Farm Boy Wins Battle for Fame and Success

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY OE BENTON made good.

The roof of Chicago's palatial Civic Opera house raised a few inches and almost floated away on the crest of a wave of applause that would and did surprise even an opera house on the night of Tuesday, No-vember 13. The cheers were not for the glamorous and tempestuous Maria Jeritza, whose voice and beauty have made her an international darling of opera. Nor were they for Pasquale Amato, veteran baritone whose lusty notes have been sending chills or delight up and down operatic spines lo. these many years,
They were for Giuseppe Bentonelli,

whom the boys back home in Sayre, Okla. and the brothers in the Pi Kappa Alpha house at the University of Okla-house remember as Joe Benton. But or Gluseppe. Benton or Bentonelli. It was all the same to the mus ical world and the press who lauded his American debut as Mario Cavara dossi in "La Tosca."

Four times at the close of the first act he had to return to the footlights to take hows with Jeritza and Amato, and finally to appease the demands of the 3,000 out in front he had to take

Toasted by Elites.

After he had left his dressing room and the army of waiting reporters. was a lavish party in Bentonelli's . Toasting him were the musical world, the social world, the artistic world. One of the most enthusiastic celebrants was Prof. William G. it of the University of Okla-He was the link that night between Gluseppe Bentonelli and Joe



Giuseppe Bentonelli.

Joe says.

the cream separator," Joe says, "We had no hot water and many a time I had to break the ice in the barrel to get at the water. The lye was so strong that it has rulned ray hands."

The hands were not ruined to the extent that he couldn't get plenty of music out of a plano, nevertheless. At three, Joe had already shown all the symptoms of becoming a musician. His symptoms of becoming a musician. His symptoms of becoming a musician. His symptoms of occoming a musician. His mother, who was always giving up things for Joe, made some more sacri-fices and bought a piano for \$25. It was a funny, square thing and it came

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Where Bentonelli Scored His First American Triumph.

Perhaps he and Benton were | the only ones there who knew the story, a story that is America's story, full of red blood and fight and dogged determination. It is the ever-challenging story of how a poor farm boy bat-led to fame and success.

It starts back in 1901. Oliver Horace Benton was sick. Business worries had precipitated a nervous breakdown. "Change of climate," the doctors said. "He must go to Arizona, where it is high and dry. The fogs and dampness of Kansas City are more than he can stand."

But the Bentons, Oliver and his wife, did not go to Arizona. They moved to western Oklahoma, which the govern-ment was just then opening to white settlers. It was wild country and they were brave to pioneer its spacious

But this was the land of hope and ealth and freedom and new begin-ing. Oliver was soon well and the Bentons began with a vigor. They were the builders of Oklahoma. When the first railroad train came into the section in the winter of 1901-02 Mr. Benton got some way and started the first church, with himself as the preacher, although he was not a clergyman. Soon it was full of the bristling youth that was growing up in Oklahoma.

growing up in Oklahoma.

Joe remembers when they lived in a tent. He remembers their struggles with the soil and the live stock and the loneliness. He remembers their dread of the wind, the wind that blew and blew across the plains until at aight his mother would cover them with the carpets to keep them from freezing.

Worked Long Hours.

Joe was a good boy. He put in long hard hours of heavy work. He picked cotton, tilled the soil (many times it was the first time anyone's plow had dipped its nose into the earth that he caltivated), did most of the chores and tended the live stock. He milked from six to eighteen cows.

from St. Louis. It was kind of oid. The date on It was 1807.

When It arrived the young man found that his head just about reached the keyboard if he stood up straight. His mother had given him a drum for Christmas; he had beat lots of rhythm Christmas; he had beat lots of rhythm and both of the sides out of it, but he still had the drumsticks. He used them to strike the plane keys. The keys were solid ivery—solid, that is, until they met up with Joe. He split every one of them with his sticks, unknowingly causing him plenty of grief later, for he was to play on that plane for many years to come. for many years to come

His music lessons came long and ard. He had to teach himself, for no one in the house knew anything about music. He would go to Sunday school and watch the lady at the foot school and watch the lady at the foot-powered organ as she played "Revive Us Again." He watched which key she struck for the "re" part of "revive." He made a mental note of the key she hit for "vive." He went home and struck those same keys on the plano and was rewarded by hear-ing the same notes. In the hymn book he saw which of these notes went with "re" and which with "rive." He reasoned that notes which went higher up on the scale were higher on the plano. Before long he found himself reading music and playing it.

Takes Up Singing.

It was not until much later, however, that young Benton began to sing. As a youngster he had a very deep and husky voice; when it changed, it became a rich, full baritone. During his last year in high school, a young woman and her husband, friends of Joe's methor came to Savra. She knew mother, came to Sayre. She knew music and could sing herself. She became interested in Joe, and saw possi-bilities in his playing and in his voice. She coached him and prepared him for competition in a state-wide musical contest.

Playing two difficult selections and singing a familiar church hymn (be-

cause any other music was so hard to procure in the wilds of western Okla-homa just then), he won the contest, and with it a teachers' college scholar-ship which he never used. He was

ship which he never used. He was just past sixteen.

After that came dark days, but they were days which had more, perhaps, to do with shaping Joe's career than all of his study so far. He fell sick with typhoid fever. For forty-six days and nights he battled with the fever.

The fever left him weak and wasted. But it was in their sick best that.

But it was in that sick-bed that Jose Benton, the farm boy, really became Giuseppe Bentonelli, the lyric tenor of American and Continental opera. When he had recovered he entered the University of Oklahoma, and tried out for the glee club. It was amazedly dis-covered that his baritone voice, which he had not tried since the typhoid got him bad. him, had become a fine, rich tenor,

The glamor of the war attracted Joe Benton while he was at the university and he tried to join the army, but was too young. He joined the ROTC, and was commissioned as a ileutenant in the infantry just after the war closed. He was graduated with a bachelor of arts degree and won a Phi

Beta Kappa key.

Joe didn't need the army to get to Europe. On a shoestring he crossed the Atlantic to study with the masters. the didn't always eat, he said, but he studied night and day. At Nice, he studied under the distinguished Polish tenor, Jean de Reske. His lesson on March 31, 1925, was the 'ast ever given by the Pole, who died seven days later, Still known as Joseph Benton, he went to Italy, where he studied for four

When his teachers pronounced him ready, young Benton made his debut as the first tenor in the title role of "Andrea Chenier" in the Teatro Realle del l'Opera at Rome. It was the be-ginning of a European career that was to take him through 411 performances thirty-four different operas.

He Becomes "Bentonelli."

It was in his Rome debut that, upon the ndvice of his teacher in Milan, he assumed the name of Bentoncili. His reason was a good one,

the Italians my name sounds a," he explained. "They pro-French, nounce it 'Bon-Ton'. No matter if you are better than Caruso, if you make your debut in Italy bearing French name, you are likely to get grape-fruit thrown at you. Martin became Martinelli, so I could see no rea-son why Benton should not be Bentonelli. In a Milan court it cost me three hundred dollars in law fees to have the new name legalized. I can now use it in perfect security; it is good even on passports." When he returned home this year it

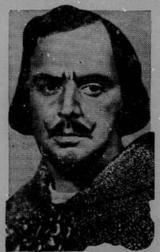
was the first time in five years. But you will never find a more ardent pa-

you will never find a more ardent patriot than Giuseppe Bentonelli.

Bentonelli is still a "regular guy"; success hasn't spoiled him. When a Chicago critic scored him for the lusty manner in which he sang to Scarpin, denouncing the chief of the Roman police as a hangman and an unseruptious butcher, his enthysiasm was narre. butcher, his enthusiasm was unruf-fled. The critic claimed he overplayed

"What do they want me to do?" he asked. "Waltz up to the old villain, tickle his chin and say, 'Oh, you nassy of hangman, you!"?" Bentonelli has been much interested

in a career somewhat parallel to his own. It is that of a fellow tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera company, Myron Duncan. Duncan, a logger of



Myron Duncan, the Logger, Who Also Reached the Heights.

north woods who was discovered singing to the trees up in northern Wisconsin, made his American debut a week later in the same role as did Bentonelli. Like the latter, Duncan

retained it in the land of his birth.
Bentonelli, dark, handsome and, in
his own words "more than thirty and
less than thirty-five," is a real American young man. He looks more like a can young man. He looks more like a well-dressed collegian than anything

& Western Newspapel Union

LIKE GRADING PLAN IN MARKETING EGGS

More Careful Practices Are Found Profitable.

By R. E. Cray. Poultry Extension Specialist. Oblo State University -- WNU Service. Each year more eggs are marketed on a graded basis. Along with this trend it is noticeable that poultrymen are taking better care of their eggs.
And we are finding that the farm prac-

tices leading to better quality are no more difficult to follow than many of the practices now in vogue that lead to poorer quality.

Eggs, like milk, deteriorate. cause the egg comes in a sealed pack-age, and its appearance seems much the same whether kept under good conditions or poor conditions, farmers have come more slowly to those prac-tices that make for quality.

Here are the four practices poultrymen say lead to good quality

Remove all cockerels from the flock as soon as the breeding season is

Use good laying ration. It happens that the best laying rations also are proving to be the rations that give quality and, when the eggs are fertile, hatchability.

Produce clean eggs, by using good litter in nests, on the floor, and cov-ering dropping boards with wire net-

Gather eggs frequently. One poultryman reports saving time by gather-ing four times a day. He had less washing to do, he explained.

Guinea Fowls Marketed

Like Other Game Birds

The marketing season for guinea fowls is during the latter part of the summer and throughout the fall. At this time the demand in the city markets is for young birds weighing from one to two pounds each. As the season advances, the demand is

Guineas are marketed as game birds and, like game birds, are usually sold on the market unplucked, although hotels and restaurants buy them plucked. There are three varieties of pincked. There are three varieties of guineas, white, pearl, and lavender, and although they were probably one of the earliest domesticated fowls, they still retain many of their wild characteristics. They can be raised prof-itably on most farms where the young birds are allowed to range, picking up waste grain and insects.—Missouri

Warns Poultrymen on Iodine

Because production of eggs with a high lodine content is quite easy, and lately has become somewhat of a fad, lately has become somewhat of a fad, California poultrymen have been advised by Dr. H. J. Almquist, research assistant in poultry husbandry, University of California, to proceed cautiously along this line. "The principle guiding much of this work," he said, "seems to be that, if a small amount of iodine in eggs is desirable, a large dose of it would be much better. This is following the same rule which caused the Indian buck to kill himself with cough medicine." Minimum and maximum iodine requirements of laying birds and growing chicks, according to Doctor Almquist, are not known, ing to Doctor Almquist, are not known, and until they are, considerable caution in the use of iodine supplements is to be recommended, he said.

Watch the Water Supply

Watch the Water Supply
Water fountains for ponitry are
often counted expensive appliances.
Those who keep only a small flock
are apt to think ordinary open vessels
which can be bought for a small fraction of their cost will do as well. The
great advantage of the fountain is
that it keeps the water much longer
at the temperature it was when put at the temperature it was when put in, and that in summer there is very little evaporation from it. On a hot, dry day water will evaporate from open drinking vessels so fast that they may be dry long before the time when they are usually refilled. Where the attendant is away from home all day, the consequence is that the birds are without water when they need it much little evaporation from it. On a hot,

Poultry Affairs Poultry houses should be ventilated at the top.

Poultrymen have found it costs just as much to feed a nonlaying hen as it does a high producer.

The good layer has a long, slightly curved keel, a deep abdomen and body, a broad, straight, smooth back, good chest development, straight sides, with the width carried back from the hip bone to the stern.

TYPED MESSAGES BY RADIO

Glenn Watson of Detroit and Wat-ter Lemmon of New York have perfeeted a machine, known as a Wat-songraph, which will send typed messages by radio. As each key on the machine, which resembles an ordinary typewriter, is pressed it sends out a cryptic flash over a five-meter wave length, which operates a corresponding key on a similar machine equipped for receiving.

Automatic coding and decoding is also incorporated on the device, this equipment scrambling the message that only the machine for which is intended can unscramble the information. To prevent eavesdrop-ping by a clever cryptographer, the code may be changed at will by simply throwing a switch.—Pathfinder Magazine.



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