NEW BOOKS — The Reviewing Stand

Golden Age of Witchcraft and Sorcery Divined

"Wild Talents," by Charles Fort; Claude Kendall, $3.

By ALAN NASH

SAYS the blurb writer:

"To speak calmly about this book is to blink at cataclysms, to finger lightning.

"Here is the revelation of a strange universe . . . fantastic, marvelous terrible . . . in which humanity performs tremendous feats of power . . . commits terrible crimes of power . . . and is ignorant of the power used.

"Here are new wonders substantiated by massive data. 'Here is a yarn spun of facts on the looms of apocalyptic vision.'"

* * *

FREQUENTLY I have taken delight in deriding the enthusiastic "yes-men" of the publishing business who invariably go into a sort of ecstatic hysteria over the books they blurb. As a congenital blurb-baiter, I have thoroughly enjoyed sticking pins into the more effusive of their eulogistic balloons.

But I am decidedly sorry that the blurb writer for Charles Fort's posthumously published "Wild Talents" chose to write just what he did. For I would like very much to have been able to say the same things first myself.

* * *

MR. FORT in "Wild Talents"—the swan song of one of the most rugged and individual minds of this generation—predicts the coming of a Golden Age of witchcraft and sorcery in which magical powers he believes inherent in some humans, now uncontrolled and scarcely dreamed of, will be utilized to tremendous advantage.

"All around are wild talents," he writes, "and it occurs to nobody to try to cultivate them, except as expressions of personal feelings, or as freaks for which to charge admission. I conceive of powers and the uses of human powers that will some day transcend the stunts of music halls and seances and side-shows, as public utilities have passed beyond the toy-stages of their origins."

* * *

IN support of his prediction Mr. Fort offers a monumental mass of phenomena gleaned from all parts of the world. Most of this collection of strange, unbelievable data has been investigated sufficiently so he can accept its authenticity. About some, however, like the newspaper story of a big dog in Pittsburgh who said "Good Morning" to detectives and then disappeared in a thin greenish vapor, Mr. Fort is somewhat skeptical.

But he tells of a man who could not be hanged, another who could not be drowned, of small girls whose presence caused heavy furniture to move about skittishly and showers of stones and shot to fall in closed rooms. He tells of strange fires, fires that burned to death fully dressed men and women—and did not even singe their clothes! Of fires that have sprung up without apparent cause in houses for no other reason than to cover up thefts while the thief, the only person who could benefit by it, was far distant. He tells also of persons, alone in locked rooms, who have been stabbed to death and whose clothing shows no sign of the passing of the knife.

And, too, of airplanes that have been plucked out of the air, one after another, as they passed a certain spot over a desert; of three automobiles that within a short space of time were impelled by an invisible force to careen over an embankment on the same highway each within a few feet of the others. And he tells of persons who have disappeared mysteriously, "teleported" so far distant, he believes, through the mere wish of persons possessing "wild talents," that they never have returned.

* * *

MR. FORT writes:

"Sometimes I tend to think constructively—of batteries of witches teleported to Nicaragua, where speedily they cut a canal by dissolving trees and rocks—the tumult of floods, and then magic by which they cannot push feathers—cyclones that smash villages and then cannot push feathers."

And of the utilization of "wild talents" in war:

"Girls at the front—and they are discussing their usual not very profound subjects. The alarm—the enemy is advancing. Command to the poltergeist girls to concentrate—and under their chairs they stick their wads of chewing gum.

"A regiment bursts into flames, and the soldiers are torches. Horses snort smoke from the combustion of their entrails. Reinforcements are smashed under cliffs that are teleported from the Rocky Mountains. The snatch of Niagara Falls—it pours on the battle field. The little poltergeist girls reach for their wads of chewing gum."

* * *

"BUT this, all this," you must of necessity splutter. "All this is insanity . . madness."

And you will be right. There can be no question of the madness of Charles Fort. It is colossal, audacious insanity—the sort of madness that carried Columbus over the edge of the flat world to discover America, dementia like that which harnessed electricity and made it illuminate rooms and kill men strapped in chairs.

The blurb writer was right: I cannot speak calmly of "Wild Talents."

And I wonder if it might not be possible that Charles Fort died a month or so ago, just before his book was announced for publication, because some highly conventional and sane person possessed "wild talents" in which he could not possibly believe and through his unconscious poltergeist magic willed the creator of Fortean philosophy out of existence.

A Minnesota Superstition Adroitly Dramatized

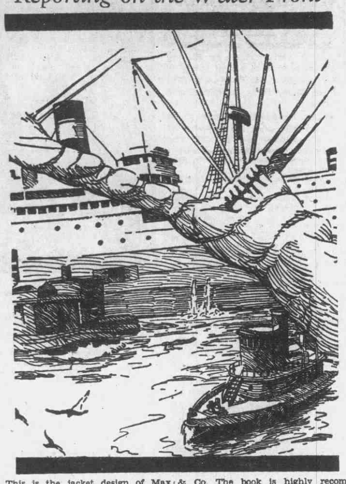
"The Mad Stone," by Lorna Beers; Dutton, $2.50.

This is a story of the American west of the early 1900's offered by the publishers as "a contribution to American literature."

And it is a novel considerably above the average, not by any means a great book but one that should make its readers eager for Lorna Beers' next work.

"The Mad Stone" is based, symbolically, on a superstition that existed in Minnesota—the superstition that when a person was bitten by a dog, he could be cured only by the laying on of a "mad stone" which grew in the heart of one male deer in each generation. The author cleverly applies the superstition to the madness that sprang up between an egocentric intellectual ne'er do well husband and a sophisticated young woman from New York who meet and love—ever so briefly—in a small Minnesota town.

Reporting on the Water Front



This is the jacket design of Max Miller's "I Cover the Water Front," a dramatic reportorial glomeration, published this week by E. P. Dutton & Co. The book is highly recommended by William McFee who calls it "'pure gold,' short sketches which 'get better' as they go along."

Ship Reporting Made Romantic By Max Miller

"I Cover the Waterfront," by Max Miller. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price $2.50.

By SAMUEL WALLACE

IF you have ever arrived in New York on one of the trans-Atlantic liners—or even one returning from a cruise of the West Indies, you have probably met that genius homo, "the ship news reporter." When a liner ties up at quarantine, the reporters clamber aboard to be the ship's guest on the rest of the journey to the dock. Meanwhile, with the aid of the steward, they hunt up incoming celebrities—the object being news.

Probably few men in the newspaper profession have as great an opportunity to meet the "greats" and "near greats" as this coterie. At some time or another, they all seem to pass through the port of New York.

* * *

IT SEEMS unlikely that any other port than New York would present such a fertile field for a story of ship news reporting. Perhaps, the supposition is a fallacy, as Max Miller's book, "I Cover the Waterfront," seems to indicate, for he has taken for his background, not the New York waterfront, but that of San Diego, Cal. And from his story, San Diego has been a fertile field.

* * *

LIFE on the Western waterfront, apparently has always fascinated Max Miller, at least since that time when he was assigned to "cover" it for the Scripps-Howard San Diego Sun. He himself, has become a part of the waterfront. Not a fishing boat ties up to the wharf but Max Miller gets the story. Not a submarine comes in, not an airplane soars out over the Pacific, that he is not invited to go aboard. He is one of the first to climb aboard Pacafic liners, especially when celebrities are aboard.

Reporting has not been a job with Miller—it has been his life. His book breathes his delight in setting down his impressions of the Western shore, where life is a constant flux—ever exciting.

There is the departure of the sardine fleet, the occasional hunt for elephant seals for the zoo, the sailing of the California fruit liners, and of course the contact with daily arrivals whose very "names make news." Jack Dempsey, Lindbergh, Hoover, Chaplin, were but a few who passed through the port of San Diego to give Miller material for his fascinating—and different—book.

* * *

MILLER'S work is intimate. The little touches of the whimsical and common-place he injects here and there, make it a delight. The chapters are short but thrilling. Here and there is one on an incident in newspaper life. Pay day. The weekly poker game. Staff meetings. Rather prosaic things all of them—things that ordinarily would be interesting only to a newspaperman—but told by Miller in a manner that will interest all.

* * *

A combination of newspaper reporter, philosopher and poet, Miller wrote most of his story in his "studio" upstairs over the tugboat office. The setting aptly fits the book.

"Bright Skin," a Glimpse Into New, Strange Lives

"Bright Skin," by Julia Peterkin—The Bobbs-Merrill company, $2.50.

By BRUCE CATTON

READING "Bright Skin," Julia Peterkin's new novel, is like taking a trip to another planet.

The Negroes of the south Atlantic coastal swamps, brought to life faithfully and with sure artistry in this book, are alien in more than the color of their skin. They seem to be set apart by many miles of space and many years of time—a lost tribe that took a strange fork in the road somewhere and worked out its own salvation on a bypath, unnoticed by the rest of society.

The plot of the story is simple

Blue, a young boy, goes to live with his grandparents when his father and mother break up their home. There he comes to manhood, meets the "bright skin" girl, Cricket, falls in love with her, marries her and is, at last, deserted by her.

That is all there is to it—on the surface. But Mrs. Peterkin makes this plain, unadorned tale touch your heart profoundly, so that it becomes not just the story of some ignorant southern Negroes but a legend to embody the loneliness and the heartaches of all human beings everywhere.

The perpetually unsatisfied heart-hunger of Blue, the restless way in which the bright-skin girl Cricket yearns for a glimpse beyond the horizon, the pathetic bewilderment of the ragged pickaninny who falls afoul of a callous policeman on his trip to town—these are things in which we all share. They are true for us and of us.

What I am trying to say, in brief, is that "Bright Skin" is an exceptionally fine novel.

SPEAKING VOLUMES

BY SYBIL REPPERT

THE latest thing to come up for investigation is the starving author in a garret. The title of the work is "Garrets and Pretenders, a History of Bohemianism in America" to be released in the fall by Albert Parry, author, and Covici-Friede, publishers.

The book is to contain stories of the leading Bohemian figures of this country's great cities, a description of where they met, an account of what they talk about. Through his publisher, the author would like very much to hear from persons who have documentary information on his subject. Have you an anecdote about a Bohemian restaurant in your home—a place with legends on the walls and candles burning from ancient beer bottles, and poetry and wisdom falling free? If you have, will you please write Messrs. Covici and Friede about it?

There seems to be no doubt that authors are still doing plenty of starving.

BOBBIE MEREDITH'S new book, "Alimony Jail" is coming out June 21. She mailed the manuscript from Paris, and followed it to this country on the next boat. The starving American talent over there was turning her place into a bread line and her pocketbook into two flat pieces of leather, she explained. Every time she invited a few writers or artists to a meal they brought all their hungry friends along.

"My food bills began to look like a real estate company's deficit," she wrote. "Take it from me, the starving artist in a garret was no symbol."

* * *

I OFTEN wonder in these days, what we found to hide in the books we kept out of sight during days when I went to college. They seem gems of sweetness and light to me now. That observation is provoked by a partial reading of "City Limits," written by Jack Woodford and published by William Godwin. It is not a book of sweetness and light. Mr. Woodward calls a spade a spade only he doesn't talk about spades.

His former book, "Here Is My Body," his publishers report, was banned in Canada, but translated into the French. If you happen to be interested in the sex life of a somewhat lower middle-class Chicago salesman and his stenographer wife, here's your meat.

* * *

ALSO, I spent a few hours the other evening with Diana Patrick's new book, "First Your Penny." E. P. Dutton and company. I don't know how Miss Patrick does it in this day and age. You know, writes the sort of book that will tempt the bride to let the beans burn while she finishes reading just one more chapter. The heroine is one, Amaryllis Sheridan, young, lovely, and carefree, who learns the meaning of true love. Romance still lives while Diana Patrick continues to write.

* * *

THE July choice of the Book League of America is "We Begin," by Helen Grace Carlyle. The trade edition will be published by Harrison Smith, July 1.

* * *

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD'S wife, Zelda, has written her first novel, "Save Me the Waltz"—the story of a woman who resolved to pay bravely for her freedom. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish it in the fall.

* * *

A DELIGHTFUL little boy—Owen D. Young—is presented in Ida Tarbell's biography published June 7 by Macmillan. It is entitled, "Owen D. Young, A New Type of Industrial Leader."

As Young himself tells the story, he left the farm one day to go to town to testify for his uncle in a horse trade case. The farm was hot. It seemed cool in the courtroom. The lawyers seemed cool. The lawyers seemed to have plenty of leisure. The farm boy decided to study law.

But later chapters picture him as the world leader tactfully handling meetings of six great nations deciding upon reparations another nation might pay.

Complete Treatise On Fencing Art

"The Art of the Foil," by Luigi Barbasetti. Dutton, $5.

HERE is a complete and comprehensive treatise on the art of fencing written by a man recognized as the greatest living authority in Europe.

Luigi Barbasetti not only is a most skillful fencer himself but also the developer of a system of fencing used in the Italian, German and Austrian armies.

"The Art of the Foil," the publishers say—and I have no doubt but what they are correct—is the first work in the English language that contains a full and authoritative presentation of the theory and technique of fencing with a foil. As such it should be invaluable to the student of fencing and virtually indispensible to instructors and professionals.

The volume is profusely illustrated both with diagrams indicating proper form for all the various parries, feints, lunges and thrusts and with odd, half-tones showing combatants being pierced by spades, sabres and other weapons in vogue at various epochs in the history of personal combat.

How Bootleggers Fare in Arctic

"Thirty Years in the Golden North," by Jan Welzl. MacMillan, $2.50.

THEY have a very effective way of dealing with bootleggers, up on the frost-bound Arctic Islands north of Siberia.

When one shows up the whole community gets out its dog teams and chases him—not, as you might suppose, to buy his wares, but to punish him for selling his brain-destroying poison to the Eskimos.

When they catch him they tie him to his sledge, pour gasoline over him and drop a lighted match where it will do the most good. Then they go back home, murmuring, "Well, that's that."

This quaint Arctic custom is revealed in "Thirty Years in the Golden North," by Jan Welzl. This is one of the strangest books you will see all year, and while I'd hate to guarantee that it's all gospel truth, I must say it is everlastingly interesting.

Welzl, a Czech, went alone to the Arctic back in the '90s, and lived there for 30 years. He established himself in a cave on a desolate island and became a trader, traveling by dog sledge to Alaska for supplies and distributing them to goldseekers, trappers and the like.

It was an odd sort of life those people lived. A man with a toothache usually shot himself. If his nose got frost-bitten and fell off he would have an Eskimo witch doctor graft on a new one. If he wanted feminine society he would fall in love with a picture on a calendar. In the winter he would find 80 below a relatively mild temperature.

Mr. Welzl may have stretched things here and there, but he has written a fascinating book.

This Child Prodigy Returns to Normal

"Great Scott," by Horace Wade; Lincoln MacVeagh; $2.

HERE is an amusing—at times pathetic—satire on child prodigies written by a man who should know his subject.

The author, Horace Wade, had his first novel published at the age of 11 and was a newspaper feature writer for four years before he was 20.

And Walter Scott Hugo in the story, who is an unpleasant little beast, has much the same experience. Eventually but not until making life highly unpleasant for everyone concerned, Walter Scott Hugo returns to normalcy, reforms other prodigies, hits home runs and collects black eyes.

THE LISTENING POST

RADIO PROGRAMS

In Radio Horror Dramas

JANE BRAMLEY

As heroine of the "Crime Club" broadcasts, Miss Bramley acts out over the air hair-raising escapades and plots of deep intrigue. Her program is heard over the Columbia chain.

Columbia Has Varied Program Fare Today

Cardinal Hayes Heard in Holy Name Ceremony; Ziegfeld Will Do "Show Boat" Again; Jack Sharkey and Lupe Velez Before the Mike

By RICHARD HANSER
Times Radio Editor

THE Columbia system will be particularly bountiful today in casting interesting programs far and wide across the land. Church dignitaries and prize fighters, spirituals and dance tunes, musical comedy and drama are on the bill of fare, and it remains only for the listener to give his dial that proper twist.

* * * *

At 5:30 p. m., over WGR, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, archbishop of the Catholic diocese of New York, will be heard in an address to 50,000 members of the Holy Name society gathered in Central Park. The ceremonies will commemorate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the organization.

* * * *

Jack Sharkey, the fisticuffer who will smack it out with Herr Schmeling for the world's heavyweight championship, will talk to the nation over the Columbia chain and WKBW at 10 p. m. on the "Highlight" program.

The first tussle between Sharkey and Schmeling will be dramatized on this broadcast. The dramatization of this event, one imagines, will be a somewhat delicate matter since fight fans everywhere regard it as strictly a brodie. (Phrase "strictly a brodie" used by special permission of the sport department.)

* * * *

Lupe Velez, Mexican minx of Broadway and the films, will be heard after Mons. Sharkey gets through telling how he will tear Herr Schmeling limb from limb.

* * * *

Helen Morgan and Paul Robeson will sing in the second radio presentation of Ziegfeld's "Show Boat" which will come over WGR at 10:30. Helen will sing "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" and Robeson will once more offer his "Ol' Man River."

* * * *

No survey of the day's radio programs can well overlook Miss Grace Moore, who will perform on the "Circle" program over WBEN at 7 p. m. Popular ballads and light-opera favorites will be included in her recital.

* * * *

Just when the networks were about to launch a movement to curtail the baneful advertising blurbs, the depression made itself acutely felt and the campaign was abandoned. Broadcasters feel that this is no time to be laying down regulations for cash customers, and the result has been such a spasm of contests and blurbing that the advertising on most programs has definitely increased.

* * *

More Clubs

All of Western New York seems bent on organizing itself into some sort of a club to "honor" this radio performer or that. Last week came a plea for Will Osborne idolaters, and today comes the announcement of a club to bear the name of two local preformers.

Kenneth Waggoner, obviously bent on rewarding struggle and application, writes this department as follows: "In Buffalo there are two young radio artists who, after many years of hard work and practice, have become successful. They are Jack and Loretta Clemens of station WBEN. Of their many listeners there are very few who know how hard they have worked to become successful. I would like to form a Jack and Loretta fan club in the hope that their radio friends may become better acquainted with them."

Mr. Waggoner says that anyone who would like to join the club may write to him at 193½ Goundry street, North Tonawanda.

* * *

Three Star

Three Broadway actors have been recruited to play in today's installment of "Roses and Drums" over the Columbia chain and WGR at 6:30 p. m. Blanche Yurka of "Lysistrata," Donald Meek of "After Tomorrow" and John Beal of "Another Language" will be the players. The drama will deal with episodes centering around the battle of Bunker Hil.

* * *

Downes Abroad

Olin Downes, erudite music pundit of the New York Times, has evidently switched his allegiance from the Columbia to the N.B.C. network. Downes is now in Europe, prying into musical matters here and there. He will give a series of three trans-Atlantic broadcasts over an N.B.C. chain on his discoveries. Dates and hours have not been set, but he will speak from Warsaw, Moscow and Paris.

* * *

Fan Fare

There is practically no such thing as a long term contract in radio. All but a few of the radio performers can be fired at two weeks notice.

* * *

Cliff Edwards told his radio audience recently that he only appears in comedies because of the professional jealousy of Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Ramon Navarro. He is planning to make another picture next month unless the role is first assigned to Frankenstein.

* * *

Tito Guizar would like to become a poultry farmer; Sylvia Froos says she would like to study law; Georgie Price would like to be a jockey, which sounds like a good idea.

* * *

Bert Lahr, grotesque clown who will be heard on the Winchell-cigaret series beginning June 18, is a graduate from burlesque. He was the ace comic of the Columbia wheel for several years.

* * *

Alice Joy is proud as the dickens because her boy Bruce got the highest intelligence rating in his class.

* * *

Singin' Sam is going home to visit his folks next month, so his broadcasts will be heard from Cincinnati, where he got his start.

* * *

Ray Perkins' family came over to Maine in 1632 to avoid high taxes in Europe. "Well," says Ray, "everybody makes mistakes."

* * *

Whispering Jack Smith, who was a headliner six years ago, is trying for a comeback on the WJZ chain.

* * *

Coburn Goodwin, historian of "Today and Yesterday," was born in Rochester.

* * *

James Melton practices to be a crack pistol shot.

PST

When "Jingle Joe" Persons of N.B.C. was the leading basso at the New York Hippodrome he made a pet of Roxy, a massive elephant used on the stage. After being fed several pieces of peppermint, Roxy's trunk would invariably find its way to the pocket in which the delicacies were hid.

MOVIES FOR KNIGHT

Ray Knight, NBC comedian, expects to be in the movies soon. He is negotiating at present to put station KUKU on the screen and he also is working on a new series of animated cartoons.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY PROGRAMS

Columbia Broadcasting System's programs indicated by (C) and National Broadcasting company programs by (N).

Studios sometimes change programs without notice.

Sunday, A. M.

9:00—WBEN—Balladeers (N).
9:30—WGR—Morning Musicale.
WKBW—Church of the Good Shepherd (Episcopal).
WBEN—Sparklets (9:35) (N).
9:45—WGR—Watch Tower.
WBEN—J. Alden Edkins (N).
10:00—WGR—Studio.
WBEN—Gordon String Quartet (N).
WEBR—German Program.
10:15—WGR—Boy Choristers.
10:30—WBEN—Southland Sketches (N).
10:45—WGR—Westminster Church.
WKBW—Churchill Tabernacle.
11:00—WBEN—Trinity Episcopal Church.
WKBW—Churchill Tabernacle.
CKGW—St. Michael's Cathedral.
WEBR—Children's Hour.
12:00—WGR—Voice of St. Louis (N).
WEBR—International Hour.
WBEN—Donna C. Hughey. Organist.

Sunday, P. M.

12:30—WKBW—Organ Recital.
WGR—Street Singer (C).
WBEN—Silver Flute (N).
12:45—WGR—Deutsch Orchestra (C).
1:00—WGR—Builders of America (C).
WBEN—Desert Sands (N).
WEBR—Better Homes.
1:30—WKBW—Garden of Melody.
WBEN—Great Composers (N).
WGR—Recital.
1:45—WKBW—Patricia Boyle, Pianist.
2:00—WGR—Thirty Minute Men (C).
WKBW—Polish Singing Society.
WEBR—Studio.
2:15—WEBR—Leroy Smith.
2:30—WGR—Ann Leaf (C).
WKBW—Marion Healy, Piano.
WBEN—Tunes of the Day.
2:45—WEBR—Polish Hour.
WBEN—"Golden Reverie."
WKBW—Song Peddlers.
3:00—WBEN—Wayne King's Orchestra (N).
WEBR—Bubble Land.
WGR—Symphonic Hour.

TRY THESE

5:30—Cardinal Hayes—WGR.
12:30—Street Singer—WGR.
6:30—"Roses and Drums," Drama—WGR.
7:00—Circle Program—WBEN.
10:00—Gem Highlights—WKBW.
10:30—Radio Follies—WGR.

3:30—WBEN—Sunday Forum (N).
WEBR—City Mission.
4:00—WGR—Cathedral Hour (C).
WKBW—Baseball.
WBEN—Jane Froman (N).
4:15—WBEN—John Fogarty (N).
4:30—WBEN—International Broadcast.
WEBR—Art Kraft.
4:45—WBEN—Pastels.
5:00—WGR—Poets' Gold.
WKBW—Pianist.
WEBR—Home Program.
5:30—WGR—Cardinal Hayes (C).
WKBW—Village Choir.
WBEN—Pop Concert.
6:00—WKBW—Talk.
WBEN—Catholic Hour (N).
WGR—Ballad Hour.
WEBR—Rosary Hour.
6:30—WGR—Roses and Drums (N).
WKBW—Dance Music.
WBEN—Our American Schools (N).
WEBR—Studio.
6.45—WEBR—American Legion.
7:00—WGR—World's Business (C).
WKBW—Churchill Tabernacle.
WBEN—Circle Program (N).
CKGW—St. Stephens Anglican church.
WEBR—Bill Turnboo.
7:15—WGR—Chicago Knights (C).
7:30—WEBR—Mormon Choir.
WBEN—Orchestra Gems (N).
7:45—WGR—Orchestra Quartet (C).
WBEN—Orchestra.
8:00—WBEN—Harry Richman (N).
WGR—Experimental Laboratory (C).
WEBR—Charity Hour.
8:30—WGR—William V. Hall (C).
8:45—WGR—Modern Male Chorus (C).
9:00—WGR—Toscha Seidel, Orch. (C).
WBEN—Piano.
WEBR—Phantom Pirate.
CKGW—Melodies (C).
9:15—WBEN—Album of Familiar Music (N).
CKGW—Joyce Trio.
9:30—WGR—Parade (C).
WEBR—Liberty Trio.
9:45—WBEN—Revue (N).
WEBR—Chamber Music.
10:00—WGR—Three Musketeers.
WKBW—Highlights (C).
WBEN—Musings.
10:15—WBEN—Echoes of the Palisades (N).
CKGW—Revue.
10:30—WGR—Radio Follies (C).
WEBR—Aloha Land.
WKBW—Dance Music.
10:45—WEBR—Backward Jim.
WBEN—Seth Parker.
11:00—WGR—Gawchos Orchestra (C).
11:30—WGR—Duchin Orchestra (C).
12:00—WGR—Arnheim Orchestra (C).
WEBR—Leroy Smith's Orchestra.
12:30—WGR—California Melodies (C).

Monday, A. M.

6:45—WBEN—Health Exercises.
7:00—WEBR—Dr. Happy and Dr. Joy.
7:30—WGR—Musical Clock.
8:00—WBEN—Gene and Glenn (N).
CKGW—Band Melodies.
WEBR—City Mission.
8:15—WBEN—Devotions (N).
CKGW—News Flashes.
8:30—WBEN—Cheerio (N).
WEBR—Magyar.
WSVS—Citizens Forum.
8:45—WSVS—Bennett H. S. Assembly.
WGR—Devotions.
9:00—WGR—Little Jack Little (C).
WBEN—Jack and Loretta (9:05).
CKGW—Morning Melodies.
WEBR—German Program.
9:15—WGR—Brown and Lleyelyn.
WKBW—Music Makers (C).
9:30—WKBW—Merrymakers (C).
WBEN—Flying Fingers.
WEBR—Health Program.
9:45—WKBW—Newsy Jingles (C).
WBEN—Food Program (N).
WSVS—Woman's Hour.
WEBR—Neksolog.
10:00—WGR—Silver Lining.
WKBW—Sing Vagabond.
WBEN—Pie Plant Pete (N).
CKGW—Operatic Gems.
WEBR—Polish Hour.
10:15—WBEN—Breen and De Rose (C).
WKBW—Sweet and Hot (C).
10:30—WKBW—Romancers.
WBEN—Morning Melodists (N).
CKGW—Woman's Hour.
10:45—WGR—Gertrude Peeples.
WBEN—Kay Reid, Contralto (N).
11:00—WKBW—Morning Moods (C).
WGR—Police Reports.
WEBR—John and Susie.
WBEN—Musical Interlude (N).
11:15—WGR—Garden Bulletin.
CKGW—Home Time Tunes.
WEBR—Mighty Monarch.
WBEN—Household Institute (N).
11:30—WKBW—Academy of Medicine (C).
WBEN—U. S. Navy Band (N).
WGR—Studio.
11:45—WGR—Trio and Soloist.
WEBR—Harmony.
WKBW—Ben Alley, Tenor (C).
12:00—WGR—Keeping Up With The Times.
WKBW—Brewer Orchestra (C).
CKGW—Luncheon Music.
WEBR—Over the Waves.
WBEN—Circle (N).

Monday, P. M.

12:15—WBEN—Stocks.
WKBW—Market Reports.
WGR—Brewer Orchestra (C).
WEBR—Sunshine Hour.
12:30—WGR—Revue (C).
CKGW—On Wings of Song (N).
WEBR—Orchestra Park Program.
WBEN—Masters Music Room.
12:45—WBEN—Inquiring Reporter.
WGR—Izaak Walton League.
WEBR—Man About Town.
1:00—WGR—George Hall's Orchestra (C).
WBEN—Concert Duo.
1:15—WGR—Orchestra (C).
1:30—WGR—Ensemble (C).
CKGW—News Flashes.
WEBR—Oakfield Program.
WBEN—Farm Service (1:35).
2:00—WEBR—Hostess.
WSVS—Science Talk.
WBEN—Martin Orchestra.
WGR—Ann Leaf, Organist (C).
2:15—WBEN—Pianist (N).
WSVS—Billie and Millie.
2:30—WGR—Elizabeth Barthel, Songs (C).
WBEN—Revolving Stage (N).
WEBR—O. B. Cheerful.
WSVS—Astronomy.
2:45—WGR—Salon Orchestra (C).

Short Stuff

It has just been revealed that Jack Pearl, dialect comedian heard in the Ziegfeld Radio Show, and Freddie Rich, Columbia's orchestra director, are cousins. Although they were raised together in the same section of New York's East Side, they never appeared together professionally until Columbia's recent presentation of "Broadway" on the international exchange program with the British Broadcasting corporation.

* * *

Within five minutes after Columbia had finished transmitting its panoramic radio picture of Manhattan's Great White Way to London for distribution over a B.B.C. network, a report was received from England that the audibility and quality of the trans-oceanic program had been excellent. Among those most gratified at hearing the news was Evan Evans, Columbia baritone, whose parents were listening in on the other side. Evans was originally sent to this country by his father to inspect cotton.

* * *

Lanny Ross has received an invitation to compete in a private golf tournament in which Bobby Jones is among the contestants. Lanny regrets that he will be unable to play in the tourney because of a conflict with his broadcasting schedule. "It's lucky for Bobby," was his only comment.

* * *

When Georges Carpentier, one-time French prize fighter and contender for the world's heavyweight championship, arrived at the Columbia studios for his guest appearance in the premiere of "Highlights," he had come directly from the airport. He is currently appearing in vaudeville in Albany and it was necessary to take the aerial hop down the Hudson valley in order to be in New York for the program.

SITTING MAESTRO

Hugo Mariani, N.B.C. conductor, believes in working at his ease. He directs his orchestra during rehearsals while seated on a high stool.

From Manhattan Studios

By A. E. PUCKRIN
International News Service Radio Editor

NEW YORK, June 11.—The roll-call of radio announcers in this column the last Sunday found attentive ears among the listeners, evidently, and, true to promise, here are sketches of the remaining members on the staffs of the national networks.

* * *

ANDRE BARUCH—One of Columbia's youngest staff members, he is a painter and a musician. From 1906, his birth year, he lived 11 years in Paris, came to America and, in 1929, took an A. B. at Columbia university. A course in art at Pratt followed, with a scholarship at the Beaux Arts School in Paris. During his college days he turned to radio, as a pianist, to help pay tuition fees and what not, and was drafted as an announcer, his voice being heard from a number of stations. When he returned from his art studies, he applied for a position as staff pianist but crossed out that word at the last moment and substituted "announcer" and so it is that his "au 'voir" is familiar. He speaks seven languages; is fluent in English, French, Spanish, Italian, and fairly so in Dutch, Flemish and Portuguese.

* * *

HARRY VON ZELL—From singer and all around entertainer he was virtually catapulted into radio. Born in 1906, in Indianapolis, he moved on to Chicago, Sioux City, Chicago again, and Hollywood. At the University of California an injury in his first football game took him out of college. One day when he thought he was a mere studio observer Harry found he was "framed" for an audition at KFWB in Los Angeles. Before long, at KMIC, he was working 16 hours a day singing, playing the piano and the guitar, reading poetry, and announcing. Back in Hollywood and at San Diego in 1929 he got his first chance for national fame when Paul Whiteman picked him out of 250 candidates to announce his programs. On the air and in the studio Harry's outstanding characteristic is his exuberance.

* * *

KENNETH ROBERTS—Born in New York in 1906, he became interested in dramatics while in DeWitt Clinton High and the yearning for the stage remained where he put in three years at law studies which he dropped in 1928. He spent the first summer as theatrical director at Eddie Cantor's camp for East Side boys, played in Christopher Morley's "After Dark" revival in Hoboken in the fall and the next summer played stock at Lakeville, Conn., with a little radio experience in between. In his first position as announcer he handled all programs and filled in at the piano or reading poetry or drama. Good training, he says. A year ago he was chosen at C.B.S. from 40 candidates. One of his successes was as master of ceremonies at the Ferde Grofe benefit concert. Ken is tall and dark, with a black mustache. He is going on with his voice and piano studies and still thinks of acting.

* * *

JOHN MAYO—His route to the microphone was by the way of just being a fan. He was born in Providence in 1899, won athletic medals at Culver, joined the field artillery of Villa, was gassed in the World war, and found himself while a manufacturer of cosmetics in Kansas City by listening to programs over the air. He became a Henry Burbig fan and when he moved to New York the two became fast friends. Soon Mayo was given an audition from 2 to 2:20 and at 3 o'clock he was announcing a program. During the army air maneuvers last May he was stationed at Mitchell Field and was compelled to ad lib for 40 minutes unexpectedly. His familiarity with aviation (he was with the aircraft division overseas) helped him do a good job and gave him the chance to handle other big news features—Yorktown celebration, launching of the Akron, Grandi and Laval receptions. Horses and flying are his hobbies, he is tall, good looking, single,