

# The Yodeling Lady

By  
Jerome Beatty

*Specially recommended to yodelers and yodeling fans—also to movie addicts, bridge maniacs, golf bugs, and all other males and females between fifteen and a hundred and ten*



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

In the act while she held up the Shetland pony on the harness Mike played the guitar and she yodeled

Hollywood, Calif.  
Mr. Sam Silverstein,  
Editor Show Business,  
New York City.

Dear Sir:

I see by your paper that just got here today a piece in the column Hollywood Low Down that says "Harry Silvio, theme-singing at Amalgamated Studios, is riding handsome on his wife's (Delia O'Rourke, ex-O'Rourke & O'Rourke acrobats) bank roll. She is slaying 'em in the Hollywood consommé-and-haddock belt and Harry gets in on a trailer license."

That, Mister Silverstein, is a low-down lie and I would like to knock the block off of the mug that put that piece in the paper. He is a dumb goof which is proved by the uneducated language that he writes and he probably is a sorehead that cannot get in good society like my wife and I does and I lay you ten grand against a last year's Buddy Poppy that he like as not don't even own a soup and fish.

And also what dough I spend I get legitimate because I am my wife's manager and put her where she is today

and I am no trailer and if somebody sees my wife go first it is because I know how to use etiquette and do not go crowding ahead of everybody like some birds to get to the refreshments afraid there will not be nothing left but gin.

I will tell you about me and my wife and all the trouble I had and how I gave up everything for her career and maybe you think it has not been tough for me. It seems like it is always tough for me with plenty of luck but all of it bad like when Al Goldfrapp and me was listening to a concert in Central Park and they was playing a piece of Verdi's and I said there is a good melody and what did he do but go home and write a song with it that was the big hit of the year before I could get mine out the dirty crook.

Well, Mr. Silverstein, if you will turn back in your files you will find a swell piece under the head At Liberty No Longer about how Harry Silvio the famous and noted song writer got married to Delia O'Rourke the acrobat and there is a half-page ad there to, about thanks from Harry and Delia to all their

friends and well wishers and for the costly and beautiful wedding presents. That ad cost me two hundred bucks as you ought to know, Mister Silverstein, because you had the crust to make me pay in advance, which was a darn sight more than the presents would a brought in a hock shop. Maybe you think I am

kidding, Mister Silverstein, but I know what I'm talking about.

A lot of cheap skates in show business would a written letters to the people saying thanks for the lovely present and would a cleaned up the job for maybe ten dollars but when Harry Silvio performs he wows them and it was a good

ad even though my picture came out all black and some of my friends wanted to know whether it was me or Mike O'Rourke her no good husband who she had got a divorce from which also was mentioned in your paper but there was not any ad saying thanks from Delia though there ought to a been.

It was a swell picture of Delia though in her tights and standing on a scaffold wearing a harness and holding up a Shetland pony that swung underneath. It does not show in the picture but in the act while she held up the Shetland pony Mike played the guitar and she yodeled. It is her favorite photograph.

As everybody knows Delia is a nice sweet girl and has friends all over everywhere since she played all the circuits and one year was with Sells-Floto circus. She is good looking too even if people used to look queer at us when we went down the street because of she weighing 210 pounds and me about half that but she is over six feet tall and carries her weight good and it is most all mussel. Maybe you think I do not know it, Mister Silverstein.

Delia was right glad to quit show business and we got a house down to Freeport, Long Island, where all the swell show people live and I was making some jack. One night when I was working at the piano composing she come in from the kitchen and said she felt like singing she was so happy and I said all right honey what.

"It sounds better with guitar accompaniment," she says, "but maybe if you try hard you can do pretty good on the piano. I will sing Sleep Baby Sleep with yodeling. That is my favorite piece."

**W**ELL, Mr. Silverstein, I had seen her act and of course had heard her yodel but I thought that was part of the show like the Shetland pony and did not expect to have anything like that around the house. But we had just been married and she looked like it would not do no good to argue so I started and she went to it.

If you like yodeling I suppose it was all right but, Mister Silverstein, I would rather a heard a hand saw hit a spike in a log. When she got done she said I was marvelous just as good as a guitar and she threw her arms around me and kissed me and picked me up and set me on her lap and said I was a wonderful musician and did I think she was too and she had the breath squeezed out a me and I nodded my head.

Well it got so she would yodel almost every night and it was summer time and we had the windows open and people used to gather in front of the house and wonder what it was and it got around and people would drive for miles and the streets in front would be so full of cars you would think we were running a speakeasy but if you will pardon a little piece of fun, Mister Silverstein, I would say that there was no speakeasy about her yodeling. It was good and loud. Anyway, loud.

I had been kind of a bum hanging around Times Square most of the time and I found out this married life was different. It was all right, even with the yodeling which you kind a got used



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

to like elevated trains going past your bedroom window.

I began to see how married life could get me more dough. All we had to do was to crack into society in Freeport.

I am not so dumb, Mister Silverstein, and with half an eye I saw that a lot of mugs was getting by just because they went out on parties with the big song publishers that lived around there and actors too that would put a song in their act for a friend.

There was two or three song writers that was getting all their stuff published by Finklestein and Casey and they was not turning out anywhere near as good numbers as I was writing and sometimes getting published and mostly not. And the graft was that they and their wives

was friendly with the Finklesteins and their crowd.

I told Delia how we could work the racket and she was strong for it—and that is not any pun. She got going and she was friendly and everybody liked her and she invited some of the wives over to play bridge in the afternoon and all that and one day Mrs. Finklestein called Delia up and asked us to come over to a dinner party.

**IT MADE** me feel swell because I figured that this was my chance to sock over a number I had turned out called When I Hold You on My Knee I Feel I Have the World in My Arms. I got the idea when I was courting Delia.

If I could get a chance to play it for

Joe Finklestein and his crowd after dinner when they was all a bit snarled I figured it would knock them over and Joe would grab it.

So on the way over to the Finklesteins in the taxi I told Delia that maybe somebody will ask me to play something and if they do she should play feeder and help the gag along and be pleasant and sweet and she says she will.

The Finklesteins are real society in Freeport, never drink any water but bottle water and not much of that and have a butler that bawls out your name like Joe Humphreys introducing Dempsey at the Stadium when you go in the sitting-room although for what reason I do not know because we knew everybody. It kind of makes you feel important, at that, like when a bell boy pages you at a hotel.

It was a big party and looked like a hot spot for me and my song. A lot of other song writers was there and a few actors and a couple of high-class bootleggers and a bookmaker and a lawyer—all important people that it was a good thing to know because you never can tell.

Delia got along fine with everybody because she is smart and always smiling and listening about other people's operations and never trying to tell how hers was a lot worse and kidding and saying "Ain't you a card" and making up to them like they was Jesse Lasky.

"Always be nice to people," she used to say. "Bread cast upon the waters



will come back." Which made no sense to me because what good is soggy bread?

We got along all right at dinner with me sitting next to Mrs. Finklestein just like I was the Prince of Wales. I made myself very pleasant and talked about things I knew women was interested in such as advising Mrs. Finklestein that she ought not to eat potatoes and she would have a better figure and putting over my personality by making laughing remarks like how it looked like the fishing was not very good around Freeport this summer. That was when they brought me just a little piece of fish on a plate. Mrs. Finklestein did not laugh much at that but how was I to know that they was going to have steak and chicken and chops after that?

After dinner we went in the music-room and Mrs. Finklestein started to do a card trick and I got everybody laughing by exposing how she did it before she could find the card.

I was going good with the crowd and decided that I was in a sweet spot and it was a cinch that my number would mow them down. So I went to the piano to play my When I Hold You on My Knee.

Then Mrs. Finklestein said to Delia "Can't you do something too?"

"I sing just a teeny-weeny bit," says Delia kind of coquettish.

"Then make it a duet," says Mrs. Finklestein meaning no harm and just trying to be polite.

"All right," says Delia all delighted. "We will give them Sleep Baby Sleep won't we honey?" And we did.

Well, Mister Silverstein, yodeling in your own house is bad enough but when you go yodeling in the music-room of a million-dollar estate it is awful sour especially if it was not so good in the first place.

WHEN Delia finished there was light applause and I thought Delia would sit down and let me play When I Hold You on My Knee but no chance.

"I will now sing Oh She Flew So High, another yodel song," she told them.

If there was anybody in that mob that

All that crowd that before she started was sitting all relaxed and with nothing on their minds suddenly remembered that they had to catch a train or call up a fellow or get back to rehearsal

was a yodel hound he did not let on. It was queer, all that crowd that before she started was sitting there all relaxed and drinking with nothing on their minds and now suddenly remembering that they had to catch a train or call up a fellow or get back to rehearsal. They all began going.

There was just not any more party left at the Finklesteins' than a rabbit, Mister Silverstein. And when Delia finished there was nobody to bow to but Mrs. Finklestein since Joe was out saying good-by to the guests and trying to make them stay.

Well, we started on home too in a taxi and Delia never knew what her yodeling had done. She had been with an acrobat act in vaudeville always last on the bill and people had been walking out on her for fifteen years and she

thought nothing of it. It was just like old times for her.

I wanted to tell her how she had gummed up my chance to put over a song with Joe Finklestein but by this time I had learned that it did not go so well so I just said she was a great yodeler and had made a big hit.

Maybe you think I was not feeling low, Mister Silverstein, and it did not help any when I and Delia after a couple of months got on to it that we was not going to be invited out any more with that crowd.

That yodel had ruined us and even made Joe Finklestein so sore since it wrecked his party that he would not even let me in his office when I went down to see him and try to get a chance to play the number for him.

Delia had no idea why it was and she cried and said she had thought nobody would snub her any more after she married a great artist like me and I told her not to worry honey we would show them.

ONE day I hear that Amalgamated Pictures is looking for theme songs for talking pictures and I took When I Hold You on My Knee over to the Amalgamated offices in Times Square and I am a son of a gun, Mister Silverstein, if they did not buy it saying it was just the thing for a theme song for a picture called The Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius and they changed the title to Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius I Love You with a few changes in the lyrics so they went "Would that I could pour out love as Vesuvius does lava from above."

Then they turn around and give me a contract to go to Hollywood to write music for the talkies. It just shows that artists are sure to make the grade.

Well, Mister Silverstein, we was all cheered up and when we got to Hollywood we rented a house furnished and everything looked O. K. Only about the first or second night we was there some friends of ours that was playing the Orpheum came out after the show and darned if Delia did not have to yodel for them. I was sunk.

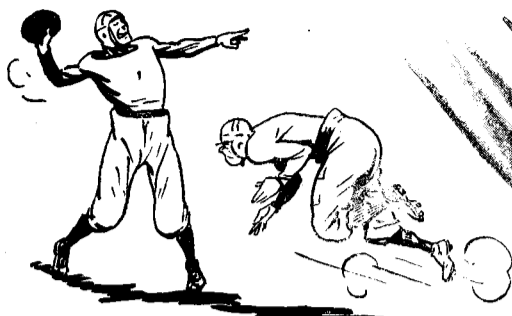
You know, Mister Silverstein, that society in Hollywood is very exclusive and if you are not in Hollywood society you do not keep your job or get a better one or are not invited to the beach or cannot get good rye if you are not in right.

I HAD figured that now we could take us a fresh start and begin to get some friends that would help me ring the bell.

Well I said to myself is this doll of mine going to put everything on the fritz in Hollywood just like she did in Freeport? Is she going to yodel us right back to New York? I had hinted a little about how maybe she should not yodel all the time and she said why and I said because it would hurt her lung power and since she could blow the top off of any lung machine at Coney Island that line did not go so good. She said she could spare a little if worse came to worse.

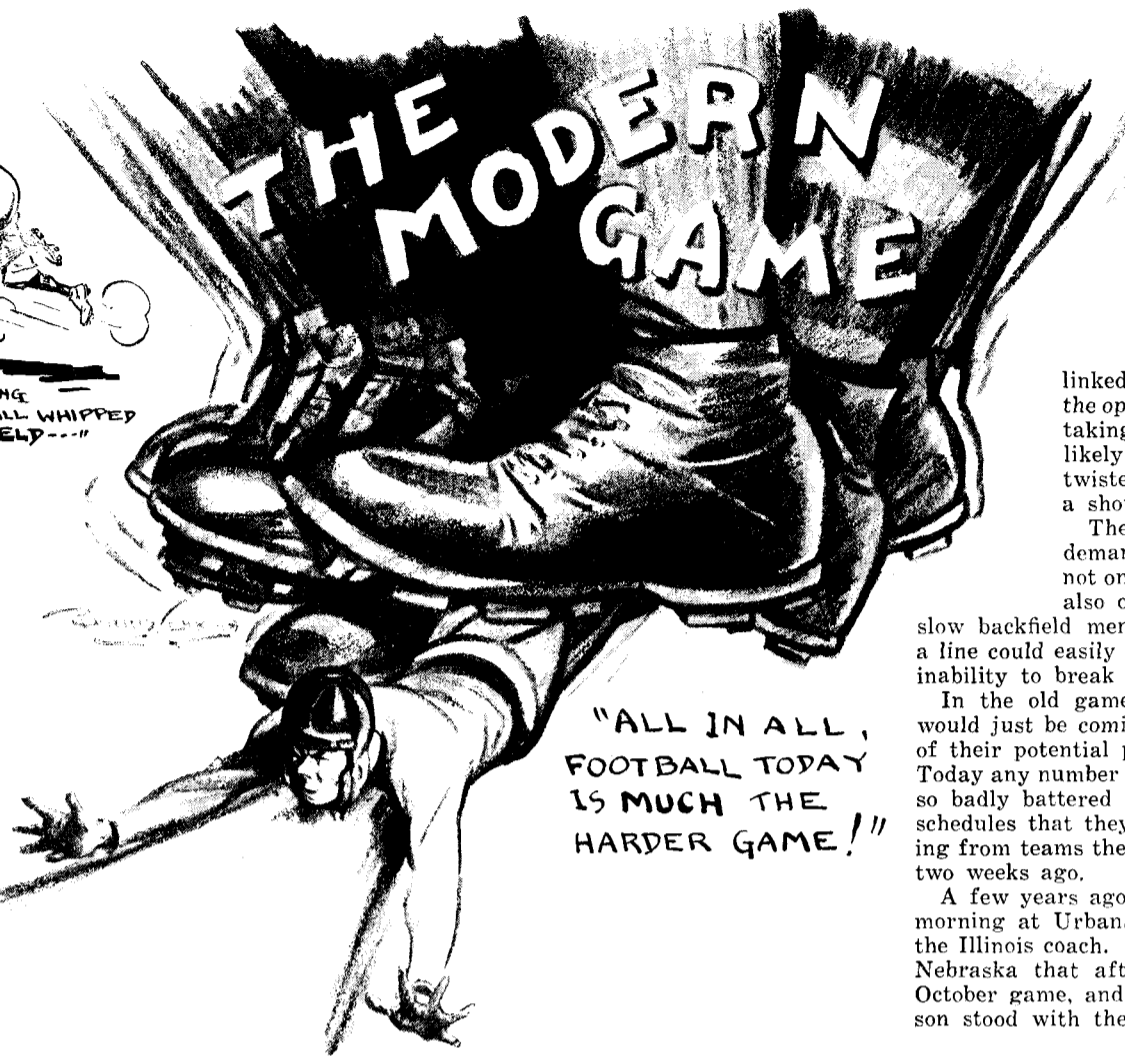
I was over to the studio one day listening to a singing test and I got a great idea. The girl that was singing was terrible. I said to myself if I could get Delia over here and make a test and she could hear herself yodel and see how terrible she is she would realize how bad it is and she would quit. And maybe I could slip the monitor man a few bucks and he would make it worse.

The monitor man, Mister Silverstein, is a fellow that sits in a little room next to the stage and peeks through a glass window at the actors. He can see them but they cannot see him very well. He has head phones on and in front of him is a little box like a radio with dials on it and he listens to the quality of the (Continued on page 48)



"HE LOSES SOME OF HIS TACKLING KEENNESS ON SEEING THE BALL WHIPPED THIRTY YARDS DOWN THE FIELD--"

*Rough-and-ready football made a great forward pass about twenty-five years ago, but the new game gives the player a worse mental mauling*



linked together. Today in the open, unprotected while taking a pass, he is more likely to have a knee twisted, an ankle hurt, or a shoulder injured.

The present game also demands greater speed, not only speed of mind but also of feet. One or two slow backfield men who might punish a line could easily lose a game through inability to break up a passing game.

In the old game the leading teams would just be coming to the first wave of their potential power by November. Today any number of teams are already so badly battered or crippled by hard schedules that they must take a mauling from teams they might have beaten two weeks ago.

A few years ago I recall sitting one morning at Urbana with Bob Zuppke, the Illinois coach. Illinois was to meet Nebraska that afternoon in an early October game, and Nebraska that season stood with the best.

Thrifty Zuppke

"I have only given my team about three plays for this game," Zuppke said. "I can't get ready to beat Nebraska today and then keep ready to beat Pennsylvania and Michigan later on. I'd rather beat Pennsylvania and Michigan this year. I know I can't do both."

That afternoon Illinois was beaten 14-0, making only three or four first downs. A few weeks later an entirely different-looking delegation in Orange and Blue ran up twenty-four points against a strong Penn line-up and later beat both Michigan and Ohio State.

The coach and the trainer today face a terrific problem, far more intricate and puzzling than the old problems.

All in all football today is much the harder game, but it is also far more interesting to both player and spectator alike. If you don't think so, try to get a ticket to the Stanford-California, the Yale-Harvard or the Army-Notre Dame parties this fall. Or almost any other big game that happens to carry the appeal of tradition.

Illustrated by  
Burris  
Jenkins, Jr.



## Head over Heels

By  
Grantland  
Rice

A CERTAIN old-time football star, one of those earlier heroes of earlier years, recently brought up a point which apparently had him badly baffled.

"Back around 1906," he said, "they changed football because the old game had become too rough. They brought in the open game with the forward pass to reduce the casualty list and take away some of the pressure. Yet before 1906 most of us played through the entire season. Three or four substitutes were enough. Any number of teams used only thirteen or fourteen men and some played through with eleven or twelve.

"Why is it then that in the modern game a team needs from twenty to thirty men to complete a schedule and frequently by the middle of the season some teams are so badly shot they crack up before much weaker opposition? You will find this true from late October on through November. Is the new game harder and rougher or was the old-time player harder and tougher?"

Modern football is undoubtedly a harder game on the player than the old smash and mass style which ended in 1906. The old-timer may rise up and emit a lusty squawk at this statement, but there are several ways to prove it is true.

In the first place the emotional and mental pressure of modern football cuts in with far deeper effect. The old-timer had only two or three games a season that called for any worry or bother. Most of the others were set-ups.

The few hard games usually came at the end of the campaign. Things are entirely different today. No team can tell at what moment some smaller college, some unknown quantity, will suddenly light the fuse and blow up the

works. There are almost no resting spots. Last fall, for one example, Davis-Elkins came along and toppled West Virginia and the Navy, later two of the strongest teams in the country.

About the same time Southern Methodist came all the way from Dallas, Texas, to stand a powerful Army team on its head and finish the game only one point behind in a 14-13 defeat.

Straight for Cagle

Big teams today face heavy trouble before the middle of October. They couldn't afford to do any loafing. In the Western Conference, championship battles are often fought before the middle of October where a shot at the championship may depend upon some early October game. This means a heavier mental strain from the start and harder play at a time where in the old days it was easy picking at this point.

There is still another side of the modern game where the mental strain is much harder. The old game was more or less a matter of straight formations, line plunges and end runs, blocking and tackling. The defense could concentrate on stopping the runner. There were fewer intricate problems to face. Today the defensive side has to be far more alert.

For example, here comes Chris Cagle swinging out around an end. In the old days the defense would have swung straight for Cagle. It's different now.

He may keep running—or he may suddenly switch to a pass. No one on the defensive side knows what will happen, or where it will happen. The defense has to be broken up and scattered to act against the pass and there is far more open territory to cover.

In the old days the defense had to protect only one limited sector. Today it has to protect the entire field.

There is the example of the Yale team playing against Harvard last fall. In the old days Yale tackles, guards and ends would have been charging in. In this contest the Blue line spent the better part of the afternoon waiting to see whether the next play would be a run, a forward or a lateral pass. All its aggressiveness was removed by the element of doubt.

When a back or an end goes diving for a ball carrier, only to see the ball carrier whip a pass thirty yards down the field, he loses some of his tackling keenness.

Modern football is far more intricate than the old game ever was, for the scope of the attack has been vastly extended. This not only gives the defense more problems to face, but also puts a far heavier mental burden on the attack. Much harder schedules, a far greater array of stronger opposing teams, and added problems of play to be faced, make the wear and tear worse than it was up to 1906.

Call the Doctor!

What about the physical side of the two games? There were more deaths in the old system, but the more open play has led to a heavier list of minor casualties affecting ankles, knees and shoulders. A man might have his neck or his back broken under a mass of men