	
Cheese Crackers	Coffee
Escalopes de Veau a la Rector	
(Veal Cutlets)	

Season veal cutlets with salt and paprika and brown them on both sides in butter. Sprinkle the Cutlets with finely chopped chives and parsley and cook them slowly until they are tender. Place on each cutlet a thin slice of boiled ham which has been browned in butter, and on top of the ham place a spoonful of chopped pimiento. Arrange the cutlets on a hot platter. Put a good-sized piece of butter in the pan in which the veal was cooked, and stir until it is lightly browned. Pour the hot butter over the cutlets. If desired, a little cooking wine may be added to cutlets after they have been browned.

(Risotto recipe will be furnished on request.)

Col. L. Q.
"Fearless" Stoopnagle
beards a lion.



The Answer Is—

Would you please tell me if Station KGMB in Hawaii belongs to the Columbia Broadcasting System?—Arthur P. Pfof, 94-44—121st Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

ANS. Radio Station KGMB is owned and operated by the Honolulu Broadcasting Company, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii.

What has become of our good announcer Phillip Carlin? We never hear his voice over NBC. Has he gone to some other station?—Mrs. J. M. N., Mrs. C. I. C., Tipton, Iowa.

ANS. No, good old Phil Carlin is still carrying on as an NBC executive. We haven't heard him much since Palmolive faded out.

Can you tell me over what broadcasting station and at what time I can hear Ethel Merman?—Jack Lanski, 34 South 7th Street, Easton, Pa.

ANS. Ethel Merman was heard once over CBS, but we do not know where she is at present.

Please answer the following questions about Pat Barnes, Bill Hay, and Everett Mitchell. Are they married? Tall or short, blonde or brunette? What are their hobbies?—Age?—Betty Jeanne, Minneapolis, Minn.

ANS. Pat Barnes is tall, slim, dark and about 37. He is married and his hobby is golf. Bill Hay is 5 ft. 11 ins. and medium dark; like Pat Barnes is also married and favors golf. Everett Mitchell is a brunette, 5 ft. 10½ ins., and is 33. He is also married; his hobby is making amateur movies.

Is Wayne King divorced or separated—that is, has he ever been married? What college did he graduate from? Is it not true that he lived part of his boyhood in Savanna, Illinois?—Helen Marie.

ANS. Wayne King was born in Savanna, Illinois; he is 31 years old. Spent part of his boyhood in Texas. Wayne did not graduate from college. Before taking up music as a profession he was a certified public accountant. He plays the saxophone. Recently married Dorothy Penelope Jones, screen actress.

Can you tell me the name of the Bayer Aspirin signature?—M. M. M., 18055 Parkside Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

ANS. The signature to the Bayer Aspirin program is just known as the "Bayer Aspirin Theme Song."

Do the Connecticut Yankees travel back and forth weekly for the Fleishmann hour or are they connected with the band traveling with the Scandals, if not are they playing anywhere in New York or disbanded? How will the broadcasts be managed when the show goes west, will they go too?—Thelma Todd, Atlantic City, N. J.

ANS. The Connecticut Yankees are with the Scandals. They travel with the Scandals wherever they go and they will be on the air every Thursday wherever they are. They will be back in New York by July.

Can you tell me the name of the girl in charge of the "Rudy Vallee" Round Table Club at Hanover, Pa.?—Viola Hendrickson, 832 Main St., Simpson, Pa.

ANS. The girl in charge of the Rudy Vallee Round Table Club, is Miss Frances Poist, 24 East Middle Street, Hanover, Pa.

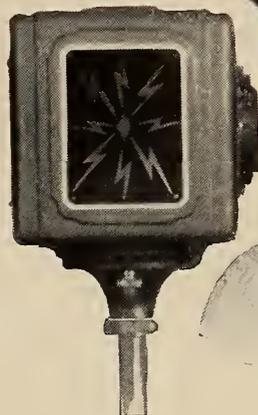
Please tell me how old the Lombardo Brothers are and whether they are married. How tall are Carmen and Guy Lombardo?—Lois Carter, Fargo, N. D.

ANS. The Lombardo Brothers are all under six feet, dark and married. Guy is 29, Carmen about 25 and Victor about 21.

WHO ELSE

wants to get into

BROADCASTING ?



Let FLOYD GIBBONS, famous Radio Star, train you for a Broadcasting career.

\$3,000 to \$15,000 a year and more paid to trained talent.

DO YOU want to get into the most fascinating, fastest-growing industry in the world today—Broadcasting? Do you want to perform for thousands and even millions over the air? Do you want to earn from \$3,000 to \$15,000 and more a year? If you have natural talent—if you have a good speaking voice or can sing, act, write, direct, read or sell—*Broadcasting needs you* and you can now easily secure the important training that qualifies for a big pay job.

For now, thanks to Floyd Gibbons, famous "Headline Hunter of the Air", a remarkable new Course in Broadcasting Technique prepares you for the position you want—right in your own home. No matter how much natural ability you possess, Broadcasting is different from any other medium and your own talents must be adapted to fit its special requirements. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting offers you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. It gives you the benefit of Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Under his guidance you can acquire, right at home in your spare time, the technique that makes highly paid Broadcasting Stars.

Biggest Opportunities in Broadcasting

No other industry today offers you as many opportunities for quick success and high pay as Broadcasting. For no other industry is growing at such an amazing rate of speed. Thousands of men and women of talent and training are needed—and are highly paid according to their ability and popularity.

Last year advertisers alone spent more than \$29,000,000 over the air. Broadcasting companies spent many more millions for talent. This year it is predicted that the amount spent for Broadcasting will be even more than this staggering total. Many more men and women will be employed.

Think of what this means to you! Think of the chance this gives you to get into this thrilling young industry. Think of the opportunities it offers you to get your share of these millions.



Positions like these, often paying from \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year, are open to talented men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation:

**Announcer Advertising
Singer Publicity
Actor Dramatist
Reader Musician
Writer Director
Musical Director
Script Writer
Program Manager
Sales Manager**

Read how you, too, can prepare yourself for a big-paying job in Broadcasting.

FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Radio Broadcaster

New Talent Needed

This year hundreds more talented men and women will make their bow over the "mike." New personalities will be heard—new stars will rise to the heights and sway millions—new fortunes will be made for those who are fortunate enough to be trained in Broadcasting technique.

You may be one of these—if you have talent and the necessary training. If your speaking or singing voice

shows promise, if you can act, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you have any hidden talent at all—then let the Floyd Gibbons Course show you how to train successfully for Broadcasting fame and fortune.

Remember—talent alone is not enough. No matter how talented you are, that does not mean you will be successful in Broadcasting—unless you have a thorough knowledge of the technique of Broadcasting. Many a famous stage star or playwright has failed when brought face to face with the limitations of the microphone—while others, totally unheard of before, have sprung to fame almost overnight, because they grasped the technique.

Until recently it was difficult for the average person to get this necessary training for Broadcasting success. The Floyd Gibbons

School of Broadcasting has changed all that. It was founded to bring to every talented man or woman the type of training that has made fortunes for the Graham MacNamees, Amos and Andys, Olive Palmers and Floyd Gibbonses.

Now, through this new, fascinating home-study Course you get a complete and thorough training in the technique of all branches of Broadcasting. In your spare time—right in your own home—without giving up your present job or making a single sacrifice of any kind—through this remarkable Course you can train for the big-paying Broadcasting position you have dreamed of.

FLOYD GIBBONS Complete Course in Broadcasting Technique

The new, easy Floyd Gibbons Course trains you thoroughly in every phase of Broadcasting technique. It prepares you to step right into the studio and qualify for a place among the highly paid Broadcasters. A few of the subjects covered are: The Station and Studio, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice, How to Make the Voice Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for FREE booklet

An interesting free booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered by our Home Study Course. Here is your chance to enter a life-long richly paid profession—to qualify for an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send today for your free copy of "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No obligation on your part. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2F-61, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write name plainly)
Address.....
City.....State.....

SHIP AHOY!



Hal O'Halloran as Steamboat Bill

Let WLS help increase your sales. WLS offers you the service of a 50,000 watt station, operating on a cleared channel. But after all it's personality that counts. The WLS program department knows its audience, knows how to build popular programs, and maintains a staff of talent with personalities which endear them to our listeners. These are the factors which have built for WLS a responsive audience which brings RESULTS!

WLS

THE PRAIRIE FARMER STATION

BURRIDGE D. BUTLER, . President

GLENN SNYDER, . . . Manager

50,000 WATTS • 870 KILOCYCLES

MAIN STUDIO AND OFFICES: 1230 WEST WASHINGTON BLVD., CHICAGO, ILL.

—sailor girls and sailor boys!

Every day except Sunday, Steamboat Bill steams into the WLS studios for a friendly visit with thousands of boys and girls. It's an informal chat, interspersed with bits of advice on good habits for health, safety, and cheerfulness, with here and there a joke from the many sent in by his little friends.

The program is designed to secure box tops from the sponsor's product. Steamboat Bill's record is 178,283 box tops in nineteen and one-half months; 37,194 for the last three and one-half months of 1930; 82,493 for 1931, and 58,596 for the first four months of 1932. Still going strong and getting RESULTS!

Advertising on WLS builds actual cash sales. The sponsors of Steamboat Bill went on WLS with but two dealers in the Chicago territory. Without the aid of any other form of advertising, WLS has created such a demand for the product that it is now handled by 5,000 dealers in the same area.

This is just one example of how WLS advertising pays. It pays because it brings RESULTS!



Steamboat Bill, with the toy balloons, toy steamboat, toy train, and Trixy Doll, which he sends to the boys and girls who send in box tops.